

cents a day and wanted an injunction against the policeman. The Judge took an injunction blank and wrote a note to the patrolman explaining that Morris was a good boy who reported regularly to the Court, and asked that he be allowed to get on the cars.

Judge Lindsey never sends an officer with boys committed to the detention school or to the institution at Golden. He trusts them to go alone, and only once has one ever failed him. A probation officer found 'Moochey' asleep in a cheap restaurant the day after his commitment to the detention school. 'Why aren't you at the School?' demanded the officer, shaking him awake.

'Oh, I clean forgot,' said the penitent boy. 'Gimme the writ an' I'll go right along.'

When 'Ben' Lindsey was appointed to the county bench five years ago, Colorado had a weak law governing the treatment of juvenile offenders. No personal attention was given to the boys. They were bundled off to the State Industrial School at Golden, or sent to jail, or put on probation, and that was all. The new judge had been on the bench only a short time when some boys were brought before him on the charge of robbing a farmer's pigeon roost. It happened that as a boy—he has lived in Denver from his ninth year—he had started out to rob the same roost. The coincidence startled him. 'I wouldn't have wanted to go to jail or to the reform school for that,' he said to the prosecutor. 'I guess I must talk to these boys.' That was the beginning of Denver's juvenile court. The important juvenile and contributory delinquency laws, the establishment of the detention school, and the abolition of the imprisonment of children in jail have all come since that time, and are largely due to his efforts.

The police looked on the judge as mildly insane at first. An officer one day brought in a boy of fifteen who had been in jail thirteen times.

'Yes, that's serious,' said the Judge. 'I must have a long talk with that boy and start him to reporting to me.'

'Surely, Judge, you're not going to put that boy on probation,' expostulated the policeman. 'You're crazy. He needs to go to jail.'

'He's been in jail thirteen times,' was the reply, 'and it hasn't done him any good. Suppose I try my way and fail; I'll still have twelve times the best of you fellows.'

He didn't fail. The boy is now at work and has a clean record. The Judge fails sometimes, of course, but not often; for his work does not stop with office hours. The boys come to advise with him in chambers or at his home nearly every evening. Through his friends and through the Juvenile Improvement Association which he has organized, he finds them work in town or in the Colorado beet-fields.

As for tangible results? Well, there is a letter on file from a railway official telling of the discharge of a yard detective because the boys no longer give trouble. The District Attorney's office reports a marvellous falling off in fees from the Juvenile Court, and the Court's annual reports are crowded with statistics showing an unbelievable saving in money to the city every year, and an incredible reduction in the number of serious offenses among the boys of Denver.

Sample Copies.

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The Troubles That Never Come.

(Sara Virginia du Bois, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The story is somewhere told of a lady who was always foreseeing trouble, and to relieve her mind of some of its anxiety, she kept a list of impending evils, and at the end of the year went over them to find that nine-tenths of them had never materialized. They had never really existed save in imagination.

How many of us there are who go through life laden beneath the troubles that never come. We have enough for to-day, there is no special comfort of which we are deprived, but how do we know what may befall us next month or next year? We can ask God to help us bear the present trouble, but there is no cure whatever for the trouble that never comes.

An old lady once said she had spent most of her life in a vain effort to find happiness, and as a last resort made up her mind to be content without it; when to her surprise it flowed naturally and serenely into her days. 'And to think,' she said, 'that I fretted away sixty years in a fruitless effort to find it.'

God has bestowed upon us so many precious gifts, cannot we trust the future in his hands? 'Casting all your cares upon him, for he careth for you,' is a scriptural injunction full of precious promise. 'We walk by faith, not by sight,' and if we can trust no further than we see there is something radically wrong with our religion.

A young girl, who had planned for herself a life of activity along a certain line for which she appeared to be specially qualified, was discouraged at the very outset by having all her plans frustrated, being obliged to take up an entirely different line of work. Her mind had been so thoroughly set upon her purpose that there were days when it seemed scarcely worth trying to make a success of anything. While in this mood of despondency she opened a favorite book, and there, underlined, she came across Goethe's admonition: 'Go to work and help yourself for the present and hope and trust in God for the future.' Her conscience reproached her, and taking a blotting book from the table she wrote the homely old motto:

'Do thou but begin the weaving,
God the yarn will aye be giving.'

Later in life she lived to thank God that his purpose in her had been fulfilled, and that she had not been allowed to follow out her own plans. 'My God shall supply all your need,' is the promise to each of us, and with this in mind we can bear all that his loving wisdom has ordained. But what of the troubles that never come?

'There's a song to lighten the toil,
And a staff for climbing the height,
But never an alpenstock,
For the hills that are out of sight.
There are bitter herbs enough
In the brimming cup of to-day,
Without the sprig of rue,
For to-morrow's unknown way.'

He Did His Duty.

You never know whom you may influence for good by working for the Master. A ship was fast going to pieces in the offing. The villagers gathered on the shore saw through the mist of the tempest a solitary figure clinging to the mast. A young man rushed to launch the lifeboat. His mother came to him and pleaded, 'Don't go. Remember how your father was lost at sea, and how your brother

went away to sea and never returned. You are all that is left to me. Don't go.' 'Mother,' he said, 'I must; it is my duty.' Accompanied by brave companions, he pushed from the shore. The anxious watchers thought again and again that the frail craft would be engulfed. But at length it reached the ship, it rescued the sailor, it made its way towards land. But they were no sooner within hail of the shore than the rescuer rose in the prow and shouted above the rage of the storm, 'Tell mother it is my brother!'—'Toilers of the Deep.'

Where the Responsibility Belongs.

A number of men on one occasion were talking about the burdens of duty, when one of them declared that they were sometimes too heavy to be borne. 'Not,' said another, 'if you carry only your own burden, and don't try to take God's work out of his hands. Last year I crossed the Atlantic with one of the most skilful and faithful captains of the great liners. We had a terrific storm, during which for thirty-eight hours he remained on the bridge, striving to save his passengers. When the danger was over, I said to him, "It might be a terrible thought at such a time that you are responsible for the lives of over a thousand human beings." "No," he said, solemnly, "I am not responsible for the life of one man on this ship. My responsibility is to run the ship with all the skill and faithfulness possible to any man. God himself is responsible for all the rest."—'Toilers of the Deep.'

Helen Hunt's Last Prayer.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
Too clear I see now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun.
Too clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless, were a sin.
Too clear I see that I have sought
Unconscious selfish aims to win;
Too clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save;
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.
In outskirts of thy kingdom vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Let me the lowliest task thou hast—
Let me, repentant, work for thee.

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DR. GRENFELL'S WORK IN LABRADOR.

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