

Mobilia, to expose me to the loss of my immortal soul.

*Lady Mobilia* What! Would you insinuate that I should appeal in vain to my husband? Yes, you have diabolic cunning enough to try to rob me of his affections; but if you attempt that, Frances, I will call down upon you the vengeance of Heaven! Hypocrite that you are. I will— (*Screams and falls on couch*)

*Lady Frances* My child, what ails you!

*Lady Mobilia* My heart is bursting—my head burning—my limbs are filled with shooting pains—all strength has left my body—What is it! What is it! Surely it is not death. O, help me Frances—Oh God, I am dying!

*Lady Frances* (*With great concern*) My daughter—O Mobilia, not dying surely—and no one at hand to help—(*rings bell*) My Jesus, mercy! Take pity on her soul, and summon it not before Thy dread tribunal in this moment of her pride and anger. Oh Jesus, sweet Saviour, hear my prayer.

*Archangel* Fear not, Frances, she will not die. The hand of God is here, fear not.

(*Enter Servant hurriedly*)

*Servant* Did Lady Frances ring? Why, what is the matter! Lady Mobilia ill! Unconscious! Shall I call a priest?

*Lady Frances* No, wait, she will not die. See, already she is better. Bring me the little vial you will find on the table in the adjoining room. (*Servant goes out and returns with vial. Frances pours out a potion and presents to Mobilia* . . . Mobilia, dear, take this. . . . Now rest a while and you will soon be yourself again. (*To servant*) Please leave me