# DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## HE PORTRAYS THE ADVANTAGES OF THE CHRISTIAN.

**Religion Never Was Designed to Make Our Pleasures Less—God Will Withhold No Good Thing from Those Who Love Him—The Infinite Father.**

**Our Possessions.**

Dr. Talmage's preaching tour in England has been a continued series of unprecedented successes. The English people have assembled by thousands to hear the American preacher wherever he has preached. In Manchester the great Trade Hall was engaged for him. It holds 7,000 persons, but it would not contain a third of the people who tried to get in. The streets leading to the hall were jammed with a dense surging mass of humanity. After the service Dr. Talmage preached in the street to the crowd, which numbered fully 15,000. The sermon selected for this week is entitled "Our Possessions," from I Corinthians iii. 22, "All are yours."

The impression is abroad that religion puts a man on short allowance; that when the ship sailing heavenward comes to the shining wharf it will be found out that all the passengers had the hardest kind of sea fare; that the soldiers in Christ's army march most of the time with an empty haversack. In a word, that only those people have a good time in this world who take upon themselves no religious obligation.

I want to-day to find out whether this is so, and I am going to take account of stock; I am going to show what are the Christian's liabilities, and what is his income, and what are his warrantee deeds, and what are his bonds and mortgages, and I shall find out before I finish just how much he is worth, and I shall spread before you the balance sheet in time to warn you all against the religion of Jesus Christ if indeed it be a failure, and in time for you all to accept it if indeed it be a success. I turn first to the assets, and I find there what seems to be a roll of government securities—the empire of heaven promising all things to the possessor. The three small words of my text are a warrantee deed to the whole universe when it says, "All are yours."

In making an inventory of the Christian's possessions I remark, in the first place, that he owns this world. My text implies it, and the preceding verse asserts it—"whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas or the world." Now it would be an absurd thing to suppose that God would give to strangers privileges and advantages which he would deny his own children. If you have a large park, a grand mansion, beautiful fountains, stalking deer, and statuary, to whom will you give the first right to all these possessions? To outsiders? No, to your own children. You will say, "It will be very well for outsiders to come in and walk on these paths and enjoy this landscape, but the first right to my house, and the first right to my statuary, the first right to my gardens shall be in the possession of my own children."

Now, this world is God's park, and while he allows those who are not his children and who refuse his authority the privilege of walking through the gardens, the possession of all this grandeur of park and mansion is in the right of the Christian—the flowers, the diamonds, the silver, the gold, the morning brightness and the evening shadow. The Christian may not have the title deed to one acre of land as recorded in the Clerk's office, he may never have paid one dollar of taxes, but he can go up on a mountain and look off upon fifty miles of grain field and say, "All this is mine; my Father gave it me." "All are yours."

A lawyer is sometimes required to search titles, and the client who thinks he has a good right to an estate puts the papers in his hands, and the lawyer goes into the public records, and finds everything right for three or four or five years back; but after awhile he comes to a break in the title, to a deficit, to a diversion of the property; so he finds out that the man who supposed he owned it owns no an acre of the ground, while somebody else has the full right to the entire estate. Now, I examine the title to all earthly possessions. I go back a little way, and I find that men of the world—bad men, selfish men, wicked men—think they have a right to all these possessions; but I go farther back, and I trace the title from year to year, and from century to century, until I find the whole right vested in God. Now, to whom did he give it? To his own children! "All are yours."

The simple fact is that in the last days of the world all the architecture, all the cities, all the mountains, all the villages will be in the possession of the church of Christ. "The meek shall inherit the earth." Ships of Tarshish shall bring presents. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." "All are yours." "But," you say, "what satisfaction is there in that when I haven't possession of them?" These things will come before the Supreme Judge of the Universe, and he will regulate the title, and he will eject these squatters upon the property that does not belong to them, and it shall be found that "All are yours."

So again, the refinements of life are the Christian's right. He has a right to as good apparel, to as beautiful adornments, to as commodious a residence as the worldling. "How me any passage in the Bible that tells the people of the world they have privileges, they have glittering spheres, they have benefitting apparel that are denied the Christian. There is no one who has so much right to laugh, none so much a right to everything that is beautiful and grand and sublime in life as the Christian. "All all yours." Can it be possible that one who is reckless and sinful, and has no treasures laid up in Heaven, is to be allowed pleasures which the sons and daughters of God, the owners of the whole universe, are denied?

So I remark that all the sweet sounds of the world are in the Christian's right. There are people who have an idea that instruments of music are inappropriate in the Christian's parlor. When did the house of sin or the bacchanal get the right to music? They have it right all the way. God, in my text, makes over to the Christian people all the pianos, all the harps, all the drums, all the cornets, all the organs. People of the world may borrow them, but they only borrow them; they have no right or title to them. God gave them to Christian people in my text when he he said, "All are yours."

David no more certainly owned the harp with which he thrummed the praises of God than the church of Christ owns now all the chants, all anthems, all ivory keyboards, all organ diapasons, and God will gather up the sweet sounds after awhile, and he will mingle them in one great harmony, and the Mendelssohns, and the Beethovens, and the Mozarts of the earth will join their voices and their musical instruments, and soft south wind and loud lunged eurocly don will sweep the great organ pipes, and you shall see God's hand striking the keys and God's foot trampling the pedals in the great oratorio of the ages!

So all artistic and literary advantages are in the Christian's right. I do not care on whose wall the picture hangs or on whose pedestal the sculpture stands, it belongs to Christians. The Bierstadts and the churches are all working for us. "All are yours." The Luxembourg, the Louvre, all the galleries of Naples and Rome and Venice—they are all to come into the possession of the church of Jesus Christ. We may not now have them on our walls, but the time will come when the writ of ejectment will be served and the church will possess everything. All parks, all ponds all colors, all harvests—all, "all are yours."

Secondly, I remark that the right to full temporal support is in the Christian's name. It is a great affair to feed, the world. Just think of the fact that this morning sixteen hundred millions of our race breakfasted at God's table. The commissary department of a hundred thousand men in an army will engage scores of people; but just think of a commissary department of a world! Think of the gathering up from the rice swamps, and the tea fields, and the orchards, and the fisheries! No one but God could tell how many bushels it would take to feed five continents.

Then to clothe all these people—how many furs must be captured, and how much flax broken, and how much cotton picked. Just think of the infinite wardrobe where sixteen hundred millions of people get their clothes! God spreads the table first of all for His children. Of course that would be a very selfish man who would not allow every one to come and sit at his table sometimes, but first of all the right is given to Christian people, and therefore it is extreme folly for them ever to fret about food or raiment.

Who fed the whales sporting off Cape Hatteras this morning? Out of whose hand did the cormorant pick its food? Whose loom wove the butterfly's wings? Who hears the hawk's cry? If God takes care of a walrus, and a Siberian dog, and a wasp, will he not take care of you? Will a father have more regard for reptiles than for his sons and daughters? If God clothes the grizzly bear, and the panther, and the hyena, will he not clothe his own children? Come, then, this morning and get the key of the infinite storehouse. Come and get the key of the infinite wardrobe. Here they are—all the keys. "All are yours."

So all the vicissitudes of this life, so far as they have any religious profit, are in the right of the christian. If you should stand among the Alleghany mountains, especially near what is called the "Horseshoe," you would find a train of cars almost doubling on itself, and sitting in the back car you see a locomotive coming as you look out of the window, and you think it is another train when it is only the front of the train in which you are riding, and sometimes you can hardly tell whether the train is going toward Pittsburgh or toward Philadelphia, but it is on the track and it will reach the depot for which it started and all the passengers will be discharged at the right place. Now there are a great many sharp curves in life.

Sometimes we seem to be going this way and sometimes we seem to be going that way, but if we are Christians we are on the right track and we are going to come out at the right place. Do not get worried, about the sharp curve. A sailing vessel starts from New York for Glasgow. Does it go in a straight line? Oh, no. It changes its tack every little while. Now you say, "This vessel instead of gowing to Glasgow must be going to Havre, or it is going to Hamburg, or it is going to Marseilles." No, no. It is going to Glasgow. And in this voyage of life we often have to change our tack. One storm blows us this way and another storm blows us that way, but he who holds the winds in his fist will bring us into a haven of everlasting rest just at the right time. Do not worry, then, if you have to change tack.

One of the best things that ever happened to Paul was being thrown off his horse. One of the best things that ever happened to Joseph was being thrown into the pit. The losing of his physical eyesight made John Milton to see the battle of the angels. One of the best things that ever happened to Ignatius was being thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum, and while 80,000 people were looking on at religion thrown off his horse. One of the best things that ever happened to Joseph was being thrown into the pit. The losing of his physical eyesight made John Milton to see the battle of the angels. One of the best things that ever happened to Ignatius was being thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum, and while 80,000 people were looking on at religion thrown to the fiercest of all the lions and looked him in the eye, as much as to say, "Here I am, ready to be devoured for Christ's sake." All things work together for your good. If you walk the desert the manna will fall and the sea will part.

If the feverish torch of sickness is kindled over your pillow, by its light you can read the promises. If the waves of trouble dash high above your girdle, across the blast and across the surge you can hear the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." You never owned a glove, or a shoe, or a hat, or a coat more certainly than you own all the frets and annoyances and exasperations of this life, and they are bound to work out your eternal good. They are the saws, the hammers, the files by which you are to be hewn and cut and smoothed for your eternal well being.

Here is a vessel that goes along the coast; it hugs the coast. The captain of that vessel seems chiefly anxious to keep the paint on his ship from being marred or the sails from being torn. When that vessel comes to port nobody looks on it with any interest. But here is a vessel that went across the sea with vast product and comes in with vast importation —sails patched, masts spliced, pumps all working to keep out the water. It has come through the hurricane which has sunk twenty steamers. The bronzed men are cheering among the rigging. Now the men-of-war anchored in the harbor boom forth their welcome through the portholes.

So there are some Christians who are having an easy time. It seems to them smooth sailing all the way. When they get into Heaven there will be no excitement. There will be very few people who will ever find out they are there. But those Christians who have gone through a hundred midnight hurricanes—storm to the right of them, storm to the left of them, storm all the way—when they come up to the harbor of heaven all the redeemed will turn out to greet them hail and welcome.

I go further and tell you that the Christian owns not only this world, but he owns the next world. No chasm to be leaped, no desert to be crossed. There is the wall, there is the gate of Heaven. He owns all on this side. Now I am going to show you that he owns all on the other side. Death is not a ruffian that comes down to burn us out of house and home, destroying the house of the tabernacle so that we should be homeless forever. Oh, no! He is only a black messenger who comes to tell us it is time to move; to tell us to get out of this hut and go up into the palace. The Christian owns all Heaven. "All are yours." Its palaces of beauty, its towers of strength, its castles of love. He will not wall in the eternal city as a foreigner in a strange city, but as a farmer walks over his own premises.

"All are yours." All the mansions yours. Angels your companions. Treesof life your shade. Hills of glory your lookout. Thrones of Heaven the place where you will shout the triumph. Jesus is yours. God is yours. You look up into the face of God and say "My Father." You look up into the face of Jesus and say, "My brother." Walk out on the battlements of Heaven and look off upon the city of the sun. No tears. No sorrow. No death. No smoke of toilin, warehouse curling on the air. No voice of blasphemy thrilling through that bright, clear Sabbath morning. No din of strife jarring the air. Then take out your deed, and remember that from throne to throne, and from wall to wall, and from horizon to horizon, "All are yours."

Then get up into the temple of the sun, worshippers in white, each with a palm branch, and from high gallery of that temple look down upon this thousands of thousands, and the ten thousand times ten thousand, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the great "multitude that no man can number," and louder than the rush of the wheels, louder than the tramp of the redeemed, hear a voice saying, "All are yours!" See the great procession marching around the throne of God. Martyrs who went up on wings of flame. Invalids who went up from couches of distress. Toilers who went up from the workhouse and the factory and the mine. All the suffering and the bruised children of God. See the chariots of salvation; in them those who were more than conquerors. See them marching around about the throne of God forever and forever, and know that "all are yours!"

O ye who have pains of body that exhaust your strength and wear out your patience, I hold before you this morning the land of eternal health and of imperishable beauty and "all is yours!" O ye who have hard work to get your daily bread, hard work to shelter your children from the storm, I lift before you the vision of that land where they never hunger, and they never thirst, and God feeds them, and robes cover them, and the warmth of eternal love fills them, and all that is yours!

O ye whose hearts are buried in the grave of your dead—O ye whose happiness went by long ago—O ye who mourn for countenances that never will light up and for eyes closed forever—sit no longer among the tombs, but look here! A home that shall never be broken up. Green fields never cleft of the grave. Ransomed one from you parted long ago now radiant with joy that shall never cease, and a love that shall never grow cold, and wearing garments that shall never wither, and know all that is yours. Yours the love. Yours the acclaim. Yours the transport. Yours the cry of the four and twenty elders. Yours the choiring of cherubim. Yours the lamb that was slain.

In the vision of that glorious consummation I almost lose my foothold, and have to hold fast lest I be overborne by the glory. The vision rose before St. John on Patmos, and he saw the blood red garment, riding on a white horse, and all Heaven following Him on white horses. What a procession! Let Jesus ride. He walked the way footsore weary and faint. Now let Him ride. While horse of victory, bear on our chief! Hosanna to the Son of David! Ride on, Jesus! And all Heaven follow Him. The cavalry of God fought well and they fought triumphantly. Now let them be mounted. The pavements of gold ring under the flying hoofs. Swords sheathed and victories won, like conquerers they sit on their chargers. Ye mounted troops of God, ride on! ride on! ten thousand abreast, cavalcade after cavalcade. No blood dashed on the bits. No blood dripping from the locks. No smoke of battle breathed from the nostril. The battle is ended—the victory won!

Oh, if there be any present who are yet enemies of the cross of Christ, I beseech them at once to be reconciled to God! Remember if you are not found among that white robed army who follow the Saviour in His victorious march your part must be with those concerning whom it is said, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power, when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

### Men of Weight.

A correspondent who noticed a paragraph in the New York *Tribune*, alluding to Daniel Lambert, an Englishman, who, at the time of his death, weighed 739 pounds, as probably the fattest man on record, sent to that office a printed death notice, in which a Mrs. Amelia Brooks, of St. Louis, is said to have weighed between 900 and 1,000 pounds. He also sent a newspaper clipping, copied from the West Tennessee *Whig* in 1866, announcing the death of Mr Miles Darden at his residence near Lexington, and thus describing him: "The deceased was beyond all question the largest man in the world. His height was seven feet six inches—two inches higher than Porter, the celebrated Kentucky giant. His weight was a fraction over 1,000 pounds. It required seventeen men to put him in his coffin; took over a 100 feet to make his coffin. He measured around his waist six feet four inches.

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, after much thought, has come to the conclusion that sins of omission are the foundation of the sins of commission; "for," it says, "if all the world only did what duty demanded there would be neither time or inclination for ill-doing." That is, if we all did what we should we wouldn't do what we shouldn't! A solid chunk of wisdom.

THE editor had evidently been putting on a new pair of stockings when he wrote: "We have just seen a new thing in shoes."

### Kindly Done.

Many odd and amusing stories are told of the clever French critic, Jules Janin, and his friends. None is more pleasing, or more to their credit, than one in which Janin, Theodore Burrette, the historian, and Leon Satayes, the composer, author and critic, figured. One of Janin's best friends was an old aunt who sent him to school when he was a boy, kept house for him, and took good care of him when he, a young man, was making his reputation, but not much money, in literature.

It was, perhaps, in memory of her that he made a protegee of a poor old woman whom he noticed one day in the street. He placed her in a home for aged persons, and until her death, years afterward, was her thoughtful and generous friend. The good woman was very ill once, and when she was convalescing she said:

"I want to go and call on M. Janin. I must see him once more before I die."

One of the women of the institution went with her. Janin was living then at the top of a house which commanded a beautiful view of the garden of the Luxembourg. His "garret" was filled with books and pictures, but like any other garret it was reached by climbing a great many stairs. Slowly and painfully the old woman toiled up the long flights. She had to sit down often to rest. It took her nearly two hours to reach the top. Janin was breakfasting with Theodore Burette.

He received her with great cordiality and affection, and the three had a happy breakfast. The two men devoted themselves to entertaining her. They inquired all about the home, the rules, the diversions, the food, her recent illness, and listened with genial interest to all she had to say. She said good-by, and they made ready to esc ort her down-stairs.

"We will return your visit soon," they said, and placing themselves on either side of her, they began to descend the stairs. But the effort and excitement had been too much for the feeble old lady. Her limbs failed her, and she could not take a step.

Just then Satayes appeared on the scene. "We must carry her down," he said. So they placed her comfortably in an arm-chair. Janin and Burette, who were small men, took the back, Satyes took the front, and they went down flight after flight of many-storied house, breathless but cheerful.

"Well, my good woman," gasped Satayes, "I don't know of any queen who has a carriage like yours."

The three literary workers were hardly in training for their achievement, but they placed her safe and sound on the sidewalk, and saw her go away with her attendant, her old heart deeply touched and pleased with the attentions she had received.

### The Legend of Standing Rock.

While on the trip through North Dakota, on which he got the piece of the cabin, Inspector Watkins was told by the Indian Agent at Standing Rock Agency the legend of the stone from which the place gets its name.

Years ago, according to the Indian tradition, a buck and his squaw were on a journey down the Missouri River to visit some relatives at a distant point. Where Fort Yates now is the buck saw a young squaw of surprising beauty, with whom he fell desperately in love. In spite of the tears and entreaties of his lawful wife, he refused to proceed on the journey or in any other direction, but resolved to stay right there with his newfound passion. The deserted squaw exhausted her entreaties and her tears and finally arose to leave the place alone. As she did so she fell back in the spot where she had been sitting and turned to stone. There she has remained ever since, a standing reproach to her faithless lord and master and to all his kind. By a faint stretch of the imagination the standing rock from which the agency gets its name can be made to take on the outlines of a woman.

The Indians believe the story and pay homage to the monument of man's perfidy and fickleness and woman's constancy. While the Inspector was at Fort Yates he saw an Indian approach the rock, bow reverently and lay something at its base. When the Indian had gone the Inspector and the agent went out to see what the offering was. It was a chew of tobacco, no heavy sacrifice, it might be said; but perhaps it was the last the Indian had.—Helena Independent.

### Decorative Don'ts.

Don't furnish a north room in blue or any cold color. Yellow or golden brown hangings will produce the effect of perpetual sunshine.

Don't make a narrow door narrower by a heavy portiere. A small house is made stuffy by too many hangings.

Don't put chandliers in a room with a low ceiling. Side brackets are fashionable and are to be had in artistic shapes.

Don't have too much of one kind of decoration in the house. Grille work and stained glass repeated in more than two rooms become monotonous.

Don't buy a bright-colored carpet to put into rooms where the furniture is not to be correspondingly toned up.

Don't have the floor, wall and furniture in a room covered with material which has a decided pattern.

Don't put into a room unsteady little tables loaded with meaningless bric-a-brac.

### Deer Park in Missouri.

Three thousand acres of wild land were recently fenced in to a height of sixteen feet in Missouri. A large number of deer were inclosed without their knowledge, and it is proposed to keep them there the rest of their lives.

# ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

## SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

**Rev. Martin Van Buren Van Arsdale Receives a Queer Present—Bastile Celebration for Charity—Thumb Bitten Off by a Vicious Horse.**

**From Far and Near.**

FRANK G. HOFFMAN, a farmer living near Mascoutah, who was mangled by a self-binder, died.

NEAR Jacksonville, rain the other night did considerable damage, washing away fences and small buildings.

THE Illinois State Association Soldiers of the Mexican War held their annual reuni..n July 20 and 21 at Chester.

THE growing corn crop near Mascoutah has been leveled to the ground and great damage done to wheat by storm.

J. B. WARDEN, a farmer living near Avena, attempted to put a bridle bit in the mouth of one of his stable horses, when the animal caught him by the hand, biting the thumb entirely off.

SECRETARY GARRARD has notice from the Western Passenger Association that tickets will be sold on all roads in the State to the State Fair at Peoria, Sept. 26 to Oct. 1, at one fare for the round trip.

MRS. RUTH S. WOODWORTH died in Berlin, Sangamon County, aged 103 years. In 1880 she attended her first picnic, and recited two poems which she had committed to memory at the age of 10 years.

THE Calumet Mutual Live Stock Insurance Company, located at Chicago, filed a charter with the Auditor of Public Accounts. The certificate of the nominations by the Prohibition State Convention was filed with the Secretary of State.

CHICAGO is going to lend a hand to aid the victims of the St. Johns, Newfoundland, terrible fire. When Chicago had a big fire in 1871, and destitution and suffering followed in its wake, St. Johns was one of the first cities to extend its practical sympathy, which it did in the shape of a check for $30,000. That contribution from a city of less than 30,000 inhabitants was a bright and shining example which the cities all over the land were not slow to imitate, and the pressing wants of Chicago were relieved.

THE fall of the Bastile was celebrated in an appropriate manner at the St. Clair County Fair Grounds, near Belleville. It has been customary for many years for the French people of this section of the State to celebrate the event with a grand celebration in Centerville annually. The great floods in the Mississippi River bottoms this year caused incalculable loss of property in Centerville Township, leaving many of the former prosperous French farmers almost penniless. For those and other reasons the proceeds of the celebration were given to the flood sufferers in St. Clair County.

THE annual conference of the German Young Men's Christian Association for the Western District was in session at Quincy. The conference embraces all the territory west of Pittsburg, and delegates from Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, and elsewhere. The session was called to order by Claus Claudi, the New York Secretary of the International Association, and organized by the election of the following officers: President, H. Wiebusch, St. Louis; Vice President, the Rev. Nierkel, Milwaukee; Secretary, William Wery, St. Louis. Addresses were made and papers read by the Rev. William Schlikkman, Quincy; J. G. Wehan, St. Louis; H. Wiebusch, St. Louis, and others.

THE Rev. M. V. B. Van Arsdale, of Chicago, is the recipient of a unique present. It came in the care of Conductor Vincent of the Illinois Central Railroad, night express, having been consigned to him at Effingham by a well-dressed young man. The package, which was nothing other than a girl baby, 15 months old, arrived in the city at 12:30 o'clock Tuesday night. When the depot watchman had cared for it some time and no one came to claim it, Officer Graham, of the Central Station, was called and took it to the Armory, where it was taken charge of by the matron. The baby was dressed in the finest baby clothes, and on its bosom was pinned a card addressed to the Rev. M. V. B. Van Arsdale. Accompanying it was a box filled with infant apparel and ornaments.

PAPERS were received from Springfield by Secretary Burns, of the Carpenters' Council, on which when filled out, will entitle the workingmen of Chicago to form an independent military organization under the laws of Illinois. It is estimated that one week from the day of its incorporation 3,500 men will have signed their names to the roll. Fifteen hundred men have already signed. The avowed object of the new company is to enable labor to fight more successfully against capital when the latter brings to its aid private bodies of armed men. "There will be no defying the laws," said Secretary Burns. "We intend only to see that our craft gets fair play. If the trouble breaks out again as Homestead between the militia and the strikers it may lead to serious results here, and we had best be prepared to meet whatever they may be."

THE militia in camp at Springfield had a warm time of it, the mercury reaching 90 degrees. But they also had some fun. Governor Fifer visited the camp one afternoon, and was held up by the cadets and made to take off his hat and salute the flag at their headquarters. The Governor was with Brigadier General Reece, who was also forced to salute in the same way. This was great sport for the little soldiers. Col. R. M. Smith, of the Fourth Regiment, with six of his staff and field officers, was a guest in camp. The entire guard was present at a grand open-air concert given by the Elgin Band in the State House grounds.

AT Cairo, Robie Hewitt, the 7-year-old son of Engineer Hewitt, of the Government steamer Minnetonka, was playing with other boys on the bank of the river, when he fell in and was drowned.

HEALTH COMMISSIONER WARE says that typhoid fever is not epidemic in Chicago. There are 260 cases now in County Hospital.

THE Democratic Congressional convention for the Twentieth District met at Marion, and nominated P. W. Pope, of Perry, for Congress, and J. H. Rolf, of Union, for Member of the State Board of Equalization.

BARNEY MORAN, whom the South Chicago police arrested Monday for a supposed attempt to rob the home of the Rev. Father Bay, of South Chicago, died from the effects of two pistol-ball wounds in the groin.


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