

**INNISFAIL; OR,
DISTANT DAYS
IN TIPPERARY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649158126

Innisfail; or, Distant days in Tipperary by P. Hickey

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

P. HICKEY

**INNISFAIL; OR,
DISTANT DAYS
IN TIPPERARY**

INNISFAIL

OR

Distant Days in Tipperary

BY

REV. P. HICKEY

THIRD EDITION



Dublin

M. H. GILL & SON, LTD.

New York, Cincinnati and Chicago

BENZIGER BROS.

1907

FIRST EDITION, OCT., 1906.

SECOND EDITION, DEC., 1906.

THIRD EDITION, FEB., 1907.

M. H. GILL & SON, LTD., Publishers, Dublin.

Printed and Bound in Ireland.

PR 6217
H531.58
1427
22/11/17

TO THE
PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE ORPHANS
OF
ST. JOHN'S ORPHANAGE, NEWTOWN, NEAR ALBURY,
NEW SOUTH WALES.

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.

P. HICKEY.

REV. P. HICKEY,
CONOMA,
NEW SOUTH WALES.

All profits to be given to Newtown Orphanage.

139243



Innisfail, or Distant Days in Tipperary.

CHAPTER I.

CALVARY.

“GOOD night, Mrs. Hogan, and I hope your husband is better,” said the doctor as he pulls off his gloves and proceeds to warm his hands at the wretched fire in the cheerless fire-place. He had driven a long distance through the rain, but was quite cheerful, for he was one of that good-natured kind who forget their own troubles at the sight of another’s pain.

“Ah, doctor, I grieve to say he has not been well lately. Since the nourishment failed he has been getting gradually weaker. For a few days we had chickens enough, and the neighbours were so generous. Now they are nearly all sick themselves, and with nothing

but fever and hunger everywhere 'tis a gloomy prospect we have got to face."

With blanched cheeks and suppressed tears that devoted woman looks the picture of agony. Her three eldest boys are slowly recovering. Her two girls are not old enough to be of much help; and with three small children, one of them only twelve months old, what wonder at such a sight that the doctor's heart is touched with pity?

The room occupied by the patient is large, cold, and bleak. Excepting a few creaking chairs and a painful apology for a bed there is no furniture in the place. Judged by the prolonged examination the case is serious. The doctor, however, seems hopeful. He gently gives his directions, comforts that sorrowful woman, and sympathetically bids good-bye to that lonely dwelling. An hour later the last sacraments are administered. On the damp clay floor kneels God's anointed servant, and from a heart filled with paternal affection issues forth a salutary tide of supplication for the corporal and spiritual relief of an afflicted brother. By angel hands are the golden petitions carried before the great white throne. Consolation descends, and, refreshed with the heavenly dew of absolution, the sick man's

soul is clothed with the alb of innocence, and worthy of admittance to the halls of heaven. Oh! glorious, zealous, unselfish Irish priesthood, ever true to your high vocation—great on the judgment day before the assembled nations will be your reward, and grand, even on earth, your consolation in working for the salvation of a people the most loyal to the faith the world has ever known. Poor in earthly goods the Irish are rich in their love of the supernatural and in that strong bond of charity that for centuries of persecution and famine bound together the sheep and shepherds.

Who in the winter's night,
 Soggarth, aroon,
 When the cold blast did bite,
 Soggarth, aroon,
 Came to my cabin door,
 And on my earthen floor,
 Knelt by me sick and poor,
 Soggarth, aroon?

* * * * *

Who as friend only met,
 Soggarth, aroon,
 Never did flout me yet
 Soggarth, aroon,
 And when my heart was dim
 Gave while his eye did brim,
 What I should give to him,
 Soggarth, aroon?