ANGELS WITH THE SUDARIUM OF ST. VERONICA.
(Photographed from the original copper-plate engraving.)

ALBERT DÜRER.

By ALBERT FLEMING.

Two great names dominate Teutonic art, Dürer and Holbein. Holbein is the perfect outcome of the Northern Renaissance, which, as regards him, means practically the Reformation. The wreck and ruin of that too desperate upheaval overwhelmed his life; and he, tortured with vexed dreams of Death, puts his best strength into portraiture, swings backward and forward aimlessly between England and Bâle, and dies plague-stricken in London in 1543.

In Dürer you have a more definite national type: a Teuton always, with stubborn Gothic elements ever struggling against the spirit of the Renaissance. Alike in his beautiful personality and his art, he expresses the old Northern delight in the grotesque, its instant sacrifice of grace to truth, its love of pure craftsmanship, and its quaint mingling of austerity and playfulness.

All the fifty-seven years of his life he lived in one city, Nuremberg—"that venerable city, my Fatherland." I know of no life so clearly defined, within its limits, as Dürer's. Goethe's words were fulfilled in him—"Im Ganzen, Guten, Schonen, Resolut zu leben."

All his work is wrought in the clear light of a godly and quiet life, not defiled by pride nor soiled by luxury; a life so beautiful in its serene completeness, that it shines down upon us still, through nearly 400 years, with an ever-widening splendour of repute. It is best at the outset to see how far Dürer submits to the Renaissance and how far he resists it.

That complicated cycle of movements had three dominant notes—

1st. The getting back to Nature. Dürer did this in his wiser years. "He tried," says Melanchthon, "to see Nature in her simplest form;" and he did too; though crippled by scientific analysis.

2nd. Came the eager classic impulse impregnating the older Gothic spirit. Dürer came into contact with it in Venice, was bewitched and bewildered with it for a time, then flung it aside once and for ever, and was again a Teuton ; and so best.

3rd. The spirit of analysis, troubled questioning, and unrest, so that where the Gothic mind dreamed piously, the Renaissance thought strenuously, finding at last its dreams to be but visions. To this phase Dürer absolutely bent ; he fritters away his strength in vain scientific researches, soils his soul with anatomical studies, and

HIS OWN PORTRAIT, WITH A BUNCH OF ERINGIUM MARINA, OR SEA HOLLY. PAINTED IN 1493.

dabbles in geometry and mensuration. This aspect of the Renaissance he has expressed once and for all in his *Melancolia*.

His life, though it runs generally on level lines, presents one great problem. All these four centuries have asked by what strange fate was it ordained that these awful problems of Life and Death, the bitter mystery of the *Melancolia*, and the terrific visions of the Apocalypse, should come to this good burgher-soul, bred amidst the bales and counting-houses of Nuremberg. Much of his famous *Diary* is the mere record of a huckster, buying and selling and getting gain. When his Angel promises Joachim a son, he must needs give him a written guarantee duly signed and delivered. Yet has he not realized, as no other man has, the four awful Riders sweeping across the shuddering fields of Heaven, and the terrible Angels of Death bound in the great river Euphrates ?

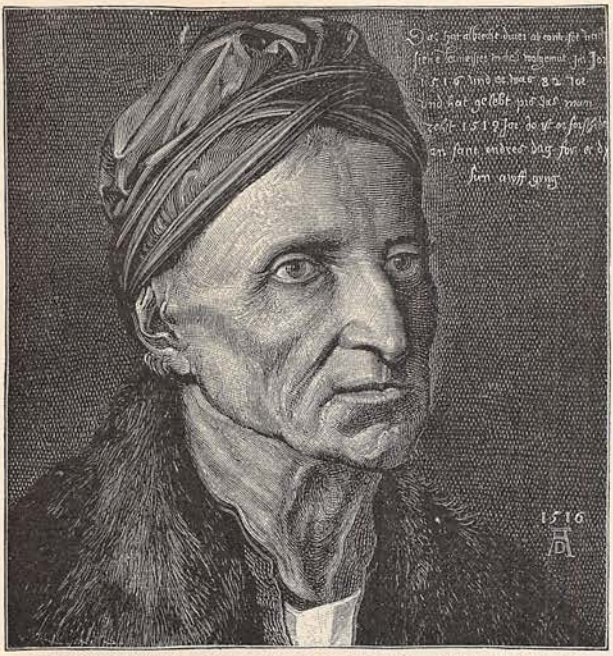
In 1471, Nuremberg, of all places north of the Alps, was the ideal birthplace for an artist. True always to the Emperor, true always to herself, Nuremberg was the supreme type of a free town ; governed by her aristocracy, yet democratic enough to

hang with instant justice her ruling citizen on his being convicted of dishonesty. She was a Venice clothed in homespun. All the trade of the East paused at her gates.

HIS OWN PORTRAIT.
(From the Picture in the old Pinacothek, Munich.)

Already the city had produced a long list of great men when Dürer came as the coronal of all. There was Peter Vischer, the inspired brasier, as he called himself; Veit Stoss, not yet blind, whose carving greets you still in the old city; Adam Kraft, busy with his wonderful aumbrey; and, above all, a certain Hans Sachs who made boots and verses, both excellently. Dürer was one of a family of eighteen, and thus with quaint

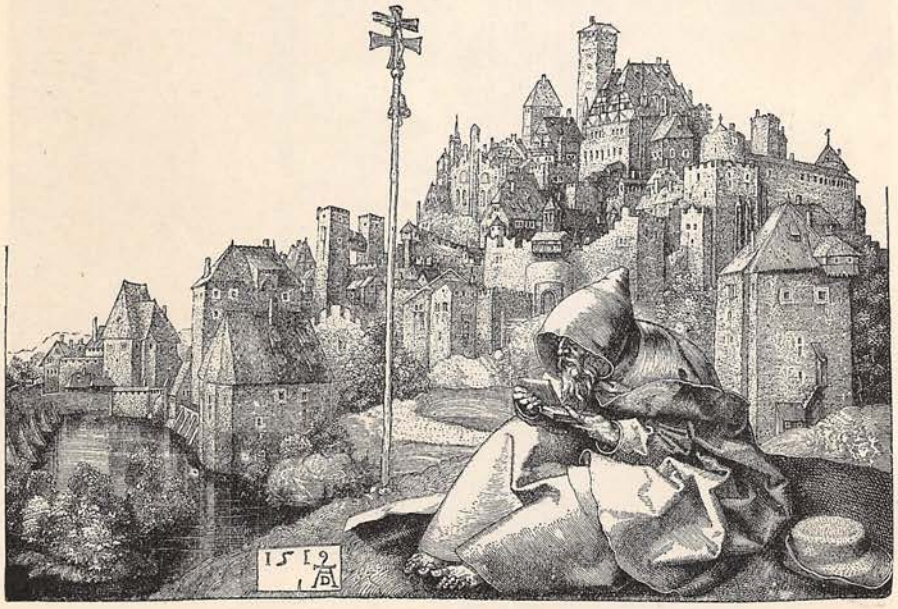
precision does his father register his coming into the world—"At 6 o'clock on St. Prudentius' day, the Friday in Holy Week, 1471, my housewife bore another son, to whom Anton Koburger was godfather and he called him Albrecht, after me."



DÜRER'S MASTER, MICHAEL WOLGEMUTH, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-TWO. PAINTED IN 1516.

Albert in return writes much of his father and mother, paints them often, and honours and loves them greatly: here is a beautiful little bit of patristic biography by Dürer's own hand :—

"My father's life was passed in great struggles and continuous hard work—my dear mother bearing so many children he never could become rich, as he had nothing but what his hands brought him in. He had thus many troubles, trials, and adverse circumstances. But yet from every one who knew him he received praise, because he led an honourable Christian life, and was patient, giving all men consideration, and thanking God. For himself he had little need of company and worldly pleasure. He took good care of his children, bringing us up in the fear of God, teaching us what was agreeable to others as well as to ourselves, so that we might become good



ST. ANTONY.

(Photographed from the original copper-plate engraving.)

neighbours. And every day he talked to us of these things, the love of God and the conduct of life."

Noble talk this, when the silence was once broken at No. 493 Unter den Vesten ; the

utterances of this man of "little speech" being, one may fancy, generally of a good and noticeable quality.

We have two portraits of his father in England, one at Sion House and the other

THE FOUR RIDERS.

(Reduced from a wood-cut in the Apocalypse set.)

at the British Museum. Both show a true burgher face, softened with the peace of old age. But Albert himself had no burgher face. Camerarius thus describes him:—

"Nature gave our Albrecht a form remarkable for proportion and height and well suited to the beautiful spirit which it held therein; he had a graceful hand, brilliant eyes, a nose well formed, such as the Greeks call τετράγωνον, the neck a little long,

chest full, stomach flat, hips well knit, and legs straight. As to his fingers you would have said that you never saw anything more graceful. Such moreover was the charm of his language that listeners were always sorry when he had finished speaking."

THE ANGELS OF THE EUPHRATES.
(Reduced from a wood-cut in the Apocalypse set.)

Dürer painted his own portrait again and again, evidently taking a naïve delight in his own comeliness. Two of these are given here. The first when he was a young man of twenty-two, sedate and angular; the second done in 1500, in the full glory of his manhood, with deep, gracious eyes, curling hair, and tender lips, all of a strange, Christ-like type. His art life began (like Verrocchio's, Leonardo's, and our own good engraver Bewick) in the training of a goldsmith's workshop—in his case, his father's.

After that he was apprenticed to Wohlgemuth ; from him he learnt the technicalities of his art. Thirty years later he painted his old master, the eyes bright and eager still, the face mere skin and bone, but good to draw. After his three years were over, Dürer went on his *Wanderjahr*, and was away for four years ; no one knows whither he journeyed ; he himself chronicles his wanderings in four bare lines. Perhaps he went to Venice, certainly to Colmar, where the works of that terrible Schongauer (then just dead) impressed him.

Directly he returned home a certain wealthy burgher, one Hans Frey, treated with the elder Dürer, in the usual commercial fashion, for his son, and in a few weeks Albert

REDUCED FROM TITLE-PAGE TO "LIFE OF THE VIRGIN."

found himself married to pretty Agnes Frey—he had sold his handsome face for 200 gulden. Round Agnes a tremendous controversy has raged ; hitherto she and Andrea del Sarto's wife have been ranked together as a couple of shrews, but now both are rehabilitated. The charge against Agnes Dürer rests mainly on a memorable letter written by old Pirkheimer just after Dürer's death. He says practically that Agnes worried Albert into his grave. It is really a splendid piece of invective. Pirkheimer admits she was virtuous and pious, but candidly owns he would for his part "prefer a light woman who behaved in a friendly way, to such a nagging, suspicious, scolding, pious woman." But when he wrote thus he was tortured with gout, and at the best of times one sees that he had no special liking for virtuous ladies.

In 1498 appeared Dürer's sixteen great woodcuts of the Apocalypse. We give two of the most famous of the series, the Four Riders and the Angels of the Euphrates. In 1502 the good old father died, and Dürer records his death in a passage of such wonderful literary beauty that I copy it at length. He had already stated the fact briefly, and refers to what he says about it in "another book" ; all that

"other book" has perished except this one Sibylline leaf chronicling his father's death:—

"So his old wife helped him up, and the night-cap on his head had suddenly become

"LIFE OF THE VIRGIN"—THE REPOSE IN EGYPT.
(Reduced from the original wood-cut.)

wet with great drops of sweat. Then asked he for something to drink, and she gave him Rhine Wine of which he took a very little, and then wished to go to bed again, and he thanked her for her aid. And when he got back to bed his last agony began. Then the old woman quickly lighted the candle for him and set herself to recite St.

Bernard's Hymn for the dying, but ere she had reached the third verse lo! he had departed. God be merciful to him.

"Then the little maid when she saw that he was dying, ran quickly to my chamber

THE TAKING OF CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.
(Reduced from a wood-cut in the "great" Passion set.)

and waked me. I went down first but there he lay dead, and I felt great sorrow that I was not worthy to have been beside him at his end. So dies my father on the night before St. Matthew's Eve in the year above named. God give me also so happy an end. He left my mother an afflicted widow. He had always praised her to me as a

good and pious woman, wherefore I intend never to forsake her." What a sense of doubled duty lies in that "wherefore."

So he took her home to housewife Agnes till her end in 1514. One wonders what measure of peace there was between the woman who had borne her husband eighteen children, and she who had given her husband none. In 1503 Dürer set to work on the famous copper-plate of the *Adam and Eve*. This was the outcome of his theories of the *Human Proportions*. He had a notion that "the perfection of form and beauty is contained in the sum of all men, and that by hunting through the bodies of many beautiful men, he might combine and recreate the ideal loveliness. He haunted the bathing houses, studied the nude, drew it over and over again, measured, calculated, and at last evolved this *Adam and Eve*. He has not found much ideal beauty amongst the solid burghers and their sturdy wives, but the workmanship is beyond all praise, and this plate instantly asserted Dürer's position as the greatest living master of the graver. In 1505 comes Dürer's memorable visit to Venice. He was weary with work and greatly desiring change; perhaps as Vasari says he had war in his heart against fraudulent Marcantonio and his forgeries. So he borrowed money of Pirkheimer and fared forth on horse-back by way of Laibach. He fell ill at Stein and painted a picture on the wall as a fee to the good landlord who nursed him, and so at last reaches Venice. Think of it, Venice in 1505! Giovanni Bellini very old but magnificent still, his best pupil Carpaccio in his prime, Titian and Giorgione young, but already waxing famous. From Venice he writes ten letters home to Pirkheimer, vivid eager letters brightened by a kind of lumbering humour. At first he finds many good fellows amongst the artists at Venice, so that it "holds one's heart up;" but after a time jealousies arise, and they find he does not lean enough to the "antique," but Bellini, though his eyes are dim with ninety years, sees and honours his work. Then they said (and said truly) that he was better in engraving than in colour, but this so vexed him that he painted his

ST. JOHN AND ST. PETER.
(From the picture in the old Pinacothek at Munich.)

ST. MARK AND ST. PAUL.
(From the picture in the old Pinacothek in Munich.)

great picture of the *Rose Garlands*, and that, he says, silenced them. He himself says, "it is good and beautiful in colour," but posterity has said what the Venetians said. The Doge Loredano (whose superb portrait by Bellini hangs in our National Gallery) and the Patriarch of Venice visited Dürer's studio and saw the picture in progress. It now rests (a ghost of its old self) in the monastery of Strahow. Dürer resisted the influence of Italian art, and Mantegna alone permanently affected him. Mantegna's death prevented their meeting, to Albert's great regret. At Bologna the painters gave him a grand fête, assuring him they could "now the more easily die having seen their long desired Albert."

WING OF A TRIPTYCH IN THE OLD PINACOTHEK IN MUNICH.

One thinks that these stately compliments were not unacceptable to Dürer.

In 1507 he journeys home, he forms a school, and pupils and apprentices gather round him. Quaint traditions used to run about the world (till Dr. Thausing strangled them), telling how thrifty Agnes had a peep-hole made in the ceiling of his studio, and would rap overhead if she found him idling over his work. But he never did idle: from 1507 to 1514 no less than 48 engravings and over 100 woodcuts were produced by Dürer. "Verily," as Cecil said of Raleigh, "he could toil terribly." In 1508 comes the painting of the famous *Assumption of the Virgin*. Linked with this picture is the no less famous correspondence between Dürer and the man who gave him the commission—one Jacob Heller, a rich merchant of Frankfort.

Heller begins his share in the letter-writing by exhorting Dürer to be sure "to paint his picture well." He was to have 130 florins for it (about £57 in our present money), but soon Dürer found he had made a sorry bargain. He prepared an infinity of preliminary studies, and at last writes to Heller saying he really ought to give him 200 florins. Whereupon (relationship with Dürer becoming strained), the good Heller writes off in a fury to father-in-law Frey, and Dürer replies angrily too, stating in an aggrieved way that "twenty ducats were gone already on ultramarine," and commands Heller to be patient. This he was for some months, and then he stirred Dürer up again. To which he replies again, "twenty-four florins' worth of paints already expended, and never again will he paint such a picture, no, not for 400 florins."

At last, after many angry letters, the picture gets done; and Dürer is (as every real artist ought to be) greatly pleased with the good work in it. "It will last fresh and clean" (he writes to Heller) "for 500 years," but holy water is not to be sprinkled on it, nor is Heller to venture to varnish it. Dürer winds up the matter by saying henceforth he will stick to his engravings, else he will become a beggar. Heller must have felt he had got a bargain (though he had to give 200 florins), as he sent a gift to Agnes

and *tringeld* to brother Hans. The famous picture was never destined to last 500 years, for it was burnt at Munich in 1674. For many years it hung in the Dominican church at Frankfort (where Heller and his wife sleep), and brought vast sums to the good

FREDERICK THE WISE, DUKE OF SAXONY.

(Photographed from the original copper-plate engraving.)

fathers: when Maximilian carried it off to Munich he left a good dull copy of it by Paul Juvenal. Bearing in mind what the *Rose Garlands* may once have been, and what the *Adoration of the Trinity* still is, the Heller *Assumption* must have been Dürer's greatest achievement in actual painting. His preliminary studies are still extant; all the hands heads and drapery, and every pose were drawn again and again. The

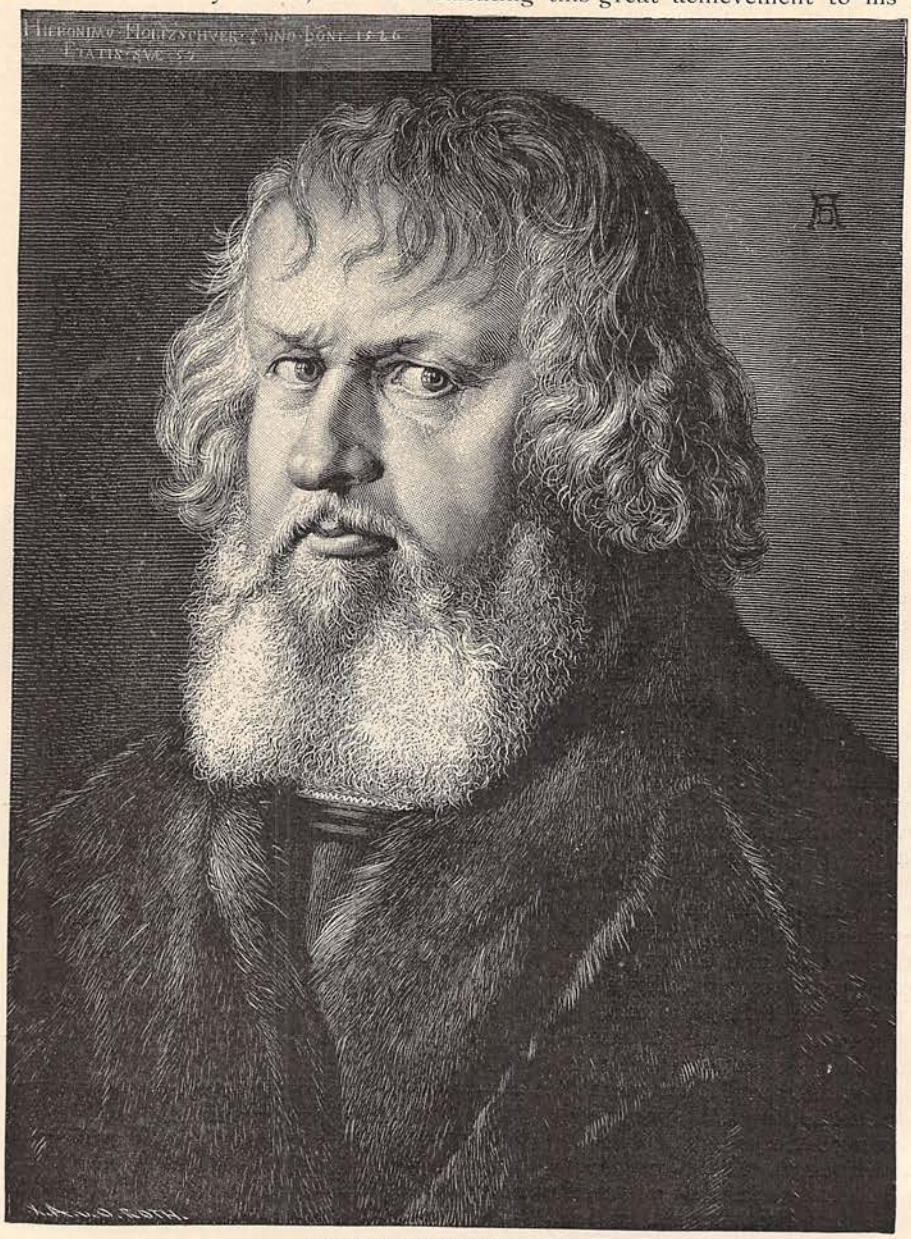
glorious figure of Christ is superb in form and dignity. Although Dürer had vowed to Heller that he would do no more painting, he soon found himself busy upon the picture by which, perhaps, he is best known, the *Adoration of the Trinity*. It was ordered by a pious coppersmith of Nuremberg, named Laudauer, as an altar-piece for the chapel of an almshouse he had founded. As usual, it was torn from its original resting-place, and is now in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna. God the Father holds forth the image of His crucified Son, and circles of adoring saints and martyrs kneel around. The figure of St. Agnes with her lamb is perhaps the most charming female figure ever drawn by Dürer. The colour is at once brilliant and tender, and the entire picture full of a wonderful light. Thausing says Dürer has tried in it to give a "pictorial equivalent for the music of the spheres," a well-meant phrase, if somewhat obscure.

In 1511 he published his twenty illustrations of the life of the Virgin. We give the dainty title vignette of the Virgin on the crescent moon, and the profoundly interesting *Repose in Egypt;* this latter deserves careful study. It is summer, and St. Joseph prefers to work in the open air, and has brought out his bench into the sunshine. The Madonna, with pretty rippling hair, sits and spins, rocking the cradle meanwhile. Both are very happy and contented; the sorrows that shall pierce her heart are all as yet undreamt of. Her face is like one wrapt in a pleasant day-dream, and she is so immersed in happy thought that she does not notice the three angels who are bringing gifts, nor the little child angel who peeps curiously at her Son. The foreground is full of sprightly little cupids (or some kind of sacred *amoretti*) who are gathering up St. Joseph's chips; one delightful little creature has stolen the saint's hat; and tucked up his little shirt to work the better. St. Joseph has brought out a barrel of wine and covered it with a mat to keep it cool.

WILIBALD PIRKHEYMER.
(Photographed from the original copper-plate engraving.)

Amongst the many *Marien bilder* that Dürer produced one of the finest is the Virgin crowned by angels. She is seated in her *hortus inclusus*, and for background (where Botticelli would have placed a hedge of wild roses) Dürer has drawn with infinite skill a fence of hurdles with glimpses of landscape between the pales. Two angels fly to her with a crown, and she bends her head sideways with a pretty womanly gesture to receive it. No "smile of Greece" haunts her comely lips, but she is beautiful with a frank, fresh sense of motherhood. So too with his angels; where Angelico paints his "birds of God" shadowless and smooth gliding through the quiet fields of heaven, Dürer gives vigorous, well-fed youths, a little encumbered with drapery, and always busy and eager.

And now we come to Dürer's last, and some think his greatest, picture. It is the four Apostles painted on two panels. They hang in the Pinacothek at Munich. About 1526, two years before he died, he conceived the idea of once more proving to the world his mastery in art, and of dedicating this great achievement to his well-



HIERONYMUS HOLZSCHUHER.
(From the picture in the Museum at Berlin.)

beloved Nuremberg. He had long ago dreamed of the power of art to indicate by proportion the natures of men, corresponding to fire, air, water, and earth. So he paints St. John to represent the melancholic temperament, St. Peter the phlegmatic (surely the type is not well chosen), St. Paul the choleric, and St. Mark the sanguine. These superb pictures of heads, hands, and drapery, for they are little else, have been mixed up with much entirely useless religious controversy. Art looks above and beyond all this, and accepts these stately pictures as Dürer's last colour legacy to the

world. In portraiture we give three examples of his power, in each of which his faculty of painting the veritable man that lies behind his form and face is asserted

CHARLES THE GREAT.

(Painted in 1510; from the picture in the Municipal Collection, Nuremberg.)

and displayed. First, that of Frederick the Wise; secondly, that of Pirkheimer; and thirdly, the greatest of all, that of Holzschuher. Pirkheimer's is of the deepest interest: looking at it one can hardly credit him with the "weight of learning" that

we know he possessed ; but gazing at the sensual old face one gets the key to many of those questionable jokes in the letters from Venice. But the Holzschuher is the greatest thing Dürer ever achieved in portraiture. The old man was an important member of the Council, keen and masterful. All that one needs to know of the man Dürer has seen and fixed for ever. The colour is as fresh and pure as when painted. Whilst

THE MELANCOLIA.

(Photographed from the original copper-plate.)

remembering the glorious *Adoration of the Trinity*, and trying to fancy what the *Rose Garlands* and the *Assumption* may once have been, still we are compelled to endorse the opinion of those Venetian painters who said that Albert was greater at engraving than at painting. A dozen men have given us pictures more wonderful than these, but in all the wide realm of art no man has arisen who could give us another *Melancolia*, a *Knight and Death*, or a *St. Jerome*. The *Melancolia* is indeed the spirit of the Renaissance : weary she sits, sick at heart with the questions that press upon her, looking out with steadfast eyes into the great void. Flung at her feet lie the useless imple-

ments of science, her book in her lap closed and clasped, the keys hang unheeded at her girdle, the compasses swing idle in her hand, her hour of doubt has come, nothing in all the world is sure except the hard mathematical facts (represented by the table of figures which make thirty-four add them as you will). In the *Knight and Death* one touches the spring of all that made Teutonic art virile, distinct, and lasting. In

THE KNIGHT, DEATH, AND THE DEVIL.
(Reduced from the original copper-plate.)

studying it one must remember that Dürer was always haunted and possessed by the fear of Death. As he knelt beside his dying mother, had he not seen how Death came and "struck her two blows upon the heart"? Like her, indeed, he "feared Death much, but to come before God he feared not at all." It was the burden of all the years—only the strongest soul rose superior to it. To Dante, indeed, Death was *assai dolce, a cosa gentile*, and when his Lady leaves this life she becomes "a citizen of the eternal world." In the magnificent scheme of his larger work there is no dwelling on Death, though Dante feels to the full the weight of sin which must be punished or purged, or forgotten in the peace of highest Heaven. Of course there was no going back to

the youth of the world, when the sunny-souled Greek loved life intensely, and viewed Death from afar and unconcernedly. When Death takes away his loved one he sees only the grace and tenderness of it, and so when carving the memorial tablet to the maiden Ameinocleia he represents her standing in untroubled peace, her slave fastening her sandal ere she starts on her long journey, her father in the background, grieved

ST. JEROME IN HIS CELL.
(Photographed from the original copper-plate.)

that he may not fare forth with her, because, as Pascal says, we must all "die alone." But as the centuries rolled on they brought with them other views of Death and judgment. Over the world had passed the image of the Ecce Homo, thorn-crowned and pallid, a God dying for his people, and with Him came conviction of sin, delight in pain, and perpetual mortification of the passions. Death, and after death the judgment—it was a passing-bell ever ringing in the ears of men, and yet much of the noblest work in the world was done under the black shadow of it. Savonarola preaches it in passionate eloquence. Orcagna paints it in ghastly realism. Holbein

dedicates to it a hundred pathetic or didactic ingenuities; and Dürer fears it—is troubled to his very heart's core. Truly he makes Death terrible always, and very strong, but fortitude stronger, and a noble life strongest of all. Mr. Ruskin's words were true of him. "The great painters defeat Death, the vile adorn him and adore," and in this spirit he gave to the world the *Knight and Death*. The world has read the message a hundred different ways, but there are no two opinions as to the unapproachable skill of that unerring hand.

The same year sees the third great plate given to the world, *St. Jerome in his Study*. Taking it altogether, this plate, I think, ranks first of all his engravings for delightfulness and serene peace. The Father sits busily writing in his cell, not by any means an ascetic cell, though the usual skull is there. The saint is getting old, and the careful brethren have provided him with no less than four very well-stuffed cushions; the sunlight streams through the windows of patterned glass, and fills the room with a delightful diffused light. The saint himself is busy translating the Bible, working, one may see, very deliberately and carefully, because he keeps his inkstand at his left side. In the foreground, basking in the sun, one eye closed and the other only half open, is the saint's tame lion, the very one that so scared the monks in Carpaccio's picture; beside him rests his watch-dog, sleeping the true dog-sleep, eyes shut but ears on the alert. St. Jerome always seems to have been a very neat and methodical saint; his cell is arranged with quite housewifely precision, his outdoor shoes lie ready at hand when he shall take his walk in the cloister garden, but no plump little partridge peeps into them as in Bellini's *St. Jerome* in our National Gallery. This plate deserves much study for its technical work, everything being rendered with absolute certainty of touch, all the exquisite detail being possible to Dürer only, and perhaps to him only at his untroubled best. Supreme dexterity is shown in the arrangement of line. Dürer is evidently anxious to prevent the sharp perspective and the many straight lines from tiring the eye, so he ingeniously breaks them up with a delightful group of curves in the great gourd, its tendril, the Cardinal's hat, and by emphasizing the outline of the saint's bald head. The plate of the *St. Hubert* (who, impiously going out hunting on Good Friday, was converted by the apparition of a stag bearing a crucifix between its horns) is the fourth of the series.

PHILIP MELANCHTHON.
(From the copper-plate engraving.)

Pleasant indeed is the lovely little copper-plate of *St. Anthony* huddled up on a rock studying his breviary, but I am compelled to own that the saint is less interesting than the old town of Nuremberg rising behind him. Thus looked Nuremberg in Dürer's

A PAGE FROM THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN'S PRAYER-BOOK WITH BORDERS BY DÜRER.

days, and thus very much it looks still, a goodly cluster of roofs and battlements with keep and tower both for tocsin and prayer, the whole crowned by the old Feste. In 1520 Dürer set off on his tour in the Netherlands; he took his wife with him and her maid Susannah. In his diary he carefully records his daily expenses, what he gives to his hosts and what they give to him, how many prints he sells; and above all, the

banquets he goes to, and all other the high and stately junketings. He had kept fresh the healthy faculty of wonder, and records how they showed him a golden sun and a silver moon, and armour and "bed gear" and strange clothes, and "never, he adds, in all the days of my life, have I seen anything that so rejoiced my heart as these things." He buys all kinds of curious things, and is often swindled, for he ends all by saying, "I am a fool at a bargain." One wonders if Heller thought so when persistent Albert screwed that extra seventy florins out of him.

For six years longer lived Dürer, but already sickness had begun to break him down. He busies himself in glass painting, architecture, and literary work; "writes, says Camerarius, 150 treatises in all," writes not only treatises but poetry too. It is deplorable stuff. Even friendly Pirkheimer could not stand it, and Spengler after reading it told him bluntly to stick to his last. Poverty, or what he thought to be so, threatened him, so he wrote a pathetic letter to the Council of Nuremberg and invested 1,000 florins with them at 5 per cent., being then, he says, "daily growing old, weak, and incapable." Melanchthon drifts into his life, and they become fast friends. "Master Philip," as Luther calls him, "who did all things so gently," was drawn on copper by Dürer, strong work still, though this and the portrait of Erasmus practically end his artistic career. Illness now pressed him close, the busy hand and head were weary. On the 6th of April 1528, as spring brightened the rich Franconian fields, he laid down the burden of the long laborious days, and became the guest of God. All through life he had dreaded Death, but towards its end he grew to welcome his approach, and so gentle was his departure that his friends knew not that he was gone. They carried him out to the quiet cemetery of St. John, along the road lined by Adam Craft's sad and solemn Stations of the Cross. Upon his tomb Pirkheimer wrote the word "Emigravit,"—truly he had journeyed to an abiding City, whose Builder and Maker is God.

COAT ARMOUR.
(Reduced from original copper-plate engraving.)

The great problems that troubled his life were answered once and for all. "Eyeless Death" gave him the key to all mysteries; he travelled, as he did in his earthly *Wanderjahr*, into unknown countries, but where in God's good time he "shall wake, remember, and understand."

Often he said and wrote that perfect truth in art was never to be attained in this life, yet he served his dear mistress Truth strenuously all his days, dedicating to her service the fervour of his youth and the assured skill of his ripened years. Surely might he bear upon his tombstone, no less than Cumæan Sibyl upon her tablet, the words at once so invincible and so tender, "*L'ultimo mie parlar sie verace.*"