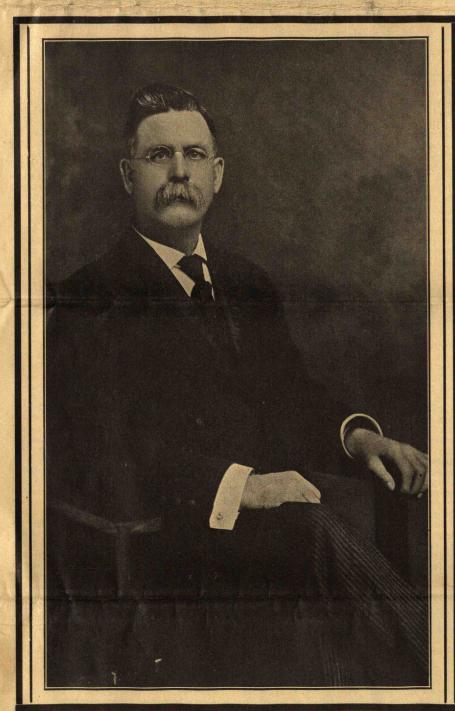
"The sheep follow Him, for they know His voice." John 10:4

VOL. IX

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NO. 4-5

# IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE



"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."—2 Tim. 4:7-8.



## My Anchor Holds

By A. F. Ballenger.

Once I was drifting away with the tide, The sport of the wind and the wave; The storms of temptation were driving my bark,

bark,
To find in the breakers a grave.
"Lengthen your cable, the anchor will hold,"
I heard 'bove the roar of the blast;
I lengthened my cable, O praise ye the Lord!

My anchor is holding at last.

Since I was rescued from drifting and death,

I've breasted the wind and the wave; And given my life with a joy that is new, Poor perishing sinners to save.
"Lengthen your cable, the anchor will hold,"

I've cried to the wrecks as they passed; Some lengthened their cables, O praise ye the Lord;

And anchored with me from the blast.

Thousands of church-men are drifting today,

As wrecks in the storm and the cold; By drifting, my brother, you say to the lost,

The anchor of God will not hold. "Lengthen your cable, the anchor will hold,"

The word of the Lord cannot fail; Yes, lengthen your cable, O glory to God; I've anchored at last from the gale.

O, who is driven all helpless tonight, By tempests of passion and pride,
A wreck rushing on to the breakers of
death?

Quick! anchor your bark by my side.
Lengthen your cable, the anchor will hold,
I know, for my anchor is fast;
Yes, lengthen your cable, O praise ye the

Lord; My anchor is holding at last.

It holds, hallelujah! it holds, it holds! My anchor's holding fast; The Rock of the Ages unmovable stands, My anchor holds at last. It holds, hallelujah! it holds, it holds! The cable bears the shock.

The waves of temptation dash harmlessly

I'm anchored to the Rock.



### EARLY LIFE

Albion Fox Ballenger was born June 9, 1861 on "Grandma" Stroud's little farm, the boundary fence of which was a part of the State line between Illinois and Wisconsin. In early childhood his parents moved to Winslow, Illinois and located on a timbered farm, a part of which extended across the line into Wisconsin.

This was pioneer work of the most rigid kind. But one acre was cleared for cultivation and the only shelter was a roomed cabin. He, together with his brother, slept on a mattress of straw spread on poplar poles laid on the ties of the same material that bound the rafters together. Every acre of the land had to be reclaimed from the native woods with shovel and ax, for that was before the days of dynamite. His early farming was done after the most primitive method among the stumps and His parents had no money with which to buy farm implements, neither could they have been used had they been able to buy, because of the many stumps.

Albion's early schooling was in the village school of two teachers. The highest course available in this primitive seat of learning was Robinson's Progressive Arithmetic and Green's Grammar. After taking a degree in this course he taught public school for a number of years and improved his education by attending summer schools. After entering the ministry he attended Battle Creek College a part of the time for two years.

His perseverance and industry are well illustrated in the development of his penmanship. On taking his first teacher's examination, the County Superintendent told him that he hesitated to grant him a certificate because of his wretched penmanship. He at once began a home course in writing and for many weeks his evenings were spent with pen and ink. As a result the next year he passed the best test in penmanship in the County and was sought as instructor in institutes and summer schools.

Whatever his hand found to do he did it with his might. In his school days he was first choice in match games, in debates and team work. His ability as a public speaker was recognized in his earliest childhood. 'Speaking pieces" was a delight to him and he never failed to delight his hearers. He practiced his recitations and his originals while he milked the cows or curried the

He followed the plow but his heart was not in his work. He was not gifted in any line of mechanics but the pen moved smoothly for him. God had chosen him for a special work and his early inclinations were signboards pointing to his divine call-

The morning and evening family altar, an occasional district meeting and the regular annual camp-meeting were the only Bible training the editor of the Call had in child-hood. He did not have the advantages of Sabbath School or the weekly sermon on the Sabbath or Sunday. From the religious angle he was strictly the product of the He had no Christian associates of any kind outside of the family until after became a public school teacher.

His literature consisted of the Bible, a very few religious books, the Church paper, the Youths Instructor and the county weekly paper. There was no public library, not even in the Sunday School. Neither did the public school offer any help, not Not many months ago even a dictionary. he stated that he had never read a novel in his life. In later years he read history and biography extensively, and was fond of true animal stories.

After teaching school for four years in northern Illinois he was granted a min-

isterial license and urged to quit the school room and enter the ministry. After connecting with a tent company one summer he, with several other young men, was crowded into the canvassing field. This was his wilderness experience but he came through without turning back to Egypt.

In 1890 he was chosen secretary of the Religious Liberty Association which had its headquarters in Chicago. In 1891 he was married to Belle Stowell of Battle Creek, Michigan and together they labored in the

From Chicago he received a call to accept a position on the Editorial staff of the American Sentinel published in New York. After laboring for one year he was urged to accept the Editorship for another year, but a call from the field was irresistible and he gave up the work he loved, to travel, attending camp-meetings in nearly every State in the Union. Thousands tocan testify to the wonderful power attending the message he gave "Receive Ye the Holy Ghost." It was during this experience that he published his two soulstirring songs, "The Pillar of Cloud" and "My Anchor Holds" and his book, "Power for Witnessing." Soon after this he was called to England where he labored in several of the large cities, acting as Superintendent of the Welsh Mission field, and later. Superintendent of the Irish Mission field. It was in Wales while presenting the prophecies that the Lord revealed to him the clearer light for which he was cast out of the denomination he loved. While crossing the Irish Sea on a dark story night, returning to Ireland after his first trial, the ship was disabled and there were some fears that she might not reach land, and he said he longed to be buried in the bottom of the sea with his burden, but for his family and the truth which God had revealed to him,—he must live to give it to others. At this time he wrote "Proclamation of Liberty and the Unpardonable Sin.' The manuscript was submitted to a chosen committee and rejected, and he then began planning to publish it himself. When this work was finally published he said he could now lay down his work and rest in peace if this was the will of the Lord. His burden was gone. He had given to the world the truth which had cost him all and which was dearer to him than life.

In 1918 he published, "Before Armageddon" and from time to time has published several smaller tracts. In 1914 Eld. Eylar who was publishing The Gathering Call at Bache, Oklahoma wrote him that it would be impossible for him to continue the publication of the paper and urged Mr. Ballenger to take it, which he did. He made six trips from ocean to ocean and published the paper at the same time, never missing a number. The last work he did was to make out the form for the August Gathering Call on Wednesday, August 17th and on Friday at about 5:00 P. M. he lay down on the couch and went to sleep.

He was recalled from the foreign field and after his second trial, which took place in Washington, D.C., he went on to a little farm in Virginia for four years, and from there he came to Riverside, California where he resided until his death.

God called him in his early twenties. when the world looked promising. left a pleasant and profitable position in response to the call and he never returned to secular pursuits except to use the shovel and follow the plow for a few years after his separation from the church of his birth.

As a child he was kind, unselfish and thoughtful. He was never morose, but always buoyant and cheerful. He was never venturesome in his own business, but was not afraid to undertake anything for the

### WORDS OF COMFORT

By ELD. H. K. WILLIS

As announced in the last issue of the 'Gathering Call," Eld. A. F. Ballenger, our editor, friend and brother, has laid him down to rest, until He whom he so faithfully served comes to awaken him out of sleep and to reward him for a life wholly consecrated to His service.

For nearly forty years he was a tireless worker in the gospel field, preaching none other things than those which were spoken by the inspired writers, and found only in the Book (the Bible). Right here is the crucial point in the great controversy between the forces of evil and those of good. Here the devil masses his shock troops and plants his heaviest artillery. If the battle is decided in favor of the Bible "AND SOMETHING ELSE," the defense of the soldiers of the Cross is broken and the way opened for every form of evil and deception, and can only result in ruin and rout to the friends of God. Early in life our brother chose to be numbered with the defenders of the Word of God, and to consecrate his every ability to proclaim it to a dying and lost race. Here he took his stand, and here he was found when the summons came to rest from his labors.

The text chosen by himself and used by the writer as a foundation for his remarks at the funeral service is found in 2 Tim. 4:6,8: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." This was his hope, (and though often seemingly outnumbered in the flerce struggle, pressed to the limit, wounded, afflicted, forsaken by former friends, cast out, maligned, and seemingly misunderstood, his faith grasped the victory, and his shout was the shout of triumph, his life and his work were a continuous inspiration to the writer, and to all who were fortunate enough to know this man of God.

There is probably not a country on our globe where he has not sown, and in the great gathering day there will probably not be a nation, tribe or tongue that shall not contribute to the harvest ingathering of souls who have been helped by this Apostle of our Lord Jesus Christ.

His courage and faith were of the divine order, and he believed in the ultimate and final triumph of God's eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus, before the world began. It has been the privilege of the writer to be intimately acquainted with the teachings both by voice and pen of our departed brother, and we believe we voice the sentiment of the majority of those who knew him, that his was a master mind, quickened by the Spirit of God, to bring out of the storehouse (the Word of God) things new and old, especially the new. He was at home in the field of prophecy, and what he has written concerning the Third Angel's Message, as recorded in Rev. 12 to 17, if heeded by the children of God, will furnish a faith that will enable them to refuse to worship the beast or his image, or receive the mark of

The seed has been sown. The foundation has been laid; the superstructure will appear; God's Word will be confirmed, and His name glorified. In the warm motherly posom of our dear old earth, in Riverside California, we laid him to rest until the judgment day, when we with him and all the saved, shall be permitted to cast our

crowns (for life) at the feet of Him who died that we might live, and with the Seraphim, and Teraphim, and all the ransomed host, cry "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints."

The funeral was well attended and many beautiful floral offerings attested to the love and esteem in which our brother was There were not a few from outside his home city, several being present from the Berean Church in Los Angeles male quartet of the Seventh Day Baptist sang "Some Sweet Day" "Saved by Grace," and Brother and Sister Robinson sang "My Anchor Holds," the words of which were written by the editor and the music by his sister, Mrs. Nellie Simpson. Dr. Fulmer made some very touching remarks and offered prayer.

And now the writer wishes to express his gratitude to God for knowing that all the relatives, especially the aged father, the bereaved wife and the fatherless children. have hope in God, which hope is an anchor to the soul. His presence and influence will go with each to the end. Oh grave. where is thy victory: Oh death, where is thy sting. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.

## WORKERS TOGETHER

By ALONZO T. JONES Editor of American Sentinel

Thirty years Brother Ballenger and I and Christian, principles of the Rights of were workers together. A curious thing about it however is that though we were so long workers together, we were hardly ever personally together in the work.

In all that time there was only one brief period of about four months, in 1911, when we were personally together in our work. Yet we were workers together always in a closer way and a turer relationship than personal association could give or know.

From beginning to end, all of that time, in mind, in heart, in spirit, and in aim and purpose, we were always truly workers together, however far apart we might be An experience will illustrate this:

In the spring and summer of 1911 came the series of discussions with Mr. Love in California-Santa Ana, Pasadena, Los Angeles. Brother Ballenger joined me at the beginning of it, and stood faithfully and loyally by all the way through.

When the discussions had closed, we desired that on our own part we should hold a series of Gospel meetings for a month in Los Angeles. A hall was secured in the very heart of the city, on Broadway.

We never yet had preached together thus: and through all the later years he had been Europe, and then on his farm, first in Virginia and next in California; and until this period n 1911 we had met only in passing and even thus only three or four times He told me afterwards that in view of the fact that he and I had never preached together, and had most of the time been so far apart personally; and that he had been cast out for "heresy" and I for prabably worse— "unprofitable to the denomination;" he was much concerned as to how we could really preach together: how our preaching would fit together, so that the meetings should be a true spiritual and progressive Gospel But he did not say anything about work. this then.

The meetings were begun: he preaching the first sermon. And from then through the whole month of meetings every night and on Sabbaths, we preached alternately, or otherwise, as developments might require; and both always preached the same thing. Not the same thing in the same way: neither trying to fit the other's sermons; but each preaching freely what he had to tell and all without a single difference or a single dissonance.

And that is how we were always workers together, whether we were personally together or thousands of miles apart.

### Religious Liberty

The first year of Brother Ballenger's public work were principally in general campaign in behalf of the American, Protestant,

Conscience, the Separation of Religion and State, in a true Religious Liberty, against the encroachments of the church-combines upon the National power of the United States through many devious channels particularly and chiefly through Sunday

In this field he did excellent work on his own part and in association with Mr. Ringgold and others; and in associate editorship of the American Sentinel, that was then published in New York City.

Here, also, though workers together, we had to be apart. For though I was Editor of the paper, my work was such that I could not be in the office for steady work any of the time while he was there. But Brother C. P. Bollman was Editor-in-charge in the office all the time that Brother Ballenger was there. Therefore I asked Him to give us a word on Brother Ballenger while there, and he kindly wrote the following:

"From June 1894 to April 1895 it was my happy lot to be very closely associated with Brother Ballenger in editing the American

Sentinel in New York City.

"Brother A. T. Jones was the Editor, but was seldom in the city: so that the responsibility fell very largely upon Brother Ballenger and myself. A more helpful, hopeful, conscientious, or efficient voke-fellow I never had. His buoyant Christian spirit made him always kind and cheerful, his writing was naturally of the same char

"Brother Ballenger and I had known each other casually before; but in New York we became Christian friends and true breth-That friendship was never broken: and will. I trust, be renewed in that land where there will be no more death, no differences of opinion, and no misunderstanding of motives."

### Deeper Yet

While Brother Ballenger was thus engaged in the preaching and defending of Religious Liberty, he went deeper into that subject and that truth than only the govern-mental features of it. He went with the truth and prinicple of it onward to the full heights and depths of "the Liberty where with Christ hath made us Free"-"The glorious Liberty of the children of God"that is found and given only in the baptism with the Holy Spirit.

To the coming joy of multitudes, this opened to him the wide field of the whole United States, for him to go everywhere, preaching to all, the blessed Gospel of ceive ye the Holy Ghost"; which brought, in turn, the development of that book of blessing-"Power for Witnessing.

This preaching over the wide field was

not allowed to continue. His field was limited in the United States for a while, and then he was sent to Europe and his field limited there. And this more and more till he was shut out altogether by the management of the denomination with which he had always worked.

I have ample reason to believe that no other man had so much of Brother Ballenger's confidence, as I; and that with no other man was he in freer, fuller or truer Christian fellowship than with me.

And I can truly say that never have I known a man of a kinder heart or more tender spirit than he, nor one who more genuinely and devoutly feared the Lord, or was more deeply devoted to His service and His worship.

He was cruelly treated by his "brethren." and all of it was peculiarly painful to him. But he never entertained the slightest spirit of resentment; and ever prayed and longed that they might see the blessed truth that he saw, that they might enjoy the wealth of the joy and peace that he knew was in it. And in his books and other writings, he will yet and always be preaching the same gracious truth.

"The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him; but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob: even by the God of thy father, who shall help thee; and by the Almighty who shall bless thee with blessings of Heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills—they shall be on the head, and upon the crown of the head, of him that was separated from his brethren.'

And now his work, personally, is done, and he is at rest in his Lord whom he loved, and loved to serve, in Spirit and in truth.

And how beautiful it is that he went so

quietly to sleep, in the thought of only a little sleep, and presently will awake in the infinitely happy surprise of Eternal Glory! "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

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### IN FULL CONTROL

By Thomas O. Blair (In Sunday School Times)

Alone? Yet not alone. No path too drear, No life too lonely, if the Christ be near.

Light for one step? No more my soul doth The way cannot be dark if Christ but lead.

The foe relentless? I am unafraid While Christ doth press my hand in His

Yet there is danger? Still I cannot fall While I am His and He my all in all.

There is no danger to the trusting soul In whom the Christ-King reigns in full con-

Then why these thorns that pierce and rend

That I like Him, the thorn-crowned One, may grow.

Into His image? Yes, from day to day, From glory unto glory, all the way.



### The Gathering Call

Published Monthly at Riverside, California

A call to men and women to seek salvation through Christ alone, instead of human creeds.

A call to become living members of the living and divinely organized body of Christ, His church, instead of being church-book members of a humanly organized substitute and counterfelt.

terfelt.

A call to accept as authority, in all matters of faith and practice, the Book of the Martyrs and Reformers, the Bible, and the Bible only, instead of the Bible and something else.

A call to accept the Holy Spirit as the only crucifier of the carnal man, the only infallible interpreter of Bible truth, and the only power for witnessing to an apostate church and failen world.

for witnessing to an apostate church and fallen world.

A call to accept salvation as the free gift of God's grace without the deeds of the law.

A call to the keeping of all God's commandments as the fruits of a fervent heart filled and thrilled with love for God, "who hath saved us and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." 2 Tim. 1:9.

A call to men to Join the remnant seed of the witnessing martyrs and testify the final testimony of Jesus to the once offered blood of his cross, to the soon coming kingdom of God, to its lawful King and faithful bride; and to testify against the final and soon coming counterfeit kingdom of the beast and his boasting, blood-drunken mistress and murderess, the mother of harlots.

E. S. BALLENGER MRS A. F. BALLENGER -A ssociate Editor ...Editorial Contributor A. T. JONES ... ....Fifty Cents Per Year Subscription Price

Four or More.....Twenty-five Cents Per Year Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1915, at the postoffice at Riverside, California, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

WHY I LOVED HIM SO

He was my brother in the flesh. We were not twins, but near enough of the same age to make us inseparable; he was just enough my senior to make me feel it a privilege to lean on him when in trouble. He was the leader, I was the follower; he initiated, I supported.

He was my only brother. In larger families the affections may be divided among several; when one is absent another may take his place. When my brother was absent I was alone.

As children our sports were mutual; our love of nature was kindred. Together we plowed and planted; together we cultivated and harvested. We roamed the woods, we fished and hunted; we observed and studied our feathered and furry neighbors of the wildwood together. We gathered the fruits and nuts of the wild together. We had all things in common.

Yes, we quarreled, and brought grievous charges against each other. But we never fought, our only weapons were words, and our childish quarrels were only for a day. The sun never went down on our wrath; for every night brought us together in the same

Our father was a boy with us, not in labor only, but in sports as well. But we were privileged to enjoy his companionship for but brief periods separated by long intervals, as he was away preaching the message from three to eleven months at a time. This lack of fatherly companionship tended to make my brother more precious to me.

Not the least of our blessings was our poverty. We grew up in poverty; not the poverty of want, but the poverty of rigid economy. We were warmly clothed but it was homespun. We had plenty to eat but it was grown among the stumps of our little clearing. Such things as had to be bought, even the necessities, were considered luxuries and were used sparingly. Our limited circumstances would not permit of our going into society, so we were a society unto our-

selves. Our only theater was the woods, and our movies the live creatures in the branches thereof. We were naturalists without books

Another influence which drew and held us together was our peculiar religion. We were the only observers of the seventh-day within a radius of five miles or more. The Sabbath was a middle wall of partition beween us and all the world around us. We had no young Christian associates of any kind, of any church or persuasion. We were "peculiar people" and our peculiar faith und us together.

We were both "trained up in the way should go." For many years I was active in church and Sabbath School work, but had never been "born again." When my brother was going from state to state with the message "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," it met a long-felt need in my experience. That message which he brought to me while I was at Walla Walla, Washington, was the beginning of my Christian life. He was a spiritual father to me. This also made me love him the more.

We were sons of a minister, dedicated to the work of God before we were named, fed the "milk of the Word" from infancy; labored as fellow ministers in the church of our birth, together with our father. We rejoiced together in our success in leading sinners to repentance.

My brother was prominent in the circles of our church, and was loved and sought

after for spiritual help. When through careful and prayerful study of the Scriptures his conscience compelled him to change his views bringing him in conflict with the church he so dearly loved, he stood alone for God, even his family not sympathizing with him at that time. This led to his being cast out as an "abominable branch," and I was soon under suspicion. My separation soon followed. We were both cast out of the church of our childhood and our brethren warned against us. This experience strengthened the bond of union between us. I had the privilege of nursing him through

a protracted spell of sickness when death hovered near for many weeks, and this again intensified my love for him.

For the past year we have worshipped together in the same church. He sat in the pulpit with me and strengthened me with his hearty amens.

When in trouble he was always ready with comfort and help. When doubts assailed he could always reaffirm my confi-What I lacked he could always dence. supply. He was more than a brother to me he was a spiritual father. I thank God for the love that bound us together, and for the inspiration his Godly life has been to me. It will always be a guiding star in my life. I have a renewed interest in the first resurrection, and my heart voices the words of John with increasing desire, "Lord Jesus come quickly.

E S BALLENGER.

### REMINISCENCES

The first time I ever saw Albion F. Ballenger was in the year 1895, at Yatesville, a suburb of Wilkesbarre, when he and Elder K. C. Russell were introducing Seventh Day Adventism in the Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania. They held meetings in a tent, and several of us walked nightly to and from the meetings, from Wilkesbarre.

One of the party, a very intelligent man, well read and a critical thinker, was an unbeliever in the Bible as being the Inspired Word of God. That man listened ntently, and he directed my special attention to A. F. Ballenger, declaring that he was one of the best speakers and most logical reasoners he had ever heard. And I am glad to say that henceforth that unbelieving lawyer, while never becoming an out and out working Christian, ceased his infidel talk; and after a fashion, and probably in a weak way, tried to serve the Lord

e had previously denied.

At times I went to the meeting alone; for I was drawn towards the tent, and at that period I was much interested in the subject of the Lord's return to this earth, and hoped to learn something new along that line from the two earnest and gifted men who nightly addressed audiences which seemed to be as anxious to learn as I

I was peculiarly impressed with the serious earnestness of Brother Ballenger, and as, while people were assembling I saw him pacing slowly to and fro in the rear of the tent, his eyes occasionally raised from the pathway he was treading, to the sky-line, as though seeking for light and strength from above, to me he had the appearance of some great general officer who was solving a momentous problem. And ever since, I have had the same thought-that he had a master mind and would have made a powerful director of men, an officer who would have been accorded a service of devotion because of the love he bore to those whom he directed, those who would serve him because of love for their leader.

I became only slightly acquainted with Brother Ballenger at that time; for circumstances took me away from Wilkesbarre before the close of the meetings. The audiences increased nightly until the message of the seventh-day Sabbath was presented so ably that listeners were logically convinced that they were being presented with truth; but not being ready or not believing that it was necessary to receive that truth, many of them ceased to come; and soon the tent, which at times had been too small, contained many unoccupied seats every night

Brother Ballenger, at the close of the tent-meetings, was called to New York City to do certain editorial work, with office headquarters on Bond street. While he was there I called on him in company with my and there became better acquainted with him.

Lost and Found

In 905, in Scranton, Penn., "Power for Witnessing" was purchased by me through a canvasser for the S. D. A.'s. Late in the following years we were told that Brother Ballenger was no longer connected with the S. D. A. denomination; that he had "gone wrong" on doctrinal lines; that he enter-

tained "queer" ideas on the "sanctuary question;" that it was believed that his nind was affected, and that he was on a farm somewhere in the vicinity of Baltimore; but just where he was situated the

party was unable to say. Surely all of that news was bad enough!

My wife knew nothing of Brother Bal-lenger other than what I had told her; but both of us were distressed and sorrowful over what we had heard. It was decided that she would write to the head-quarters in Washington, asking for Brother Ballenger's address. I could not for an instant believe that there was anything wrong with

That letter of inquiry was never answered, and we did not know where to turn for the desired information. And thus year succeeded year until the winter of 1912-13.

when God brushed aside the clouds. And this was the way of it:

I was alone in our home on the farm one cold night in January. My wife was at the bedside of a sick relative. Something impelled me to read from the copy of "Power for Witnessing" that several years previ ously I had purchased. The more I read, the more impressed I was with the book. When my wife returned we read the book together aloud. Both of us had the same impulse to learn the whereabouts of one who had written such a remarkable book

Then like a flash came to me the thought "Why not write to Alonzo T. Jones? There is a man big enough and honest enough to give the information you desire; whether he is in harmony with Brother Ballenger or otherwise." Now, I had never spoken a word to Brother Jones in my life; and have

The letter of inquiry was written, and to make sure of some sort of reply I addressed and stamped an envelope which I enclosed. Then we waited anxiously for the reply-which came promptly.

In an open scrap-book that lies before me, I am today reading that reply from Brother Jones, the concluding words are

"The S. D. A. denominational managers have never had any use for him since he preached so powerfully to the people that they Receive the Holy Spirit. But God never turned him down; and he still preaches the grandest Gospel of the Grace of God that you could ever expect to hear. I am glad that you can find connection with him once more.

Brother Jones forwarded my letter to Brother Ballenger; and from him I very soon received a long reply with copies of his little book, "Cast Out for the Cross of Christ": also a circular letter regarding his first missionary trip from California to the East and return. He said that he was soon to start on his second trip, and intimated that he might call on us.

### A POFT

Brother Albion F. Ballenger was a poet: not a maker of rhymes, but a real poet. When I saw him in Bond Street, New York, he showed me the "dummy" of the poem "Fighting Against God," that he had just composed and which was illustrated and published by the Pacific Press Publishing Co., in 1896. The illustrations were made according to designs furnished by himself. He sent me several copies when they came from the press, one of which I still retain. I showed it to him in 1916, and he said that he did not have a copy. Here is the poem:

### FIGHTING AGAINST GOD By A. F. Ballenger

O thou feeble, thou perishing mortal, Why forge with a fallible hand Thy creed-wrought and statute-bound shac-To fetter the conscience of man?

If we faint 'neath the hand of oppression, If we bow to thy cruel decree,

If we take our allegiance from Heaven And join it forever to thee.

Wilt thou challenge Jehovah in judgment, And His jurisdiction deny, And enforce the decision thou'st rendered, Omnipotent power defy?

Wilt thou hoist o'er the shelterless sinner Thy battle-torn banner of State, Demanding the verdict, "Not guilty, In the name of thy commonwealth great?

Wilt thou rally thy legions to battle And march on the City of Light,

Whence angels excelling in power Were hurled to the regions of night?

Wilt thou compass the City Eternal, Its towers and battlements raze. And train thy batteries brazen On the Throne of the Ancient of Days?

Canst thou mock at His glory consuming, Or challenge the bolts of His wrath, And drag Him, a trophy adorning Thy chariot's conquering path

Canst thou fetter the feet of Jehovah And chain Him with breakers of stone? Will Omnipotence bow to thy statute, Surrender His right to the Throne?

Dost thou shrink from a contest so awful, And tremble at thought of His might? Wouldst thou call for the rocks and the To hide His ineffable light?

Then ask not His blood-purchased children, To wear on the brow or the hand A counterfeit-seal of that statute

Proclaimed from the mountain-top grand.

One incident more and I must close my tribute to the memory of the great and loved man who fell asleep so recently. In 1913, on his first visit, we went from Hoadleys to South Canaan where a meeting was held in the home of Brother and Sister George McKinney. Brother Ballenger and I slept in the same bed that night. In the morning when he awoke, among other things he said

Brother Woodward, I am so glad that God has given me enough Grace so that I can smile and keep sweet when I hear testimonies that are opposite to my own. it was not so with me. I praise the Lord for the new love for the brethren that He has planted in my heart."

Surely he had suffered, had been cast-out, and he was full of joy that the "castspirit had been entirely removed from his heart and disposition, and that he really and truly loved the brethren, even when they did not see eve to eve.



### IN MEMORIAM.

Our dear brother Albion F. Ballenger has fallen asleep. A genuine reformer and consecrated worker rests from his labors. His voice and pen have won many souls to the Master, and caused many hearts to rejoice in a Savior's love. For many years he labored acceptably under the auspices of the S. D. Adventists with good success.

In 1905 he became convinced, from a study of the Word, that they were in error on the vital subject of the atonement, and on the prophecies of Rev. 13, 14, 17 and 18. He honestly informed his brethren in authority, and they took away his credentials and disfellowshipped him and his devoted wife from their communion, not for sin or unchristian conduct, for they both were exemplary Christians; not because he had preached or published his change of views, for he had not done so; but be-cause he did not believe all the church

He remained silent for four years, waiting for the brethren or the Lord to show him his errors, if any, but they did not, so in 1909, at the earnest request of many friends, and what he regarded the call of the Lord, he began to preach and publish his views without any salary or visible means of support. He never took up any collections in his meetings, or asked financial help of any one except the Lord. He was a man of faith and prayer, like George Mueller, and J. Hudson Taylor. He did what very few men are willing to do, he sacrificed his position, his salary, and his church for conscience' sake. He was true to his convictions concerning truth and

Why should such a man be traduced, accused falsely and be branded as a deserter, a reprobate, a false prophet, by some of his former brethren in public meetings and large camp meetings? The Saviour answers this question in John 15:21, and in Matt. 5:11, 12. He places his blessing, and promise of reward upon those who are per-secuted for Christ's sake. It would be well for all to remember the word of the Lord in Psa. 31:18-20. Some of his former brethren manifested the spirit of the Master at the time of his serious illness about two years ago and visited and prayed with him, a fellowship he greatly appreciated. He enjoyed Christian fellowship, and to be cast out by his brethren as he was caused him great sorrow, but he was comforted by his Saviour's love, and the Lord's promise in Isa. 66:5.

Our brother was an able advocate and brave defender of the truth he loved, and Christ and Him crucified was a favorite theme with him. By voice and pen he proclaimed the Gospel message with zeal and power, but his work is done. He will be missed, O, so much! Who will take his place? Earnest prevailing prayer should offered to our heavenly Father, that He will choose and qualify someone to take up the work our beloved brother has laid down.

-A LOVER OF BIBLE TRUTH

### GOOD NEWS ABOUT BURDENS (Sunday School Times)

There is no merit in most burden-bearing. The kind of burdens that most of us carry, the heaviest kind, God tells us we need not carry. Indeed, he forbids us to carry them if we are his children.-like the traffic regulation seen at certain places: "Burden vehicles not permitted on this drive." The way to get rid of the weighted-down life is to "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Not only does He take the whole weight of our burden which is rolled over upon Him, but He bears us up at the same time. The unburdened life of the resting Christian was taught by type. back in Old Testament times, when the command came to the Levites for all Israel: "Put the holy ark in the house which Solomon the son of David king of Israel did build: there shall no more be a burden upon your shoulders" (2 Chron. 35:3). The ark has been called the most perfect type of Christ in the Old Testament; and the temple is a type of every believer, present temple of the Holy Spirit. So for the believing child of God, indwelt by Christ and filled with the Holy Spirit, "there shall no more be a burden." Are we praising God for

## Messages of Love and Sympathy

Dear Sister Ballenger:

With profound sorrow we read of the cessation from labor of dear Brother Ballenger in the last issue of the "Call."

O! How our hearts yearn for his loved ones, those so intimately associated with him in the work. But especially for you dear sister, who so bravely, so undauntedly, year after year, stood shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart with him, in the great conflict of life's duties and responsibilities. God help you my sister, and sustain you in this hour of grief, with sorrow's cup filled to the brim; and He will; for has He not said I will never leave nor forsake thee:

said I will never leave nor forsake thee:

Does He not say also, "When thou passthrough the waters I will be with thee;
and though the rivers they shall not overflow thee: when thou walketh through the
fire thou shalt not be burned: neither shall
the flame kindle upon thee." Hallelujah!

Well the old warrior sleeps, and methinks I hear a voice from heaven saying , 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

Our dear brother needed the rest which God has so kindly given him, and now may you find that rest, that wonderful peace, which passeth all understanding, as you settle deeper and still deeper in Divine Love.

May we be faithful unto death, dear sister, and receive the Crown of Life promised by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ when He comes to claim his own.

Lovingly and sympathetically, W. E. WHITE AND WIFE.

From Washington, D. C. Dear Sister Ballenger:

The letter bearing the sad, sad news arrived this morning. My husband brought it to me to read while at my morning work.

I must tell you that when we had read it, with heads bowed closely together we wept aloud. How can we spare that dear voice and the words of loving truth fresh from his pen!

This morning before leaving my room I read several chapters from that blessed book "Power for Witnessing"—so still he speaketh.

My heart overflows with sympathy for the dear ones who being so much nearer, feel the loss more keenly than we.

There is a heaven, and he will be there. Oh, shall we there clasp the hand that it would have been such a privilege to have clasped once more here? Our prayer is, Even so let it be.

With hearts of sympathy we commit you, dear ones, to the keeping of Him who was sent to heal the broken hearted.

In sorrow, yet mingled with the sweetness of hope,

Sincerely, MRS. A. T. JONES and "A. T."

From San Diego. My Dear Sister:

It was a great shock to me to hear of Brother Ballenger's death. The Gathering Call family will miss him, but God knows best, and his work will go on till the end, praise the Lord. I trust this little gift will help you out. I have buried seven of my dear ones, and I am so glad I shall have them with me soon. We must not sorrow as those who have no hope. Jesus puts His arms around us so sweetly in all of our

troubles, and He is our stay, praise His name.

Your sister in real love and sympathy,

MRS. S. A. BERRAY.

From Montague, Calif Dear Ones in Christ:

The sad news of the death of our beloved brother reached us in a card from Sister Robinson. We were all deeply grieved, and I understand now why the blessed Lord has had him on my mind so much the last few weeks. I see now why I saw him walking

looking so sad. But we mourn not as those who have no hope.

Oh, I shall see my beloved brother and clasp him to my heart when Jesus comes to make up His jewels. O yes, we shall all meet him if we prove half as faithful as was

around (in vision) near the house all alone

our Brother Ballenger.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." O glorious thought that the dead in Christ shall rise never more to suffer.

Dear ones, our hearts go out in sympathy and Christian love to you all, and to the other sorrowing relatives. We can only say "Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me." Jesus knows all about our griefs, sorrows, and pains, yes and our temptations. May God preserve and comfort you all till Jesus comes. We are praying for you. Your brother in Christ, J. G. GILSTRAP.

From Graton, Calif.
Dear Sister Ballenger:

We are in receipt of a message from Brother and Sister Robinson telling us of the death of our dear Brother Ballenger. We mourn with you, together with his many true friends. We sorrow much but in great hope. We shall miss him but God knows best. We thank God that He spared his life to us a little longer when we asked Him. We loved him dearly for the precious truths he has made so clear through his pen, and I am sure that God will vindicate them in His own good time. His sleep will be sweet while we wait the great consummation of our fondest hopes.

We are so glad for the faith, confidence, and trust that you have in our dear Lord. He knows how to comfort in the deepest of sorrow. He will stand by you. You have our deepest sympathy and helping hand in any way we are able.

Your sincere brother and sister in the blessed hope,

MR. and MRS. W. W. PALMER.

My Dear Brother E. S. Ballenger: A day or two ago I returned from my trip in the east including our good conference at Shiloh. One of the first things 1 learned on reaching home was concerning the death of two very dear and esteemed friends. One was Bishop Q. S. Lewis of China, whom you know, I believe. He was a great and good man. The other that of your brother and mine. If your brother had to go, I am glad he died as he did-quietly going to sleep in that dreamless sleep that takes no cognizance of the lapse of time soon to open his eyes upon the glorious scenes of the immortal world in the presence and likeness of Him whom he served with all his powers. That will be a great day, and as time goes on we are always adding to our interest in that event the greatest of all events. I have glanced through the last number of the "Call" and was pleased note some beautiful things he wrote which place the seal of broad charity and true Christian spirit upon him and his work. His attitude toward his former brethern was especially beautiful, even if he had continued to live, but becomes especially so as being his last message to them.

Your brother in Christ, GEO. C. TENNY, Dear Sister Ballenger:

The sad news of our dear brother's death reached us a few days ago. It was indeed a shock to us all as we had supposed that Brother Ballenger was convalescing, and would ultimately recover his health. You may be sure we sympathize deeply with you and the children in your great bereavement and share in your sorrow. A prince in Israel has fallen and the loss seems almost unbearable. But Paul tells us not to sorrow as those who have no hope, for God will bring all His faithful ones from the prison-house of the enemy. Let us find comfort in this thought. He is resting for but a little while till Jesus comes. The light of the eternal day is soon to burst upon us. The glory of the resurrection morning soon will flood the earth and sky; and friends whom the cruel hand of death has parted, will again meet never to part. But now our hearts are filled with sorrow. One whom we dearly loved has been taken from

us. How we shall miss his words, counsel, comfort, and good cheer; and the articles he has been giving us from month to month in The Gathering Call, the clearer light on the atonement and the prophecies. We hope the Call will still continue to come to us filled with meat for our growth in grace and edification. May God give you wisdom and able helpers to make the Call a blessing, an inspiration and a means of salvation to its readers.

I feel deeply the loss of Brother Ballenger. He was a true brother to me and I shall always hold him in loving remembrance, and shall continue to pray for you and your children, and for your success in making The Gathering Call a soul winner for Christ. Cast thy burdens on the Lord, be of good cheer, trust also in Him and He shall bring it to hear the state of the loss of the soul winner.

Your brother in Christ, E. C. JOHNSON.

From Silver Creek, Ariz.

Dear Sister Ballenger:
Have just received Brother Robinson's card advising us of the death of our beloved brother. It was surely a shock to, us, and I cannot begin to tell you what a disappointment it was. I had always longed to see Brother Ballenger—it has been in my mind and heart for the past two years. God knows best, but the loss will be great to many, many souls.

I know how you must feel, but your sorrow is surely shared by hundreds, perhaps thousands. Truly a prince in Israel has departed. There are so few men of power to proclaim the true message of God, that the loss of such a leader will be keenly felt. Yet how comforting it is to sorrow with HOPE. May God give you strength to bear it, and to help finish the work that our leader has so nobly carried on throughout his long and useful life. True, not so long as we would like to have had it, but full to overflowing.

Words are useless, dear sister, so I will not take up your time, but will pray that the Comforter may abide with you, and give you that peace and joy that no human tongue can impart to you in this hour.

Wishing you all blessing always, and hop-

Wishing you all blessing always, and hoping that I and mine may be so faithful that we may see our departed brother face to face in that land where there will be no shadow of pain to mar the countenance, I

> Your sister in Christ, MRS. W. T. DUKE.

Dear Sister Ballenger:

Your kind but sad letter came to us today and Mrs. Hermann and myself extend to you our heart-felt sympathy in your sorrow. Yes we feel that for a time we have lost a

real friend and counselor and we shall always remember with joy our happy association with our beloved brother in the Lord.

We realize that your sorrow is great, but praise the Lord, "ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope," and if faithful we will soon see our brother, and you will soon be with your dear husband again. So far as Brother Ballenger is concerned, he "may rest from his labors," but so far as the rest of us are concerned, his "works do follow him."

We do not know what we can say to you and your dear family at such a time as this, but we know that the Lord is your hope and confidence and that is greater comfort and support to you than any sympathy that humanity can express, however sincere.

Your brother and sister in Christ, MR. and MRS. H. T. HERMANN.

## TO THE FAMILY OF OUR DEPARTED BROTHER

H. T. Hermann

The Lord be your refuge, The Lord be your stay

To lighten your pathway, to brighten the

way.
To bring to your hearts the sweet solace

of rest,

To know, that He leadeth in ways that are best.

O! Give us a vision of that happy day When sorrow and sadness shall vanish

away,
When Jesus shall come and His Kingdom
proclaim,

And gather therein all who trust in His Name.

The loved ones we've mourned, will return to us there, In the home, He declared, He has gone to

prepare;
! Praise to our God, for this blessed

estate,
Who for such redemption, provision has made.

The things that seem grievous, will there be made plain,

We shall know that 'twas love that inflicted the pain, We shall know it was well, as our Father

decreed,
We shall praise Him forever for the way
He did lead.

Dear Sister Ballenger:

I was greatly shocked to get Mrs. Simpson's phone call last Friday night telling me the sad news of Brother Ballenger's death, and I want you to know I sympathize with you fully and deeply, as I can speak from experience, and know what such grief means. Friday night I did not sleep much, you were upon my mind and I have been nolding you up continually before the Great Father in prayer that He will hold and sustain you in this, your hour of great trial and affliction. May He be your Comforter and bless and keep you and yours and guide, and direct you is my prayer. us take Him at His word, as He has promised never to forsake the widow and the fatherless. Elder Jones reminded me of these promises a long time ago, so I will pass them along to you at this time and I am sure you will be brave as you ever have been in the past and God will make all things right.

With much Christian love,
ANNA BOULET.

Dear Sister Ballenger:

Your kind letter out of the midst of your sorrow is received, and it is greatly appreciated; and all the more under the circumstances. Yet this is all just right for we know that all is well with him; and that he has just gone to sleep for a little while, to wake in the gladness of Eternal Glory. And it is merely the wise and Christian thing, and far more honoring to him to go bravely on with his work than to spend the time in lamentations: though in truth none but the Lord can know how deep is your sorrow nor how great your loss. I thank the Lord for the brave spirit and grace that holds you up.

Certainly and gladly I will do all that I can in behalf of your Memorial Number, and in anything else where you may think

MANN that I can be of any help.

I apprecate and admire your expression that "we will never continue to publish it unless we have live matter that is Present Truth that the people need for this time. It Might better be discontinued."

He had a message, and unless that message can be continued in the paper, or else another person come in with a corresponding and equally live and divine message, it will not be the same paper and it will be hard to carry it. But the Lord will guide you in that matter, and nobody but He can.

If I were there, I would not do any planning. I would only ask the Lord to lead while I would follow. Men cannot plan for the Lord. He is the Leader. The Holy Spirit is the Guide. All that we can do rightly is to watch the leading of the Leader, and follow the Guide. And "He will guide you." Trust Him and follow. And sister, do not let any men tangle you up with their "plans."

"Thy Maker is thy husband." You know what a true husband is. The Lord is all of that to you now. Trust Him to be it all, and in divine measure you will find Him to be it all.

And that it shall be so forever is the prayer of,

Your Christian brother,
—ALONZO JONES.

My Dear Sister Ballenger: The news of Brother Ballenger's death

came only the other day when two sisters from Irvington, New Jersey wrote me. Then in a few days the "Call" came, but I hardly realize it all. I do believe though that God knows best and that this together with all other things will work together for your That is the most blessed comfort My words cannot express the sympathy and sorrow I feel for you, but I do want you to know that my heart goes out to you, Oh, with such love and feeling-my heart is so sad and so sorrowful for you; knowing you will be lonely and miss your dear husband so much. Oh. I do not know of anything that I might say to comfort you, but I will say that I pray if God is to hasten His coming that He will do so. My heart sighs and cries and aches for all the abominations I see. I sometimes believe that our brother had a real true heavy burden for souls and that it caused him to be grieved and sad Perhaps I am mistaken, but one who had received so much light and helped so many must truly have had a tremendous burden for souls. The more of God's Word I learn the heavier the burden for souls; it grieves, saddens, it hurts, it disturbs rest, makes one ever ready to tell some one of Jesus, His love, His coming and of His taking His children at last to reign with Him where death shall never be known and where sorrow and sighing flee away. 'The dead in Christ shall rise first

"The dead in Christ shall rise first."

"Those that remain shall be caught up with them in the air to meet Him."

"You are not ignorant of these things.

like others who have no hope." The word tells me to send you these comforting words.

Of course I am still wondering if the "Call" will still be published etc. but do not expect you, dear sister, to take it upon yourself to write me at this sorrowful time, any particulars. My prayer is that God will strengthen you, encourage, lead and bless you and yours. He has promised to be a husband to the widow and I know the promise will hold true—and a father to the fatherless. Accept my true love and sympathy with God's blessings added. Your sister in Him.

MRS. MARY A. PIERCE.

"The Gathering Call"

The editor of this monthly received tidings on August 26th of the death of A. F. Ballenger, of Riverside, California, editor of The Gathering Call, a "Monthly with a Message." Deceased was a gifted writer who had wonderful powers of logical thinking. He was a ripe scholar and a close student.

He was the author of several works, two of which are masterpieces of thought, logic, diction and simple statement of fact or conviction. The books are "Power for Witnessing" and "The Proclamation of Liberty," both of which are expository of Bible truths, for Mr. Ballenger was an evangelist and, what is more, a really good man who lived what he preached. It was one of the plain chapters of the latter named book that the late Supt. Fitzsimmons of the Farview Hospital read to a class of patients one Sunday afterncon when he conducted religious services for their benefit.

Dr. Fitzsimmons was very anxious to meet Mr. Ballenger, who would have paid the Hospital a visit on his last trip east when he was at the writer's home at Hoadleys for a week's sojourn; but the blizzards of March that year—the year Dr. Krauss came—stopped all travel until the time for such visit had passed. For a time, the writer has lost a friend, a real friend, one who could be trusted to the limit.—Farview Echo.

Dear Sister Ballenger:

I received five copies of the "Gathering Call" this morning and it makes me sad to read that Brother Ballenger's work is over and he has gone to sleep. But there is consolation in knowing that he passed away so quietly. He worked up to the time of his passing away and his work will live on and others will rise up to carry forward the message for the people at this time. We not mourn the great loss of a faithful soldier of the cross as do others. So while we miss dear Brother Balllenger's articles and his counsel, let us continue to work as the Lord directs till He sees fit to call us to rest from our labors. I have prayed and shall continue to pray that God will give you much of the Holy Spirit to continue in his work with the Gathering Call. I shall want 25 copies at least, of the Septem-Call. Will get them of the Publishers send you the pay for them, then you will not have to mail them to me. Wishing you "All Blessings" from our Heavenly Father, I am yours in the Master's work. W. S. DANN,

The next number of The Gathering Call will be devoted to a concise recapitulation of the distinctive truths which the late editor so ably defended. It should have a wide circulation. Those desiring extra copies should order them at once.

We are earnestly praying that the Lord will send us the man of His choice to fill the place of editor of The Gathering Call. In the meantime the former editor's brother will serve to the best of his ability as temporary editor.

## ANOTHER VETERAN FALLEN

On the eighth of September we gathered at Glendale to celebrate the eighty-seventh birthday of our father. The first vacant chair in fourteen years was most keenly felt at this gathering. This was particularly true of the aged father. The death of his elder son was a sad blow, and had a marked effect on his usually bright and sunny cheerfulness; and this in turn was making inroads on his vitality.

A few days after our reunion, he was taken with an acute attack of indigestion from which he suffered intensely for fortyeight hours. After the intense suffering subsided he slept almost continuously, complaining of pain only occasionally, but frequently saying, "I am so tired." He retained consciousness almost to the last, and talked freely and confidently of the coming end. He went to sleep as restfully as a child, without the slightest struggle, at noon, Tuesday, September 20. Thus the Gathering Call has lost one of its warmest friends and supporters.

John Fox Ballenger was born on a farm, where the city of Columbus, Ohio, now stands, September 8, 1834. Two years later the family journeyed with ox teams to Northern Illinois, locating at Winslow, twenty miles north-west of Freeport.

His father, Asa Ballenger, came not to the frontier for adventure, nor for wealth, but to carry the "good news" to the neglected outposts. For thirty years he rode the Methodist circuit of Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin, calling sinners to repentance, burying their dead, marrying their, youth, and christening their babies. Upon John, the youngest but one, fell the mantle of this "white-haired saint" of pioneer days.

Raised in a log-cabin, warmed only by a stone fireplace, and lighted by the blazing hearth or the dipped tallow candle; clothed in the homespun from the sheep of their own pastures, or the flax of their own fields; educated in a schoolhouse of unhewn logs, the furniture of which was a product of ax and adz, taught by an unlicensed teacher who could read and cypher; the subject of this text was truly a child of the simple

His childhood was a life of diligence and simplicity, but was not without interest or diversion of the keenest nature. A trip to village of Chicago with the produce of the farm, furnished a week of ever varying experiences. The narrow escapes of the scattered settlers from Black Hawk and his warriors were prominent among his childhood adventures.

hood adventures.

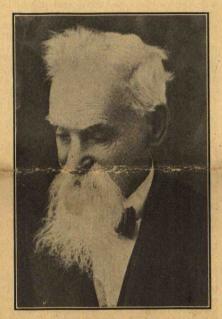
His religious experience began in his earliest childhood. While playing with a neighbor boy the little companion innocently said, "Johnny, do you know your mother is going to die pretty soon?" She was then quite feeble with what they thought was "quick consumption." This called forth a flood of tears, and he hastened homeward. On the way he knelt in the corner of the rail fence, and for the first time, talked with On the way he knett in the corner of the rail fence, and for the first time, talked with God. He pleaded for the life of his mother, and offered himself to God in return for the coveted favor. Heaven heard and answered that simple prayer, and accepted the offering.

Just before the civil war, Eld. Ingraham held a series of tent-meetings in the little village of Oneco, Stephenson County, Ill. John, the Methodist class-leader, was convinced and immediately obeyed, though bit-

terly opposed by friends and relatives. Brother Ingraham, recognizing the abilities of the young man, urged him to enter the ministry. He accepted the call and, plant-ing his rented fields to small grain, he join-Ingraham in a tent effort at St. Cloud, Minn., the beginning of the work in that state.

His first labors were given without financial returns from any source. For over fifty years he continued to proclaim the message in Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Canada, and California. During this long service he had many promising invitations to engage in business. One these came in the prime of life from one of the early presidents of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a man of unlimited means, who took a special liking to him. It came at a time when when he was at the bottom of the ladder financially, but he declined the offer that he might be free to preach the mesage.

For many years his salary was not sufficient to meet his own personal expenses, yet by the most rigid economy father and mother managed to contribute to the begin-



FATHER BALLENGER

ning of the publishing work, the Sanitarium, the College, and the opening of the work in Europe, Australia, and other pioneer fields. He, together with mother, attended the first Camp-meeting held by the denomination at Wright, Mich. It was the custom of their lives to attend these gatherings every year.

This sketch would not be complete, and especially to the readers of The Gathering

Call, if one very sad experience in the life of our father were omitted. After spending over fifty years in preaching the message, during which time he was separated from his family from three to eleven months of every year; after raising up churches by the score in many states, for he gave his entire time to pioneer work; after denying himself all the luxuries and many of the necessities of life that he might promote the kingdom; after dedicating his whole family to the cause that was dearer to him than life; after he had passed the "threescore and ten" by many years, and was too silvered to press the battle any longer; while the loss of his faithful companion was still bleeding wound, his own familiar friends, his companions in labor, refused to renew

his credentials which he had held uninterruptedly for half a century.

And why this denial? Had he brought

disgrace upon the church by some heinous sin or crime? Had he denied the faith or forsaken the law? Had he wronged the brethren or repudiated the Word? None of these. Then why should he spend his declining years a cast out from his brethren? Not for any public teaching, but because he came to believe that Christ entered the holy of holies of the heavenly sanctuary at His ascension, instead of waiting until 1844, as the church infallibly taught. Well do I remember the tears that flowed from a wounded heart when he came from that camp-meeting, a cast out from his brethren. He cherished no resentment, but carried a wounded heart till the end.\*

wounded heart till the end.\*

Father Ballenger was united in marriage to Eliza Stroud in 1854. She was laid to rest in 1907. To them were born six children, two of whom died in infancy. The first born, Mrs. Ida Hibben, and the youngest, Mrs. Nellie Simpson, both of Glendale, and the writer surviva him.

and the writer, survive him.

We are not like the wicked that David envied; who "have no pangs in their death." The fountain of our tears has broken forth afresh. With thankful and grateful remembrances we lay him to rest to await the call of the archangel at the first resurrection.

The denomination continued his ly allowance, after refusing him monthly credentials.

### ARE ALL THE CHILDREN HERE?

Mrs. D. J. Hibben

We children stood with bended head Around our father's dying bed, Eager to catch his parting words. 'Are all the children here?" he said.

"Yes, all are nere," each made reply, "And will stay by you till the last." Assured of this he fell asleep, So like one resting from a task.

'Mid blinding tears by faith I hear The Archangel's voice that burst the tomb, And calls again that sleeping form To life and full immortal bloom.

And when he rises this I know Into that shining throng he'll peer And to his blessed Saviour say: Tell me, are all the children here?"

Oh, that his Lord can make reply: "Yes, faithful child, thy 'flock' I s They all are here, safe in the fold With thee to spend eternity." see:

O God, Thy grace sufficient is, To make faith's dream reality, And fit us in that morn to stand Complete in Thee, complete in Thee.

This issue of the Gathering Call has been gotten out under very trying circumstances. Editorial work is a new calling to which we never felt called. As the last of the material was being turned in, the temporary editor was called to the bedside of his father, where he spent a week of strenuous watching. We have labored in sorrow to do the work we felt must be done. We beg you to be charitable toward our mistakes and shortcomings.

So many expressions of sympathy and tributes of praise have been received which would have been so appropriate for this issue, but our limited space compels us to omit them. As much of the material as we can find room for will appear in the next