

**HIDDEN SAINTS: LIFE OF  
SOEUR MARIE, THE  
WORKWOMAN OF LIEGE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649602155

Hidden Saints: Life of Soeur Marie, the Workwoman of Liege by Cecilia Mary Caddell

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Cover @ 2017

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**CECILIA MARY CADDELL**

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**LIFE OF SŒUR MARIE,**  
*The Workwoman of Liege,*

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"WILD TIMES," "NELLIE NETTERVILLE," &c.

*Revised Edition*

NEW YORK:  
D. & J. SADLER & CO., 81 BARCLAY STREET.  
BOSTON:—P. H. BRADY, 149 TREMONT STREET.  
MONTREAL:—COR. NOTRE DAME AND ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STS.

1870.

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AUG 31 1882  
Transfer from Circ. Dept. Hamilton Aug 31 1882

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M 3345  
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To  
*The Rev. Mother the Prioress*  
and the  
*Community of Regular Canonesses of the*  
*Order of the Holy Sepulchre,*  
*Now Established at Newhall,*  
*but which*  
*flourished in Liege at the time when*  
*"Sœur Marie"*  
*illustrated it by her virtues,*  
*this*  
**Title Work**  
*is dedicated,*  
*with every sentiment of affection and respect,*  
*by*  
**THE AUTHOR.**





## HIDDEN SAINTS.

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SŒUR MARIE OF LIEGE.

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### CHAPTER I.

THE kingdom of heaven, with its countless multitude of bright and exultant spirits, may be likened to a garden in which each flower is not only fair and perfect in itself, but is placed in such a manner as to give and take fresh beauty from those that are blooming round it. Some, indeed, have more, and some have less of brightness, but each has some especial virtue of its own, each has some peculiar quality by the cultivation of which it has been fashioned to perfection, and all, combined together, blend into an atmosphere of perfume and of beauty which no single class of plants, however lovely in itself, or however skillfully massed together, could possibly



have produced; for the rose is never so rich in color as when embedded in green turf; and the lily never so fair as when it unfolds its alabaster blossoms against a background of shining laurels! Queens of the gardens these! We single them out from among a thousand others, and walk up to them at once, and lo! while yet we linger near them lovingly, comes a marvellous sense of sweetness on the air, and at their feet we find a cluster of blue violets sending forth so rich a fragrance from beneath their broad, green leaves, that we feel immediately as if that very scent had been needed to fill up the measure of our delight, and as if neither the rose nor the lily would have been quite so charming if some wise, cunning hand had not taught the humble little violet to blossom near them.

So it is in the kingdom of God's glory, so also is it in His Church, which may be regarded as a temporary garden, a nursery, from whence souls are daily and hourly transplanted into heaven!

Many of these blessed spirits shine so brightly by the river of life, that we are never weary of gazing on them, admiring in them the wonderful beauty of the Creator, thus reflected in His creatures. Band after band they rise before us—martyrs who by one

brave act of heroic faith have carried away the crown which meaner souls weary out long years in reaching—virgins who by a more bloodless but not less generous sacrifice have won the privilege, reserved for them alone, of “following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth”—penitents who have made their lives to bleed away in the slow martyrdom of penance—confessors and doctors who have fought from morning until sundown, the battles of the Church, ever boldest and thronging thickest where the fight was fiercest and the defence most full of peril—religious orders, *lastly*, and solitaries and hermits, who, like Moses, with uplifted arms and earnest supplications, have watched the battle from afar, casting in long lives of prayer and penance as their share in the glorious combat! We have in fact but to think of heaven, or to name it, and instantaneously our minds become peopled as it were with images of its beautiful inhabitants, countless in their number as the stars that gem the firmament to our human eyes, and yet each as different from the other, as if it had monopolized to itself alone all the skill and cunning of its Maker. Beautiful as they are, and countless, they are all the servants of the King of kings, and will, as we humbly hope, be our future

friends and comrades in the court of heaven! The reverence, therefore, that we feel for them is naturally, and almost unconsciously to ourselves, softened by an affectionate sympathy in their victories, as well as by an humble confidence that, remembering their own past trials, they will give us aid and encouragement in the battle which we have still to fight and win before we can attain their happiness.

But while we reverence all, some we love more than others, probably because we know them better—know them, so to speak, intimately and by name! Either their office in the Church has been so high, or their life so wonderful, that every Christian eye and heart has been naturally directed towards them, or else, circumstances have let us so completely into the history of their existence, that we know, or think we know, almost all that is to be known about them. We can talk of their parentage and their position in the world, as if these were an affair of yesterday,—we can penetrate to a certain extent into the most hidden secrets of their souls,—we can tell where lay their weaknesses, and where their strength—what they had to cut away, and what to cultivate, in their natural dispositions—nay, very often we can put our finger as it were upon the one particular and especial