



## Notable Canadian Monuments



### I.—He Did His Best, but They Failed to Hold the Rope

BY THE EDITOR.

**I**N various parts of this Dominion there have been erected monuments to commemorate remarkable events, many of them connected with deeds of heroism, altogether apart from military daring. Some of these keep green the memories of noble young fellows who sacrificed themselves in the effort to save others, and the stories are well worth re-telling.

One of the finest of these monuments stands in the public park in the city of St. John, N.B., at the head of the leading business street. It is so prominent that the attention of every visitor is attracted to it, and most people pause a moment or two to read the sad memorial words. On one side the following inscription appears:

Erected as a public memorial to  
**JOHN FREDERICK YOUNG,**  
who in the 19th year of his age  
lost his life  
ON THE 30TH DAY OF OCTOBER, A.D. 1890,  
In Courtney Bay, St. John, N.B., while  
endeavoring to rescue  
Frederick E. Munde, from drowning.  
"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man  
lay down his life for his friend."

On the second side of the monument there is a picture of a young man with a life buoy around him, struggling in the waves trying to support a drowning man. The third side has the figure of an angel, with a crown, while the fourth reveals the words:

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

But these beautiful and appropriate inscriptions do not tell the whole story, which is an exceedingly significant one.

It seems that young Munde fell off the wharf into deep water. Several persons witnessed the accident, but John Frederick Young alone was equal to the emergency. Seizing a life buoy, with a rope attached to it, he plunged into the waves, shouting to the bystanders: "Hold the rope for me."

By a supreme effort he succeeded in reaching the drowning boy, and then called to those on the shore: "Pull us in." But the men had neglected to hold the rope. They had been so absorbed in watching Young's heroic efforts, that they had forgotten to lay hold of the rope until it had drifted beyond their reach, and now they were powerless to help. Some proposed to launch a boat, but the waves were too boisterous for this. No ordinary craft could live in such a sea, and a lifeboat was not at hand.

Young succeeded in keeping himself and his companion afloat for fully twenty minutes, but could not make the shore.

Several hundred people had, by this time, gathered, and watched the battle for life but could afford no assistance.

At last, chilled and exhausted, the young hero had to relinquish his grasp upon his friend, and both sank to rise no more.

What an awful ending to a noble and self-sacrificing deed! What sad and terrible thoughts must have come to those careless men, who missed their opportunity and failed to hold the rope!

Is there not a lesson for us in this tragic event? A number of our friends and companions have plunged into the sea of heathenism, that they might rescue some from the yawning gulf of despair. While they struggle with the awful conditions by which they are surrounded, they look to us to hold the rope for them; to stand by them by our constant prayers and regular support. Shall we fail them? Shall we leave them to fight the battle alone?

When the Forward Movement for Missions was first inaugurated, and the Leagues of various districts began to unite in the support of a missionary in the foreign field, there were those who feared that the enthusiasm was momentary, and they did not hesitate to say that these missionaries might, after a time, find themselves adrift, in a distant land, without any support, the zeal of the young people having subsided.

We are thankful to say that this fear has not been realized, but year after year, the interest in this movement has been growing, and the contributions increasing. Only in a few cases have the districts failed to hold the rope, and allowed their contributions to decrease.

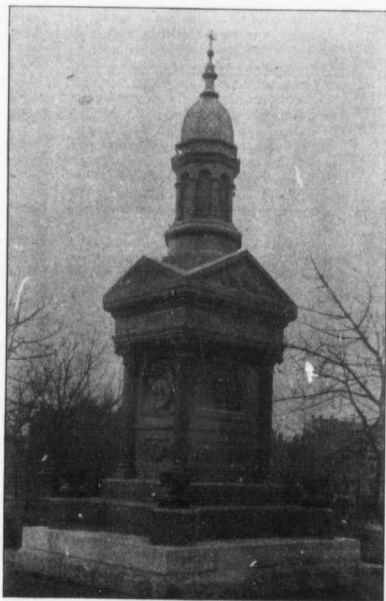
According to our present plan, every League on a District becomes a strand in the rope of missionary support, and when these are bound together, by the spirit of prayer, it becomes a cable of great strength and encouragement.

### Courage

**C**OURAGE is needed at every point in life. Nobody knows when he may be called upon to cope with a burglar, or to stop a runaway horse, or to rescue a drowning child, to say nothing of such a minor occurrence as visiting the dentist or facing a strange dog. And then the occasions for courage increase instead of diminishing as time goes on. There are more things to make us afraid now, if we choose to let them, than ever before. The ancients knew nothing of railway accidents, dangerous explosives, live wires, or the germ theory of disease. Many a locomotive engineer, or captain of an ocean liner, or superintendent of a powder mill, or hospital nurse, faces quite as perilous situations as ever confronted the men whom Plutarch extols for their courage.

Every advance in civilization, though it drops off some old terror, adds one or two new ones in its place. The plan seems to be to keep the fearful person uneasy and the person of courage always on his mettle.

The object of life is not to reach a worthy goal, whatever



THE FREDERICK YOUNG MONUMENT, ST. JOHN, N.B.

find a pleasant road, but to reach a worthy goal, whatever the road.—Samuel F. Cole.