

*Lady Mobilia* They will cease, dear Mother, if you ask it of God, but I have deserved even greater—Oh wretch that I was. (*Sobs bitterly*)

*Lady Frances* Calm yourself, my child. God is all merciful.

*Lady Mobilia* Oh Mother, if my life is spared your daughter will be to you the most loving, the most obedient of hand-maids. I forgive me for the past, dear Mother, and pray for me.

*Lady Frances* (*Prays*) Divine Son of God, who by Thy sacred touch healed the blind, the lame and the sick, hear the prayer of Thy servant, and relieve the suffering form before Thee. Thou hast said that one grain of faith is sufficient to move mountains. I believe, my Jesus, help my unbelief.

*Archangel* The Son of God hath not turned a deaf ear to thy petition, Frances. Thy faith will make her whole.

(*Approaching, touches Mobilia, who is immediately cured*)

*Lady Mobilia* (*Starting up*) Oh Mother, I am cured!

*Lady Frances* Oh joy untold! (*Rises and seats herself near her on couch*)

*Lady Mobilia* The same bright Angel of God appeared to me, and touched me with his hand. Immediately all pain left me!

*Lady Frances* Thank God for all His mercies.

*Lady Mobilia* With all my heart I thank Him Who has enlightened my soul and cured my body. My whole life will not be long enough to prove my gratitude to Him, and my newly-found love for you, my mother. But can you forgive me, Mother.

*Lady Frances* Let us not speak of forgiveness now, my