

This legacy we may avail ourselves of immediately if we like ; or, we may decline to receive it altogether. If we decline it we will be the losers. If we accept it can be made to yield untold blessings, not only to ourselves, but to generations yet unborn. This legacy I need hardly say is the noble example left us in the record of his magnificent life.

Pittsburgers had been so long familiar with his phenomenal course, and the story of his daily generous ministrations to the poor and friendless had been so often told, that while he was yet with us, one hardly realized to its full extent how great and good he really was ; but when on that sad 17th of August the black headline of an evening paper sent an inexpressible pain to all our hearts with the startling announcement "William Thaw dead !" all were rudely awakened to the fact that Pittsburg had lost her foremost citizen, and the Church of Christ one of its staunchest friends and strongest supporters. The power of his wonderful life was strikingly revealed in the deep feeling of sorrow evoked from the heart of this great city by the announcement of his death. The loss of no one man in all this region has ever caused as many genuine tears of grief to flow, as did the death of William Thaw. When his remains, brought back to his native land and city, in the same steamer that had carried him across only six weeks before, lay in state in the Third Presbyterian Church from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., it is estimated that over five thousand people of all grades in life came to look once more and for the last time upon his strong but kindly face. A steady stream of men, women and children quietly and solemnly moved past the casket in which he lay, and with tears raining down their cheeks paused for a moment and then with bowed heads passed slowly and sorrowfully out of the church. The rich and the poor mingled in the same throng. The threadbare hard-working woman, the well-dressed man, the careworn girl, each alike looked tenderly and feelingly into the calm and peaceful face of the man who had in some way been kind to them in life.

The hour for the public funeral was fixed at 2 P. M., and when the doors of the church, which had been closed for an hour, were opened again in fifteen minutes the large auditorium, including the gallery, was filled to its utmost capacity with a throng of as sincere mourners as ever wept for the loss of one they loved.

And why, someone may ask, was this unusual expression of sorrow over the death of this one man ? He was rich, it is true ; but we have all seen rich men die with scarcely a sincere mourner to follow them to their graves. He was intellectually brilliant. He had a mind as clear as a sunbeam, and his apprehension of things was marvelously quick and confident. He had within him all those elements which, had they been sanctified, would have put most men at his mercy. With his power to acquire, coupled with his indomitable will, he could easily have be-