

Eulogizes the Dead.

THE REV. A. W. SEABREASE, OF TRINITY
EPISCOPAL CHURCH PAYS A GLOWING
TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE HON.
PETER P. BAILEY.

HOLDS THAT TRINITY CHURCH OWES A DEBT OF
GRATEFUL AND LOVING REMEMBRANCE TO THE
DEPARTED—IN HIS DEATH A WELL ROUNDED LIFE,
EXTENDING INTO A RIPE OLD AGE, HAS PASSED
AWAY.

The Rev. A. W. Seabrease, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, in his Sunday morning sermon paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the late Judge Peter P. Bailey who was one of the founders of the church. He took for the subject of his discourse "A Ripe Old Age," based on that portion of the divine scriptures to be found in St. Luke II:29-31, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people." His discourse in full follows:

"Those who have read the story of Agamemnon and the Trojan war will recall the splendid beauty of its opening. A trusty sentinel is placed to watch, year after year, for the beacon blaze, which was the appointed signal to announce to the Greeks the fall of Troy. At last, after long and weary waiting, the torch is lighted. On many a hill the withered heath flames up to pass on the tidings. From many a promontory the fire rises in a pillar of light, and is reflected tremulously on the ridged waves of the sea, till at last it is lighted upon the mountain tops,

and is recognized as the genuine offspring of the flame that had been kindled first on Mount Ida. And then the sentinel, kept for so many years on his watch, may be relieved.

"Even so it is with holy Simeon, the man just and devout, whom God had kept for so many years as a sentinel on the outlook for the promised light. Coming by the spirit into the temple he sees there in the arms of His mother the Holy Child, and recognizes in Him the Lord's Christ. How striking is this picture of the aged, worn face bending over the unconscious child whom he clasps in his arms! Holding Him to his heart he blesses God, and pours out his soul in his swan like song of solemn thankfulness.

"Lord, now lettest Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word. For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people. To be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.' Simeon saw Christ. He touched Him. He took Him to his heart. His soul was satisfied. Out of the fullness of his joy he struck the first chords of that song which has

been taken up by the Christian ages, and which will go on vibrating and increasing in volume so long as earth stands and heaven endures.

"Simeon's song has been compared to the old legend that the swan only sings once just before its death, but then with wondrous sweetness. The aged saint, ready to depart, if so God wills, feels that now the cup of life for him is full, that all his wishes are accomplished, for his eyes have seen God's salvation. The expectations, desires, hope and assurance of better things which have moved the heart of man, seem to be embodied in the waiting soul of Simeon. He seems to be the representative of a multitude, which no man can number, who have passed through a life time of varied spiritual service—through a full share of suffering, to which man is born, as the sparks fly upward, and now he is patiently waiting for the disclosure of the supreme mercy of heaven. The promised revelation of the Father's image comes to him when going to the house of that Father for worship. It is in the path of duty that we are gladdened by rare revelations. Simeon saw the salvation of God in the little child that he had that day held in his arms. It is a beautiful picture. It is thus that God closes the ages and opens the coming time. In the sunset is the promise of the sunrise. In the closing of the old life there is the beginning of the new.

"The last act in this old man's life is its best. So should it be with us all. The evening praises the day. The sun, always glorious, is especially so at its setting. The rivers, the nearer they draw to the sea, the sooner they are met by the tide. Musicians reserve the sweetest strain for the close of the season. Orators in the close of their speech set forth the best of their art and skill. Some hearts, like evening primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life. Says another As the perfume of May boughs is sweetest when they are about to fade, so, like them, I endeavor to make the close of my life sweet and fragrant by a worthy deportment, and an honorable name."

"Few men, in the abstract, desire old age; few men in their own experience find it desirable. Like all things of importance it needs practicing for. A good old age comes to no man by accident. It is the fruit of years of ripening for the golden harvest. It is the result of the discipline of the early life, and of mature years, when Christ is received into the heart with the winning love of the child, the stirring strength of the

man, and the infinite compassion of the sufferer. It is these things which make age venerable, and weakness dignified, and the dying bed beautiful, and the last departure blessed, and the terrible funeral a door opened in heaven.

"The Christian church has made the 'Nunc Dimittis' its daily evening hymn, the inspired expression of happy, satisfied, peaceful ending, of tasks fulfilled, of blessings accepted, of hope in departure. It is the hymn of peace appropriate to the hour of the setting sun, and to the sunset of the life of a good man. 'Lord, now lettest Thy servant depart in peace. Beautiful is old age when it touches life with a more radiant light than had belonged to it before, bringing the powers into a certain dignified maturity reminding one of the lingering days of Indian summer. Happy is old age when it is surrounded by the tender solitations, the loving care, the gentle deference, the self-sacrificing spirit, which it is the blessed privilege of youth to offer in honor and reference to the ones who are waiting' to sing like holy Simeon their 'Nunc Dimittis.'

"There is to us all a God-given work to do and to finish in life. It is for this that we were born and chosen. Every profession, trade and labor is made great and divine by belief in its vocation. As the poet sings—

We live in deeds, not words: in thoughts,
not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts
the best.

"Whether we like it or no, the battle of life will rage and the fight be hot around us. But no matter, the bell will at last ring to eventide. The rest will come when the battle is fought and won. Beneath the harvest moon of death, with laden wains we shall go home, and the Master will gird Himself to receive us, and give to our finished work the supper of His eternal rest. There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. We win that rest through the pain and trouble and passionate struggle in life.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. There is in every house on earth a shadow brooding at some time. A shadow broods to-day upon a house here in our spiritual household. 'But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 'Like the breath of violets in a letter which reaches us in winter from a land

of sunshine' is the hope of immortality and the promise of an everlasting reunion in that better land where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor sighing.

"We mourn to-day the loss from earth of a devoted life which for more than four score years has been fitting itself for heaven. In the death on last Thursday morning of the Hon. Peter P. Bailey a loving and useful life was terminated here to go on in 'the land beyond the sea. His head crowned with glory he has been gathered to his fathers, 'having the testimony of a good conscience; in the communion of the church; in the confidence of a certain faith; in the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope; in favor with his God, and in perfect charity with all the world.' Such lives are an inspiration and a help to their generation, teaching us by their example that the atmosphere of heaven penetrates everywhere. They have walked with God, at the same time that they have been in living touch with the world through which they have moved.

Trinity church owes a debt of grateful and loving remembrance to the Hon. Peter P. Bailey, whose mortal body we laid to rest yesterday with solemn service of prayer and benediction. He was a founder for a quarter of a century an active member and officer of the parish, and through all the years of his residence in another city and state, deeply interested in its welfare. Born in New York in the year 1812, brought up in the historic Trinity parish, he was there trained in those essential principles of a fixed faith, which were his stay and support throughout his long and useful life. Mr. Bailey came to Fort Wayne in 1843 to make a home in what was at that day a new and crude country. He frequently spoke of his first winter here as being most dreary for besides being deprived of the society of his family, which he had left in the east, he was also deprived of the services of the church of his love, to which he was true and loyal, like a chivalrous knight, to the close of his long and well rounded life. He had his family with him by the close of the winter or opening of the spring of 1844. Then he began an inquiry as to how many persons could be found in the town who were members of the church of his love. He soon found a sufficient number who were in hearty sympathy with him to begin to lay the foundation of a parish.

"These with others who soon joined them, met in the old court house for lay services. A Sunday school was soon established which met at the same place. We have the record of those early days. 'The' school increased in numbers as did the congregation in attendance on lay services. A clergyman was secured and the parish was organized May 22, 1844, with Jacob Hull and Peter P. Bailey as wardens. One year later Mr. Bailey was elected senior warden, which office he continued to hold until his removal from the city in 1865. Men seem to have acted with great promptness in the days of our fathers, and events to have followed each other in rapid succession. A lot was bought and paid for at a cost of \$600, and the first church building erected thereon immediately after. For twenty years the congregation worshipped therein. Then the present site was purchased, and the corner stone of our beautiful church was laid in 1865. Mr. Bailey delivered the address for the congregation on that eventful occasion. He soon after removed to Mississippi, of which state he was for many years a prominent citizen, and an active churchman of the diocese.

"What we are and have here to-day we, under God, owe to the efforts of a few church people who lived and wrought here a little more than half a century ago gathering a congregation of faithful people, and found a parish under most adverse circumstances. These organizers and helpers one by one have gone to their long home, and the last, who was the first at the beginning, we consigned to the grave in Lindenwood yesterday. Peter P. Bailey Sunday school teacher and superintendent, lay leader and organizer, loyal churchman and earnest christian, has gone to his reward, and may we never forget his work and influence in this parish. From him we can learn what the example of a devoted layman may be, in a wholesome influence on others, and in the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth.

"During the years of his active life Judge Bailey was generally a member of the diocesan conventions, in both Indiana and Mississippi, and frequently a lay deputy from his diocese to the general convention of the church. In every position he was faithful to his trust, and in his death a well rounded life, extending into a ripe old age, has passed away. After an absence of thirty-three years from

