

"shall not drop," said my uncle Toby, firmly.—"Ah, well-a-day, do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die."—"He shall not die," cried my uncle Toby, with an oath.

^THE ACCUSING SPIRIT, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word—and blotted it out for ever!

My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright, the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle—when my uncle Toby, who had got up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to serve him?—and, without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

"You shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my uncle Toby, "to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse,—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre!"

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner superadded, which continually beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that, before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offer he was making to the father, the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees and had taken hold of the breast of his coat; and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back! The film forsook his eyes for a moment, he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look