

Dr. R. A. Torrey

by George T. B. Davis

The Boyhood of Dr. R. A. Torrey

The life story of Dr. Torrey—and also that of his associate Mr. Alexander—is a romance of faith in God. By simple faith in God's promises he has accomplished the seemingly impossible again and again. For years Dr. Torrey refused to take a salary, and lived solely by faith, like the late George Müller, whose career, it may be remarked, made a profound impression upon him, and it was finally by faith that he threw a girdle of revival flame around the globe.

Reuben A. Torrey was born at Hoboken, New Jersey, on the 28th of January, 1856. When he was three years of age, however, the family removed to Brooklyn, where the early years of the future evangelist were spent. His father was a New York banker, who also took a leading part in politics, and was once offered the nomination for Mayor of Brooklyn.

For generations back his ancestors were leaders in various callings. He is of English origin, being descended from Captain William Torrey, who sailed for America in 1632, and whose son was twice invited to be President of Harvard University. Among others of his family who have filled prominent positions were Dr. John Torrey, the well-known botanist, and Prof. Joseph Torrey of [University of Vermont], a distinguished scholar and church historian.

As a boy he was reared in a home of wealth and culture. Although his father lost one fortune as a banker in the financial panic of 1857, he quickly built up another as a manufacturer. When he was ten years of age the family, which numbered three sons and two daughters, removed from Brooklyn to a delightful country home amid the uplands of New York State. It was a large estate, comprising more than two hundred acres of land, and contained, according to Dr. Torrey's own description, "a beautiful home, a large spacious mansion, with splendid parks, lawns, stables, horses, coachmen, and servants." Later, however, this second fortune was lost. In speaking of his father's financial career, Dr. Torrey once said, "My father lost two fortunes. When he was a rich man, we five children one night sat down and figured out how much we thought he was worth, and how much each of us would get after his death. He sat by, listening and smiling. Do you know how much I actually got? A leather matchbox and a pair of sleeve buttons.

The matchbox wore out, one of the sleeve buttons was lost, and I can't find the other." The varied fortunes of the family afford Dr. Torrey an illustration, which he frequently uses, of how neither wealth nor honour nor anything in this world endures.

Although the family were religious,—his mother especially being a deeply pious woman,—the children were brought up in a somewhat lax manner. They were allowed to play cards at home, and to indulge in many worldly amusements which later led the young man into a life of utter worldliness and dissipation. It is gratifying to know, however, that on one point of religious observation the family were very strict, and Dr. Torrey declares he is profoundly grateful to God for it. The Sabbath was strictly observed as a day of rest and worship. His mother was accustomed to read aloud to the family circle by the hour from religious books and papers.

From early boyhood it was the consuming ambition of the future evangelist's life to follow in the footsteps of many of his ancestors and become a lawyer. In one of his sermons Dr. Torrey gives a vivid picture of a boyhood decision which exerted a powerful influence over the earlier part of his life. He says: "I remember when I was a mere lad, I had occasion one day to be on the top story of our house in the room where we put the old books out of the library. I used to love to sit down on the floor and rummage around among the old books. I took up a volume that belonged to my mother, and in that book it described what a person must do to become a Christian. I said to myself, 'I wonder if I could be a Christian?' I began to read. The first thing I read, I said, 'I can say "yes" to that,' and the next thing, 'I can say "yes" to that,' and the next, 'I can say "yes" to that. But finally I came to something like this, that if I became a Christian I must be willing to do whatever God told me to do, and go wherever God told me to go. I said, 'No; just as like as not if I say "yes to that, God will say" Preach the Gospel'" and I had made up my mind to be a lawyer, as so many of my family had been before me. I said, 'There won't be any joy left in life. I will have to give up the race-track; I will have to give up the card-table; I will have to give up the theatre; I will have to give up dancing; and life won't be worth living.' There and then I settled it that I would not be a Christian.

"From that time I deliberately refused to pay any more attention to the matter, and went in for a life of pleasure. I had good opportunity to find it. My father had a great deal of money, and I was sent off to the university at fifteen years of age. Now, a young fellow at the university, matriculating at fifteen, who learns easily without much study, and with a rich father back of him who pays all his bills and

never asks how he spends a penny of his money—it would have been a good thing for me if he had—a young fellow like that, who has not an over-sensitive conscience, can have a pretty good time if anybody can in this world, and I went in for a good time. Did I find it? I found disappointment; I found despair; I found utter wretchedness and barrenness."

It was the ardent desire of the young man's mother that he should preach the Gospel rather than become a lawyer. Many hours were spent by her in prayer that this might be the case, but outwardly there seemed little prospect of it. One night, however, while a student at Yale College, his mother's prayers were answered in a most remarkable manner. He himself describes the occurrence as follows:

"One night I dreamed that my mother was dead—though she was still living—and that I was sleeping in my old room, when she came in as an angel, and besought me to become a minister of the Gospel. I promised her that I would. I never could get away from that promise. Some time afterward I awoke one night filled with an awful agony and despair. I jumped out of bed and hurried to the washstand to take out of it the weapon that would end the whole miserable business. As I fumbled around for it, for some reason or other I could not find it. I don't know till this day why I could not find it. I still think it was there. In my awful despair I dropped upon my knees and lifted my heart to God, and I told God that if He would take the burden off my heart, I would preach the Gospel, though previously the whole ambition of my life was to be a lawyer. My conversion turned on my surrender at this point, and I found peace. Though I did not come out as a Christian for more than a year, I had settled it that I would obey God and preach. At the close of my senior year in the university I made a public profession of faith in Jesus Christ in the college chapel, and entered the theological department the following fall."

It was while still in Yale that the young man first met D. L. Moody, in whose footsteps he was eventually to follow as an evangelist. It was Moody who taught him how to win souls in a lesson which he has never forgotten. Dr. Torrey now describes the occurrence as follows: "When Mr. Moody first came to New Haven we thought we would go out and hear this strange, uneducated man. I was in the senior class at Yale Theological Seminary, and was just about to take my B. D. degree. I knew more then than I will ever know in my life again. We thought we would patronise him a little bit. He did not seem at all honoured by our presence, and, as we heard that untutored man we thought, 'He may be uneducated, but he knows some things we don't.' Some of us had sense enough to go to him and say, 'Mr. Moody, we

wish you would tell us how to do it.' He told us to come around early the next night and he would tell us. Next night we went up to the meeting, and he said a few words to us, gave us a few texts of Scripture, and said, 'You go at it.' 'The best way to learn is to go at it. How to do it is to do it.' 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'"

In the strange providence of God, it was also Moody who fired the young man with the desire to be a man of faith. In speaking of how this came about, Dr. Torrey says: "I remember one time when Mr. Moody came to New Haven. I was in the seminary, in my last year. In a sermon Mr. Moody said, 'Faith can do anything.' And as he went on preaching, I said to myself, 'That is so. No man has ever accomplished anything for God who did not have mighty faith.' Then I said, 'I am going to have faith.' And I tried to pump up faith. Did you ever try it? Did you ever try to pump water out of a pump that had no water in it? The more you pump the more the old pump squeaks, and that is all there is in it. I went to work to pump up faith in my heart. I pumped, and pumped, and pumped, and the old pump squeaked, and I said, 'I am making no headway at all.' One day I ran across Romans x. 17 —'Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.' I stopped trying to pump up my faith, and I went to feeding upon the Word of God, and, thank God, I got some faith. I haven't as much yet as I ought to have, but I have got a million times more than I had to start with. If you haven't faith, feed on the Word of God. Some people say, 'I wish I had some faith,—I have no faith at all.' What are you doing to get faith? Reading all the sceptical books that come out, reading all the trashy novels that appear, reading all the review articles that come out in the reviews, and not spending ten minutes a day on the Word of God, and then wondering why you have not faith. You are starving your faith. The Bible is faith full. If you want faith you must be reading the Bible. Study it. Spend time on it."

Early Days as Pastor in Garrettsville

Before leaving the theological seminary at Yale, the young man was invited to become pastor of a Congregational church at Garrettsville, Ohio. This was a typical country town of about 1000 inhabitants, and was one of the most hardened and hopeless of parishes. Infidelity was rife. There were three churches in town, all quarrelling among themselves. The young man accepted the call to the little church of fifty members, and threw himself heart and soul into the task of regenerating the village. He preached with tremendous energy and earnestness, but his preaching was theological rather than

experimental. He did not believe in an everlasting hell, and held to the tenets of the "higher critics" of the day. His preaching along that line would have amounted to little or nothing, had it not been that in the good providence of God he was filled with an earnest longing for a revival. He himself tells how, in spite of his meagre equipment for the work of the ministry, God graciously poured out His Spirit upon the community in answer to the prayers of one of his first two converts. He says:

"I was ordained to the ministry when I was twenty-two years of age, and if ever there was a man ignorant of what the ministry meant it was myself. I had taken my two degrees, but as to knowing about the truth of God, I do not know anyone who undertook the conduct of a church who knew less about it than I did. But before undertaking that church I had read the biography of Mr. Finney, and his 'Revival Addresses,' and I had the idea that the normal state of a church was revival, so I started out on that line. The first two months I made very little headway, and then two women were converted—a young woman and an elderly woman. The elderly woman was a backslider of fifty years of age, utterly worldly, but she was soundly converted through and through. She commenced to pray for a revival in that community. Not many months after, she had to leave and go to California. She said, 'Friends, I have got to leave this place and go to California with a sick friend. But,' she continued, 'I am so sorry to go because God has heard my prayer, and we are going to have a great revival.'

"The revival had not broken out, but for three weeks I got my people together and preached to them six nights every week on how to lead people to Christ when the revival came, for I knew it would come. At the end of that time I went to the other ministers in the town and tried to get them to unite in meetings. Each one wanted to make conditions that the other would not agree to, and at last I said, 'Gentlemen, I do not care for any conditions—you can do all the preaching, or either one of you can do it, but we are going to have united meetings to pray that God will bless this town.' Then I had trouble with my own church. I announced on the Sunday, 'These meetings are going to be discontinued, and we are going to have meetings in the Methodist Church, and the Baptist minister's son is going to do the preaching.' I met one of my leading men on the street, and he said, 'See here, Mr. Torrey, you ought never to have gone into union meetings without consulting us. We have tried every year to have union meetings, and they have ended in a row every time.' I said, 'See here, Mr. T., don't you kick over the traces. You just go ahead and work for the Lord.' He replied, 'I'm not going to kick over the traces, but you ought never to have done this.' He kept his word; he didn't kick over the traces. Two

weeks later he came to me and said, 'Mr. Torrey, you were right. If you had consulted us we would never have had united meetings.' The town was transformed by the revival which broke out, and which continued into the next year, and the next year after that. Then I left, and it went right on into my next ministry, and the next, and the next, and by the grace of God I have been in a revival all the time from that day to this."

Even as a young minister, Dr. Torrey had the same tremendous energy and the same fearlessness which has characterised his work around the world. During his pastorate in Garrettsville, as he sat in his study one morning writing a sermon for the following Sunday, a voice seemed to say to him, "You go down to such-and-such a saloon in the main street, and speak down there." He hesitated to act upon the suggestion, for he had been trying to believe that his duty as a minister consisted almost entirely in preaching sermons. But shirk as he would, the thought would not leave his mind. Presently the voice seemed to say to him a second time, "Go down to Horton & Thompson's saloon and speak there." The second summons was sufficient. Hastily arising from his desk, he put on his hat and coat and walked rapidly to the saloon. As he entered, several men were sitting around a table playing cards. Without any preliminary explanation he said, "Gentlemen, please put down those cards for a few moments. I want to have a time of prayer." The unexpected entrance of the minister and his startling command so surprised the men that they obeyed at once. Dr. Torrey offered an earnest prayer for their salvation, plead with them a few moments to accept Christ, and departed.

A few days later as the young minister was walking down the same street, he saw the proprietor of a rival saloon standing in his doorway, glaring fiercely at him. As the young man reached the saloon-keeper, the latter said, "I hear you went into Horton & Thompson's saloon the other day and held a prayer meeting." The minister declared that the report was true, whereupon the saloon-keeper said, "Well, isn't my saloon as good as Horton & Thompson's?" Although the invitation was stated in such a peculiar manner, Mr. Torrey was not slow to accept it. He walked right in, and conducted a Gospel service similar to the one he had held in the rival saloon.

It was while he was still in the Theological Seminary before going to Garrettsville that his romance came into the young minister's life. He was invited upon one occasion to attend a temperance meeting, but, not being a total abstainer at this time, he was in a serious quandary as to what he should do. He was so exercised over the matter that he spent almost the entire day before the meeting occurred, pleading with

God to show him clearly his duty and enable him to do it. Finally he went to the meeting, and it was there that he first saw the young woman who was destined to become his wife. Dr. Torrey has given a graphic word picture of their meeting.

"Going out to preach one summer, I went into a village and found a temperance revival going on. I wished I had not come. They were going to have a temperance meeting that night. They said to me, 'Of course you will speak at the meeting.' I had never been inside one, for I had convinced myself that I did not believe in total abstinence. What should I do? I thought over it; I prayed over it; I spent almost the whole day in prayer. I prayed it through, and it became as clear as day that, if for nothing more than my influence, I ought to take my stand and sign the pledge. I went down to the meeting, and a speaker delivered his little speech. Then he said: 'Everybody in the room who has never signed the pledge, stand up!' An old drunkard, a young lady, and myself were the only ones in the building who stood up. As far as the lady was concerned, she was good-looking, and I didn't feel in bad company; but when I looked at that old soaker, I felt in dreadfully bad company. I went up and signed the pledge. The lady walked up and she signed the pledge. She is my wife now, and that was the first time I ever saw her. She was seventeen and I twenty-one. The old soaker came up and signed the pledge too." This was in Mesopotamia, Ohio.

The first Sunday that Dr. Torrey preached in Garrettsville, Ohio, this lady, who had never spoken to him since the memorable temperance meeting, went to church to hear the new minister, whose name she had not heard. As she went she said, "I wish it were the young man I heard a year and a half ago in Mesopotamia." And it was.

The union proved a most happy one, and Dr. and Mrs. Torrey have been blessed with five children, four of whom are now living.

After spending four years in his first pastorate, Mr. Torrey resigned his charge, and went to Germany for a year to pursue further theological studies. His time was divided between Leipsic and Erlangen, and he had such famous instructors as Delitzsch, Luthardt, Kahnis, and Frank. When he began his studies he was a pronounced higher critic, but ere he had completed them he was convinced of the falsity of his views, and swung gradually back to the old conservative doctrines. And to-day there are few more strenuous opponents of the so-called "higher criticism" than the man who once advocated its principles.

One of the chief characteristics of Dr. Torrey is that he is a man of invincible principle. When he is convinced that a thing is right he will

do it at all hazards. It will be remembered that he was now a pledged abstainer, and not a drop of liquor passed his lips during his mingling with the beer-loving German students. On one occasion his devotion to principle was severely tested. One hot summer's day he climbed with a party of students to the top of a high mountain. To his dismay he found upon reaching the summit that no temperance refreshments could be had. There were intoxicating liquors in abundance, and everybody around him was eagerly drinking the light German beer. The sun was beating down fiercely upon their heads, and while the rest were happily drinking their beer Mr. Torrey began to experience the tortures of thirst. Each moment his misery increased, but he gritted his teeth, steeled his heart, and determined that not a drop of the liquor should pass his lips. For he knew that there were in America, four thousand miles away, men whom by the grace of God he had lifted out of the gutter, and if it should come to their ears that he had drunk a glass of beer, no matter under what circumstances, his influence over them would be gone forever. That heroism on the part of the young minister was well worth while, for Dr. Torrey has since told it hundreds of times in the course of his sermons, and it has been the means of giving fresh courage and inspiration to thousands of others.

Upon returning to America Dr. Torrey was faced with the problem of deciding between two calls to widely differing fields. One was to become pastor of a wealthy church in Brooklyn; the other to take charge of a weak and poor church in Minneapolis. The consecration and heroism of the man were well shown in the choice made, and it was a decision which shaped his entire future life. He accepted the Minneapolis church, and thus followed in his Master's footsteps, and in thus choosing the thorny path, and apparently losing his life, he became the successor of Dwight L. Moody, and led "one of the mightiest evangelistic movements the world has ever seen." As in his first charge, he threw all his energies into the work, and soon by the help of God had started a revival which continued throughout his entire pastorate. Indeed, Dr. Torrey has recently told how he has had a continuous revival in every church he has pastored. He said:

"My first charge was a little country church with fifty members, most of whom were absentees when I took it. The second church was in the large city of Minneapolis, that as an organised body didn't exist at all until I organised it, with eleven or thirteen members—I don't remember which. The third church was a people's church down in the heart of the city, which I organised with thirteen members, holding its meetings in halls, theatres, and such-like places. The fourth church, of which I am now pastor, is a metropolitan church in the heart of a great city, with a membership, when I took it, of eight hundred. Each one of

these four churches was as different as churches could be. I started out in each by going to work to train my people to be intelligent soul-winners, so that if a revival ever should come, I would have people ready to lead others intelligently to an acceptance of Christ. The revival did come at the end of the first year in the first church, and it has been going on ever since. From that day till this I have lived in a revival. Some people say they believe, not in spasmodic revivals, but in perpetual revivals. So do I. I not only believe in them, but since the first year of my ministry I have had a perpetual revival, and that has been due largely to the fact that I have had a trained membership."

Dr. Torrey is firmly convinced that the energy of a minister should be devoted to saving souls rather than to philanthropic work. After having spent some years in Minneapolis he found that he was giving a large part of his time and strength to the executive work of philanthropic societies. One morning, as he sat in his study, he began to count up the societies with which he was connected, and found that they were eight in number. Then the thought came to him, "What did God call you into the ministry for?" He decided that it was not to do philanthropic work, but to preach the Gospel, and that same day he wrote eight letters tendering his resignation to each of the societies. And from that day till this Dr. Torrey has consecrated his entire time and talents to the glorious work of preaching the Gospel to a lost world.

The Ministry in Minneapolis and Chicago

It was while doing home missionary work in hard fields in the city of Minneapolis that Dr. Torrey passed through the spiritual crises which were the preparation and foundation for his future world-wide work. It will be remembered that it was the reading of Finney's "Revival Addresses" which led the young man to become a revivalist even in his first pastorate; and it was the reading of "The Life of Trust" by George Müller which led to his entering upon a life of faith while living in Minneapolis. Dr. Torrey now tells as follows of the crucial effect the reading of that book made upon his life. He says:

"Perhaps the most decisive turning point in my life since I have been in the ministry came through reading 'The Life of Trust' by George Muller. I have been a different man ever since I read that book; it led to a radical change in my whole conception of the Christian ministry, and of what Christian living really was. It cost me a great deal of money reading the book. At least it did for the time; I do not know that I have lost anything permanently by it. But it led to my turning my back upon everything that I had hoped for in this world, and to just step out and obey God and believe in God, and trust in God for

everything; and since I have done it He has given me everything I have or am. I do not think I shall cease to thank God throughout all eternity for what the words of this sainted servant of God were to me, and for what they have been to me ever since. I had other ambitions regarding the ministry in those days. I had an ambition to be the pastor of some large metropolitan church. I was at that time pastor of a very insignificant church with a handful of members; but I had an ambition to be a great minister of the Gospel, known all over the world as an eloquent preacher. That book took all that ambition out of me. I am glad it did. It simply gave me ambition to do God's Will—to please Him. It was an awful struggle, but I settled it in my study that from that hour I would obey everything I found recorded as being Christian duty in the Word of God; that I would go wherever God told me to go; say whatever I thought God told me to say; and never ask anybody for a penny of money; but just look to God to supply as He might see fit. And from that day to this I have been in Beulah Land."

It was then that Dr. Torrey felt it his duty to give up his salary and to live entirely by faith. Of what followed as the result of this step Dr. Torrey now says: "I know there is a God, and that He works as the Bible records. I have put this matter to the rigid test of personal experiment. A number of years ago I was brought to the place where it seemed my duty to give up my salary, and give up every means of gaining a livelihood, and work for God among the poor, never ask for money, and never tell any man that I needed a cent. Every penny I got for the support of my family and for the support of my work, the light, the rent, every penny came in answer to prayer. I determined not to go in debt, and the moment I could not pay my rent I would close up. When I could not pay for my bread-and-butter and beefsteak I would go without. I simply went to God every day. Every one of the three meals for myself and family came by prayer, and every dollar of household and hall rent came by prayer; and yet when I have gotten on a streetcar with seven cents in my pocket, and did not know where any more was coming from, when a lady was going to be put off the car because the only money she had was counterfeit, I put my hand down in my pocket and paid the five cents as if I had been a millionaire. Every day of my life for months and months and months I got everything in answer to prayer. And such things I asked for that nobody could possibly know I needed or wanted, and they always came, and not a man on earth knew anything about it. Every mouthful came directly from my Heavenly Father in answer to prayer; not a meal at our table that was not in answer to prayer; not a coat ever went on my back, nor a dress on my wife's back, nor clothing on the backs of the four children we had at the time that was not in answer to

prayer. We got everything from God.

"I never was more serene in all my life. Oftentimes help came at the last hour. When we sat down to breakfast we did not know how dinner was coming. I remember one day my wife came upstairs between breakfast and dinner time and said, 'The butcher is downstairs. I want some money.' I said, 'I have none.' She said, 'There is nothing for dinner; what shall I do?' I said, 'Tell him to go away; we don't want anything. We will have money all right before dinner.' So she went down and told him that she would not order anything that morning. In a few moments she came up again with a letter. She had not opened it. She did not know who it was from. She said, 'Here is your money.' I opened the letter, and there sure enough was the money—plenty of it. If you are right with God, and you are trusting God, and you are God's child, looking to Him, you will never lack anything that you ought to have."

While in the midst of his work in Minneapolis a call came to Dr. Torrey to become Superintendent of the Bible Institute at Chicago which had just been founded by D. L. Moody. It seems that before the Institute was opened, Mr. Moody was one day talking with Rev. Dr. E. M. Williams, now of Chicago Theological Seminary. Mr. Moody said, "I wish I knew a man to take the place of Superintendent of the Institute. It seems to me to be the largest thing I have ever undertaken, and that it is going to accomplish more than anything I have yet been permitted to do." He then asked Mr. Williams whether he knew of the right man for the place, and the latter, who knew all about Dr. Torrey's work in Minneapolis, recommended him in such glowing terms that Mr. Moody exclaimed: "You make my mouth water for him." The man who was living by faith in Minneapolis was at once sent for, and after a conversation with Mr. Moody he accepted the position, and has been Superintendent of the Moody Bible Institute from the day it was opened. October 1, 1889. At this time Dr. Torrey was only thirty-three years of age. Four years later the pastorate of the Chicago Avenue Church, which was also founded by Mr. Moody, became vacant, and Dr. Torrey was asked to become its pastor, in addition to retaining his position as head of the Bible Institute. At Mr. Moody's earnest request he accepted, and began his dual work, not by attempting to do everything himself, but by pleading with all his members to become his assistants in the work of soul-winning. The very first sermon he preached to his people was on "Prayer," and that sermon had momentous consequences. Dr. Torrey tells of its effect as follows: "As I drew the sermon to a conclusion I said, 'How it would rejoice the heart of your new pastor to know that some of you people stayed up late on Saturday night, or got up early on Sunday morning to pray for

your pastor.' All over the city it soon came to pass that there were little groups who would stay up late Saturday night, or get up early Sunday morning to pray for their preacher, and God heard their prayer. The church had a seating capacity of twenty-two hundred, and when I took the church the gallery did not need to be opened; but very soon after, in answer to these people's prayers, the church was crowded and, better than that, we had conversions all the time. I do not believe that there has been any day since that somebody has not been converted.

"It was not the minister. If you go and ask my people to-day what is the secret of it all, you would get the same answer from anyone who knows anything about the church. They would say, 'Because of our prayer-meetings; our public prayer-meetings; our private meetings.' Anybody could preach in a church like that. I have been away all of the time for the last three years, and up to that time for the four or five years preceding it I was away five months in every year; but everything goes on just the same—conversions right along. Why? Because it is a praying church.

"A minister who had taken the church over for a month said to me when I went home a year ago last summer, 'Torrey, I know the secret of your success in Chicago. I know the secret of this work around the world. After spending a month with your church I can understand it. I know why God blesses the preaching. It is in answer to the prayers of the people.'"

Within a few years after Dr. Torrey went to Chicago he was one of the foremost Christian leaders, not only in that city, but throughout the entire land. Every year he spent several months at Northfield, teaching and preaching in the various conferences held there, and he became a favourite speaker at other religious conferences and conventions for the development of the higher Christian life. During all this period, also, with marvellous energy, he was writing book after book on prayer, on soul-winning, and on how to study the Bible. It may well be remarked just here that, in spite of all his activity, he found time for long and careful study of the Bible each day. And so heartily did Dr. Torrey enter into the spirit of the sacred Book, that its reading filled him with transcendent joy. In speaking of the joy which filled his heart as he read God's Word, and which still fills it in his daily reading, he says:

"How often have I reached home at night, after a hard day's labour, completely tired out. But before I go to bed I open my Bible (don't think that is the only time I study my Bible) get down on my knees, and ask God to give me something out of the Bible as I read, and God

opens up His purposes of love, and as I read His wonderful promises my tired heart forgets its weariness, and I fairly shout for joy. I never shout in public—I wonder that I don't—but when I am all alone by myself and with my God and with my Bible, I shout, I cannot help it. The sweetest, purest, highest, holiest, most amazing joy I know is when I bend over this Book in prayerful study, and God gives me new messages."

Throughout his work in Chicago Dr. Torrey was not only an advocate of prayer, of soul-winning, and of reading the Bible, he also believed that every Christian should be filled with the Holy Spirit. He believes not only in a second baptism of the Holy Ghost, but in a third, a twentieth, a two-hundredth.

He says people often ask him if he has received the second blessing. He replies that he has received the second, the third, the fourth, the ninth, the tenth, the hundredth, the three-hundredth, and three-hundred-and-twenty-fifth, and is now waiting for the three-hundred-and-twenty-sixth.

During the great World's Fair Campaign conducted by Mr. Moody in 1893, Dr. Torrey was one of his right-hand assistants, and took a prominent part throughout in the management of the remarkable crusade. Three years later, when Mr. Moody was taken ill and compelled to return to Northfield while in the midst of a great revival campaign in Kansas City, it was to Dr. Torrey he telegraphed to take up the work. The Dr. promptly stepped into his place and continued the movement. And, finally, it was only two years later that there was begun in the Bible Institute that weekly prayer-meeting for a world-wide revival of religion which resulted in the sending of Dr. Torrey around the world and the conversion of one hundred thousand souls.

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