

THE FUNERAL SERVICES of the late Rev. Saurin Eliot Lane, were held at the Congregational church, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 10. Rev. Robert N. Fulton, pastor of the church, was in charge of the services. A notably fine address was given by Rev. George B. Frost of Hudson, bringing to the minds of his hearers the attributes of the departed as only a friend could do.

During Mr. Frost's pastorate here, some fifteen years ago, Mr. Lane was a sojourner in the village, and an intimacy of the best sort sprung up between the old-time Presbyterian clergyman and the young Orthodox minister. The latter fully understood the aristocratic and conservative inclinations of the older man, and his imaginative and poetic fancies appealed to similar qualities he had hardly recognized in himself at that time.

Mr. Frost, near the close of his address, read a poem written by the deceased at the time of the death of his second wife, his companion for thirty years, "That little hand." Nothing could have presented to the hearers, a clearer idea of the spirit of fidelity, chivalry and refinement possessed by Mr. Lane than this little poem.

Mr. Fulton followed with a short address and read the well-known poem, "The falling leaf," and Rev. J. F. Malick read expressively Longfellow's "Auf Wiedersehen."

The singing by quartet choir was in charge of E. A. Cox, beginning with "Nearer, my God, to thee," by Mrs. J. M. Hartwell. The singers were placed in rear of the chancel, softening, but not lessening, the tones of the familiar voices. A profusion of beautiful flowers, more than ordinarily well arranged, covered the casket and near-by tables. Passionately fond of flowers in life, the peaceful face and form lay in a bed of choicest blossoms, the glints of sunlight streaming through the stained windows, softening the aspect of death. There was large attendance at the grave, where Rev. Mr. Fulton read the burial service, and the body was consigned to the flower-lined grave. Like the setting sun of the lovely winter's day, so the world-worn traveler, after passing the noon-day and sunset of life, was taken into the rest that holds the blessed promise of an eternal dawn.

The pall-bearers were Rev. F. R. Enslin, Baptist clergyman of this town, Rev. Mr. Hiller, Congregational of Westford, Rev. T. L. Fisher, Episcopal, and Rev. E. E. Brenan, Unitarian, both of Ayer. Mr. Lane's age was eighty-six years.