

"Your all too evident uncertainty," replied Frank, rising and walking over to the couch where Ronald slept. "That is, like all mothers, you are not altogether sure what is best for your child," and the tender loveliness of his face as he looked down upon her boy would have been a revelation to Hannah, could she but have seen it.

"That is, I am sorry to say," admitted Hannah, "only too true. But what are we mothers to do to be wholly sure that what we do is best for our children? Find the key, you say, but where are we to look?"

"You must seek it where it is only to be found, in the Hospital of The New Birth," replied Frank, turning around and facing her.

"Then I would be committing a great wrong to my boy, should I longer delay," said Hannah, her eyes leaving him and, with a wonderful affection expressed in their blue-gray depths, they rested upon her child.

"You would be depriving him of his rightful inheritance," said Frank, approaching her slowly.

"It is hard to leave him, even though I know he could be in no better hands than in those who have made the 'home-living place' possible," said Hannah with a heavy sigh.

"But, if he is to enter into the joy of the 'home-