

THE MAN.

Dr. Ross' stout, powerful frame ; earnest, keen blue eyes ; firmly closed lips ; measured, firm and steady step, prominent and broad brow, mark the man of earnest purpose and iron will ; self-contained and self-secure. To those who know him best, and those who know him least, he is ever the Knight Errant, ready to undertake some thankless task in behalf of Liberty, Health or Humanity.

Dr. Ross has no fondness for social, religious or political gatherings ; from these he holds himself aloof and apart ; he is not a church member, but he is an earnest, practical Christian. He remembers "those in bonds as bound with them." His sympathy for the oppressed of all climes and conditions is as boundless as the impulses of his generous heart. His love for freedom and justice extends all along the line and touches all subjects and conditions. He is so thoroughly sincere, honest, consistent, conscientious and unselfish that most men cannot understand him—hence he is often misunderstood and misrepresented.

When Dr. Ross had attained his fiftieth birthday, he was the recipient of many tokens

of regard and congratulations from his friends and co-workers. From the poet Whittier the following :

Dear Friend.—Thy fifty years have not been idle ones, but filled with good works ; I hope another half century may be added to them.

From WENDELL PHILLIPS :

My Dear Ross.—Measured by the good you have done in your fifty years, you have already lived a century.

From HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Dear Dr. Ross.—As you look back over your fifty years, what a comfort to you must be the reflection that you have saved so many from the horrors of slavery.

From LUCRETIA JENKS :

No, friend Ross ! thou art not old ;
A heart so true, so kind, so bold,
As in thy bosom throbs to-day,
Never ! Never ! will decay.

Some I know, but half thy years,
Are quite deaf to all that cheers ;
They are dumb when they should speak,
And blind to all the poor and weak.