

**THE MAN WITH THE BOOK,
OR MEMOIRS OF "JOHN
ROSS OF BRUCEFIELD"**

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The Man with the Book, or Memoirs of "John Ross of Brucefield" by Anna Ross

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ANNA ROSS

**THE MAN WITH THE BOOK,
OR MEMOIRS OF "JOHN
ROSS OF BRUCEFIELD"**



My dear brother
Yours truly
G. W. Root

THE
MAN WITH THE BOOK

OR

MEMOIRS OF
"JOHN ROSS OF BRUCEFIELD."

BY ANNA ROSS.

194331
16.2.25-

"Thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name."
"All flesh is grass: . . . the grass withereth, the flower
fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever."

TORONTO, ONT.

PRINTED BY R. G. McLEAN, 32 AND 34 LOMBARD ST.

1897.

PREFACE.

This little book is not a biography. It is only an attempt to preserve a memory that is blessed, and to extend an influence that has been for good. It has been executed in the midst of uncommon difficulties. The fact that it has been brought to completion confirms the hope with which it was started, that "The Lord hath need of it." This I know, that to those who want to find faults it will not be difficult to discover them; but of this, too, I am fully persuaded, that those who want the inspiration of contact with one to whom God was a reality and prayer a power, and the Word of God the living link between earth and Heaven, can scarcely go through this volume without finding touches here and there that will make them glad. There are two causes for regret—that so many precious things have been lost because no one has gathered them, and that those here given have largely had to reach the page through the unaided memory, and the necessarily imperfect wording of another. This must be remembered in reading, particularly if anything written should seem to have a sting as well as an edge. With the chapters touching the Headship of Jesus Christ and His Second

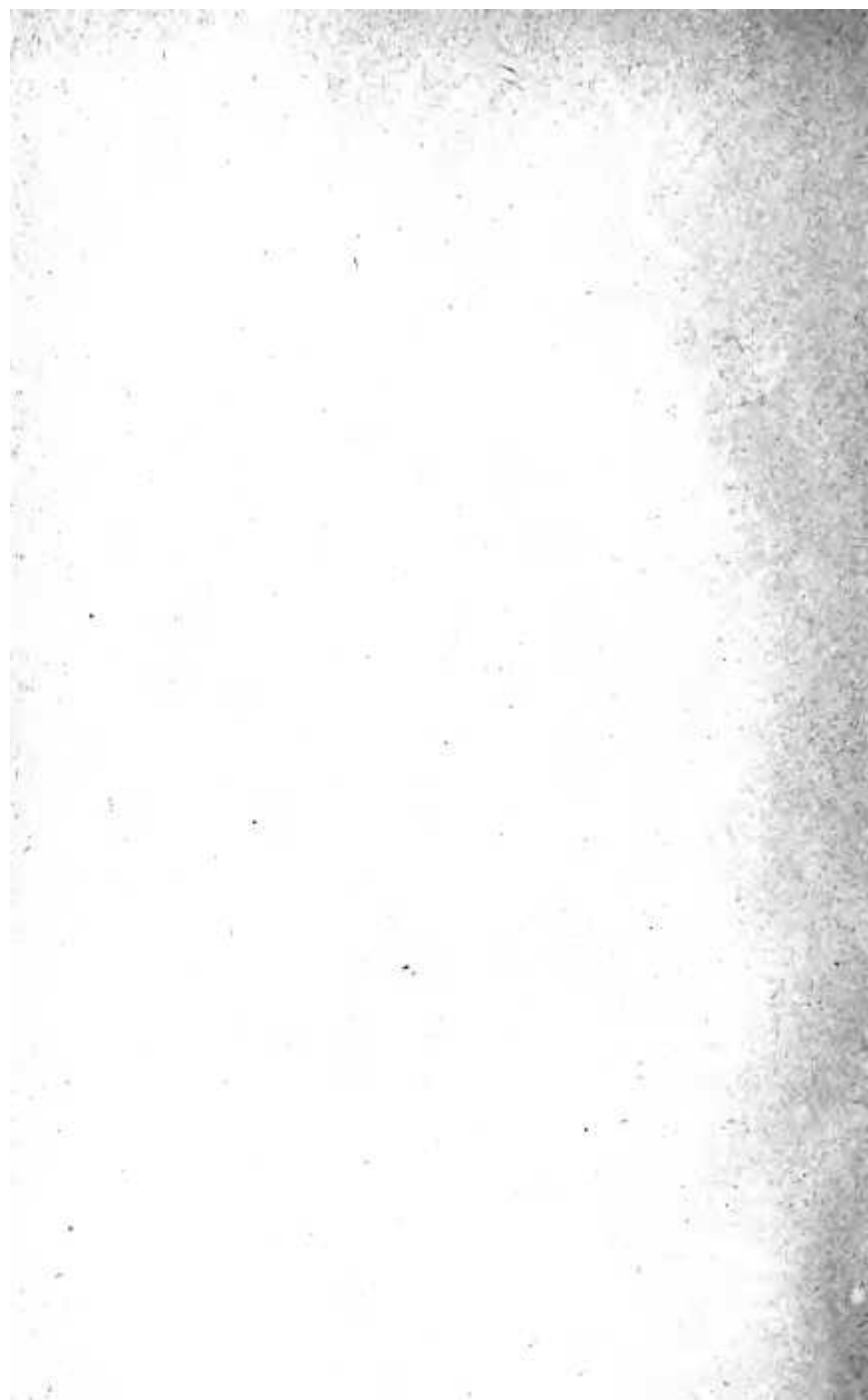
Coming, peculiar pains have been taken to give Mr. Ross's views as he held them, and, as far as possible, as he expressed them. Most of the statements are given, not merely from a general recollection of his views, but from special recollections of actual conversations. Where this was the case, much of his own wording has, I am satisfied, been consciously and unconsciously reproduced, as some who knew him best will readily recognize. Though these chapters may occasion the most fault finding, they will, I am persuaded, be the most prized, as containing truths not often met with and sorely needed. If, in any measure, this little book is "meet for the Master's use," it shall, in that measure, prove a power for good; if not, it might better never have been written. "Commit thy works to the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established."

ANNA ROSS.

Clinton, Ont., April 15th, 1897.

CONTENTS.

Chapter.	Page.
I. HIS BOYHOOD	5
II. DAWNINGS OF THE BETTER LIFE	17
III. A CHAPTER IN CHURCH HISTORY	30
IV. A STUDENT AND STUDENT MISSIONARY	47
V. BRUCEFIELD	60
VI. THE UNION OF 1861	74
VII. THE KING'S MESSENGER	90
VIII. THE GUIDING EYE AND THE HEARING EAR	105
IX. STUDIES AND RECREATIONS	121
X. THE UNION OF 1875	136
XI. DIVISION IN BRUCEFIELD	154
XII. HOME LIFE AND HAPPY TALKS	168
XIII. LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE RAILWAY	182
XIV. THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST	195
XV. SUNSET LIGHTS AND SHADOWS	212
XVI. CLOSING HISTORY OF MR. ROSS'S CONGREGATION	235
XVII. ANECDOTES	238
XVIII. ECHOES OF PAST UTTERANCES	246



INTRODUCTION.

IT was a keen Canadian winter morning. A tall man in a racoon-skin coat and a rounded beaver cap, stood ready, valise in hand, to board the train even now slackening toward the station, the moment it came to a stand.

While the wheels were still turning, a short, slight, elderly gentleman, with the white hair and withered face of age, but the active movements of a boy of thirteen, opened the car-door, and, before the would-be traveller had time to set his foot upon the step, sprang lightly to the platform. There was an instant greeting, in which the cordial hand-shake was prolonged while a few sentences of rapid explanation were interchanged. The elder gentleman had intended to pay a brotherly visit, and now there could be only a few seconds between them, for trains have always made it a point of honor to spend no unnecessary time at Brucefield.

A business-like "All aboard!" The train moved, and the conductor was in the act of springing on—

"Who-o-a!" rang out in a stentorian voice of authority.

The signal was instantly given for delay, but the conductor, angry with himself for paying any heed to such a word, faced the tall traveller with the question—

"Do you think my train is a team of horses that it should stop for you like that?"

A parting word to the disappointed friend, a gently spoken word to the annoyed conductor, and the tall traveller, with an appreciative, comical look in his blue eyes, mounted the steps and entered. He placed his valise in the first empty seat, and deliberately took up his position beside it. The thoughtful eyes, out of which