

OCTOBER 3, 1931

THE WAR CRY

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HE was one of those good-natured young fellows who are as incapable of refusing a doubtful pleasure as they are of withstanding its effects.

There were nights in Paris when he got ravingly drunk. His youth was a succession of "scenes," and yet, at heart, he was a decent boy. It was the wrong type of company which brought the worst out of him.

His aunt, the Comtesse de B——, who was also his guardian, permitted the boy far more liberty than was good for him, and she either could not foresee the trouble which was brewing, or did not care.

"Henri," she would say after one of his outbursts, "you should govern yourself." But how she expected a light-hearted boy of sixteen to do that nobody knows.

He went out one night. With a gay company he drank for several hours in Montmartre. By midnight he was incapable drunk; by day-dawn he had become a madman. It must have been a frightful thing to see, this sixteen-year-old lad, as he left the restaurant, with his bleared eyes and bloated face.

His friends parted from him and left him to find his way home.

And what happened then is a mystery to Henri de B——.

It was broad daylight when he awakened. A broad swathe of sunlight broke across the cell.

He sat up and suddenly understood. He asked the warder for an explanation, and received the most terrible intimation of his life.

"It is for murder you are detained, monsieur," remarked that gentleman without any perturbation. Henri did not believe it. It was a lie—a mistake—a farce—a dream: . . . But worse than any of those: It was true!

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A few months later he went on board ship for Cayenne, whither he had been exiled. Then, the

The MAN who ESCAPED from CAYENNE

ALMOST COMMITTED HIS SECOND MURDER, BUT — !

long voyage over, he commenced his stay in the intolerable place with life a burden, the future a dismal blank, and nothing but the continuation of present miseries for which to hope.

The seeming inevitability of his fate nerved him after some years to an attempt to escape.

He managed to elude the sentries one night, and entered the river which separates Cayenne

from Dutch Guiana. Then came a touch-and-go swim to the other side, and comparative safety on Dutch soil.

By this time associations in Cayenne had turned him from a good-natured youth to a man with decided criminal tendencies and, despite the mirac-

le of his escape, he could not resist the temptation one day to attack a woman and rob her.

Once more he stood before a judge, and because of his record, a serious view was taken of the case. He received a long sentence. But this time prison was to bring him in touch with good friends. Ensign Govaars, The Army's Sectional Officer, had been paying visits to the prison and holding meetings with the men. It was one of these meetings which burnt in upon Henri de B——'s mind the message of The Army, and made him realise his need.

After one of his visits the Ensign asked for a volunteer for Salvation, and the young French exile responded.

The result was an instantaneous change in the man's outlook and behaviour, and it was not long before the governor decided to remit the remainder of his sentence and permit him to be free.

The Army was allowed to help Henri, and he himself got in touch with friends in Europe who assisted him to get back. He did not go to France, but as near as possible.

And the Ensign, who is on furlough in Europe, and who tells this story, says that the young man is well saved, and has a good position, and is proving himself to be a useful citizen of his new country.

Which, if there had never been another story like it, is proof that no man has sunk too low to be reached by God the Holy Spirit working through His people.—The War Cry, London.

THE MESSAGE FOR ALL TIMES

Throughout the years the Salvation Army proclaims by speech and pen the grand message of SALVATION

For all men
From all sin
In every place
At any time

None need perish,
All may live, for Christ has died.

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TRAINING BOYS

Fortunate, in these days of unemployment, is the boy who is in a position, even if his wages are small. Doubly fortunate is the boy who is in a position where he may qualify for a higher position and obtain experience which will ultimately make him of value to the community. That is where the importance of our farms, with their orchards and fowls and pigs and cows, and careful oversight, is most evident.

On farms like Bayswater (Vic.), Mt. Barker (S.A.), and Seaforth (W.A.), the boy who is keen and alert may learn sufficient to assure him that he shall never be in a dead-end job. There he may gain valuable knowledge in a perfect environment. The sleeping accommodation, like the food, is excellent, and both the quantity and quality of the latter leave nothing to be desired.

In each case a school with keen, capable teachers is situated on the farm. In addition to the Manager and Matron, who give skilled and kindly oversight, there are various Officers associated with the boys who, like guardian brothers and sisters, seek to train them to expert service, and repress every tendency to the old life that too many of them have known. The studious boy has every encouragement; the boy who loves machinery has his heart's desire as he works with the chaff-cutter, the pea-thresher, the oil engine, the motor truck, or the cream separator.

The boy who loves animals may share his affection among horses, cows, sheep, pigs or fowls, and the lover of the soil, in the garden, with spade and hoe, in the cultivated paddocks with plough, harrows, cultivator, and seed-drill, may find his perfect satisfaction and work out his physical salvation.

When on kitchen duty he may learn the rudiments of cooking, at least he will learn how to prepare food for cooking; on dormitory service he will learn how to make a bed, and be introduced to habits of cleanliness generally. Perhaps he is a hefty lad, and prefers sawing great logs into lengths and bursting them into billets with maul and wedges, or is in his element quarrying stone—all these activities are open to him.

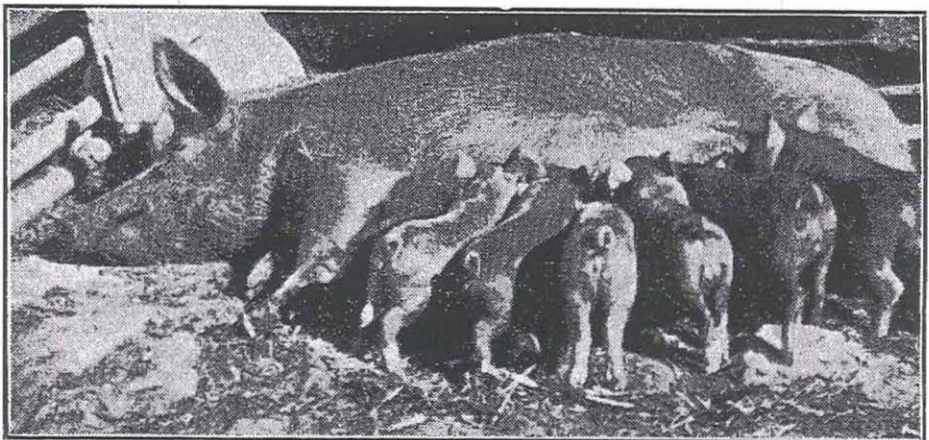
And for the musically inclined, at each of these Homes there is a Boys' Band, where lads are patiently initiated into the mysteries of movements and music.

Mt. Barker Boys' Home and Farm, to which we specially refer in this issue, is situated some twenty-three miles from Adelaide, from which it is reached by a splendid, rapidly ascending road, which, en route, crosses the picturesque Mt. Lofty ranges. From the tower of the main building, eastward a glorious panorama stretches, including Lake Alexandrina, into which the mighty Murray enters. The eye may follow the thin plume of smoke which marks the progress of the eastward bound trains, and a thousand other

In South Australia

At Mount Barker

(See front page)



THE BOYS ARE TAUGHT PIG FARMING AND ARE VERY INTERESTED IN SCENES LIKE THIS ONE.

objects of interest gladden the eye of the beholder. There the boy will find an ample air which will serve as a physical and mental tonic, and will appreciate the majesty and diversity of the Creator's wonderful works.

The Home has accommodation for over eighty boys, whose ages range from eighteen years to seven. Hence, while some are over school age and work in the Home or on the farm, the majority are of school age.

The farm is 133 acres in extent, and carries horses, cows, pigs, and a few sheep. Some of the area is under subterranean clover—a splendid acquisition in this district, and useful for the milking cows and other animals. Cultivation of many kinds of crops is carried on, and a silo is used to full advantage.

A good water supply has been lacking since the inception of the Home, but large cisterns have been excavated on a nearby hill, and from this the water reaches Homes and outhouses by gravitation. They are lined with concrete, and have proved to be a great boon in dry seasons.

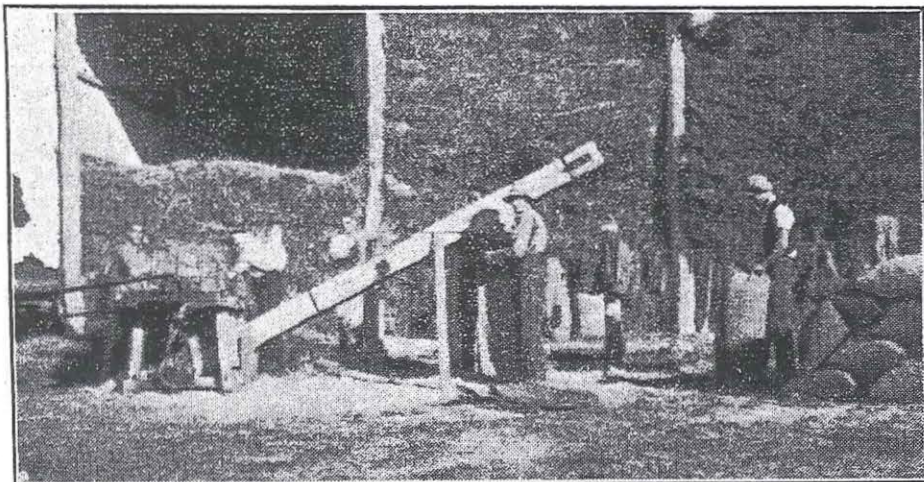
The Manager of the Home and Farm is Commandant Edward Townsend, a practical farmer, who comes of a hard-working Salvationist family in northern New

South Wales. Mrs. Townsend is always a sheet-anchor to the Commandant in the many undertakings inseparable from their task. Their son Lionel is a Corps Cadet. Ensign Arch. Burtenshaw, who, incidentally, controls after the Band, looks after the clerical side of the venture, and finds relaxation in driving the motor truck or in taking photographs such as illustrate this sketch. Mrs. Burtenshaw and their baby daughter—the pride of Mt. Barker—are very happy in their choice environment.

Sergeant Burnell is the indispensable "man on the land."

The Matron is Adjutant Pearl Kilford, who is assisted by Lieutenants Hilda Smith and Elsie Thompson. Captain Clifford Cugley renders faithful service among the boys, and Cadet-Helpers Corker and Paddick respectively render a good account in the various tasks allotted to them.

Altogether these comrades combine to conduct the affairs of the Home and Farm expeditiously and expertly, and their united influence is all in the direction of leading the boys into the knowledge of sins forgiven. That way, they feel, lies worthy citizenship, and no knowledge of trades, or capacity to render expert service in the community will be worthy of them without that experience.



CUTTING CHAFF—INTERESTING WORK WHICH TESTS THE ENDURANCE OF THE LADS AND INTRODUCES THEM TO MACHINERY.