

(*Bowing profoundly to the Archangel*) Holy Archangel, whom God has sent to be my visible companion and protector upon earth, receive into Thy spotless hands and offer up to God my poor but earnest expressions of gratitude to the Most High, for thus favoring a wretched sinning mortal, and do thou aid me with Thy guidance, that I may learn to walk in the way of the Lord. Teach me to bear with love and resignation any trial it may please Divine Providence to send me.

Archangel (*Laying hands on Frances's head*) Take courage, my daughter. Fear not the snares of Satan. My Master has sent me to protect you. Raise your heart ever in humble prayer, and trials will not separate you from Him. (*Both remain in this attitude until curtain falls*)

CURTAIN

SCENE II.

A Street in Rome.

(*Enter Laura and Emilia*)

Emilia (*Weeping*) Oh Laura, I am so tired and hungry. I cannot go any further.

Laura Dear little Emilia, only a little longer. Mamma, before she died, always told us that God would watch over us.

Emilia Do you really think He will help us? He seems so far away!

Laura He is always with us and will surely help us. Let us pray to Him again.

Both (*Kneeling*) Our Father, etc.—give us this day our daily bread.

(*Perceive Lady Frances carrying a load of faggots*)