

clear, and the boys had acute hearing, so that often the story of battle and heroism went on long after the father thought they were asleep.

There was Archie, Andrew and Donald, Jessie and Agnes. Donald had met with an accident when he was little more than a baby, which had left him a trifle lame for life. It had been a bitter grief to the father, for he believed the little lad was originally intended for the David of his flock, chosen like the prophet king of Israel to fill the high office for which, in his own counsels, one of his sons was destined; but no matter how clever the boy was naturally, it was far from his thoughts to offer to God the lame of his flock. In his own mind he had decided to apprentice him to a tailor when he was old enough.

But Donald passed through these early days of youth unconscious of the fate in store for him, and had his own special work mapped out for himself long before most boys of his age have begun to give a serious thought to their special calling. He would sit for hours watching intently insects and creeping things generally, at their business, and could have cried sometimes that his hearing was not acute enough, and his knowledge of their language was so limited that he could not understand them. The ants more