

A Story That Must Be Told

“ARMENIANS ARE STARVING”

Does Every Member of Your School Know—



That Hundreds of Thousands in Bible Lands have Perished?

That Millions Are Now Homeless—Destitute?

That the Sunday Schools of America Must Help?

\$30,000,000 needed for the coming winter.
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SHARE is \$1,000,000.
17c. a day—\$5.00 a month—will Save a Life.
How many DAYS or MONTHS will you give?

THE NEED INCREASING

Over 2,000,000 People In Danger of Starvation

AT least 1,000,000 Armenians and Syrians have been killed, forced into Islam, have perished on the way to exile or been deported to northern Arabia. These helpless, hopeless refugees were forced out from their homes with little preparation for the journey and with no shelter from the storms or protection from the cold or heat. A man following one of these caravans for twenty-five miles reported to a United States Consul that he counted over 500 dead bodies on the road.

A crying need comes from the 400,000 orphans who have survived the deportation. Many of them are so small that they do not know how to feed themselves properly. They sleep alone in the dark, sobbing from hunger and fright and loneliness. The majority are girls and why? Because girls can endure physical suffering better than boys. But in many cases the boys gave their last crumb to the girls and starved to death themselves.

Refugees are located in broken down houses, damp sheds, stalls and stables, where sickness is unavoidable for them, where the famished family lies upon the cold, damp earth, without any heat whatever. If this condition continues, half the refugees will die. Many are dying of hunger on the highways and in the woods, where they go seeking grass and weeds, but find the ground barren, the locusts having consumed all vegetation.

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

From the Children of Armenia and Syria



I am an Armenian child.

But I do not look like this picture now. My cheeks are not round now. I am hungry all the time. I am not the only hungry child in my country. Hundreds and thousands of children in Armenia and Syria are hungry. There is no milk for us to drink, for our cows have been driven away. There is no bread. There are no eggs. Sometimes for breakfast we eat orange peel or melon peel. Then we go out into the fields and try to eat grass—but grass is not good food for children.

We are cold, too. I have only one dress and that has holes, and through the holes the winds blow. I cannot put on my coat, because I have no coat. None of us have coats. We try to run to keep warm, but it is hard to run when children are hungry. We cannot put blankets over us at night because we have no blankets. Were you ever cold?

We live in the land where Jesus used to live and where he said to children just like us, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." Mothers brought these children to Jesus. I have no mother. She died because she was hungry. I have no father. He was killed. I am very lonely. Were you ever lonely?

I have no home. My home was burned. We children without homes walk together in the fields—hunting—hunting all the time. Do you know what for? Something to eat. We do not play. We are too tired to play. When it rains we do not go into the house, for there are no houses to go to. When night comes we lie down wherever we are. Did you ever stay out doors all day and all night?

Christmas is coming. You all know that Christmas is the birthday of the Lord Jesus and that the wise men traveled far over the sands to bring Him gifts.

Somebody told us that the children of America are to have a Thank Offering Day, when they will show their thanks for all they have by giving to the children who have nothing.

Somebody told us that if we Armenian children could wait until Christmas, we should have real food then—milk and eggs and perhaps meat. So we are waiting for Christmas when the gift will come.

Somebody told us that if we could patch and mend our clothes and use them carefully, it is likely that by Christmas we should have new clothes without holes. So we are wearing these carefully until Christmas.

Somebody told us that there are mothers in the world for children whose mothers have died. So we are trying not to be lonely and are thinking of Christmas Day, hoping that as Mary the Mother cared for her Child, Jesus, mothers will find and care for us.

Here in the land of Jesus we are waiting for His birthday. Are you one of the children who are planning for our gifts?

WAYS OF HELPING WITH THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

For Sunday School Classes, Families, or Small Groups of Children

Send to the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, One Madison Avenue, New York, for a Gift Box and the Giving-Up Stamp Book.

Send in the money collected in this box by January 9th and it will reach Armenia in time for their celebration of Christmas, which in their country comes on January 19th.

The Giving-Up Stamp Book is a fascinating book of colored stamps, which are torn off and pasted on blank squares every time a penny, nickel, or dime is put in the bank. The money comes from giving up something for the Armenian Children, such as something to eat which equals one meal, something to wear, or some amusement which equals two or four meals.

To the Children of America



From the Young People of Armenia and Syria¹

"SYRIA OF LONG AGO"

Use for the basis of this story, "The Song of Our Syrian Guest" by William A. Knight. (The Pilgrim Press, Boston, 25c.)

This story should be told in a calm, thoughtful way, and the Psalm may well be repeated *very slowly*. Let the introductory words be somewhat as follows:

"I come from the far east. I am the daughter (son) of a shepherd and I want to tell you today about one day out of my father's life—for it was out of the shepherd life of my country that there came long, long ago, one of the most beautiful songs ever written. It is a story of the shepherd's constant care and watchfulness over his sheep. As we started out that morning, searching for green pastures, I thought of that song our old King David used to sing,—'The Lord is my Shepherd.'"

Continue, "He maketh me—" and tell the story of the Psalm as given, *omitting all references to other portions of the Bible and to the group around the tea-table.*

Finish with the words, "The song is hushed, and the sheep are at rest, safe in the fold of *their* shepherd." Then pause a moment and repeat slowly and forcefully the 23rd Psalm, emphasizing the words, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Also the words which have been explained, *still water, restoreth*, etc.

"SYRIA OF TODAY—MY ESCAPE"

(By a boy who has just reached America. His picture is shown above.)

My Home before 1915

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 Missionary College. We had schools, churches, comfortable homes, and were very happy. But that was before 1915.

The First Months of Torture

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

Deportation

After a few months of these torturings, on July 3, 1915, 3,000 Armenians, the most prominent 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.

Separation and

Massacre

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 women.

It is hard for me to describe what a heartbreaking scene this was. Even if I tried to tell it to you in Armenian, I could not describe it. Husbands could not say goodbye 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 fathers 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

¹ NOTE: Let one whole session (classes or departments of young people) be given, (1) to the presentation of these stories, and (2) to the making of plans as to ways by which some help may be sent to those now suffering in these lands. Both stories should be told in costume (see Sunday School Manual). The person who tells "Syria of Long Ago," should also carry a shepherd's crook. Either a boy or girl may tell this story. A boy should tell "Syria of Today." Let both story-tellers speak in the first person as if the experiences had been theirs. No notes should be used in either case.

To the Young People of America

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 2500 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 2500 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 endure 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 American 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 hopeless flight over rough mountains, sometimes covered 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 lonesome 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 Armenian 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 Russian 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 blue sky and I saw the stars shining brightly and there was the beautiful American flag of freedom. 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, Japan, and landed in Seattle, Washington, U. S. A., April 17th.

Ways in Which Help May be Given

1. *Individual or group contributions* of any sum.
2. *Regular monthly contributions* for any number of months or until cancelled by giver; desired to provide for regularly recurring daily needs.
3. *Provision for one or more orphans*—\$5.00 each, per month.
It is hoped that many classes, departments, schools, groups of friends, or families, will provide for the support of one or more orphans for as many months as possible.
4. *Armenian families supported by American families*—17c. per capita per day.
5. *Adult classes may form local co-operating committees*—see "Workers' Manual" for special suggestions on this form of co-operation.

American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief Sunday School War Council, One Madison Avenue, New York

Make Checks Payable to Cleveland H. Dodge, Treasurer, One Madison Avenue, New York.



EIGHT OF THE 400,000 ORPHANS