

No longer can in words upsend  
To God, thy God of old.  
The massacres of decades gone—  
Atrocities untold—  
No earnest were for Marsovan  
Where weak, infirm and grey  
Were herded off to Zilah's tomb  
Or slaughtered by the way  
To stain the parched desert red.  
What measure is there of despair  
Of madd'ning grief and pain,  
In Christians falling by the road  
Who, dying, seek to gain  
Escape from fangs of prowling dogs  
In self-dug, self-filled graves?  
Armenia! Armenia!  
Is there a God that saves?

America! America!  
What are your Christians now?  
In feudal days from Europe's land  
Knights, plighted to their vow  
To give their lives and all their means  
For pilgrims and to drive  
The impious Turk from Palestne,  
Went forth to toll and strive  
For what was highest in their creed.  
If Christ were man today  
And spoke with you as man to man,  
How think you he would weigh  
The soul of one Armenian child  
Against the Holy Grail?  
Or, what you've done in Freedom's cause,  
If now you are to fall  
To save the maids of Marsovan  
From lives as Turkish slaves?  
America! America!  
Is yours a God that saves?

Spirit of Good Will—(Comes forward, and addresses the Armenian.)

O piteous ravished land, I bring thee comfort!  
The Spirit of Good Will am I; and in the name of  
Christ  
I speak for all America, her children and her  
youth,  
And those of riper years—for we will give thee  
aid.  
Armenia! Armenia! Ours is a God that saves.

(Spirit of Good Will and the Armenian stand  
back of receptacle prepared to receive the gifts  
that are presented.)

Spirit of Good Will—Come, little ones, come in  
the name of Christ,  
Who loved the little children.

THE RESPONSE TO THE APPEAL OF ARME-  
NIA.

Two Children (from the Beginners' class come  
with offerings):

Good Samaritans today  
Help us, Lord, to be!  
For thy birthday here we bring  
Little gifts to thee!  
Use them for thy hungry babes  
Far across the sea.

Song—Little Lord Jesus (all the Beginners).

The Armenian—Then shall the King say \* \* \*  
I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was  
thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger,  
and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I  
was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and  
ye came unto me.

(The Beginners return to their seats, or go out  
entirely.)

Two Primary Leaders (bringing offerings).

Some poor Armenian child in pain  
Lies dying in the cold and rain.  
Lord Jesus, take our gifts, and make  
Him happy for thine own dear sake.

Carol—What Child is This (the Primary Depart-  
ment).

The Armenian—Then shall the righteous answer  
him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee hun-  
gry, and fed thee? or athirst, and gave thee drink?  
And when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee  
in? or naked, and clothed thee? And when saw  
we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

(The Primary children return to their seats.)

Two Junior Leaders (bringing gifts)—We, too,  
want to be Good Samaritans today and help to  
save those boys and girls of Syria who have been  
Heroes of the Cross; because Christ was born in  
Bethlehem.

Carol, O Little Town of Bethlehem (the Junior  
Department).

The Armenian—And the King shall answer and  
say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as  
ye dd it unto one of these my brethren, even these  
least, ye did it unto me.

(The Juniors return to their seats.)

(The students of the Intermediate and Senior  
Departments approach. They may choose a young  
woman as their leader. After they have taken  
their places in front of the platform, she speaks.)

Senior Leader (bringing gifts).

"Yes—Joyous Christmas let it be,  
A day to love and give!  
Since every soul's best gift is he  
Who came that we might live."

For his sake, we bring our gifts to help the  
young women and young men of the Bible lands  
whose people have been loyal to the Christian  
faith, even unto death.

Hymn—The Son of Man Goes Forth to War (Se-  
nior and Intermediate Departments).

Spirit of Good Will (very gravely).

In memory of the Armenian martyrs:  
They loved not their life, even unto death.  
"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give  
thee the crown of life."

(The Intermediate and Senior students return  
to their seats.)

#### AN OPPORTUNITY FOR AL.

(The Leader or Minister may now appeal to the  
audience to join in the offering. He may speak  
as follows, if desired.)

Leader—Men and women, shall we not come to  
the aid of our brothers and sisters of the East  
who have lost their homes, their possessions, their  
occupations and their professions?

Fathers and mothers, shall we not come to the  
aid of those fathers and mothers who hear the  
cry of their starving children and have no bread  
to give them?

Strangers, will you not come to the aid of those  
exiles from home who today wander helpless in  
strange lands?

In these days when we celebrate the advent of  
the Babe of Bethlehem, the Boy of Nazareth, the  
Man of Galilee—whose coming has transformed  
the world—shall we not pay at least a part of  
our debt of gratitude to his kinsfolk, these Eastern  
peoples, who are in such sore need?

Let us, too, "play the Good Samaritan for God!"

Collection of offerings and pledges from the au-  
dience.

(Copies of this program, with fuller directions,  
including the songs and music, may be secured  
from the American Committee for Armenian and  
Syrian Relief, 1 Madison Avenue, New York.)

#### "SYRIA OF TODAY—MY ESCAPE."

(By a boy who has just reached America.)

I have been asked to tell you my sad story. I  
do not know English well and it is hard for me to  
express myself, but I will try my best.

I lived in Turkey with my mother and father,  
my little brother and two sisters. My father, a  
graduate of Princeton, was a college professor  
and I was preparing to go to an American Mis-  
sionary College. We had schools, churches, com-  
fortable homes and were very happy. But that  
was before 1915.

In March, 1915, suddenly our town was sur-  
rounded by soldiers and the prominent Armenian  
merchants, doctors, dentists, professors and busi-  
ness men were imprisoned and tortured. They  
did not take my father at first but later they  
took him to the prison also.

After a few months of these torturings, on  
July 3, 1915, 3,000 Armenians the most promi-  
nent men in our city, doctors, lawyers, merchants,  
professors with their wives and families, began  
to move towards the Desert. Our family was in  
the group.

After a few days we reached Malatia. This  
beautiful little city was my father's birthplace. Here  
we were suddenly surrounded by another corps of  
soldiers and the men were separated from the wom-  
en. It is hard for me to describe what a heartbreak-  
ing scene this was. Even if I tried to tell it to  
you in Armenian, I could not describe it. Hus-  
bands could not say good-bye to their wives for  
the last time; fathers were torn from the arms of

their wives and children. I could not kiss my  
sister for the last time. The 550 Armenian men  
were thrown into a great dungeon. Men in the  
Orient do not weep very much. I have seen fath-  
ers bury their daughters and they did not weep,  
but in this dungeon every Armenian man was  
weeping. I wept, too, and I went into a dark  
corner, for if my father saw me weeping it would  
make him more sad. All the men began to pray.  
They did not pray for their own lives, because it  
was better for them to die than to go out into the  
Desert and to starve, but they prayed for those  
women and children who had no one to protect  
them or help them. Finally an officer came and  
looked at me in the corner, and he said, "Wouldn't  
you like to go to the prison of the women?" I  
said, "Yes, I would." But then again I did not  
want to leave my father; but my father was wise  
and he said, "Yes, go to the prison of the women."  
And it was good for me that I did, for in a few  
hours that same night at midnight the officers and  
soldiers took these 549 Armenians out to the  
nearby mountain and they killed them all one  
by one with axes and knives. One of the soldiers  
laughed and told me that they did not use guns  
because cartridges cost four cents each.

#### A Heroine.

When I reached the prison of the women I was  
the only young man, 15 years of age, among 2,500  
women, children and girls; it was a sad sight.  
Mothers were asking me about their sons and  
about their husbands; sisters wanted to know  
about their brothers, but I could only say that  
they will see you all again though, of course not in  
this world. That same night an officer came and  
took my sister away. She was weeping, but there  
was no one to help. She wept and pleaded with  
the officer for her family and so we were allowed  
to go back to the city—my mother, my little sister  
and brother and I. But what happened to the rest  
of the 2,500 women and children and girls, I  
know you will ask. First the soldiers took their  
money, their carts, their goods and then they took  
their clothes. Our Armenian ladies could not en-  
dure more, and many threw themselves into the  
rivers. We went back to our city, but we had no  
home. The government had confiscated our  
home, our garden, our goods and all that we had.  
My little brother was not strong enough to stand  
such suffering and so he died. For months we  
lived under the protection of the American Consul  
and the American missionaries.

#### The Journey.

Of the 500 boy students in the Armenian school,  
where I studied, only five escaped, and we knew  
that we, too, would soon be found. We planned  
to escape over the mountains to the Russian  
army. One night in September, 1916, I bade good-  
bye to my mother and little sister and we began  
our journey. It is hard to make an almost hope-  
less flight over rough mountains, sometimes cov-  
ered with snow. We slept on the hard ground,  
sometimes with a rock for a pillow; many times  
we did not have bread to eat. Five times we were  
captured by soldiers and they would have taken  
our lives but we gave them money and bought our  
freedom. My kind uncle sent me money from  
America. In a few days I reached a Russian city  
where I met an American mining engineer. He  
gave me a book, David Copperfield, and was my  
friend, but I could not see him for long for that  
same night I had to travel on the Russian train  
again. I was traveling alone and it was a lone-  
some time for a poor Armenian boy, for I had  
no friends. But I learned to talk to nature. At  
noon the sun was shining and I murmured to  
the shining sun, "Give me a friend. I want a  
friend, just one. Won't you give me a friend?"  
and the sun seemed to talk to me in my own Ar-  
menian language. "Do not ask of me a friend  
for I am your friend. Was I not with you when  
the dead were nigh? Did I not warm your frozen  
bones when you crossed the high mountains? I  
am your friend, just yours." And the sun shone  
on my watery eyes. As I rode along in the Rus-  
sian car one morning the sun arose and filled the  
East with a bright red light. I saw the white  
plains of Siberia, covered with the snow with the  
silver streams running across them; I saw the  
beautiful sky and I saw the stars shining brightly  
and there was the beautiful American flag of free-  
dom. And I said, "Three cheers for the red, white  
and blue." For nature was making there on the  
Siberian plains the beautiful American flag. I  
continued my journey through Korea, China, Ja-  
pan, and landed in Seattle, Washington, U. S.  
A., April 17th.