

(*Archangel*)

*Lady Frances* (*Aside*) Beloved children of the poor praying to their heavenly Father. Grant me, sweet Jesus, to imitate their faith and purity of heart.

(*To the Children*) Happy are those who pray with faith in the goodness and mercy of God. He is ever delighted with such petitions.

*Laura* Emily, it is the Lady Frances, the helper of the poor. (*To Frances*) Noble lady, God has already heard our prayer, since you have come to help us.

*Lady Frances* Thank Him then, dear children, since He has heard you. But how can I help you?

*Laura* We are tired and hungry, and have nothing to eat.

*Lady Frances* Poor little ones, come with me, and your wants shall be attended to.

(*Enter Lady Mobilia and attendant*)

*Lady Mobilia* Is this really the Lady Frances, attired in beggar's garb, and laden like a slave! How comes it, Frances, I find you thus, and in the company of beggars?

*Lady Frances* Our dear Lord, Mobilia, bore an ignominious cross through the streets of Jerusalem, and the children of the poor were special objects of His tenderness and love.

*Lady Mobilia* But you forget your rank, your relations and friends! The whole world will sneer at such masquerading! How can we ever look our friends in the face! They will point with ridicule and scorn at the rich and noble Lady Frances, dressed as the meanest of the city's mendicants. Surely God does not require that