

little son. But mother, somehow, cannot bear to leave her boy, even for a little while," and she pressed the child closely to her.

"But mother must leave him, some day," said Frank gently, sitting down upon a chair a few feet away, "and when she goes, she surely wants to leave him something infinitely greater and of more importance than the remembrance of her presence. She wants, I am sure, to leave him with a sight restored that he may tread the roadway of life fearlessly, with no thought of stumbling or falling; and that, as he approaches manhood, his questioning, faltering step may be firm and assured, and his changing weaknesses become an unalterable strength."

"Ah, if that could be possible!" sighed Hannah.

"It is possible."

"How?"

"There is but one way," replied Frank earnestly, "and that is your entrance into the Hospital of The New Birth. Old things must pass away, if you would have all things become new. Inherited social weaknesses must be replaced by inherited social strength, if the children are to see and know the way wherein they should walk. There will, then, be no more seeking for the many pathways which are now believed to