

## LATE ARCHDEACON NOONE

### OBSEQUIES AT LATROBE.

The remains of the late Venerable Archdeacon Noone arrived by Wednesday night's train from Launceston, and was met by the Federal Band, with muffled drums, playing Handel's Dead March in "Saul." The coffin was removed to the hearse in waiting, and a procession formed, headed by the school children and children of the Sacred Heart. The hearse was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Delany (Coadjutor Bishop of Hobart), Dean Beechinor (Launceston), V. Revs. P. R. Hennebery (Hobart), J. J. McKernan (Longford), M. Beechinor (Deloraine), F. Kelsah (Westbury), M. W. Gilleran (Hobart), C. Corcoran (Brighton), J. Feehan (Outlands), E. Cunningham (Launceston), and P. Meagher (Latrobe). The hearse was followed by some 2000 sincere friends, and the band played Beethoven's "Funeral march." On nearing the church the bell tolled solemnly. As the corpse was being taken in, the band again played the Dead March in "Saul," tears falling unrestrainedly from many eyes. The coffin was placed on a catafalque with the deceased's biretta, vestments, and chalice. A solemn dirge service was held, hundreds paying their last respects. The church was draped by Mr James Mitchell, under the supervision of the Sisters of Mercy and Rev. Father Meagher, the draping being black and white, with white bows around the church, over the chancel, and the interior of the chancel. Masses began at 5 yesterday morning, and continued until 9 a.m. A solemn requiem mass and office for the dead was sung by the clergy, Dean Beechinor being the celebrant, Rev. C. Corcoran deacon, and Rev. P. Hayes sub-deacon. Bishop Delany preached a panegyric on the deceased, on the text "He liveth by faith." He related how the late Archdeacon came to Tasmania in the prime of his manhood 38 years ago, deciding to consecrate all his efforts and zeal to God. His first and only mission was on the N.W. Coast. After arriving at Deloraine, Father Noone had to go the rest of the journey with the mailman, passing through Latrobe, where there was only one house, thence on to Torquay and the Forth. He had a heart like a lion, and needed it to overcome the difficulties that beset him on every hand. There were no roads or bridges, and he had to swim many of the rivers, notably the *Leven* and *Messey*, on his good mission. He did the work on horseback for more than 20 years — all the time about his Master's business. Father Noone did not settle at Torquay and allow the people to come to visit him, but he went out to them in the bush, teaching the children, preaching and ministering to the people, and everyone that

had a call on him. For 38 years his hand never lost its vigor, his faith never looked back. For 38 years he never took a holiday. He was a man of faith, a man of prayer. He had innumerable trials, as every good man hath, but in them he did not cry out to his superiors for help. No, he took up his breviary and beads and invoked the help of the Almighty through the blessed *Virgin Mary*. He built no monument to himself, except the churches and schools that now stand at Latrobe, Devonport, Ulverston, Raitton, Forth, the resort of his and his forethought. The task of establishing

Catholic schools was a great one, but difficulties only acted as an extra incentive to him, and he deprived himself of what was his legacy by right, putting his money into God's work. He could have died a fairly wealthy man had he chosen, but his personality in money was only some £250, after 38 years' continuous work, and an insurance policy of £500, which he left under certain conditions for the benefit of the mission. The furniture, library of books, etc., at the presbytery, he left to his successors. During his 38 years' separate books and accounts in each district had been regularly kept. He could not eat the bread of idleness. He went to Hobart some two weeks ago to take (on the recommendation of the Archbishop and his friends) a much-needed rest, and appeared no worse until the Friday evening preceding his death, when the Bishop, hearing him walking in his room, asked if he was in much pain. He replied that he was suffering a great deal of pain, and in making his confession he said it might be his last. On Saturday night he had a fairly good night, and on Sunday appeared cheerful, and said his regular prayers and part of his office for the next day. On Monday morning Father Gilleran knocked at his door, asking how he was. He replied that he was pretty fair, and that he would be down to breakfast in a few minutes. Shortly afterwards he was heard to fall, and was found moaning. After receiving the last rites of the Church he quietly passed away to eternity. He handed everything back to the church. It is a joyful thing for a good man to die. Many young men had taken their late pastor's advice, and opened up the Pine country to their advantage. His life was not lost, but would continue a noble example to other younger priests that came that way, who would exclaim, "See what he did!" His pre-occupation was for the interest of his flock. During the last four or five years the Catholic Church had lost many renowned men which it could ill afford, but he prayed that their deaths might be a glorification to themselves and to those living. The Bishop concluded by expressing his gratitude to the good people of Latrobe for their kindness and their presence in coming to do honor to the deceased, the band for consecrating their music, as they did on the arrival of the train and during the procession, to other gentlemen who had given him such valuable information, and to those who had attended mass from 5 to 9 o'clock.

The coffin, preceded by the priests, was borne on the shoulders of five members of the Roche family, viz., Messrs. Michael, James, Will, John, and Frank Roche, and P. Magee, to the grave side, near the church, where the burial service was read, the responses being made by the priests. Tears were in many manly eyes as the coffin was lowered into the grave. The solemn and impressive service ended, the people took their last look, and retired. The coffin was composed of a lead shell and polished oak, with casket, and silver handles and mountings, and breastplate with the inscription: "James J. Noone, died 11 November, 1901, aged 69 years," and a Celtic harp at the foot. The vault was of brick and cement. Some 2000 persons were present, the funeral being the largest ever seen in the district, people coming from all parts of the island, especially the N.W. Coast.

The adjourned monthly meeting of the Latrobe Road Trust, to have been held on

The adjourned monthly meeting of the La-trobe Road Trust, to have been held on Wednesday night, was further adjourned, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Archdeacon.