

will be extended to her whom thou lovest. Even now the hour has come.

(Enter Lady Mobilia)

*Lady Mobilia* (With deep sarcasm, then anger) Ah, behold once more our saint! For what do you petition now, most virtuous one! . . . That one of your blind beggars may recover his sight, and you receive credit for having worked the miracle? Ha! This hypocrisy wearies me! Is it not sufficient for you, Frances, to spend the greater part of your time mumbling prayers like some foolish ecstatic? Doth not even a beggar's garb and beggar's company content you? No, you must proceed to the utmost limit! Lady Maria has informed me that you were seen yesterday at the portal of the Church of San Lorenzo, receiving money like any common beggar.

*Lady Frances* It is true, Mobilia, I was there and begged.

*Lady Mobilia* And therefore must I bear the taunts and sarcasm of those who witnessed the sight! Have you lost all sense of what is proper? Do you no longer care what the world may say of you and of us?

*Lady Frances* Alas, my daughter, I fear that human respect is still but too deeply rooted in my soul, and hence I will seek even more frequent occasions of humbling myself before God and man.

*Lady Mobilia* And I shall help you in your work of humility; for until you cease your foolish vagaries, they will be to me as they are to all my friends, a subject of scorn and ridicule! And furthermore, I will appeal if need be, to my husband and to yours to use their authority in putting an end to your intolerable conduct.

*Lady Frances* My husband and my son love me too well,