

of earnest, useful and happy work. Prof. Torrance was a man of high scholarly attainments. In the course of many years of faithful pastoral service, he had read widely and thought profoundly on all theological questions, on all of which, too, he had clearly defined views of his own. He had trained himself to think closely and logically. He was alert and keen in debate, and could see as many sides to a question as most men. He made the most thorough preparation for his lectures, and having strong and settled convictions as the result of deep meditation and a long and rich Christian experience, his expositions of Scripture were given with the calmness and positiveness of one who had perfect confidence in the soundness of his conclusions. We need not be surprised that his influence upon the students was powerful, and that the impressions they received from his lectures were deep and ineffaceable. On the death of Dr. Fyfe in 1878, Prof. Torrance was appointed Principal of the Theological Department, and subsequently on Prof. Wells's retirement, took charge of the whole college. The responsible duties of this position he continued to discharge with eminent satisfaction until in 1881, he was nominated to the chair of New Testament Interpretation in the new Baptist College in Toronto.

Towards the close of 1880, his health broke down. It is probable, as has been said, that the long strain of mental and physical exertion had gradually impaired his constitution. He was in the habit of working very late, for in addition to his class work, there was a voluminous correspondence to attend to. This, together with the care and anxiety of his responsible position, made such demands upon his energies that gradually his strength was exhausted and he was compelled to lay aside his work. He rallied, however, met his classes again after the Christmas holidays, and in spite of constant weakness, carried a strong graduating class to the end of the year. But in the following May, after preaching in the Baptist church, he was again prostrated, took to his bed and rapidly sank until little hopes were entertained of his recovery. After a time he so far recovered, however, that he felt strong enough to go to Muskoka, where he hoped the cool, pure air from the lakes would bring back his lost strength. He only succeeded in getting as far as Bobcaygeon, where, unable to proceed any farther, he was taken to the