

[Ballou, Edwin A.]

LOVING TRIBUTE TO E. A. BALLOU
FUNERAL HELD FROM CHURCH OF THE RECONCILIATION
EULOGY BY REV. MR. CORBY
Oriental Lodge, F. & A. 31., Attended In a Body and Accompanied
Remains to Forest Hill Cemetery, Where Masonic Service Was Read.

The funeral of Edwin A. Ballou was held from his late home at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and from the [Universalist] Church of the Reconciliation a half hour later. Many were unable to secure seats in the church. Oriental Lodge, F. & A. M., of which Mr. Ballou was a member, was present in a body and occupied one section of the church. The Utica Newswriters' Association also attended in a body. The service was particularly impressive. To nearly every person in the church Mr. Ballou was a personal friend. The tribute paid his memory was a fitting one. The casket was laden with a profusion of beautiful floral designs and cut flowers. Among the floral offerings was a magnificent lyre from the members of the Oriental Quartette, a wreath of galax leaves and roses from the Utica Newswriters' Association, a square and compass from Oriental Lodge, No. 224. F. & A. M., a beautiful placque of American roses from Eugene F. Pugh of New York, a former resident of this city; a placque from the Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star, together with several other wreaths, placques and stars from friends. Miss Briesen of Park Baptist Church presided at the organ. A quartette composed of Mrs. G. Ray Hoff, Mrs. Dobson, Charles Wenzel and Louis D. Tourtellot sang two selections.

The Rev. James D. Corby, pastor of the Church of the Reconciliation, conducted the services. A selection from the Scriptures was followed by an appropriate selection from Tennyson's "In Memoriam." The quartette then sang "Far From My Heavenly Home." The Rev. Mr. Corby pronounced a brief but pathetic eulogy on the deceased. He spoke as follows:

"We gather here under the sense of a great affliction to this family and to ourselves. Somehow it hardly seems as though words were needed. You knew him; I knew him. He was my schoolmate more than 20 years ago. In and out, day after day. in classes, we went on our pleasures and in our studies. How little I thought then that some day mine would be the sad privilege and duty of speaking the words above his silent clay!

"We speak of death and think we understand, but it is always a mystery. Yet are we not more indebted to the dead than to the living? The voices of the dead are all around us; they ring now in our ears. We think of them early and late, by the fireside and amid the great activities. We say to ourselves sometimes that we will do our work in life and do the thing that appeals to us, and yet we can see that we are partly led and partly driven in our work. I don't believe that in the early days 'Ed' thought of contributing to the public press. It is a wonderful thing, this matter of expression. Have you ever thought how God seems to choose his instruments? He gives to them not only the gift but an irresistible leaning toward a specific task. To clothe a noble thought in fitting language, to present it to the eyes of readers of newspapers, is a holy task. Well might a man before taking his pen in hand, ask the blessing of the All Father on that task. To picture some pathetic incident so that it shall touch not only the hearts, but the purses of the readers,

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appeal to their sympathies and minister to them, is a sacred duty. To right the wrongs, to combat the lust and evil of the world, to dip one's pen into the ink to do this, is worthy the best man who ever lived. It was tasks such as these God called this boy and this friend of ours. What an opportunity and what a responsibility! Does not every newspaper man realise that just a single word he may include in an article may ruin the fair reputation of some one who is suspected of wrong? Does he not know that the word of praise he may give to some one may be the fuel under the furnace that shall fire him to go on and gain the victory? 'Ed.' as we knew him familiarly, was always thoughtful of that. I never remember in all these years of his furnishing his brilliant and brainy articles, of his intentionally wounding a soul. He was jealous of the good reputation of those around him.

"Then I think of that other power of expression. God calls some to that, to use the voice in song.—Music is God's divine agent to call forth the sweetest and tenderest sentiments of which the human heart is capable. Often times he stood here and sang, and often in other houses of prayer has his voice been raised in sweetest tones. Again and again have I gone to houses of mourning, and his clear tenor has carried something of the sympathy and compassion of the divine heart to hearts stricken and sore. These are the ways in which we are to remember him...

"If to-day we said farewell forever, it would be a cruel thing. That would be like some splendid building reaching a story or a story and a half, and then stopping. No. there are other rooms in God's eternal house. We simply learn some of the elementary lessons here and then move on and learn the higher and holier truths we had not yet perceived. I believe that in this sweet Gospel of Jesus Christ we have the solution of these problems that come before us. 'I hope to meet my pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar.' I believe that deep down in Ed's heart of hearts, he knew this."

Mr. Corby concluded with fervent prayer.

The quartette sang "Tarry With Me, Oh My Savior." after which the friends filed past the coffin to look for the last time on the face of their dead companion. The bearers were Lansing C. Bailey. D. M. Johnson, H. H. Klock. George W. Pearce, J. Soley Cole and Louis D. Tourtellot. Oriental Lodge, No. 224. F. & A. M. accompanied the remains to Forest Hill Cemetery in a body. The Masonic funeral services in the Chapel of Roses were conducted by Worshipful Master Clarence E. Stetson and Past Master J. Soley Cole. The Oriental Quartette, of which Mr. Ballou was for many years a member, sang A. L. Barnes's arrangement of "Crossing the Bar" and "Home, Sweet Home." The quartette consisted of Hubert J. Hughes, Elliott Stewart, Fred E. Swancott and Louis D. Tourtellot. The body was interred with the Free Mason's rites.

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At a special meeting of the Utica Newswriters' Association held Saturday evening, President J. E. Clark presided. J. Soley Cole, W. W. Canfield, Francis E. Roberts and H. D. Perry were appointed a committee to draft resolutions, and reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

"The Utica Newswriters' Association, assembled in special session, directs that the following minute be entered in the record:

The death of Edwin A. Ballou, which occurred in this city in the early hours of the morning of December 2, 1904, took from among the toilers of the press a man whose work adorned the profession, and a companion whose warm and sunny disposition leaves an after-glow of pleasant memories.

"Mr. Ballou was one of the most gifted writers that ever contributed to the news columns of a Utica paper and whose powers gave promise of a rich fruition, which declining health and death blighted all too early. "We desire to express in this manner our appreciation of the work he did in the newspaper field and to assure his family of our sincere sorrow that he was not spared to enjoy the earthly reward which his splendid ability might have won for him."

Herald-Dispatch, Utica NY, Mon. 5 Dec 1904

Transcribed on 26 May 2008 by Karen E. Dau of Rochester, NY