

# **THE CURE OF ARS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649151288

The curé of Ars by Kathleen O'Meara

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**KATHLEEN O'MEARA**

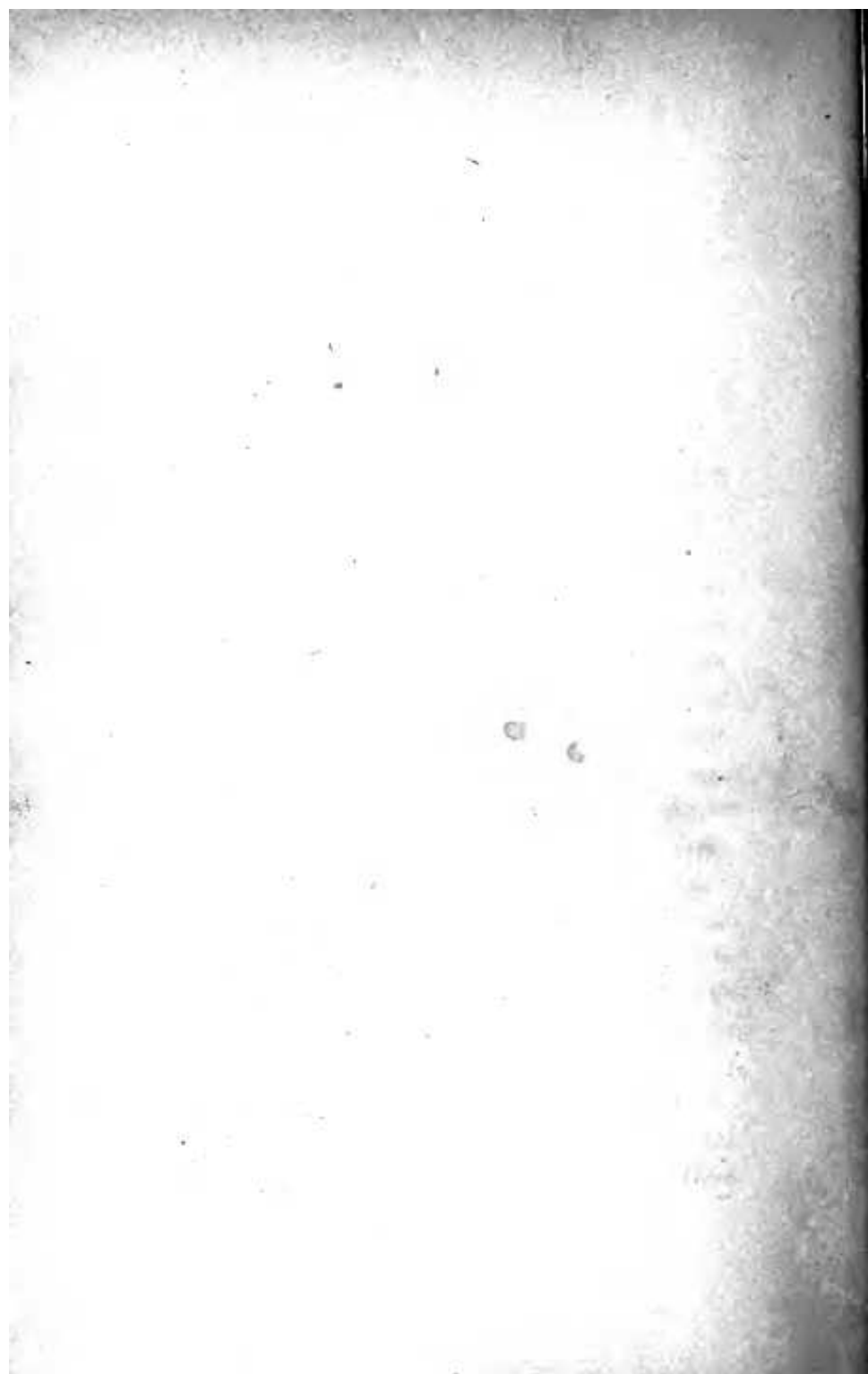
**THE  
CURE OF ARS**



## CONTENTS

---

I.—His Birth and Early Years.....	7
II.—Military Service—Flight.....	20
III.—He Enters the Seminary—Ordination...	32
IV.—His First Mission.....	37
V.—He is Sent to Ars.....	40
VI.—He is Miraculously Helped.....	50
VII.—Missionary Labors—"La Providence" ..	56
VIII.—His Fasts.....	70
IX.—Persecuted by the Devil.....	77
X.—Persecuted by Evil Tongues.....	93
XI.—His Physical Sufferings..	100
XII.—His Flight to Dardilly.....	108
XIII.—Pilgrimages to Ars.....	113
XIV.—His Miracles.....	131
XV.—His Sympathy with the Sorrowful, etc. .	143
XVI.—The Curé as a Counsellor.....	150
XVII.—Visitors to Ars.....	155
XVIII.—Relic-Hunters.....	160
XIX.—Portraits of the Curé.....	162
XX.—His Will.....	165
XXI.—His Kindness and Purity.....	167
XXII.—His Austerities.....	172
XXIII.—His End.....	181



## THE CURÉ OF ARS

---

### I.

#### HIS BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS.

THE holy priest known the world over as the Curé of Ars, was born on the 8th of May, 1786, in the village of Dardilly, situated in the suburbs of Lyons. His parents were peasant farmers, by name Matthew and Marie Vianney. They had already three children; but this fourth one was, so the mother fancied, destined to be something remarkable. Vague signs and tokens that she had taken note of before the arrival of the newcomer received a curious corroboration at the moment of the infant's birth. The good woman who had been assisting her rushed out of the room, and, after gazing up at the stars of the "mild May sky," ran back, and with equal folly and imprudence cried out: "This child shall be either a saint or a good-for-nothing scamp!"

Matthew Vianney laughingly rebuked her for her silliness in thus agitating the young mother; but all the same he took note of the

horoscope, and so did his wife. Many a time when she was nursing Jean-Marie the mother exclaimed: "My little man is not going to be a scamp: he is going to be a saint!" In order to work out the fulfilment of her prophecy, she began at once to instill the love of holiness and the horror of sin into the child's mind. The thing he remembered longest in after life was the expression of his mother's face, as she bent over him, saying earnestly, "My little Jean-Marie, if I were to see thee offend God it would grieve me more than anything else on earth." These lessons were not lost. At three years old Jean-Marie would steal into a corner where he thought nobody saw him, and say his prayers, repeating out loud over and over again those that he had to learn by heart. One day he disappeared unperceived, and his mother, after seeking anxiously for a long time, discovered him on his knees in a corner of the cowhouse, his small hands joined devoutly, praying aloud with all his heart. She checked the cry of surprise and joy that rose to her lips, and gently chid the little hermit for having made her uneasy by hiding so long. But though he had a saint's instinctive love for solitary communing with God, Jean-Marie would, with the simplicity



of the little child, pop down on his knees when the Angelus bell rang, no matter where he was or how many people were present. .

His love for the Blessed Virgin was so tender and personal that those who witnessed it foresaw extraordinary favors for his soul. When he was four years old his mother gave him a little wooden statue of the Madonna, and he took it to his heart like a living friend, fondling it and taking great care of it, and going to it for comfort in all his childish troubles. If he hurt himself, or if any small grief befell him, his brothers and sisters had only to give him the little Madonna and his tears ceased at once. His love for Our Lady had come to him as naturally as his love for his mother. In after years a priest said to him one day: "You have a great love for the Blessed Virgin?" He replied: "I have loved her ever since I can remember." And to the end of his life he recalled the pang it cost him when his mother told him to give his Rosary to an elder sister who coveted it. "I obeyed," he said; "but what bitter tears I shed in parting with my little beads!"

But nowhere was his piety so remarkable as when assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. The

pious villagers who saw the tiny creature so absorbed in devotion during Mass used to remark to his parents: "You must make the little lad a priest; see how he says his prayers!"

Matthew Vianney owned five cows, an ass, and three sheep. Every member of the family shared the labor of the farm; the eldest son had charge of the cattle, and when Jean-Marie reached the age of seven he was entrusted with the care of the three sheep. There was, not far from the farmhouse, a green valley full of shady trees where the blackbirds sang; a noisy stream went babbling through it between banks covered with wild flowers. The place was called Chante-Merle, and was a favorite resort with several juvenile shepherds, who used to take their little flocks there to graze. Jean-Marie joined them, and was to be seen trotting off every morning with his staff in one hand and his precious statue, from which he never parted, in the other. He was a merry little man, full of innocent fun, and always ready to join any game that was going, so the others were all fond of him; but his greatest pleasure was to converse with Our Lady. He spied out a pretty green mound, which struck him as a suitable throne for his Madonna; and

having placed her there, he asked his companions to kneel down with him and say the "Hail Mary." They consented; and when the prayer was finished Jean-Marie stood up and began to tell them how good and sweet Our Lady was, and how they ought to love her. Some of those present remembered in after years how startled and impressed they were by the extempore exhortation of the little preacher.

He, however, was not satisfied with saying a "Hail Mary," and then leaving his Madonna: he would see his flock safe in some grassy pasture, and then return to her and remain in prayer for hours. He had found out a hollow in an old tree which served as a niche, and here he placed his statue. His companions would watch him from a distance as he knelt rapt in prayer, his hands sometimes joined together, sometimes crossed upon his breast, but his attitude always suggesting recollection and modesty.

There was, altogether, something about Jean-Marie which set him apart from other children, and they themselves felt this without understanding it. A little shepherdess of seven, named Marian Vincent, was walking home with