

cherished an extraordinary devotion, revealed to him that he was eventually to enter an order which as yet was not established in England.

Patiently therefore in prayer and penance, beneath the spreading foliage of the oak, hidden from all in his narrow retreat, he awaited the dawning of that day. He entered the Carmelite Order, and in the year 1245, so great was the sanctity of his life that he was unanimously chosen by his brethren as their Prior General. It was in the year 1251, however, that this devout client of Mary was called to be general of the army of which I have spoken of above.

One day when in the chapel of the Convent at Whitefriars he knelt wholly absorbed in prayer and contemplation of his dear lady and queen's perfections, a wonderful favor was vouchsafed to him. The blessed Virgin appeared to him wearing an aspect of loveliness, far greater than it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive; celestial strains of music soft and low were heard, and the chapel was filled with a fragrance so sweet that it could only have come from heaven.

She presented him with the Brown SCAPULAR—that dear badge with which we are all so familiar, and assured him of her never ceasing protection.

The saint made known the favor he had received, and the new devotion was welcomed with universal acclaim. The sovereign Pontiff placed upon it the seal of his approbation, and enriched it with indulgences, an example which his successors have, up to the present day, followed with unvarying unanimity. The beneficial effects were soon made manifest, especially in England, the land of our dear saint's birth. In the year 1251 this great servant of God was called to meet his eternal reward, but not until he had seen many marvels wrought in behalf of those whom he had invested with the colors of his beloved queen.

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The year 1245 which was such a bright spot in the annals of the Carmelite Order dawned upon France and beheld its saintly sovereign, Louis IX, full of holy enthusiasm, preparing for that seventh crusade which, alas, ended with disaster and defeat.

In one of the loveliest spots of that sunny land, far removed from the city's busy turmoil, lived the Count Felix de la Roque, and his young wife, Blanche.

Everything tended to make their lives bright and happy, and grief with careless kindness seemed to pass them by. A beautiful home, tenants who looked up to them with admiration, respect and love; an idolized child, and above all, the priceless treasure of a living faith. These were the gifts lavished by a bountiful Providence upon this happy pair. The countess was the god-child of the illustrious Queen Blanche, and the count was devoted, heart and soul, to his king. In the education of the little Felix his loving mother always took as a model her royal god-mother, and many a time she would assure the boy that, deeply as his death would grieve her and cast a gloom o'er their now happy home, she would far rather give him to God in his guileless innocence than see him live to stain and blacken his soul with sin. \* \* \* The poor regarded Lady Blanche as an angel; her purse was ever open to relieve their wants, her aid was ever at their service in sickness, and the most repulsive malady did not deter her from hastening to their side. The rich admired her for her beauty and grace, but still more for the bright example she set them. They sometimes tried to imitate it, or resolved to walk in her footsteps "at some future time." Thus the days passed happily away, but the cloud of separation was overshadowing them, even now.

Count Felix was too loyal a subject and too good a christian not to place his services and his purse at the disposal of the king. Desolate as his departure would make their