

PLATE XXVIII.—THE OLD MAN.

My breath is corrupt, my days are extinct, the graves are ready for me.

JOB, xvii. 1.

HERE we see Death leading away, playing on a psaltery, an Old Man to the brink of the grave, bent under the load of years, and verging to the last degree of frailty. The Old Man allows himself to be carried off, with that calmness and tranquillity, which are the effects of wisdom, and the fruits of a good conscience.

PLANCHE XXVIII.—LE VIEILLARD.

L'ON voit ici la Mort qui conduit sur le bord de sa fosse, en jouant du psaltérion, un Vieillard courbé sous le poids des années, & parvenu au dernier degré de la caducité. Le Vieillard se laisse emmener avec ce calme & cette tranquillité qui sont l'apanage de la sagesse, & les fruits d'une bonne conscience.



Spiritus meus attenuabitur, dies mei breuiabun-
tur, & solum mihi superest sepulchrum. Ps. 17
28

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

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