

DEATH.—News of the sudden death of our honored townsman, Prof. Laban Warren, was received too late last week Friday for insertion in the Guidon of April 22. The sudden shock and sense of loss was deepened by the fact that such a short time was permitted for him to enjoy the new home and release from university

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cares, that must have weighed heavily the closing years of his work.

The funeral services at the Baptist church on Monday last were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Francis R. Enslin, assisted by Rev. Edwin C. Whittemore of Colby university, Waterville, Me., a former pupil and later the pastor of Mr. and Mrs. Warren while in that city. In his eulogy Mr. Whittemore spoke feelingly of one he so well knew and honored, and the long years of intercourse dating from the time he first entered the university, a diffident, homesick boy.

Prof. Warren had the gift of being able to enter into the lives of his students and was always ready with help, encouragement and counsel. His christianity was of the highest character and men were led to a better life from the example of his lofty christian influence. As a lover of art he also did much to develop the taste and study of the beautiful, not only in the university, but in his adopted city. A true friend, always ready to see the good and interest in others, living by the highest principles in whatever he undertook, he was the ideal man to influence the young at the most important time in life.

Mr. Whittemore spoke of the passing of Prof. Warren at the beautiful Easter season, a fitting time for one so ripe for the higher, richer life, a season ever dear to him. Mr. Whittemore's sympathy was extended to our townspeople in the loss of our honored friend, who came to spend the sunset of his life in our midst, but for whom the light disappeared below the horizon all too soon.

Prof. Roberts, one of the faculty with Prof. Warren for eight years, and Rev. Charles L. White, president of Colby university, followed Rev. E. C. Whittemore with memories of the life of this cultured christian gentleman. Two poems were read by Mr. Enslin, "Now is the stately column broke," and "Sometime we shall understand." The closing prayer was by Rev. Mr. Whittemore.

The church choir, assisted by F. A. Patch and L. E. Fletcher, rendered "Abide with me," "Asleep in Jesus," and "Not now, but in the coming years"; Miss Emma Tenney, organist.

The casket was strewn with seventy white roses, a last love token from Mrs. Warren, and at the foot was a spray of pink roses, the gift of Mrs. J. A. Kimball, sister of the deceased. A beautiful harp of flowers, presented by the Baptist society and members of the Y.P.C.E., a number of Easter lilies and other choice sprays gave the atmosphere of beauty so fitting to one so ready to see beauty in everything.

THOSE WHO KNEW the late Professor Laban E. Warren in his boyhood days, in this his native town, followed with deep interest the tributes to his memory paid by his pastor and colleagues from Waterville, Maine, where the greater part of his life work was carried on.

These tributes had the fine simplicity of a deep sincerity founded upon personal knowledge and appreciation of the character of the one to whom they were paid.

It was the ripened and mature man of whom they spoke, but none the less did the words uttered bring before the mind's eye the boy and the youth; for in a most unusual degree, as it seems to the writer, was the old adage that the boy is father of the man proven true of Mr. Warren.

In the various points touched or dwelt upon by the speakers, and especially in the more extended remarks of the pastor, Mr. Whittemore, one saw a fine and symmetrical development of the ability and character which was foreshadowed in the growing youth. Professor Warren's friends easily recall his faithful preparation for recitation, his special fondness for mathematics, the indications of taste for the fine arts, his perfect good-nature, his readiness to help in time of need; also, a spirit of fun which often overflowed in perfectly harmless and legitimate ways, but never at the expense of another. It was pleasant to see this feature of the boy retained in the man as shown by the interest which Mr. Warren manifested in hearing and telling a good story. As boy or man no one would question his absolute sincerity, or that his religion was warm and vital with love to God and humanity. It is with insistent regret that the early friends of Professor Warren, who could realize what his residence in town would mean to this community, deplore his loss. Lending himself to the influence of the best in thought and life, he would have been a helper to and an inspirer of the best in others—and his untimely departure is as the withdrawal of a great promise.

After the first shock of the announcement of his departure one thought of him as was written of another:

"Dead he lay among his books;  
The peace of God was in his looks."

Also of the lines

"Man is in loss unless he live aright  
And help his fellows to be firm and brave,  
Faithful and patient: then the restful night!"

For the friends of Professor Warren the night "all too early fell." W.