

*Lady Frances* I thank you, my daughter. Your love and kindness are sweet to my soul. No holier discourse may proceed from lips of mortals than the praises of Divine Love; and no better disposition for the reception of my news—my new joy—than a heart turned in charity towards its Saviour.

*Lady Mobilia* And what may be your news, my lady mother? Have you discovered another orphan in need of your maternal care?

*Lady Frances* Not so, my daughter, though such abound. But I should wish to recall to you a day, the remembrance of which, however painful, must necessarily be of the greatest consolation to you.

*Lady Mobilia* It is the day on which the arm of Divine Mercy, outstretched towards me, drew me from the abyss of Hell.

*Lady Frances* Even so, my daughter....The day when God enlightened you that you might see the vanity of earthly pride and pleasure.

*Lady Mobilia* And filled my heart with new love for Him, and a desire to consecrate myself to His service.

*Lady Frances* Then can you the more easily understand my desire. Listen, daughter. From earliest childhood the dream of my life has been to give myself to God in religion. He willed otherwise, however, and ordered me, through my director and my parents, to remain in the world, though my heart was not of it. For more than twenty years, my husband and my family claimed my love and service; but now, Mobilia, all are safe in Heaven excepting you and Baptista, your husband. The voice of God now calls me to His service.

*Lady Mobilia* (*Starting up in affright*) Oh Mother—