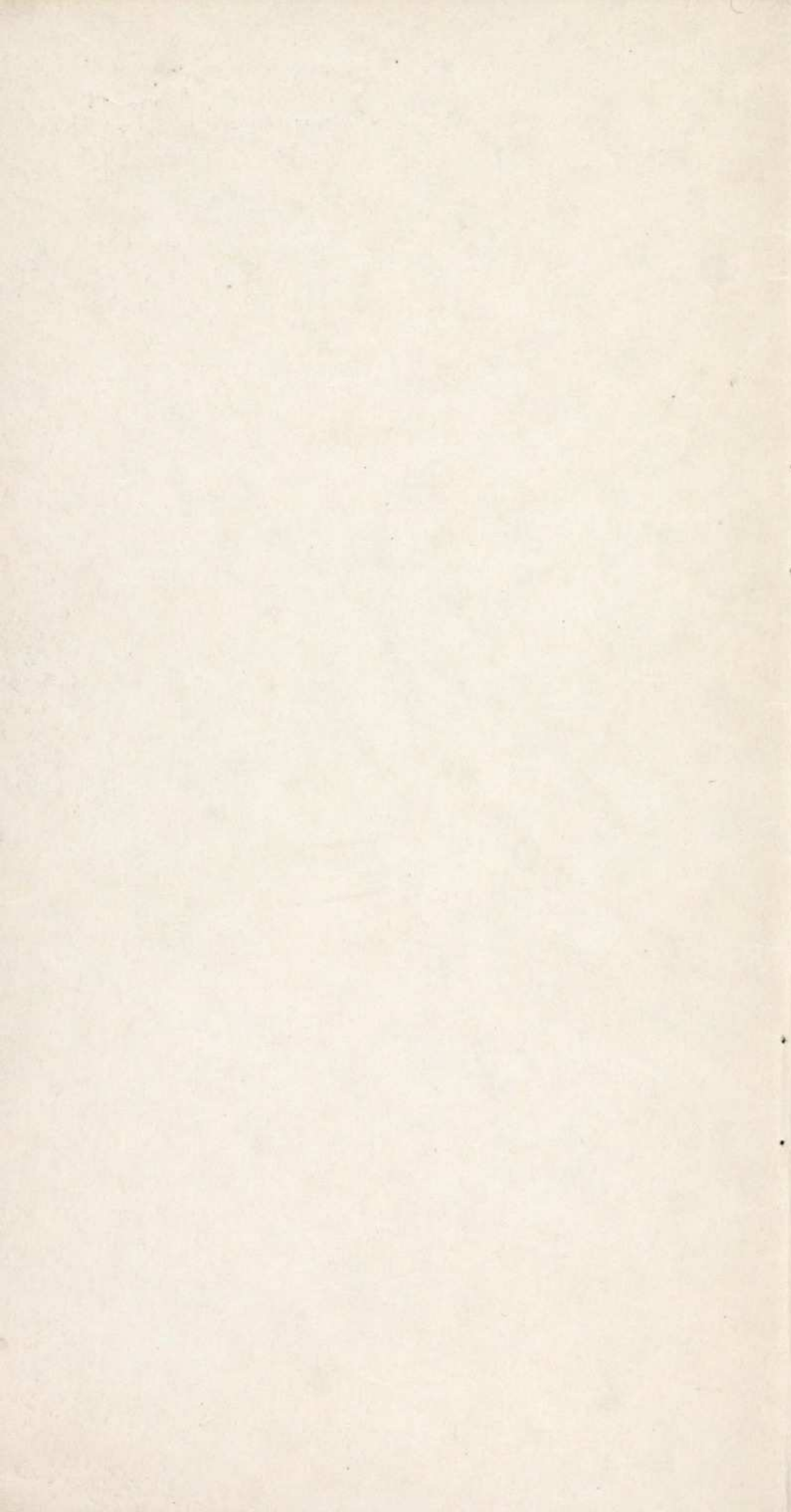


*IN MEMORIAM*

*CARMELITE BREWER CHRISTIE*







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*CARMELITE BREWER CHRISTIE*





*"Like a lit candle in a holy place  
So was the beauty of her smiling face."*



SARAH CARMELITE BREWER was born April 25th, 1852, in Lee Center, Ill., where her father, James Brewer, was pastor. On March 14th, 1872, she was married by him in the church in Lee Center to Thomas Davidson Christie. Providence had brought these two together on the eve of their graduation from college, he from Beloit and she from Rockford. Fifty-nine years later she wrote in her diary, "No one ever had a better husband or seven dearer children." Mr. Christie taught in the State University of Wisconsin one year, and in his Alma Mater, Beloit College, two years, graduated from Andover Theological Seminary and sailed in 1877, with his wife and little Anna, for Turkey under appointment of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. They landed at Alexandretta on October 23rd. Mr. Christie taught for sixteen years in the Central Turkey Theological Seminary in Marash while Mrs. Christie endeared herself to the hearts of the entire community by her devoted life.

IN 1893, Col. Elliott F. Shepard invited Dr. Christie to the presidency of St. Paul's Institute which he had established a few years previous in Tarsus. Here for twenty-seven years Mrs. Christie was really co-president



with him, and "Mother Christie" besides. During the Great War her husband was detained in America and she carried on alone. Of this period Mrs. J. E. Merrill writes: "In the spring of 1917 she learned that sixty-eight Americans were to pass through Tarsus. Never to be forgotten were her welcome and her provision for a hot bath, a mattress and clean sheets (their only bed for ten days) as well as supper, breakfast and sandwiches for the journey. As they drove away the next morning in their covered wagons, she stood and waved them a smiling good-bye, while she stayed on alone under war conditions with those who needed her. That was 'Mother Christie.' "

IN 1920 the Christies, relinquishing their charge of the College, came to Pasadena, California to live, their daughter Jean making her home with them. After months of devoted nursing the loved companion of fifty years was taken from Mrs. Christie. During the ten remaining years of her life, friends new and old, community and church interests, and enthusiasm for all good works, crowded her days. Of first importance to her was her



correspondence which circled the globe and which kept her in sympathetic touch not only with family and friends but especially with her boys. For her seventy-ninth birthday her daughter, Mrs. Mary R. Nute, arrived with Dr. Nute of Adana Hospital and their Cyril and little Mary Carmelite. Later in the summer her son, Emerson, from the State Department in Washington, and two more grandchildren, Miner Rogers and William L. Nute, Jr., joined the family reunion. Paul T. Christie, of St. George's School, Newport, R. I., was unable to be present, having gone to Europe with his family. Among the last entries made in her diary is the following: "Husband and three daughters are waiting for me in the Home above which our Lord went to prepare for all those who love Him. May I be ready when He calls me." Her call came on October 17, 1931. Her final resting place is next to that of her husband and between her daughters in the American Board section of the cemetery at Newton, Mass. There on the stone is engraved:

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

"God is our refuge and strength."



ORDER OF MEMORIAL SERVICE

for

CARMELITE B. CHRISTIE

Lake Avenue Congregational Church, Pasadena, California

October 19, 1931

ORGAN MUSIC - - - - - Miss Erma Parker  
*"Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand"*

INVOCATION - Rev. James Henry Hutchins, Pastor

VOCAL SOLO - - - - - Mr. S. S. Marsho  
(Accompanied by Mrs. Marsho)  
*"I Heard a Voice From Heaven"* (in Armenian)

SCRIPTURE READING - - - Rev. J. H. Hutchins  
*Psalms 90, 91 and 23*

ADDRESS - - - - - Dr. John C. Martin  
(Missionary of the American Board of Commissioners  
for Foreign Missions)

VOCAL DUET - - - - Miss Suzanne Gardner and  
Miss Ruth Hanson  
*"Jesus, Lover of My Soul"*

ADDRESS - - - - - Rev. Samuel Rejebian  
(Graduate of St. Paul's College, Tarsus)

ADDRESS - - - - - Rev. J. H. Hutchins

HYMN IN ARMENIAN . { Rev. Eflaton Elmajian  
Rev. Samuel Rejebian  
Dr. Bahaderian B. Haig  
Rev. Levon Tourian  
Mr. Kevork Kooshian

*"The Better Land"*

CHANTING OF LORD'S PRAYER IN ARMENIAN

- - - - - Armenian Congregation

PRAYER - - - - - Rev. M. M. Aijian

BENEDICTION - - - - - Rev. J. H. Hutchins

ORGAN POSTLUDE - - - - Miss Erma Parker  
*"Going Home"*—Dvorak

The Pall Bearers were Dr. B. B. Haig, S. S. Marsho,  
Dr. S. K. Jamentz, G. A. Gertmenian, H. I. Gardner,  
T. M. Evans



## ADDRESSES

DR. JOHN C. MARTIN

WE SEE the passing of a life that has been eminently useful—one that gave itself without stint in loving service and sacrifice. We do not think of that life as having ceased, as having been snuffed out, but rather do we believe that the life goes on—the true life, the life of the spirit, such as that of our beloved friend and sister recently taken from our midst. It was a life consecrated to Christ in God. We believe that the assurance given by the Master Himself to His first disciples when He said, "Because I live, ye shall live also," was fulfilled to her by the Master Himself. She heard the call from up higher to a larger, richer, more glorious life. We believe that somewhere in the realm of God, in the home of many mansions which He has prepared for His own, she today has her place in service, serving Him whom she loved and sought to honor throughout her life.

THERE is a hymn which expresses the victory of the Christian. It was sung at the funeral of Dr. Christie in this church, and she loved it very much. I wish to read to you the first verse of that hymn:

*"Ten thousand times ten thousand  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light.  
'Tis finished, all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin,  
Fling open wide the golden gate  
And let the victors in."*

IT is now forty years since I came to know Mrs. Christie. We were not only engaged in mission work in the same mission in Central Turkey, but our work went along very much the same lines. The Christies were our successors in Tarsus after my wife and I had been there for



a short time. When we left Tarsus we became their successors, in a sense, in the touring field. The Christies went out in 1877, and after forty-three years of service they returned to this country, in 1920, eleven years ago, and made their home here in Pasadena.

THE missionary career of Mrs. Christie was a very notable and eminently successful one, a career offering a large fruitage, a fruitage that is still going on and will continue to go on indefinitely. They were located the first sixteen years in Marash. Dr. Christie's work was religious and educational. In addition to his teaching in the Theological Seminary in Marash, he visited among the villages. Mrs. Christie very often was left alone in charge of a growing family. That was a part of her great work, to rear a Christian family in that land, to be an inspiration and an example to all around. Her efforts were not confined to this alone, because in that country, especially at that time, the status held by woman was very low indeed. Among the Moslems, woman was even held in contempt, the common term used for her being "the lacking thing." These were the conditions under which Mrs. Christie began her work. She saw that children, little babies, were not properly cared for, and because of that fact the mortality of children in Turkey was terrible. It is bad enough today, but there has been a notable change and improvement in this direction. She came in contact with the women and children of the community and labored among them. She, along with others, created a new atmosphere and raised up a new standard of life. It was slow work and very discouraging, yet she persevered, always cheerful and inspiring.

TIME does not permit me to speak of the many lines of activity in which this great faithful devoted woman gave herself to the service of others and the honor of her Lord. The people had a new vision, a new estimate of what were the real values in life, the values even in the



life of a little child. These were truths which were impressed upon them by her own life and work in the home. What a hospitable home that was, with ever an open door, where tourists as well as missionaries, and the people of the country, were welcomed with gladness. After sixteen years of this work, the Christies were called to Tarsus to take charge of the preparatory school there. This school was sponsored by Col. and Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard of New York, who gave most generously to establish the college department. It came to be known and loved throughout the country as St. Paul's College.

IN the latter part of Dr. Christie's life his health broke down and he was not able to remain in the damp climate of Tarsus during the winter. Mrs. Christie took charge of the administration of the school, in addition to the work which she had been carrying before. She had boys from various countries and various races. It was a cosmopolitan school in very truth. There were Armenians and Greeks, Arabs and Kurds, Turks, Persians and Syrians. These were all brought together as it were in one family, and the divisions, the enmity that in some cases had existed for centuries between these races, was largely broken down through the efforts of Mrs. Christie. She created among them a Christian atmosphere of peace and good will. That was indeed a very great work, a work such as political ambassadors are striving to carry on. Most of these boys were poor; many of them were orphans and had to be supported. Mrs. Christie carried on a voluminous correspondence, in order to make it possible to secure an education for them. For these boys she cared even as a mother would care for her own children. To those who were sick she gave herself in loving service, entering sympathetically into all their difficulties and seeking to solve their problems. Some of these boys are here today, some in other parts of America, in Greece, Bulgaria, France, Abyssinia, Syria and other countries. They rise up and call her blessed. Her boys will never



forget her. In their hearts there is love and gratitude for what Mrs. Christie did for them. Truly her reward must be great! If one who gives only a cup of cold water in His name has a reward, how great must be hers who did so much for those in need!

I HAVE witnessed her work with growing admiration for forty years, her devotion, her courage, her resourcefulness.

*"Oh strong soul, by what shore tarriest thou now?  
For that force, surely, has not been left vain!  
Somewhere, surely, afar,  
In the sounding labor-house vast  
Of being, is practised that strength,  
Zealous, beneficent, firm!"*

—MATTHEW ARNOLD

### REV. SAMUEL REJEBIAN

ARMENIANS have lost another true and dear friend by the death of Mrs. Christie. Her whole-hearted interest in all undertakings with which Dr. Christie was connected, was unfailing. A faithful helper, and an inspiration to all with whom she came in contact, she is held in most affectionate remembrance. When I went to St. Paul's College in Tarsus years ago, I thought I was going to an institution, but, as soon as I met Mrs. Christie, I felt I was in a home. All the boys who have been through the college feel the same way. She made us all feel at home. She was the guardian angel of St. Paul's College. When we were sick she would steal into our dormitories, day or night, to see how we felt. A beautiful mother in the home, a gentle mother to the school. She had a keen interest in the boys, and a profound sense of personal responsibility for all who were sent to her care. She was especially sympathetic with the needy boys; she gave them clothes and shoes and even spending money from her own pocket. She mourned with all the Ar-



menians generally, and with all the boys particularly. She found money for tuition and board for poor boys, and all were poor, with a few exceptions.

WHEN Armenians were threatened by the Turks she opened the college gates to the refugees. She protected them with tact and wisdom from the fury of the Turks. She fed them until the cupboard and store rooms of the school were empty. She saved the lives of thousands of people, and showed to them the spirit of Christ. I believe she will be one of those to whom the Master will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and ye gave me meat; 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; in prison, and ye came unto me."

HER life has been rich in service and in friends. She did not forget the boys after they were graduated. She followed them in her prayers; she wrote to them, she encouraged them; she loved to talk about her boys; about their success; she was proud of them. She always played the organ for the college; she loved to see the boys crowd around her and sing. She taught at school besides having many other home duties to do. The circle of her services was not confined to the college campus, she was interested in the public. Her gentle manners, her loving kindness, her cheerful sacrifice, her practical Christianity and her wise and tactful handling of things made her beloved by all. She was a woman of sterling character. The law of kindness was on her tongue. Her children will rise up and call her blessed. Her works will praise her in the gates.

WHEN I visited her the last time, I saw that same sweet smile was again shining on her face. Her talk was about "our boys." She said she was ready to go. She was not shackled to the world. She was talking like a traveler moving on, like a traveler looking toward wider



horizons and stretching toward better regions, calm and confident. She was ready to break up camp. She was prepared to go Home. Like Tennyson she seemed to say, "I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar." It was as if she were saying, "It is finished." She did what she could. As a mother she finished her task perfectly. As a missionary she finished her mission beautifully. As a Christian she finished the course gallantly, and was ready for "the crown of righteousness."

SHE did not die of something only, she lived and died for something. Many people die of something—of sickness, of old age, of an accident, die of an illness; but noble characters live and die for something. Mrs. Christie lived and died for her Master; she lived and died for Armenians, and for the education of Armenian boys. What a blessed death! "Precious in the sight of Jehovah is the death of His saints." (Ps. 116:15) "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His." (Num. 23:10.)

WE Armenians, and all the students of St. Paul's College, mourn the irreparable loss of Mother Christie, with an undying faith that she will be one of the first to welcome us to mansions above when we cross the bar. Blessed be her loving memory.

### *REV. J. H. HUTCHINS*

"AND what shall I more say? for the time will fail me if I tell of Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah; of David and Samuel and the prophets; who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, from weakness were made strong, waxed mighty in war, turned to flight armies of aliens." (Heb. 11:32-34.)

WE are gathered together this afternoon to do honor to the memory of a very remarkable woman, and with



tender hands to lay away the earthly tabernacle in which she dwelt. You have heard from Dr. Martin, representing the American Board, of her life as a missionary, and from the Rev. Mr. Rejebian of her influence in St. Paul's College. It is my privilege to suggest some of the reasons for the greatness that is revealed in these two avenues of life. I would remind you that she was a woman of remarkable faith. The passage just read could well include her name. Her faith in Christ, and the love she had for Him, reveal the motive power of her life. One great element of her character was that she loved God and communed with Him. The underlying factor of her life was this relationship of prayer. The following poem, which she always kept in her Bible, I desire to read to you because it expresses her habit of prayer:

*The camel, at the close of day,  
Kneels down upon the sandy plain  
To have his burdens lifted off,  
And rest to gain.*

*My soul, thou too should'st to thy knees,  
When daylight draweth to a close,  
And let the Master lift the load  
And grant repose.*

*Else how could'st thou tomorrow meet,  
With all tomorrow's work to do,  
If thou thy burden all the night,  
Dost carry through.*

*The camel kneels at break of day,  
To have his guide replace his load,  
Then rises up anew to take  
The desert road.*

*So thou should'st kneel at morning's dawn,  
That God may give thee daily care,  
Assured that He no load too great  
Will make thee bear.*

AND in the last call I made upon her she revealed how strong this habit had become. Though the physical being had affected the mental strength until she was



unable to converse for any length of time with concentration, it was remarkable to observe the way she was able to concentrate in prayer. Following our chat and prayer by myself, she too led in prayer, in a way which testified to the fact that it had been built into her very character and subconscious life. She had strong faith in God and communed with Him.

ANOTHER characteristic that attracted people to her was that she loved life. With a remarkable interest in others she broadcast her letters so that they circled the globe. Those who have received these missives know of the way in which she entered into the lives of those to whom she wrote. She loved folks, and gave so freely of her own strong personality that it is not strange that these floral tributes are so numerous and beautiful. It was characteristic of her, that following a service, she would frequently speak a word of encouragement, a keen comment on the message or express that which revealed a deep understanding of the purpose of the preacher, or perhaps the next day, she would send a letter, sometimes of many pages, expressing appreciation, and commenting on the truth presented.

THE way in which she invested herself in the work of Christ has been described. Attention should be called to the remarkable way in which she gave of the vigor of her nature, and the practical application of idealism, to the carrying out of the purpose presented by Colonel Shepard to Dr. Christie when he asked him to be president of St. Paul's College. She supported and cooperated with Dr. Christie in a remarkable manner, balancing his marked idealism with her decidedly practical ability. It can well be seen that the comment made by herself concerning Dr. Christie reveals traits of character which she herself possessed. She wrote in her diary not long ago: "His ideals were of the highest, and life meant to him consecration to a purpose, and one he always clung to with unabated enthusiasm."



AGAIN, she loved the Word of God, and it is not strange that when she and Dr. Christie became engaged they selected as their life verse, "All things work together for good to them that love God." And again, as they left for Turkey, it was not only with the memory of their friends, and the love which they had extended to them and the advice of the Board, that they went, but leaning upon the 46th Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, therefore will we not fear."

UNDERSTANDING this dependence of hers upon the Word of God in the carrying out of the program of Christ, we find her making it the word of her counsel and the strength of her life. When the shadows were deepening she repeated the 23rd Psalm, saying at its close, "And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever, and ever, and ever," as though in the repetition to emphasize the assurance which dwelt within her soul. She loved the Word of God. Though she loved life here and entered into a rich fellowship with friends in the flesh, she looked forward to the life to come with joy and with anticipation. There was a reality about heaven and the "Home prepared for her" where dwelt husband, sister and three daughters, Bessie, Anna, and Agnes, that caused her to say as she thought of her translation, "O it's going to be grand to see God."



## A FEW OF THE TRIBUTES FROM FRIENDS

Mrs. Christie was one of the great women of the Turkey Mission of an earlier day. I think of her with Corinna Shattuck, Mary Graffam and Emily Wheeler, women who were never balked by circumstances.

—DR. ERNEST W. RIGGS.

She does indeed enter her Heavenly Home, a ripened and ready saint. How thankful I am that I once saw her "in full action" at Tarsus, in the days when she and Dr. Christie were doing a truly remarkable piece of educational work under cruel limitations.

—DR. CORNELIUS H. PATTON.

Surely two more heroic, passionately devoted souls, never enlisted for life service in the Master's name!

—DR. CHARLES L. MORGAN.

What a noble life and what a happy life she lived—those many laborious apostolic years with Dr. Christie and these sunset years in California.

—DR. JOHN P. HALE.

Such wholehearted giving of self to others is rarely found. What precious memories we have of her friendliness and utter self-forgetfulness!

—ELLEN M. BLAKELEY.

She was the most selfless person I have ever known.

—HARRIET E. WALLIS.

The last time I saw Mrs. Christie, although she was in great pain, she forgot it all as she talked with us about the sweet memories of St. Paul's College.

—DR. B. B. HAIG.

Her life is an example of how one can totally forget self and bravely go about doing good to others.

REV. KEVORK P. DAMLAMIAN.

The memories of her life are recorded in many hearts in letters of gold.

—REV. EFLATON ELMAJIAN.

The amount of work that Mrs. Christie could turn off was always a marvel to me. She was truly an angel of mercy to those poor people in Tarsus.

—DR. VICTOR E. MARRIOTT.

Beloved, beautiful Mrs. Christie has gone to her Heavenly Home after one of the most blessed lives lived in this world.

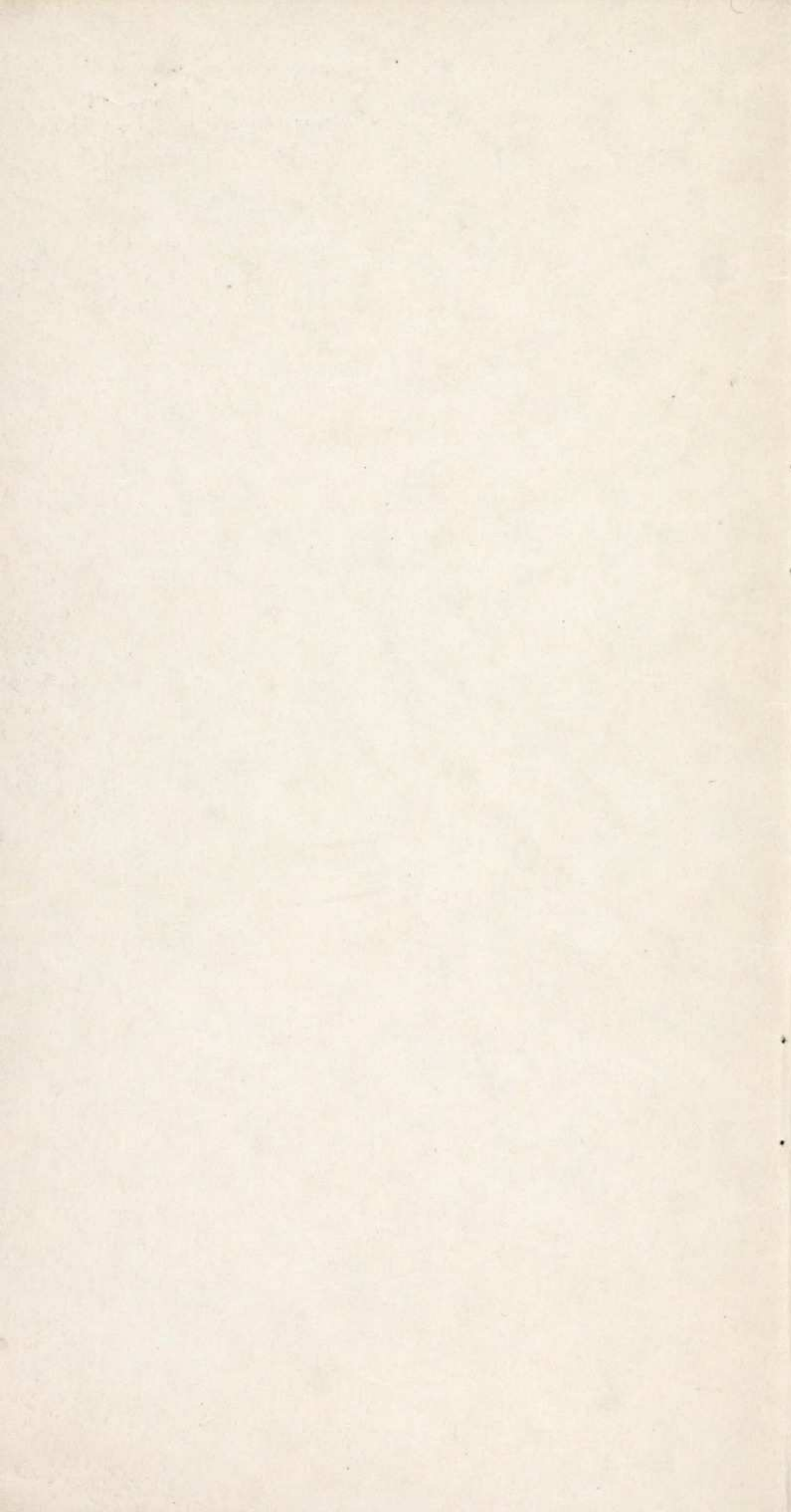
—MRS. WM. JAY SCHIEFFELIN.

A thousand times blessed be your sweet motherly memory!

—KRIKOR H. KALOUSDIAN.

*"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; their works do follow them."*







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