JENNIE CASSEDAY

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Her Intimate Life as Told by Her Sister

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The Message of the Lord's Prayer, The Story of the Making of Louisville

The Apostles' Creed, &c.

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To All Those, Women and Men,
Who Helped to Make the Life of

Jennie Casseday

Blest and a Blessing
I Dedicate this Book

Prefatory

WHEN a life has been nobly lived, has made a strong impression upon its generation and, passing away, has left to other generations a trail that may serve to blaze a way upward, it becomes a duty to make record of at least its salient features, that it may remain both as guide and inspiration. The world has been greatly enriched by the biographies of its leaders.

More than twenty-five years have passed since Jennie Casseday went from earth, and most of those who knew her and loved her and were a part of her goings and comings have followed her to another sphere. But lives like hers never die. Instead, they become a type or a torch.

So it is not primarily to magnify Jennie Casseday that this impressionist sketch of her is being made. She herself would be the first to request that the least of herself be pictured. But this touch-and-go portrait is being etched because her beautiful life was fragrant of the indwelling Christ, and we would that its sweet incense

might lead others to her conception of service in the name of Him who said "I am among you as one that serveth."

In thinking of Jennie Casseday we are reminded of a passage in the *Analects of Confucius*. One of his disciples asked him: "Master, is there one single word which may serve as a rule of practice for the whole of one's life?" Confucius replied, "Is not SHU (reciprocity, or service) such a word?"

JENNIE CASSEDAY

of LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

ATMOSPHERE.

"In the beauty of the lilies,
  Like her Lord's, her sweet life ran,
The same light within her bosom
  That He wore as Son of Man:
The same mission to the sinning
  On her tender heart was laid;
She too had the love that answered
  When griefs cried and grew afraid.

"In the beauty of the lilies,
  Walked her soul in spotless white,
Brightening up the world of shadows
  With a clear, reflected light.
Where the shadows fell to blackness,
  Where the ooze of sin and crime
Was the deepest, there her courage
  Proved her stricken life sublime."

JUNE 9, 1840, was Jennie Casseday's birthday, the day when this wee infant took on the outward form of the mystery which we call life. My thought often travels back to that birthday and to the insignificant baby whose future no one could divine. Next comes the memory of her early years, as I afterward came to know them,—happy years, so soon shadowed—and of her ever-

after shut-in life, with only pain as a constant companion. In lighter mood I recall her as the normal little girl, born of rich, cultured parents who loved to give their children every equipment for happiness. She was so round and ruddy and sturdy that her big brothers called her "Dutch". That was her family nickname until she was nearly grown, until in fact it seemed pitiless to call her by it—until we came to speak of her, gently, as "Our Little White Shadow". When she was well in her 'teens her Aunt-Mother called her "Miss Gadabout" because she so loved to make one in all the good times going. Strangely enough, in thinking of her I often recall her beautiful feet. They were exceptionally shapely, plump and white. As a young woman she was proud of her feet and loved to dress them richly. Whatever was novel in silk and leather she bought; and she was as light on her feet as a bird.

Ah, those feet! Those snowy, blue-veined feet that trod the earth so airily. Those patient, twisted feet that lay quite quiet on the bed for more than thirty years, aching with pain! Those thin, pale feet, dumbly crossed in rest! Aye, those transfigured feet, floating upward to the golden gates of the Beautiful City of God!

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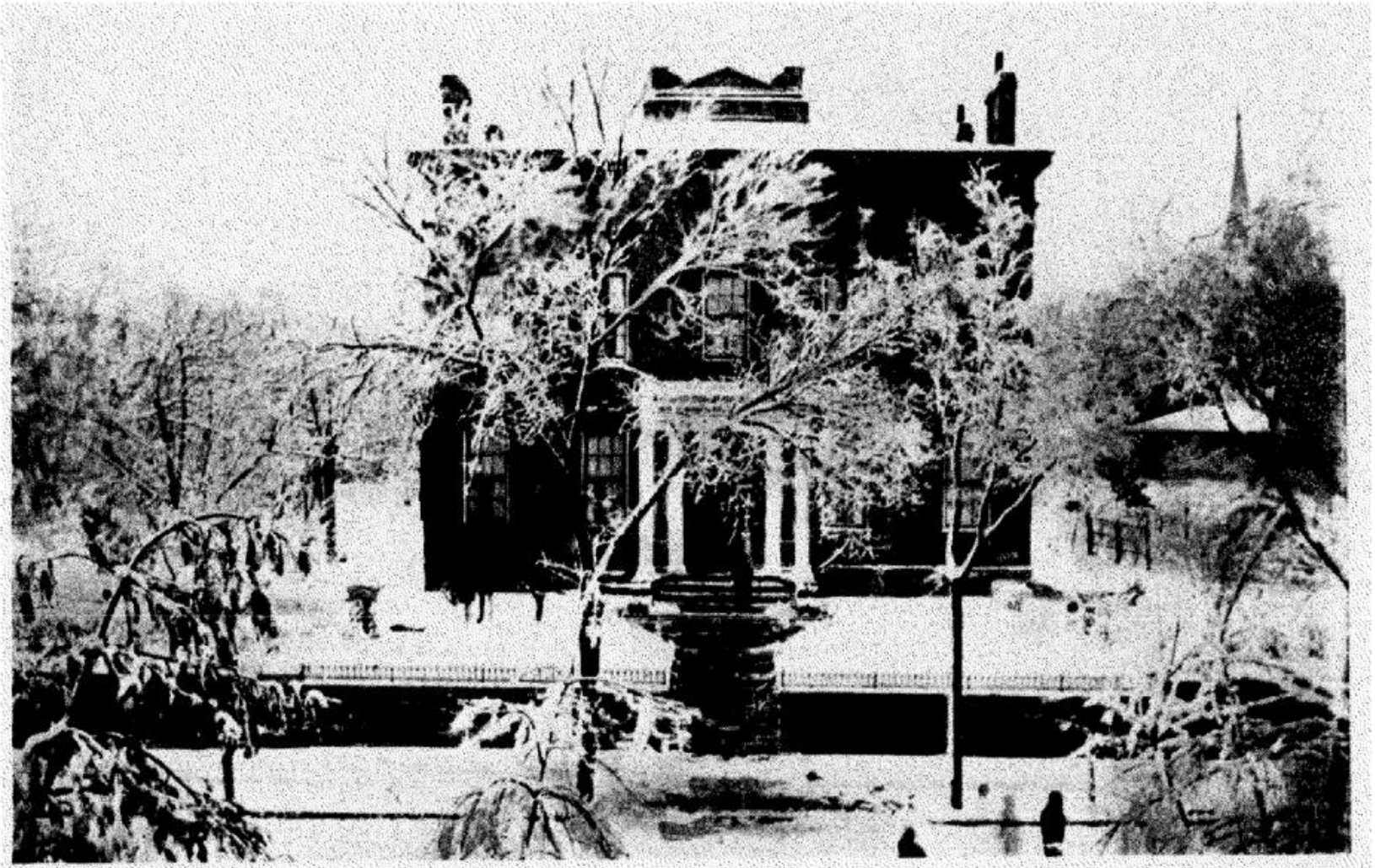
Her mother died when Jennie was only nine years old; but a maiden aunt took the place of mother and filled it so beautifully that we younger children scarcely knew we were mother-



Jennie Casseday's Residence Until the Close of the Civil War,
Built by Her Father in 1845.

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less. Our father was both mother and father to us all—yes, and teacher and preacher and chum and model. He lived to be eighty-two years young and often we thought of Browning's lines:

"Grow old along with me!
The best of life is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.
Our times are in his hand
Who saith 'a whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God, see all,
Nor be afraid.'"

The Casseday home was notable in its day. In 1844 father bought an elevated plateau right in the heart of Louisville, Kentucky. There were eight children of us and he built a big sunny house, providing winter romp-rooms for his four little girls and a completely furnished carpenter-shop for his four growing boys. This wise provision kept his girls and boys at home and also supplied companionship with the boys and girls of his friends.

Jennie Casseday's intense love for flowers, and for all nature, was an inheritance from her mother. Our spacious grounds were laid off in figures and wide serpentine walks, with rare trees and flowers. There was a high stone retaining wall with a plantation border which was filled with dear old-fashioned things, such as lilacs, peonies, altheas, weigelias, golden elder, barberry bushes and calacanthuses and moss roses. There were broad stretches of bluegrass,

ending in circles and squares and half moons of exquisite roses. It was a place to dream of and to dream in. It was father's love gift to his idolized wife. But she lived less than five years to enjoy it.

Jennie's father, Samuel Casseday, was a Virginian, a Presbyterian, and a slave owner. Her mother, Eliza McFarland, was born in Philadelphia of Ulster parents and held the British view of slavery. Her slaves almost worshipped mother and delighted to render her obedience. In this home one saw only the happiest side of slavery—provision and prevision, motherings for the sick, religious schooling, and respect from mistress to slave and slave to mistress. I wish this were the place to tell the charming story of how our slaves were freed and sent to Liberia at my father's cost almost before the world knew there was an Abraham Lincoln. I hope to incorporate it in a book I am preparing—"The Old Slave On Old Kentucky Plantations".

Perhaps this is all that Jennie Casseday's biographer needs to tell, in this short sketch, of her home life. We were a big, happy, cultured family, bookish and artistic. I think we were modest withal, for our very fortunate circumstances did not strike us as exceptional at all or a matter to be vain of, but only as a happy matter of course. Father and mother, both, early taught us the Golden Rule as a rule of life.

Fetters

"Behind the dim Unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own."

IN moments of contemplation, did you ever think how long Nature takes to round her creations to perfection?, or through what painful stages her fruits must pass before they reach maturity — storms, wind, rain, frost, the pruning shears? If such are the methods of Nature, is it any wonder that highest spiritual completions must often come through great travail of soul?

Just before Jennie graduated, her years of too-intensive study told upon her brain, and fever carried her out on its drifting tides, bewildering her for months; but after that came a period of happy young womanhood, of beaux and travel and dress and the usual whirl of social life. They seemed good to her.

But better things were in store for Jennie. They did not appear better at the time, but worse, —oh much worse. They assumed, in 1861, the disguise of a terrible accident—runaway horses, an overturned carriage, a broken body dragged along under the wheels, and hopelessly maimed forever. Then the awful shadow of a life bereft

of all the things that make womanhood dear to women—wifehood, motherhood, and

"The red, sweet wine of youth. She gave up the years to be
Of work and joy; and those who would have been her sons."

Next appeared a sculptor, with mallet and chisel, sent to hew out of this fine marble all that it possessed of the image of God, things so heroic and noble, so clear-cut and ideally beautiful that the work should stand for a model to all generations.

This sculptor's name was PAIN. Jennie told me years after that he really was an angel, though she did not then recognize him as such. Into a corner of her pretty bedroom he thrust her, darkened the windows, and the work of slow transformation began.

Now came another period in this girl's life—a period of adjusting. Such are critical periods. One never comes out of them exactly the same being. When they have passed, something has gone out of us, or something has come into us which has made us over again, has made a new US. After a time even our faces have changed: a new light has come into them, or an old light has gone out of them. Bitterness and cynicism have settled over them, or age and care have withered them; or sweetness and light have transfigured them so that they are like the faces of angels.

"The test of greatness," says one, "lies not so much after all with those who, being highly endowed, accomplish great things, as with those who retain their greatness under narrowing conditions and influences." I think Jennie Casseday, "honored, wept, sung of" on all the continents, was not greater, not so great, perhaps, as was Jennie Casseday under the anvil, shut out, shut in, in those years of pauseless torture and slow transformation.

I was with her through that long dark night of adjustment, during which no one of us could understand; and I was witness to the heroism with which she fought, for us as well as for herself, the battle with doubt and despair and black unbelief.

Many and many a time arguments failed her own soul, as well as mine, and then she would lie back exhausted with the double battle, the spiritual and physical, and say only these words: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Sometimes she would fortify us both thus: "If I knew, Fan, as well as God does, and as far, either I would be God, or he would not be God. Take my hand in yours and let us trust him wholly."

Thus the little grain of faith rooted itself firmly in the soil and prepared us both to withstand many a shock of tempests. A favorite hymn of hers in those dark days was this, written by Cowper in the twilight of his departing reason.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his wondrous will.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face"

Yet Jennie Casseday was very human. She was full of humour: she loved poetry and music and pretty gowns, and a good novel now and then, when she could spare the time to read it.

I do not believe that at any time of her life she thought of herself as "entering a career". She had no desire or intention "to arrive." She just lay quiet on her little bed, awaiting God's leadings day by day, doing what came to her to do, and suffering what she must suffer, often repeating to both herself and me these lines:

"Just as God leads me
I would go.
I do not ask to choose my way,
Content with what He doth bestow,
Assured He will not let me stray."

And these:

"Yes, leave it to Him,
The lilies all do
And they grow—
They grow in the rain,
And they grow in the dew—
Yes, they grow;
They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night,
They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light,
Still they grow.

"The grasses are clothed
And the ravens are fed
From His store;
But you, who are loved,
And guarded, and led,
How much more?
Whatever you need, if you ask it in prayer,
You can leave it with Him, for you are His care,
YOU, you know."

Daybreak

SO, trusting Jesus with all her might Jennie Casseday held on with a determination that knew no faltering, praying constantly and with every fibre of her soul for hourly guidance, until, out of her travail, came a new born being. She had been anointed through suffering and she was henceforth ready to minister.

But how could she minister? A frail little figure, pitiable in its helplessness and tied to a bed—what could she do to help in this great, busy, bustling world, that rolls like a modern Juggernaut, crushing out human lives in utter remorselessness, or in conscious lust for prey? What could she do?

I will tell you what she did do. In the first place she forgot self. She put pain and worry out of sight so that her room was a centre of brightness where one and another grew to love to come. She became an inspiration to her household. She gave to each and every one who entered her presence a ray of brightness, suiting, with fine instinct, the gift to the need—to one a smile, because smiles were fitting; to one a tear, because tears were uppermost; for one an uplift, because burdens are weighty and there are few who understand. And so, little by little, people grew to love to come to her, and to go and tell others: Andrew told Simon, and Simon, Philip;

and Philip, Nathaniel, so to speak, until the multitude thronged.

We will touch lightly upon Jennie's days of torture and nights of pauseless pain, though they continued for more than thirty years. She herself spoke of them only to her physician, to God, and to her own heart. I, living with her, knew them, of course; but she had a strong temperamental reserve which one, knowing her generous sympathies and simple manners, hardly suspected. "How did you get hurt?" "Where do you suffer?" "Have you constant pain?" were questions left deftly unanswered. Replies could help no one, she said, tended to morbid selfness, and would only waste precious time for both herself and her visitors. This psychologic reserve soon became known and thereafter her room was as free from all sorrowful things as is the nave of a cathedral. Her bedside was a shrine, not a mausoleum.

Where lay her strange power? I cannot explain it. Probably the ways of God's spirit acting on human affairs are never explicable. The more one tries to explore them the more marvelous do they appear. We come upon strange modes in the makeup of the individual who is Spirit-filled, and surprising moods in those who come under his or her influence. It does not seem to be a human problem at all, but one to be solved along mystic lines. Among the letters concerning Jennie after her death is one in the handwriting of Lady Henry Somerset, a great

friend of Miss Willard's. It is only a fragment of a letter and does not include the name of the writer in its present charred and imperfect state, but I suppose from the manner of its coming to me that Lady Henry is speaking of Jennie Casseday, so fitting is it. The letter says:

"What was it that made it possible for everyone who came into her presence to feel that they had found a friend? That their interests, their lives, their work, their advancement, their development, was the thing that was always near to her heart? I think first of all it was a profound belief in humanity. She saw the divine in humanity as I have never known it realized by any one else; and in the very darkest, dingiest human life she recognized the aureole that no one else saw. It was not that she made herself believe in people, but it was that she did believe in them. She had an intuition of their best, and although at times that intuition possibly made her exaggerate the good and minimize the ill, it never failed to call out for the time in that human soul a real desire to live up to what she believed it to be."

Jennie kept a Day-book in which she wrote each night the blessings of the day as they had been experienced by her. Its first page was headed with this quotation: "Count your blessings, one by one." Under it she had written: "I cannot. They rush upon me like waters from a gargoyle." On one page I find this poem. Some

friend found and copied it as expressive of their own attitude towards her. It bears no signature.

"I never crossed your threshold with a grief
But that I went without it; never came
Heart-hungry, but you fed me, eased the blame,
And gave the sorrow solace and relief.

"I never left you but I took away
The love that drew me to your side again
Through that wide door that never could remain
Quite closed between us for a little day."

"Man proposes: God disposes." If Jennie Casseday had no intention of creating a "career," Heaven surely appointed to her a mission—the mission being to reach as many lives as possible and make them sweeter, gladder, and more worth while. Those who came first to her bedside came for the joy of her friendship, largely women of her own well-circumstanced class; but soon she found that anywhere one may have a mission, and that fashion or wealth do not guarantee hearts at peace with themselves. Let me give an illustration: One evening a gentleman called. Something within Jennie—some magnetic, unanalysible power divinely bestowed now and then on a few elect ones—drew out confidences in the strangest way. In a short time this young man was weeping and telling her all his sorrows. He and his beautiful young wife were on the eve of a divorce. He loved her dearly but, like many another husband, he tried to form her anew, after some old-time, straight-laced pattern, left by his New England ancestors. The girl was South-

ern, high strung, an only child and spoiled to the limit, and she rebelled. The "little rift within the lute" was slowly widening to "make the music mute". As the handsome, masterful young man, his heart crazed with bewilderment and grief, sat beside Jennie's bed, she, with quick comprehension of the whole situation, told him plainly where his trouble lay.

By a strange (was it Providential?) coincidence the very next day the wife called. Her young heart was simply breaking for her lover-husband, who now, she said, only found fault with her. Not letting the wife know of the husband's visit, but holding the key to their mutual misery, Jennie was in a position to offer expert advice. Neither, so far as I know, ever knew of the visit of the other; but a happy houseful of boys and girls afterward gathered around their fireside, wholly unconscious of the averted tragedy. This was not an unusual case. People came to her as to a Father-confessor and went away shriven and with new purpose.

But there was another class over whom Jennie's heart yearned—a class whose burdens were more tangible, more oppressive, harder to deal with. These were the over-worked, over-tempted, under-fed, battle-scarred folk of her own city. Night and morning she prayed for them. At the time that was all she felt she could do, for the Civil War had come, was over, and our father was very nearly impoverished. His

interests had been in the South and the South was ruined. Merchants who owed him great sums of money were either killed or their property was eaten up, and all hope of collecting bad debts was forever gone. Soon his home was turned into apartments. Rentable houses were built right over the rose beds, and were mortgaged to pay for the building. Within a decade our father died, the big old mahoganies were, most of them, sold and Jennie and I resorted to boarding house life. Brothers and cousins lay on the "Flanders Fields" of the Southland, and we had to make ourselves content with life from this new angle. Within three years I married; we secured a lovely old English cottage; two growing nephews, whose father also slept in "Flanders Fields", came to us at the death of their beloved mother, and we all went again to the delights of housekeeping. How happy she was with a home once more, with rose beds outside her window and a backyard full of Collie pups. And soon came my fairy baby to live beside her for six short months.

"I Was Sick and Ye Visited Me"

THROUGH this straying pathway I now come to Jennie Casseday's first public-service work and its queer beginnings — the Flower Mission.

From its initial number, the *New York Observer,* the most notable religious paper of its day, had been taken in our home, my father's home. In 1869 it was full of the story of a young Boston girl, teaching in Roxbury, who, as she passed from place to place, noticed the great waste of flowers and fruits in the gardens of the rich, most notable when the owners were absent, or in summer, when the sight of any blossom or the perfume of any flower that has survived the scorching heat is so welcome to the inhabitants of a crowded city. Sometimes the teacher was given a bunch of roses and these she invariably gave away to the children of the streets, children of poverty, who ran after her, begging "One flower, Lady, please!" Later she secured baskets of flowers and small fruits and made little detours on her way to school, so as to reach even the more denied districts. It was a simple act, simply done.

This story fired the heart of Jennie Casseday, as she lay there in her little bed, shut out from the green earth and the glorious flowers, love for which was her passion and her inheritance. Day

and night she thought of the sweet young teacher of Roxbury. Her vision grew deeper and wider, and she came to realize the possibilities of such a ministry.

With Jennie Casseday to see a need was to feel a call. She did not pause to bemoan her helplessness or even to think of it. Instead she covered her face with her handkerchief (which was her way of kneeling in prayer; her only way. Whenever we found her so screened we trod lightly, for we knew the place on which we trod was holy ground) and asked for guidance in planning. Then she planned. She called to her bedside the influential women of Louisville, the specially consecrated women, and also that beautiful body of women plodders who win success through patience and service. She recognized that what she hoped to create demanded team work and delicate organization. Those whom she called came and plans were perfected at her bedside. A public meeting was arranged. Editors offered their columns gladly: reporters did their best to float her project out on the tide of popular favor, and the Courier-Journal presented the use of a large room in its building with tables ready for tying up flowers. By the time of the first going forth this room was crowded with flower missionaries and these tables burdened with heaps of flowers of every class and hue.

It did not take long for the story of the Louisville Flower Mission and its invalid designer to get abroad. Letters came to Miss Casseday from

north, south, east and west until Flower Missions were inaugurated in forty different States and countries. In the course of time there came to Jennie's door a most elaborate music box, presented by the members of Flower Missions in forty States west of the Mississippi. Our sister, Mrs. Eliza Casseday McElroy, of Richmond, Virginia, fell heir to this box and holds it as a most precious possession. This was long before the days of the Victrola.

Next came a letter from Harper Brothers, publishers, begging an article from Jennie's pen for its "Harpers Young People". I will quote from that article: She wrote:

"Thank you for your request. The mission of flowers has in it such possibilities, such deep meanings, so much cheer and brightness for the sick, the aged, the poor, the shut-ins, and for the missionaries themselves, that I find my heart bounding with gladness at the new avenue you have opened for its enlargement.

* * * * * * * *

"As you may well guess, flowers are used merely as a wedge. Their beauty, purity, and fragrance, teaching of the love of God, who made them, and of the human sympathy which brings them, opens the heart to gratitude, and prepares the way for the little text card, which they *must always* have attached to them. They can do no *real* good without this card, which must contain a message from *God's own Word.* Trust the

flowers to do the wedging; they have inherent power for *that*. The very gift of them implies a compliment which is quickly recognized, and tends to create self-respect and that *something* God-implanted in all of our hearts which responds to their silent influence. Both giver and receiver are the better for the gift. I have come to believe that it is for *this very use* flowers were made, and we have been all this time finding out God's Thoughts:

"God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree, and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

"Then wherefore, wherefore, were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night?

"To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his hope is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him."

Think of one lying shut in with pain, surrounded with the ill conditions of poverty, nothing to brighten or alleviate lonely hours, and of what it would be to have a tender-hearted woman or a bright-faced young girl come with a little knot of "something white, something bright, and something sweet" (my rule for making bouquets), and lay it on the pillow or in the hand. Imagine a hospital, with row after row of beds filled with sufferers. Fancy the Flower Mission-

aries entering the ward with baskets of heliotrope, rose-buds, sweet violets, lilies, fresh with the dew of the day. See how eagerly pale hands are outstretched to receive them, with what glad delight they clutch the beautiful blossoms and press them to their faces, as if to drink in the message they carry.

Can you not see where their ministry begins?

Now, follow the Flower Missionaries to a jail or penitentiary. Within the iron walls are degraded men and women, prisoned in the cells, forsaken, disgraced, disowned. What, think you, must it be to these poor creatures, by the outer world neglected, to have gentle Christlike women come to them to tell them Jesus loves them and longs to save them, how He sends the pure beauty of the flowers into their darkened lives. The subtle fragrance brings to them tender associations of the old home garden, of mother, and days agone, when all the world was fair to their innocence and youth. The heart, in this softened mood, is *ready to receive* these words of God, heard in better times, and they come with the ring of truth from Heaven and speak to them in tones of love. The Holy Spirit seals the impression, and eternity alone can reveal the result."

This beautiful organization was not left to the emotions. While it was essentially a merciful society, it was also a judicious one, with wise committees sent to investigate families who applied for aid, or to search for those who needed

help but had not applied for it. In fact it was the report brought in by its workers that formed the embryo which, later, developed into Miss Casseday's District Nurse Work.

It was characteristic of Jennie that nothing she touched remained long local. She entered upon each of her many benefices only after much prayer and much thinking. Also she had a strong impression, each time, that she was specially *called* to lead or organize the things in hand. Then she went to it with the ease of one so equipped and so supported. I think successes which seem phenomenal may often be thus accounted for.

"In Prison and Ye Came Unto Me"

IT was but a short step from the local Flower Mission to criminals confined in prisons. Jennie, herself confined to narrow quarters, soon began thinking of all sorts of prisoners and began planning to send the message of the flowers to States Prisons. Her board co-operated with her loyally and gladly. Her birthday, June 9th, was set apart as Flower Mission Prison Day. By this time Flower Missions had grown up in most of the States of the Union and large plans were made to visit all State and local prisons and reformatories on June 9th. The co-operation of officers of prisons was secured beforehand, the number of prisoners learned, and it was asked that prisoners be asked to assemble in their chapels at a fixed hour. It was arranged to present each prisoner with a bouquet made of "something white, something bright, something sweet." A requisite was that each bouquet *must* have a text of scripture attached to it by a fine wire. Jennie herself selected a large number of texts and had them printed. But a missionary was at liberty to choose her own texts and write them with a pen. In fact Jennie thought the latter way might seem more personal and might bring good to the selecter, as well as to the one for whom it was intended.

Enter The Women's Christian Temperance Union

IN 1889 the "Society of Christian Workers" held its annual meeting in New York and its secretary requested Miss Casseday to send to it information regarding her Flower Mission work. She responded by sending a letter, which was read from the platform. There was at once a large demand for copies of this and it was soon put in booklet form for the convenience of all who wanted to know about this public service. I quote a bit from the booklet:

"It was four years after the Louisville Flower Mission was organized that Miss Frances E. Willard was in Louisville, the guest of my sister, Mrs. John Duncan. On the very last morning of her stay she came to my room and asked me to tell her all about my Mission work. I told it as simply and fully as I could and she listened intently. When I had finished, Miss Willard, with that quick perception and ready insight for which she is so remarkable, saw how Flower Missions might be grafted on to temperance work and bring forth rich harvests of good to both. She rose to her feet exclaiming, 'I have an inspiration; it is to establish a Flower Mission department of the Women's Christian Temperance

Union, and put you at its head as National Superintendent.'

"The very idea appalled me, and I felt it was impossible for me either to take on more work or to think of undertaking, from my little corner, a National Flower Mission. But it was another unfolding of God's thoughts and in a few months He opened my eyes to His will for me,—and now this department has grown to large proportions,—as does all work that has God's call behind it."

Frances Willard was ever a dreamer. A favorite motto with her when organizing a cause was, "Enter every open door." At the next meeting of the National W. C. T. U.— 1881 — Miss Willard told the sweet tale of Jennie Casseday and the Flower Missions. Then she proposed Jennie Casseday as "first Superintendent of a new department of the W. C. T. U.—the Flower Mission Department." Her election went off with a sweep and ever after she was tenderly beloved in that body of women. In a short while she was elected to be Superintendent of the World's W. C. T. U. Flower Mission, which she held until her death.

I find in Jennie's Treasure-Box letters of congratulation from all States and several foreign countries. One is from Pundita Ramabai, who visited Jennie in our home and later sent her from India an autographed copy of her book, "The High Cast India Woman". Many letters

passed between the two. I have also from this Box a letter from Hannah Whitehall Smith, author of "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life", the letter introducing Baroness Wrede who was about to introduce Flower Mission methods into prisons in Finland. Another outgo from Jennie's little white bed was a "Jennie Casseday Flower Mission" in Pretoria, South Africa. Still another was organized in Rio de Janerio, Brazil.

From a yellow, old English magazine, The Woman's Herald, I clip the following, written by Lady Henry Somerset, under date March, 1893, I take this:

"Miss Jennie Casseday, who died at Louisville, Kentucky, on February 8, was a remarkable illustration of the power of spirit over matter and of thought over things. For thirty years she had lain on her little white bed, drawn up before the front windows of the old home, in a beautiful street of the beautiful southern city where she was born. Her sufferings were great, and weeks at a time continuous; but the worn face had a smile quite beatific; the little, thin hand had clasped the hands of scores of America's greatest and best.

"Letters came to Miss Casseday from every nook and corner of the world where White Ribbon misssionaries had gone, and to all of them she returned personal answers. She was so much beloved in her own city that constant tokens of goodwill came to her room. The telephone com-

pany placed at her service one of their best instruments; this company put her in communication with everything that was of interest in the great gatherings of the people; so perfect was the instrument that, listening to her favorite preacher and the beautiful music on Sunday morning, she did not lose a word or tone, and could even hear the footsteps of the officers as they passed the communion bread and wine. White Ribboners from all parts of the United States were wont to call on her in passing through the city. On one of her recent birthdays White Ribboners from 40 States presented her with the best music box that could be had, and this she declared was one of the greatest brighteners her life had known. Remenyi, the violinist, played in her room, and other famous instrumental and vocal musicians laid their beautiful gifts at her feet. Such a life as hers, which might have been spent in repining and obscurity, became through the out-blossoming of the Spirit of God one of the most radiant and perfect flowers of womanly character that America has produced in this century."

Frances Willard once publicly declared the W. C. T. U. Flower Mission department to be "the most lovely line of Christian endeavor among all the forty-six of our branchings out." Of Jennie Casseday herself, Miss Willard wrote to a leading paper, in 1893—the year of Jennie's death:

"I never think except with pure delight of that great life, so gently lived, that strong and saintly soul who found so heavenly sweet the uses of adversity. To her all life was to be lived out, in whatsoever world, with fervent faith, with restful reverence and loyal love toward man and God. She preached sermons more eloquent, from that little white bed, than bishops do in great cathedrals. The days drive on; the battle of life deepens; we have our work to do; but shadows as they lengthen point toward the growing brightness of the skies. It will not be long till we shall see how, 'fair against the sunset, stands the figure with its beckoning hands' of our beloved and sacred Queen of Human Flowers."

In an old magazine I find this statement from Miss Esther Pugh: "Who but Frances Willard could have brought Jennie Casseday, the sainted founder of the Flower Mission, within touch, from her couch of suffering, of all the gaols and penitentiaries of the land?"

A "Willing Worker" who was proposing to organize a Flower Mission in a Western City, wrote Jennie to ask if she thought her work among prisoners was worth while; if she actually knew of any real good, *permanent* good, that came from it. Here in part is Jennie's reply:

"I was lying here the Saturday before Christmas, arranging those little last things planned for the day's pleasure, when my attention was called to two young men coming up the front

walk to our door. My nurse admitted them, and as they walked to my bedside, I extended my hand and gave them welcome. They seemed somewhat embarrassed, and one of them said: "Miss Casseday, we are two ex-convicts, just from the penitentiary at Frankfort. We have worked out our sentence, and *could not* pass pass through Louisville without coming to thank you for what you have done for the prisoners, and to tell you how much good your work is doing." You can appreciate my feelings and the readiness with which I recognized my opportunity. I urged them to be seated, and with all the tenderness of a heart touched with gratitude to God, I plead with them to come to Christ, to begin over and and by the grace of God to make *true men* of themselves. I wish I was able to give you all our conversation, but whilst it was a new experience to *me,* it was just such a talk as you have often had with such poor fellows.

"One of them began to tell me his crime, or why he was sentenced, but I answered promptly, "You do not have to tell *me* your crime, my friend; not that I am not interested in you. I am. But all that is past. The past belongs to God, and my work cannot help that, but you must take it to Him. My work is for the present and future; and it is *to-day* I want you to begin a new life." When they rose to go, as I again took their hands in parting, one of them said to me, "Miss C., do not ever give up your work. It is *the day* in the whole year, and I wish you went at

Thanksgiving, too." You may be sure I answered him with a full heart, that I *will never give up* my work. If ever before I could have done so this visit has sanctified it to me; and as long as I have a tongue to speak, and a hand to write, I will consecrate it to God's service for these poor unfortunates.

"As if this was not enough, that glorious Father of ours, whose gifts are so far beyond our asking or thinking, added yet more to my good time, and on Christmas Day, amongst the great number of gifts, were a few letters which I laid aside until a more convenient season for reading. After the hubbub had somewhat quieted down, and the children were all gone, I opened my letters and found one from a prisoner in Thomaston, Maine, who said he 'had been considered the worst and most desperate convict in the Maine penitentiary'; and then giving me a little account of his life, which was touching in the extreme, he told me that he is in for life; he has been there for fifteen years and is now thirty-two years old. And he closed by saying, "You see I have been learning the lessons necessary to my spiritual welfare at a hard school, and I was an uncommonly dull scholar; but my teacher knew what I needed, and I recognize and accept His guiding hand."

"The following year, on New Year Day, 1889, came a letter from a Chicago prisoner, from which I cull the following:

'The past three June 9th's found me among the unfortunate men who through sin have fallen, and through the decree of the law are separated from society and placed under restraint, and as time rolled on and the day came when I was to regain my liberty, and again take my place in life, assuming its manifold duties, I feel as if I ought to let you know how much comfort the little bouquet of flowers and that kind message from Him who careth for sinners brought. I was *free;* never did I know before what that word meant. 'If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' But thank God 'old things have passed away; behold all things have become new.' Last June 9th, returning from my day's duties, I found the flowers and message; my heart was filled with thanksgiving and praise. For it is of much comfort to find that we are remembered; and the cheers that went up from my many fellow-unfortunates will never be forgotten, and the thoughts of it will ever stimulate me to a better and more devoted following of Christ. I desire to share in His great battle, and my life is consecrated to His service."

Later in the same year came a letter to Jennie from a prisoner in a western penitentiary, evidently a man of culture, perhaps a forger, who said he had been "converted" by the story of Jennie's life, by her letters to the prisoners, and by God's curious ways of dealing with children

of the Covenant, of whom he was one. He closed his letter with the following poem:

Mine may not be the shining of the sun,
  Lighting the pathway of great worlds afar;
No more the moon's full light, when day is done,
Nor yet the golden twinkling of a star;
But if a glowworm's soft and steady light
  Be only mine to give in sweet content—
A tiny glowworm's shining in the night—
  To break the gloom for some poor pilgrim sent,
Perchance in ways Time's saintly feet have trod,
I still may light some soul to Heaven and God.

I am what God has made me, and I know
  I have a place and time, a work and way;
So with a happy heart I would bestow
  My humbler meed of blessing while I may,
Content each golden day to find my place,
  Do well my work, and mark my way with love,
To be what God would have me, by His grace,
  Serenely shining to the hills above.
And there, as His great blessing, I shall see
Crowned ones, won to their crowning by my plea!

It is to Jennie's credit that never, not even to me, did she divulge the name of any one of her Prisoner-Friends. One man known to me only by his number, wrote to her constantly after he had worked his time out in a western Federal prison and had become reinstated in society. Often he sent her goodly checks for some one of her causes. He must have kept in touch with her life, for after her death no word ever came from him.

Jennie had been buried 27 years, when, in Portland, Maine, in 1920, Mr. Samuel D. Haynes, con-

nected with a large automobile company at Detroit, addressed an audience of 4,000 people, fellow citizens of Mr. Haynes. He told that he had served for thirty-four years in prison for murder in the first degree. Part of his address referred to Miss Casseday and was copied into the Louisville Courier-Journal of July 2, 1920. I copy from that article:

"One friend that I had I shall never forget," he said. "That was Miss Jennie Casseday, of Louisville, Ky., who, I might say, was kinder and more generous to me than any other person in this world. After being additionally punished by five, and later fifteen, months of solitary confinement for my attempts to escape from the Maine State Prison, I had a long fight with myself as to whether I would submit to this punishment or be killed in another attempt.

"During this year I did a lot of thinking and when released from 'solitary,' I wrote to Miss Casseday of my desire to do something toward a different life, with different ideas. The advice I received from her, from Father Phelan, and from others was indeed beautiful."

Haynes quoted excerpts from letters written to him by Miss Casseday. "Miss Casseday first thought I was a Christian and when I wrote her that I was not at this time she replied in this manner, 'Never mind what you are; try to be just what I think you are.'"

A Shanty Boat Mission

A MOST interesting development of Flower Mission work was one that grew up along the shore of the Ohio river at Cincinnati. At one time there was quite a fleet of old abandoned boats under the bridge and along the waters between Kentucky and Cincinnati. These boats were soon commandeered by the poorer class of people who live by their wits, fishing, catching floating logs and drifts, drinking, moving along as best they could. They turned the old hulks into houseboats and lived in them, having a very social time and forming a colony unto themselves. A devout lady, a member of the Flower Mission of Cincinnati, Mrs. Ida Isgrigg, saw the advantages of such a colony for mission purposes and she began her work through the ministry of flowers. The colony had a name of its own—"Shanty Boats." I now quote from a letter written by Mrs. Isgrigg to Miss Casseday, dated January 29, 1891:

"On Flower Mission Day, while giving our flowers to the prisoners in the jail, we met with a woman from Shanty Boats who invited us to come to her boat and hold meetings, and from this we have worked up a Sunday-school and a good mission among the boats. There are a number of them. We now want to give it a name,

and ask that we may use your name, and call it the Jennie Casseday Mission."

"In a letter just received, our superintendent there says: "I will tell you what we have been doing this week. On last Sunday night we had a glorious meeting. Sixty-five persons were right around us, and twenty-five on the railroad bank; fifteen stood up for prayer; the school had twenty-five scholars. From an ironing-board we have seats made under the trees by one of the men who lives in a boat. On Wednesday afternoons a dear woman, Miss Dicky, gathers the children and teaches them songs and their lessons for the following Sunday. She is the daughter of a Presbyterian minister; she has been a missionary to China and has just come from Salt Lake City, where she has been engaged in the work. While the children were singing on Wednesday, a wreck of a man, a tramp, came up and stood by a tree and listened, and was deeply touched. When they were through, he came up to Miss Dicky and gave her a dime, saying, 'I love to hear them sing. I have a praying mother, and if she knew of her boy, how sad it would make her; but she is in heaven. I am alone. Take the dime and do what you please with it.' Miss Dicky had him repeat two verses, 'The blood of Jesus Christ,' and 'God so loved the world.' After he said the verses, he said, 'Here is fifty cents; give me forty cents back and you may have another ten cents. I like this.' Miss Dicky said 'Thank you, this one will do for this time.'

"He was only a tramp, but he had been some praying mother's boy, and in all his wickedness the old love for the good was still in his heart. So from the tramp's dime a fund was started toward buying a tent. We needed to have our own place—our services were held under umbrellas. An old fisherman tried to get a tent, but did not succeed. Mr. I. suggested a quarter-master's tent; then the next thing, how could we get it? Inspiration from the tramp's dime gave us a start. Miss R. and I started, and in an hour, perhaps less, we collected $12.60, almost half enough.

"It does seem that the dear Lord is just leading us on. Some would say to me, 'Were you not afraid of your lives?' There is One who is able to take care of His children. I wish Christians could see the warm welcome we get when we go among these people. One man has not been drunk for two weeks, another for a week. With God helping them I hope they will never touch liquor again. So the blessed work goes on. We only scatter the seed, and the Savior will reap the harvest."

"The windows of heaven are open toward our Casseday Mission, on the bank of the beautiful Ohio, and showers of blessing have been poured out upon the people. Hundreds flock to this place of worship, and many have been wondrously saved. Christmas day meant to them a Redeemer. Mrs. Isgrigg was with them, looking after their physical and spiritual welfare, and praising "God from whom all blessings flow" on

a *new organ.* About two years ago the first little Sunday-school class was formed around an ironing board. What has God wrought! Congregations have now outgrown even the "tent" which we once thought capacious—but as a dear sister says, so we believe, "God is going to give us a new, commodious place," and we are now looking forward to the laying of its "corner-stone." Nearly two hundred gospel services have been held during the year at the Casseday Mission, Twin Mission, on Sixth street, House of Detention, and other places. No more devoted workers are found than Mrs. Mygot, who has fought the battle of prison work for sixteen years; Mrs. Skinner, our evangelistic gleaner of souls, and Mother Lawrence, whom we all revere and love. One new boat has been consecrated to the Lord."

This Shanty-Boat Mission grew and advanced marvelously and produced Christian men and women many of whom for years kept in loving touch with Mr. and Mrs. Isgrigg after they had reached larger lives and pretty homes.

I have given much space to Jennie Casseday's Flower Mission work partly because it was her first public benefaction and largely because she foresaw its possibilities as a world-wide and perennial opportunity for personal Christian contact with every class and condition of society. Flowers carry their own appeal, and a flower mission may be grafted on any kind of philanthropic or utilitarian organization, to its everlasting good.

The World's Flower Missions go on under the splendid organization of the World's W. C. T. U., as well as in local organizations not so connected, and, while the Louisville Flower Mission has perhaps not maintained Miss Casseday's highest ideal for it in all particulars, her ideal has been reached and held aloft all over the world.

Just fifteen years after Miss Casseday had become President of the National Flower Mission, her Department reported to the National Convention of the W. C. T. U. that the Flower Mission Department had distributed more than 1,555,466 bouquets, 34,972 growing plants, 403,-691 text cards, 1,398,122 pages of Flower Mission literature, 38,350 tumblers and jars of jelly and preserves, 15,788 bushels of fruit and vegetables and 134,211 articles of clothing; 317,735 visits have been made to the poor and sick, besides 14,262 to public institutions, while 19,505 drives and outings have been given poor children, invalids and other worthy ones.

It is with deep regret that I eliminate the names and tale of the many beautiful spirits who by their serviceable co-operation helped Jennie to make her various benefices a success. She would not like it that I leave these out, but many motives urge me to refrain from mentioning them. One personality winds in and out, like a weaver's shuttle, through almost all of Jennie's good works, helping them, blessing them, and still carrying on some of them in an enlarged way—Miss Jennie C. Benedict, Louisville.

I will close my story of the Flower Mission with a quotation from that wonderful man, Jacob Riis. It is a part of his report to a public service committee in New York City. He said:

"I have seen an armful of daisies keep the peace of a block better than a policeman with his club. Whenever a garden is put in a tenement block it does the duty of a dozen police clubs. In proportion as it spreads, the neighborhood takes on a more orderly character. As the green dies out of the landscape, the police find more to do. The change of Tompkins Square from a sand lot into a beautiful park put an end for good and all to the 'bread-or-blood' riots of which it used to be the scene."

The Order of King's Daughters

JENNIE CASSEDAY'S second large welfare work was to establish from her bedside an Order of King's Daughters in Louisville. It was a new conception of service at that time—new even in New York where it originated, and wholly unknown in Kentucky or the South. Jennie was at this time carrying loads of care which might easily have broken down strong men; but her rare gift of developing whatever she touched soon made for the Order, in Kentucky and the South, wonderful growth. In fact there was within the Order itself a germ so God-implanted that it could not help growing. Its beginnings were on this wise:

In New York in 1886 the Spirit of God moved upon the hearts of ten women living in the highest circle of social and religious life, and they formed a habit of meeting weekly for a season of prayer. One January day, at the home of Mrs. Margaret Bottome, a wonderful thing happened. It was much like the Day of Pentecost, for as the women knelt in prayer each one felt the living, guiding, abiding presence of the Holy Ghost. On rising from their knees with streaming eyes, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson said: "What do we here, idle? Our Lord's New Commandment has two branches—love and service.

Our swelling hearts and streaming eyes attest our love. Now shall we not band together for service also?" Then and there these ten newly baptized women reconsecrated themselves to God and humanity. At first they took the simple name—Christian Sisterhood of Service, but at a later meeting Mrs. Seth Low suggested the name "Order of King's Daughters" taking the idea from Psalm 45, verses 13 and 9. The slogan adopted was "In His Name", and the watchword was

Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
And lend a hand.

I think there was never another organization so simple, so sincere, so unostentatious, and so spiritually conceived. The original TEN did not like to have it spoken of as an organization, or a society, or as anything but a silent personal branch of Christian service, planning for reality in religion and for a faith made vital through daily life and service. They banded because only thus could they secure team work in service, or arrange that women engaged in no Christian work should be able to find some line where their abilities could meet an existing need. The "Ten" had then no thought of a world wide organization, but only that each ten forming should become the centre of a great spiritual life and the nucleus of some other little group, in ever widening circles. No form of creed was re-

quired, no supervision as to choice of labor, no scrutiny into theological views. It was to be an Order Christlike in its simplicity and universality. It summoned women who desired to enter its ministry to greater and sweeter service in and beyond their own churches.

But the founders of the Order could not count upon so spontaneous and almost universal a response as that which met their call to a higher type of Christian living. Notwithstanding every effort to keep out of the public press, to avoid public meetings, to maintain a Sisterhood of silent service, the Order rapidly outgrew all expectations, for the hearts of hundreds of women sprang toward it.

It was a bonfire lighted among prepared kindlings. It almost got beyond the loving pace of its founders. At its third annual convention the jeweler who made the silver crosses, which had become the badge of the Order, reported that he had delivered to various circles of King's Daughters 97,256 crosses, which meant that 97,256 women were wearing the name of Jesus Christ every day, all day, everywhere.

It was purposely a loosely organized body, the King's Daughter being responsible only to the King for her chosen work and service. Often have I seen girls, tempted to untruth or temper, or slack in best things, loosen their crosses and almost in tears put them away until a better spirit should come upon them. The very elasticity of the organization was in its favor for women

from fifteen to fifty flocked to its standards in cities and townships to be classified, set at work, inspired, made centres of righteousness. Hence we have such pregnant titles as these: Light Bearers; Send Me Circle; Whatsoever Circle; Inasmuch Circle; Prayer Circle (for busy girls who have no time for active work), etc., etc. Panoplied with such names and aims King's Daughters go to and fro in the earth, blessing and being blessed.

I think if the newly-born Order had been compelled at once to take a national name it would have called itself The Right Hand Circle—"Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth"—so desirous was it to move silently and steadily upon human hearts, with no herald and no plaudits.

At first the small groups of self-consecrated women called their organizations "TENS"; but quickly it outgrew the fitness of such a name and grouped itself into the larger form of "CIRCLES". Soon the bodies became too large for even that terminology and the name BRANCHES came into local existence—branches of a great and flourishing tree, grown from a tiny mustard seed, as previsioned by our Lord. I have the statistics for a year, when one single Branch (4,451 members) spent $30,000 in good works for the King's causes.

Of course a more composite form of organization became necessary for the great national movement, if it could hope to keep in touch with

its widely scattered membership, to know them and be able to communicate with them. Its correspondence had become something unbelievable. So, in 1886, the Order was incorporated, having headquarters in New York and issuing a monthly magazine—The Silver Cross.

Now for the tale of how this quiet, leavening Order got into the South from its Northern birthplace: Late in 1886 I was spending a week-end in Camden, New Jersey, with Mrs. E. V. Garrison. My co-guest was Miss Jennie Cattell, superintendent of the Margaret Louisa home, New York. She had been in honored and tender touch with the new organization and came to us with its chrism on her forehead. She had organized a *Ten* in her home city, Philadelphia, and she asked me to be a member of it. I gladly accepted this honor. When I returned home, wearing my purple ribbon (I think the silver crosses had not yet been made) I told Jennie Casseday all the wonderful story of how the Order began, and how its basic motive was TO BE rather than TO DO, the Doing to spring spontaneously out of the Being. Jennie's spirit at once sprang to the front with desire to help this noble movement. She ran over in her mind the personalities of those whom she always depended upon for co-operation in her schemes; and the personality of Jennie Benedict appealed to her as the one best fitted and equipped for so delicate a task. Miss Benedict came at her call and they conferred long and skillfully over *Ways*.

They were never women to worry over *Means*. They would examine the value of a proposed Christian work, weigh it, plan it out, and then simply expect the Means would arrive—in God's good time. At Jennie Casseday's bedside we three laid the foundations, deep and wide, for the great work of the King's Daughters in Louisville—a work which soon ran like lighted bonfires, all over Kentucky, then all over the Southland.

King's Daughters outran Flower Missions, sometimes were caught up with them and mosaiced with them into a beautiful design. Oftenest, however, the King's work took leadership and wove into its own fabric divers beautiful colors and patterns.

No one can estimate the good accomplished by the Order of King's Daughters in its unheralded, individualistic ways. It is now a strong and heroic part of God's far-flung battle line. Louisville has to-day some forty circles, and it is abreast of other cities in both membership and activities.

From its organization in Louisville to the day of Jennie Casseday's death, and from the day of Jennie Casseday's death to the present moment, the King's Daughters of Louisville and Kentucky were and are foremost in helping on all sorts of good works, both those which are well known and those which lie just at the threshold and are helped and encouraged silently.

Every June 9th there go some groups of King's Daughters out to beautiful Cave Hill Cemetery, carrying flowers to her who has been dead for twenty-eight years. How far that little candle threw its beams! Standing about the little green hillock these women and men reconsecrate themselves "In His Name" to God and Humanity.

Summer Homes for Business Women

WE now come to a bestowal of Jennie Casseday's which was probably the nearest her heart of all those she created or set on foot. At all events she gave her life for it, as the conclusion of her story will prove.

It grieves me to omit the names of the splendid army of men and women who were her helpers, co-operators, advisers, and financial backers in this as in other causes. I wish I could print in letters of gold a list of all those who greatly served to make her various works possible. She called these people her heart and brains, her hands and feet; and such they were. Two names stand out in bas-relief in the erection of the beautiful charity now to be told of—A. G. Munn and John Bacon. Hand in hand the three walked until God called first Jennie and then Mr. Munn to a well-earned reward, Mr. Munn leaving his mantle on Mr. Bacon, who still lives, still blesses, still carries on, in his silent and reserved way, the summer home for busy women which he and Mr. Munn and Jennie Casseday fashioned so long ago. I often fancy that the other two, disembodied now, watch with loving interest Mr. Bacon's thoughtful providings for their common chosen task.

The story of "Rest Cottage" is like this: One day, when Jennie was just grown and had all the world before her, she had some dresses being made for a watering-place summering, and she went to a dressmaking establishment where they made dresses like dreams. By some mistake she was taken to the work room, on the top floor, instead of to the daintily furnished fitting rooms of Madame's apartments. The work room was a hot, square room, right under a tin roof, with blindless windows all a-row to the midday sun. Here human toilers sat and span to make "creations" for rich young women. That was long before the days of women clerks, office girls, women in business. Flushed, tired, faces looked up at Jennie as she was unfortunately ushered into their midst. In two corners were coal stoves, which heated the irons and the June atmosphere with equal indifference. The irons made beautiful the garments but made painful the breathing of the seamstresses. The whole scene was a revelation to Jennie Casseday. At the time, she was not aware that it had made a lasting impression upon her, but in fact she never forgot it. Many years after, when a poor consumptive sewing woman who had been a guest at Jennie's summer home for working women and who had died in harness, left Jennie in her will as a souvenir of her gratitude, a silver spoon which she had had made especially for the purpose out of her worn-out silver thimbles, Jennie recalled to me, with eyes full of hot tears, that stifling room under the tin roof, filled with girls

whose feet scarcely left the treadle all day long. Jennie knew weariness herself. He was a daily companion of hers; and by this time she had come also to know the pinch of need: so the thought nearest her heart was a thought of rest.

Not rest for herself. She knew that seemed not to be God's will for her, the reason for which must be left to the "Thou shalt know hereafter". But might she not compass rest for others, for sewing women, and for people when work shut down and the August heat made of the little homes real furnaces?

And so she called up her "Hands and Feet, Bodies and Brains." Together we planned "REST COTTAGE"—a summer home for working girls. She named it "Rest Cottage" after Frances Willard's home at Evanston. She had always thought it a most enticing name. It was not a cottage then, but a Castle-in-the-Air: it is not a cottage now. It seems a palace to many who go to it. It was paid for by hundreds of small coins, rattling fast into the slots after Mr. Munn and John Bacon had put up the first thousands that inspired hope and insured stability. But Jennie had been dead four years before the Cottage owned a foot of soil. It is her Memorial and her Monument, the shrine of many hearts.

I will quote Jennie's own account of the origin of this home of the heart. It is a part of a report she intended for the directors of the Y. W. C. A. to whose care she wished then to confide its management. I cannot remember how the

Y. W. let it slip out of their hands; but they did, and it has long been an independent, incorporated, organization, beautifully cared for by its Directors and their helpers, with Mrs. E. W. Dolfinger now as its very capable President. I have long thought it was Providential that the Y. W. C. A. did not undertake it and that Jennie had absolute control of it so long as she lived; and I am certain that to-day it could not be more ably conducted than it is.

One of Jennie's favorite thoughts was this:

"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do or any kindness I can show to any human being let me do it now. Let me not defer it, nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

She once wrote me, when I was away from home, in reply to a letter regarding some of her good works:

"We never reach the full joy of living until we learn the sweets of self-giving for Christ's sake; until we realize the privilege of making others happy, and are ready, no matter what the cost or the sacrifice, to serve wherever we find opportunity. Therefore, because we hope our Heavenly Father may bless its recital, and some souls may be able to profit by the 'applied Christianity' of Rest Cottage, I have consented to tell of it."

I feel greatly inclined, when I write of Jennie Casseday's Rest Cottage, to put over the page as a heading—

Jennie Casseday, The Democrat,

as I felt inclined to put over the early part of her story the heading—

Jennie Casseday, Aristocrat.

What wonders doth God work through the mystery and ministry of suffering.

Here follows part of Miss Casseday's story of the beginning of Rest Cottage to the Board of Directors:

"In the summer of 1882, my sister, Mrs. John Duncan, went with one of the managers of the Philadelphia Women's Christian Association to visit Sea Rest—the holiday home of the Philadelphia Association. The beautiful account she brought of this home, and of the good it was accomplishing, not only to the upbuilding of the physical health of those who sought its hospitalities, but also to the strengthening of their spiritual selves, enthused me, and it has been my dear wish ever since that Louisville should have a country home, where our tired girls and women, who support themselves by their own brave efforts, could get reasonable board and a sweet, restful week during the heated term. From time to time, I tried to interest one and another, who had money and strength, to consider the need for such a summer home, but without success.

"Many of the great things of earth have been the result of *seeming* accident, and our Rest Cottage is no exception to the rule. One day in

April a young friend of mine, an engineer on the L. & N. Railroad, dug up a little bit of the woods his train passed through in the mountains of Kentucky. It was beautiful 'flowering' moss and fern, with pretty vines all tangled over and through them, full of freshness and life. I had this bit of woodland planted in an old-fashioned soup-plate and placed on a bracket that was attached to the foot of my bed, where it grew and 'bloomed' and talked to me of its homes and haunts in the outdoor world, where mosses and lichens, ferns and wild flowers, lavish their sweetness on the air. Each day, as it smiled up into my face, I longed, with a great longing, to go see where it grew, to wander through the woods in search of

"'The flower stars that shine amid the grass;
White stars, and pink, and blue,
And yellow-flower stars, too,
On every pass.'

"How true it is that

"'They who can wander at will
Where the works of the Lord are revealed,
Little guess what joy can be found
From a cowslip out of a field;
Flowers to spirits imprisoned
Are all they can know of the spring;
They brighten and sweeten the thought
Like the waft of an angel's wing.'"

"'Where the word of the King is, there is power.' Equipped with this thought I went to work. Right here let me say that the Rest Cot-

tage plans would never have materialized, except for the one hundred and ten friends who cheerfully gave of their money, time, influence and other gifts. Its real success, as a holiday home, is due to the faithful band of workers whose labors were unremitting and whose counsel and co-operation were upholding when there was little to stimulate hope.

"There were so many signal answers to prayer in this wonderful faith-work that it is difficult to choose which to relate to you; but if you will bear with me, I should like to tell of how we needed a cow, and after praying that our Father would incline some one's heart to heed the call, a little notice was put in an evening paper; and of how, within two days, this letter came from a perfect stranger: 'Seeing that your very worthy enterprise is in need of the use of a cow, I have one that I will be very happy to let you have. She gives about three gallons of milk a day, and will give more when turned on green pasture.'

"There were only two absolute rules for the government of the household. First, that we should have every day, without fail, morning and evening prayer. Second, that no gentlemen should be allowed. Whilst no one was compelled to come to prayers, it was our hope that all would do so. We believed that music would add to the enjoyment of the services, and so asked God for an organ. In a few days word came that an organ would be shipped to Rest Cottage as a loan

for the summer. And so, on and on, God led us, supplying every want as it arose.

"The questions have often been asked, 'Did you keep your house full of guests?' 'How did you get hold of them?' 'Did they pay you board, and how much?' As the same will come up in your work next summer I will answer here. We called on different circles of 'King's Daughters,' and on other societies of young folks in the churches, to make this their care, explaining to them that their only duties would be to see that the Cottage was kept full of guests; to require one dollar a week from all who were able to pay it; to make as many good times and put as many persons in them as could be crowded into the limit of two weeks. I would like to tell how these 'circles' noted and furnished from their own exchequer needed supplies and toothsome delicacies; how one circle of 'King's Daughters' gave a pound party in order to fill our larder, and another made picnics to the Cottage to see the 'other girls'; of how nearly eighty guests were rested and recreated; of how my own little five dollars, which was my only nest egg, multiplied more than one hundred times.

"After four harassing failures we found an old farm house at Camden, nineteen miles out on the L. & N. Then arose new obstacles—cheap fare for flat purses, and freight charges. A letter to Col. Atmore, general passenger agent of the L. & N., explaining my work and asking co-operation, brought this immediate reply: "I

hasten to answer your note that there be no delay in perfecting your plans. Our present fare is $1.14. I name you a minimum rate of one cent a mile, or nineteen cents to Camden. Free freight was equally wonderfully bestowed on us. Mr. Culp allowed us to transport, free of all cost, everything we needed the whole summer through, and then in the fall he sent a special car to be sidetracked and packed for our home coming. This packing up was a necessary burden, since we were only summer renters.

"'He answered all our prayers abundantly,
And crowned the work that to His feet we brought,
With blessings more than we had asked or thought.
We stood amazed and whispered, Can it be thus?
How wonderful that He hath answered us!
Oh, faithless heart, wherefore didst thou fear?
Why marvel that thy Lord hath kept His word?
More wonderful if He should fail to bless
Expectant faith and prayer with good success.'"

Here Miss Casseday's report closes for 1890. She had made the feast for others, but she could not partake of it. In 1891 a new location, larger and better, was rented, and Jennie Casseday said to her sister that she felt impelled to be carried out to it; that if she was to win the girls for Christ, she must go among them, and take their hands, and kiss them, and learn their sorrows and help them. But how could she go? To touch her couch sent thrills of pain through her body.

She was beloved almost to being worshiped in her native city; and the people of Louisville, of every rank, were deeply moved by what was thus

contemplated; and so there was much thought looking to the devising of plans for the easy making of the, to her, hazardous trip. At last a band of young mechanics planned a way. They would carry her, on her cot, the whole distance with lock-step. What were twenty miles to loving hearts! The railway offered an open car, the street railway a platform car, the Avery Plough Company made a cot with long handles, trained nurses asked permission to go as escort, and tearful eyes looked from windows as the white form passed. Supported by the arms of the men, stepping four by four, she went, held up in the freight car all the way, that the jostle of the car might not injure her. Thus she went, and thus she came, for two summers, whiter, thinner, more a spirit each trip; but doing a grand work among working women in the quiet time of their busy lives.

Then, the next summer, these went, with white flowers and wet eyes, and renewed their consecration vows beside the little hillock where rested one of the bravest human souls that ever died for others.

But Rest Cottage goes on—now named The Jennie Casseday Rest.

From a letter written the summer before she died, to our sister, Mrs. Eliza Casseday McElroy, and while she was at the Rest for the last time, I quote the following:

"Since the middle of June we had from twenty to fifty guests all the time. These young work-

ers came to us from the telephone and telegraph offices, from stenographer's desk and storehouses and school-room; and many had been toiling beyond their strength and were weary and exhausted.

"We had so many ways of making beautiful all the days, that it is difficult to know where to begin, and which to choose for our story, but we believe that we can claim that there was no summer resort in the land where the guests had more enjoyable entertainment, nor where the good times were more full of unselfish and courteous consideration for each other's interests.

"Financially we have had the loveliest cooperation. Our Board sent out circulars last spring, and the response was quick and inspiring, and lifted us above the weary anxiety of the two past seasons.

"Offtimes some girl's board was met out of the pleasure purse, or some, whose circumstances were very needy, were helped to food or other necessaries for their own homes. These pitiful tales were never told whiningly, but were brought out by heart to heart talk when an over-anxious countenance made an opening wedge for a touch of close, warm, sisterly sympathy, which drew forth full confidence. These trials, if they could be told, would fill your heart and would overflow your eyes with hot tears. I wish I could disclose them to you, but they must not be written, lest the ones who gave them to me would feel their recital a breach of trust.

"And it is here the spiritual side of this work comes in so forcibly. Jesus, himself, dwelt in the midst, and the influence of His presence was constantly encircling us, forming and transforming lives. One of the young teachers said, when she went to leave, she felt as if she had been passing through a revival season. Another expressed herself as "always longing to hear the little silver bell ring for prayers," while still others found an uplifting of heart and soul which showed itself in reaching up and out after a nobler, true womanhood.

I think I must tell right here a story that is so illustrative of Jennie Casseday's faith and humanness as to bring a smile whenever I tell it. She went to Rest Cottage a week or so in advance of the opening of that summer Home so as to get rested before the girls came out. Her nurse and I went with her. One day her nurse asked to spend the night in town and Jennie gladly accorded the privilege. When bedtime came we were surprised to find that the woman who had been employed as housekeeper had given the cook permission to spend the night out, and had herself left the home without leave. That year the Rest was located not far from a lunatic asylum and sometimes there were escapes from it and wanderers through the neighborhood. Also the house was on the line of a railroad and tramps were not infrequent. I was consternated —worse than that, frightened. I went to my frail little sister and said in despair: "What shall we do? You and I are all alone in this house for

the whole night. There is no house very near, and if there were I could not leave you to go for assistance. What *can* we do?"

Jennie gave me one of her gentle smiles and answered, "We can trust God. That's not so bad a thing to do, is it?" "Yes," I said, "but the lunatics, and the tramps, and the possibility of your sudden illness?"

"Do you think they are not also in God's hands?"

So we went to bed and Jennie went to sleep almost at once. But I was very wakeful until past midnight. In the morning the colored man, who came early to do the milking, had a horrid report. He told that at 4 in the morning a lunatic got loose and came to Rest Cottage and danced right under Jennie's window in a wild sort of dance. He had on nothing but cotton underdrawers and he had a new big tin wash-pan over his head and a long iron flesh-fork in his hands. Searchers came and got him at daylight and took him back to the asylum. I was rather elated at this news and carried it at once to my sister's bedside. "Aha, Miss Trustful," I said, "let me tell you what happened last night, and maybe you will not be so trustful again." And I told it all, adding such gruesome reflections as came to me.

"Were you frightened?" she asked.

"Frightened? No, I did not know he was there or I would have been, sure."

"Did the man hurt you or me?" she countered.

I had nothing more to say and Jennie closed the incident by quoting: "Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain."

Jennie's School for Training Nurses

"God did anoint her with his odorous oil
To wrestle, not to reign."

"And I know that when God gives to us
The clearest sight,
He does not touch our eyes with love,
But sorrow."

JENNIE CASSEDAY died early in 1893. Late in 1887 she told me that a great work for humanity waited to be done and that probably her own long and weary training in the school of suffering was token of her call to the service. She thought it quite improbable that it would occur to persons in fine health to found an order of trained and skillful nurses, but maybe she had been given the idea because to her had been assigned the burden. Then she unfolded a plan which she had wrought out in the silent night watches, when sleep was forbidden her. It was a plan to inaugurate a regular school for training picked women to be skillful nurses. The pupil nurse should be a woman of high moral character; she should be physically fit; she should have at least a high school education, since to have reached such measure of school training presumed a certain perseverance, good intelligence, years of discipline, and at least fair powers

of observation. She hoped no woman would enter this form of ministry without a thought of its meaning and a consecration to its purposes.

With wonderful clearness Jennie sketched for me her vision of what such a profession should be, and what results must necessarily flow from it—help for the patient in times of weakness, assistance for surgeon or physician, work for numberless women in the closing years of the XIX century, when doors were opening somewhat slowly for women, and Satan was finding much "mischief still for idle hands to do." Jennie had always rather dreaded public life for young women—office life, factory life, clerkships in stores and other openings, new and filled with temptations. Jennie foresaw the inevitable. One decision of her planning seemed a bit queer until its value was evidenced by practice. It was this: she emphasized the fact that trained nursing must be lifted far above the servant class. Even in the nurse's own dormitory the pupil nurse, and also the trained nurse, must be called by the respectful title "Miss" or "Mrs."—not "Jinny" or "Sally" or such name. A nurse's uniform, she demanded, should be like the gown of the surgeon, or of the minister, for self-respect or the respect of others. In the home or the hospital, Jennie stressed the demand that the household should treat the trained nurse as an equal, not as a nursemaid.

I must reluctantly confess that I failed Jennie in her plannings for this outgo of hers. I urged

her not to undertake it: I rather "crowed over" the many obstacles and hindrances that came in her way and would have hopelessly discouraged most other women. At first nearly all the Louisville physicians and surgeons either opposed it or poohpoohed it: the authorities at the City Hospital openly antagonized it and those men and women—untrained and unskilled—who were doing such nursing as they could, wherever they could pick it up, were loud in their wailings over the prospect of losing their jobs. For the first time in her life Jennie knew what it was to have enemies among "the people". This hurt her heart, but she gritted her teeth and bravely followed her vision, sure of the good that would come. Nowadays it seems incredible that any one should have scorned such a noble conception for humaneness. To Mayor Booker Reed, to Jennie Benedict, and to the King's Daughters must be given praise for their steadfast faith in Jennie Casseday's vision, for their intelligent active co-operation in setting the School for Training Nurses on foot and, since Miss Casseday's death, for its maintenance and great enlargement. Miss Benedict and Mrs. W. L. Lyons among others went a-begging for money for the venture, and they put the cause so eloquently and convincingly that in a single day these two had collected $1,400 for the school. It was opened for service in 1889-90. When the new organization entered the old City Hospital, the conditions there were found to be almost unspeakable, and though the new school was allowed only five

nurses and three wards it was not long before new sanitation and better methods got control for good. By the time Miss Casseday, who was made president of the school, sent out its second annual report, the school had 16 pupil nurses and 7 who had completed the course.

The District Nurse.

I have said before that it was never very far from Jennie Casseday's head to her heart nor from her heart to her hands. One year before her death she sent the following appeal to the Louisville world through the daily newspapers—always her strong allies:

"For several years I have seen that a great need of our city is for a district nurse for our sick poor. Those of us who lie on beds of down and enjoy the luxury of dainty linen ought to remember that pain hurts and fever burns as fiercely in a hut as in a palace, and, indeed, more so, as there they must lie on beds of straw or on piles of rags, with nothing soothing or cleanly about them, and with anxious care for the future, which retards their recovery. Ever since the first inception in my mind of the Training School for Nurses it has been a dear purpose to have one of our graduates take up this department of nursing, and I have now secured the very one I wanted—one who has had this work in her heart ever since she began her training at our Louisville school. She has just returned from New York City, where she took a three weeks'

course of training with the district nurses there, so as to familiarize herself with practical methods.

"She started on her rounds on New Year's Day, and is to have her list of patients and to go from house to house as a physician does, and she is to carry with her freshly-laundered sheets, towels, pillow-slips, night dresses, and, where needed, baby clothes. The plan is to secure a membership fee of twelve dollars from each of the various churches, and a promise from the societies of young girls, and from others in the congregations, to keep clothing and bed-linen in stock for us. The nurse is to be responsible for all these supplies, keeping accurate accounts of where, when, and how many are loaned. Of course a trained nurse understands the need of disinfecting, as well as laundering, all clothing, and this is also to be under her supervision.

"I see clearly the many difficulties to be surmounted, the many obstacles to be overcome, but I am persuaded the time is now here to inaugurate in Louisville this system of district instructive nursing which is working out such uplifting results in New York City, Chicago and other places.

"As yet I have written to but twelve of our churches, eleven of which have responded promptly. It seems a large field for one nurse, but I see with my "inside eyes" that we will, in six months or a year, find it as easy to support two as it is now to employ one. It will take at least $600 to carry out these plans for six months.

I have a fund raised now of $350. Our nurse's salary is to be $50 per month. The graduate nurses of the training school average $50 a month, and surely the young woman who gives herself to a life of such real hardship ought to be as well paid.

"In addition to this, there must be car fare and an 'Emergency Fund,' since she must keep her 'nurse's bag' well stocked with such articles as will be needed for obstetrical, surgical or medical cases, and she will have to be provided with money in her purse for car fare, etc. The nurse does not take contagious cases, as this would necessitate the neglect of all other calls.

"I am sure of the success of the work for three months, as I have nearly enough in hand to carry out all the plans for that length of time; but I am anxious to secure enough in bank for at least six months. My ulterior aim is to have each religious denomination employ a missionary trained nurse to call on the sick in its own churches; and I find this suggestion meets with much favor in every church."

This District Nurse Work still flourishes and blesses, with Miss Benedict at its head.

The Jennie Casseday Infirmary

MONUMENTS are usually erected to those who are dead. Even then it seems tardy justice, for such people have almost invariably builded their own monument long before their human life took wing.

In the case of Jennie Casseday both these events happened, for all unwittingly she builded her own monument, and while she yet lived the King's Daughters prepared a monument for her. However willingly and fully her Circles, the Flower Mission, the churches and those people who always gave gladly to any cause of hers helped, it soon became evident that the sick poor of Louisville needed even more. The city hospital was small and always overfull. Then it took in all sorts of sick folk except those with contagious fevers. Very often a brave working woman fell down in the struggle with the wolf; very often employed women had sick mothers whom stern necessity compelled them to leave all day in straitened homes, unattended. It was such as these that appealed to leaders in the nurse work and set them a-thinking. Miss Jennie Benedict was the first to voice the need and suggest to her "Communicating Circle" that the King's Daughters build a free infirmary for women and name it after Jennie Casseday.

March 17, 1891, the initial steps for this were taken and in January, 1892, the first payment was made on a desirable piece of property for that purpose. Nine hundred dollars came from Daughters outside the city who had learned of the project. From far away Africa, from Greece, Mexico, Canada, and from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific money came in, to honor Jennie Casseday and to further so noble an undertaking. The hospital, fully equipped, was dedicated just thirteen months after the Infirmary was suggested, and just ten months before the death of the one whose name it carried.

Some Minor Chords

IN the short intervals between Jennie's plannings for large things for humanity—between her periods of incessant dull pain and its occasional sharp paroxysms—she found time for many small activities. At one time, before my marriage, we lived in a large boarding house whose Christian owner rented the top story to young men whose purses were usually very flat. They were small clerks, errand boys, jobless youths who were real Micawbers, always hoping for "something to turn up", but who were themselves usually turned-down. To the boarding house also came many bill collectors in the hopeless task of collecting bad debts.

From her window Jennie often saw these down-and-outers. Sometimes they had their shabby jackets buttoned closely over obviously unshirted bosoms. Sometimes a celluloid collar, held in place by a soiled necktie, towered bravely above a rim of skin that had failed to make connection with the frayed coat collar. Mostly their conditions gave them that hang-dog look of failure which bodes ill success for the business of collecting bad debts from unwilling debtors. These people got on Jennie's heart and she wondered how she could help them, even a little bit—help them, and hundreds like them.

I wonder if she would like me to tell how she planned to meet this tragedy of helplessness and poverty? It was not a wise thing that she planned, but it showed Jennie Casseday's big, tender heart. As usual, she found helpers enough and money, and she opened a "Mending Bureau" for such persons as had garments needing stitches but had not skill or time to put the stitches in. In those days rooms were plentiful and cheap, and sewing women who were glad to get work by the week were easily reached. So a room was rented, and the Bureau was publicly announced. The daily papers, in their usual helpful and sympathetic way, made touching "stories" of the cause and its originator, and the work commenced.

Then appeared a new side of tragedy. The socks brought to be mended, the under and outer garments brought to be patched or darned; the shirts brought to be re-banded; were a sight to behold and bore an odor to be avoided. The amount charged for work would not have kept an alley-cat in mice. But help came in an unexpected way. The whole city sympathized with the needy poor and soon mysterious bundles of clean, partly worn clothes began to come in and were sold over the sewing machines for less than the mending would cost. So the Bureau was a help after all. Its mundane life was short, but its psychologic life reached far and long. On the day of Jennie's funeral the number of frayed jackets and coarse blanket shawls that elbowed

diamonds and furs down the church aisles was a revelation to all who saw it.

The Shut-Ins.

Early in 1887 Jennie heard of a new society, formed entirely of invalids, of which she at once felt herself to be a part. It originated in the mind of a very deaf lady who had membership in a Unitarian church near Cincinnati. Her deafness shut her out from most forms of co-operation with her fellow men, and so she conceived a plan to brighten lives of others also shut in to solitude—to bad days and good days, and days compounded of both bad and good. She began by arranging for personal letters to be sent from one invalid to another, each writer to select, from a list, her own correspondent. She named it "The Post Office Mission", but her pastor called it a "Friendship-sowing Mission". When it grew to great proportions, it somehow got its name changed to Shut-in Society, with a little Society paper, The Open Window, which introduced people to one another and became a medium of much sunshine to shut-ins of all classes and conditions. Many in the various groups got through it inspiration to be hopeful against the stealthily advancing foe, strong to suffer, strong to repress complaint, acquiescent in the will of God, and thoughtful for others. Jennie wrote much for this paper and many, many letters to helpless and burdened ones. Also she got from it friendships that

lasted all her life and then came down to bless and beautify mine.

The Shut-in Society still carries on its mission of mercy. It is highly organized, having committees doing all sorts of helpful things for its invalid members. One activity is a central exchange where Shut-ins may send such things as they themselves make and have them sold. Some paint Christmas and Easter cards; some tat; some do wood carving; some embroider beautiful things. Any member anywhere who has no contagious disease may submit work to the Exchange. We note in the October Open Window, in the report of the Wheel-Chair Committee, that four wheel chairs, one pair of crutches and a bedside table have been "released" and are ready for loaning again. The society is doing a silent but wonderful work.

Jennie lived before the birth of the Victrola or I do not know what would have happened. I will let my readers think it out. Instead of telling the story myself, I will copy an article published in the organ of the W. C. T. U., *The Union Signal,* in 1890. The story really should not come into a chapter entitled Minor Chords, for it is the record of a very major chord. I give the article in full.

[June 9, 1890, was Miss Jennie Casseday's fiftieth birthday. To commemorate that event, as well as to show their appreciation of the wonderful "Ministry of Flowers," which this beloved invalid has introduced to the world, the National W. C. T. U. and a few per-

sonal friends presented to Miss Casseday a handsome music-box. From the following, an extract from a private letter to Miss Willard, written by the dear invalid's sister, will be gathered the appreciation of the recipient, who seems too full of joy to answer for herself.—Ed.]

My Dear Miss Willard:—I think Jennie, in her own room, is struggling with her emotions in a vain endeavor to express something of the surprise, gratification, delight, gratitude, and other lame English appellatives, which mastered her completely, when the big express box was finally opened, and the handsome music box was brought to view. It has been the dream of her shut-in years to own such an instrument, and my husband and I were hoping to secure such for her in the not distant future. The cyclone toppled over our prospects and now this, the offering of many hearts, the fruitage of much tenderness and love, is a thousand times better to her, means more, gives more, binds closer. If the sweet women who thought of and planned this token could have seen her receive it, they would need no words. They, too, would have shed tears over this little, brave, limited, shut-in soul, craving music, craving nature, liberty-loving, and in harmony with all things harmonious and beautiful, yet shut up to one narrow corner, tied to six feet of one room, and withal cheerful, sunny, self-abnegating, giving of such as she has with both hands. Fancy this harmonious, poetic, loving soul having brought to her the gathered love of dozens of other souls! It was like a caged woodland bird, with all the songs of the wild woods

trembling in its throat unspoken and unknown, to whom come the songsters of the wilderness, blithesome and cumberless, and pour out the wealth of their freedom and their sympathy.

The music of the instrument is as sweet as music can be, but its notes falter and fail before the larger music that is behind it. Jennie says that with a heart and brain fuller than ever before in her life, she is absolutely *dumb*. So if *I* tell you how grateful we all are, you will understand. May the good Lord reward you W. C. T. U. women a thousand fold for all the shine and uplift you bring into other hearts!

FANNY C. DUNCAN.

[As this letter was being put into type the mail brought the following one from Miss Casseday herself, and we cannot debar our readers from the pleasure of reading it.—ED.]

SICK BED, July 26.

MY DEAR "WHITE-RIBBON SISTERS":—I have just found out *"the how"* of my magnificent music box. I do not know yet who are the *donors*, but I have by searching found that Mrs. J. T. Foote planned the surprise, and asked our "Peerless Queen," Frances E. Willard, to start the ball to rolling, and that Miss Willard communicated with every state president, and that they responded. I suspect our "Esther," too, had a share in that part. But how it was possible for so many to know the secret and I not get the faintest whisper, is a mystery to me. I have

been longing to tell you some of my grateful, loving appreciation of your magnificent gift, but neither tongue nor pen can find adequate expression of what it means to me.

It was the Thursday after my birthday, and every hour of the whole week love and beauty and gladness had been pouring into my cup of happiness until it was filled to flowing o'er; the mid-day mail brought me quite a budget of letters, and as I looked over them before opening I recognized Miss Pugh's handwriting and laid it aside saying to myself, "Oh, that's good! they have sent me birthday greetings from Headquarters; I will read it after the business letters." It is well I did, for I was quite unfit for work for the rest of that day. Miss Willard's letter fell first from the envelope, and as I read I became more and more mystified. What could she mean? A music box? and for me? "Your white-ribbon sisters from many points of compass," she said, "have thus conveyed their loving thoughts of you, beloved little sister," and, "it has been thought fitting to send this music box as a birthday souvenir."

I attempted to read it all aloud to my nurse who was the only one in the house at that time. I began very bravely but broke down in the first sentence, and cried like my heart would break. Again when my sister came home, and the box had come, and the music started, I lost all control and acted the baby. My tears lie very deep, and so seldom come to the surface that I was

really quite exhausted by night, and could not bear the excess of pleasure the sweet strains gave me, and had to have them shut away from me until the next day. Will you laugh at me when I tell you that I had my nurse "set it a going" at five o'clock the next morning? For several years I have longed for a music box, and all this spring I think "my mouth must have been a-makin' up for it," as I have had an increasing desire for one.

I only wish each and every one of you could come and sit down by my bedside and listen to its exquisite music. It would rest you as it does me, and I think you could hear the wonderful notes that it sings to me of more than *earthly* sweetness, tuned as it is by love to heavenly music. I was lying here in the moonlight the other night, listening to the "Wedding March," and as I listened I thought it would soothe me to hear that if I was dying. To each and all who have had a share in making this new source of happiness in an already happy life I want to send my most loving and grateful thanks. I wish I knew how to express what I feel; but I believe I need not wait for that now, but *one day,* when I have exchanged it for a harp you will find some notes ring out clearer and more praiseful because of your beautiful gift, and the tender thought that lies behind its sending.

In bonds that endear and endure, I am yours lovingly and gratefully,

JENNIE CASSEDAY.

The next number of the *Union Signal,* the September number, carried the story of the music box a step further, telling how even it can be made of use in God's kingdom when it becomes a part of the possessions of a consecrated invalid. This article is entitled The Ministry of Music and is in the form of a letter written by Miss Jennie to her White Ribbon sisters who sent the box. It is dated September 8, 1890. I will extract from it:

"One day last week I was lying here busily engaged in a letter which was writing itself to a friend in deep sorrow, when my attention was attracted to a young girl coming up to the door. She was carrying a heavily-framed, cheap print, and was canvassing for it. I felt reluctant to be "called aside" just then to see her, but in an instant reflected that she must be very tired. She must need the rest of a little "sit-down," so I told my nurse to invite her to come in. As she walked toward us she held up her poor picture, and said, in that shy, baffled manner one recognizes in a discouraged, worn-down person, "I would like to show you a pretty picture, and I'll sell it cheap; only four dollars." The poor child looked so discouraged, so weary, that my heart ached for her; and I urged her to be seated and rest a little. After calling for a glass of cool water for her I began to talk with her of her work; of her unfitness for such heavy work; of her failures, etc., etc., and then of how God loves us and walks beside us wherever we go, and I

tried to soothe her with the blest thought of the thoroughness of God's Omniscience; that He would not be the God He is if there was anything that concerns our living that He does not see and know; that if He is Omniscient, Omnipotent, and Omnipresent, as His Word declares He is, then we can spell all of our disappointments with an H. (How often that word has served me in my trial hours!) As I talked, I could see that she was trying to "abide in the secret place of the Most High," and to nestle her defenceless head under the shadow of His wings. Just at this moment my nurse was passing through the room, and it came to me as an inspiration to have that blessed music box play for her.

"I know each one of you who has part in it, would have thanked God could you have seen the soothing and the peace which came into that sad, weary young face as she listened to the strains of its beautiful selections. You would have been impressed, as I was, with the ministry of music, and would have seen God's part in your gift of love to me.

"Soon the sweet notes began working their own miracle, and this disheartened child of God took me into her inner self and poured out her soul's secret story; and as she talked, the music lent its undertone and sent its harmonious soothing all through her. When she arose to go she said, with her eyes overflowing with tender tears, "Oh I thank you so much for this, I feel so rested; oh, I never had such a good time in my life."

"And now for another tone; and this time rings out the glad notes of the "Wedding March" to a joyful household. On the evening of the 2nd of this month, my sister's son brought home to us his welcome bride, and as their feet stepped over the threshold, Mendelssohn's Wedding March greeted them, and seemed never so beautifully played, full of unspoken words. I believe your gift will go on blessing and being blessed for many a weary heart and many a sweet solace."

The music box is now in the possession of Jennie's sister, Mrs. Eliza Casseday McElroy, Richmond, Virginia.

There were other musical events for Jennie in her prison house, and they refreshed her spirit and made for pleasant memories in many a weary day of silence. The first public event came through Mr. James Clark, then president of the new telephone company, Louisville's first telephone. Mr. and Mrs. Clark were dear friends of Jennie, and he used to spend a part of every Sunday afternoon in her room. One Sunday he said, "Miss Jennie, would you not like to have a telephone put in some church, so that you can hear the sermon and the music?" Jennie's lighted face was sufficient answer, and he went on to ask "What church would you like best to have it in?" Jennie's family were dyed-in-the-wool Presbyterians, with five generations of ministers on the family tree, but with fine courtesy

she said, "In whatever church you belong to." She thought the Clarks were Episcopalians.

Mr. Clark replied softly, "Miss Jennie, I am no churchman. I never go to church except when Mrs. Clark makes a point of it."

Quickly Jennie replied, "Then let us *both* go to Mrs. Clark's church. Which is that?"

To her delight it was the Warren Memorial Presbyterian Church, of which the distinguished and noble Dr. A. A. Willetts was then pastor. In passing, let me say that no pen can ever describe the joy and spiritual comfort Jennie received from her membership in that church, under the pastorates of Dr. Willetts and Dr. Samuel Hamilton. They both were men of master minds, shot through and through with spirituality.

Now to connect a musical feast with this church telephone—

The Flower Mission needed money. Jennie planned and managed a fine concert for its benefit. She never did things in a small way, so she secured the largest hall in the city, charged best prices for tickets, and engaged high musical talent. Of course, she had no thought that she herself would hear any part of it. But before the day of the concert came, the telephone company instructed Jack Featherstone, to whom had been assigned the weekly care of her phone, to connect Miss Jennie's phone with Library Hall and to see that its accoustics were perfect. Im-

agine her when Jack came in and told the good news. He also brought a headpiece, so that she need not weary to hold the transmitter to her ear. And when that concert was over the company kept a phone in both the church and the hall until Jennie's death. From the church she could hear the footsteps of the Elders as they carried the cup of communion from pew to pew, could hear the rich voices of the choiristers, and the glorious messages of the pastor. From the Hall she could hear the tinkling toes of dancers, the jokes of "end-men," the sonorous tones of Bob Ingersol, and many other delightsome things that came to amuse the public.

To Library Hall, during the period of the World's Fair at Chicago, came the great Hungarian violinist, Remenyi, on his circuit. If I remember rightly, he was drawn hither by desire to see Henry Watterson, whom he had met in Washington City during his first visit to America. Mr. Watterson's musical knowledge and personal magnetism had fixed themselves in the heart of the Hungarian and drew him to Louisville. While on the stage, Remenyi observed the telephone and at once worked himself into a fury. Who was stealing his music in that low fashion? When Mr. Watterson told him the story of the telephone and of the invalid benefactor, so loved in city and country, the great violinist was much moved and begged to be taken to visit her. He came. He saw. She conquered. He staid long and played for her his finest music. When he

rose to go he asked permission to come as often as he was near, and finally said he would create a special concert for her and donate all the proceeds to any charity she selected. She had several letters from him and he afterwards came to Louisville, gave the concert and it brought Jennie's charity fund $800. I cannot remember whether she applied it to the Flower Mission, to Rest Cottage, or to King's Daughter work.

The next musical artist to notice the phone on her stage was Clara Louise Kellogg. She too frowned a bit, but when they told her the tale of its presence there, she impulsively took up the transmitter and called up our house. Jennie was awake and was much astonished to hear the words: "I am Clara Louise Kellogg. May I come to see you to-morrow? I would have sung one selection just for you, if I had known."

I think it was to Mr. Watterson too that Jennie was indebted for the first visit of Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur." Mr. Wallace, on this his first visit, said that his call must be brief as he was hurried for time; but when finally he looked at his watch he was surprised to find he had spent over an hour at Jennie's bedside. After he reached his home he wrote her and sent her an autographed presentation copy of "Ben Hur." He came again to the city and to our house. Her death preceded his by only two years.

I am warned by a kinsman at my elbow not to tell too much of the visits of great men, especially as I announced in the beginning that

through all my book "one increasing purpose runs"—to inspire and encourage all of God's children, and especially his Shut-ins, to watch out for opportunities of usefulness even in the midst of great afflictions. But this coming little story, which arises on my memory just here, must be considered, not as the visit of a "great man", but only as the coming of a very human man with a great heart: The Gentry Dog and Pony Show came to Louisville and the manager sent a messenger to Jennie to say he would like to give a performance for her special benefit. With a half-laugh and half tear she told the messenger she could not leave her room to witness anything. She was wholly helpless. The messenger said if she would like to see the show all that could be managed. And it was. The city fathers gave unhesitating permission; the circus people roped off half a square under her window and the dogs and ponies and monkeys, and attending rabble of small boys and negroes, did themselves proud with monkey antics and barking dogs and dashing little ponies.

Another street scene pageanted by loving hearts for her especial pleasure was the march of the national body of Elks past her window. A motion was formulated in the convention hall to learn if Miss Casseday would like to see the next day's parade. Our street was not in the line of march at all, but they would detour if she would like to watch the parade. Of course she would, and they came marching past, every

man unhatting as he reached her window, holding his hat in his right hand opposite to left shoulder, as is done in reverencing the flag. She could hardly see them at all for tears, though she waved her handkerchief until the last man was out of sight. She wrote the following to the leader: "Yours is the first really fine parade I have seen since Civil War times, when a procession of so many hundreds of men awed rather than charmed us. As I watched rank after rank of strong, noble, manly men belonging to an order 'established to promote, protect and enhance the welfare of each other' I took fresh courage for my life work, and new inspiration."

Soon after this came Liberati with his jeweled cornet and his silvery notes of

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a Cross
That raiseth me."

Cappa was with Liberati and the thought of the Cross in that room brought tears to his eyes and ours.

Entered Into Life

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.
Yea, saith the Spirit, and their works
Do follow them."

On February 8, 1893, Jennie Casseday joined

"The choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's search
To vaster issues."

"THAT'S all!" said her beloved physician, his fingers on her pulse. "She has left us forever! Were it possible for an artist to put on canvas the beauty of her soul, the world would proclaim him *the* Master of his art." No further word was spoken, and no one stirred. It was as if a cloud had received her out of our sight, but the room seemed filled with whiteness and light, and the breath of spirits from another world. Dead? No, translated!

The funeral was announced for eleven o'clock at the Warren Memorial Presbyterian church; but before nine, sorrowful groups began wending their way from the by-streets and narrow

homes, eager to be a part of the ritual for the dead. Three hundred pews were ribboned off for the King's Daughters and two hundred for Nurses and Flower Missionaries. Young women had all they could do to find places for the flowers. Horny hands of toil brought their loose bunches of old fashioned posies from the garden and claimed place for them beside the costly designs of the rich. Before eleven o'clock arrived the big church was overflowing and waiting people crowded the street to the curb. It was hard to keep an open way for the violet-covered coffin, borne in the loving hands of loving workmen from Avery's plow factory—the same young men who had fastened plow handles to the ends and sides of Jennie's cot and borne her in their hands every step of the way from her home in Louisville to her Summer Home for Working Girls (Rest Cottage), twenty miles out, never once letting her cot touch the floor of the special car provided by the chiefs of the Louisville and Nashville Railway for her journey. We felt it fitting that they should be her active pallbearers on that last journey.

The throngs waited long, but Mrs. William Belknap was at the organ, and the sweet, sad, music of Mozart's Requiem floated out on the morning air in blessing. During the short journey from the door to the altar she played Chopin's March, and the coffin reached its rest as the last strains faded away in the dome of the church.

All that was mortal of Jennie Casseday now lies in Cave Hill Cemetery, in the same grave with her adored father. Louisville has no more beautiful spot, nor any holier sepulcher.

The next morning Miss Almira Johnson, a cousin and adopted sister of Henry Watterson, and then principal of one of the public schools, resolved to make the life-work of Jennie Casseday the topic of the morning exercises in chapel. Now I shall use a clipping from the Courier-Journal of February 10, 1893:

"Miss Johnson told her pupils with loving words about the countless good deeds of the departed. She told how, during her many long years of affliction, Miss Casseday had never tired in her noble work of helping the poor, relieving the sick and reforming the criminal. She told also how beautifully she had succeeded in accomplishing all that she started out to do. A more tender and touching tribute could hardly have been paid, and the lesson Miss Johnson drew was that the memory of such a woman should be honored and her example used as an inspiration and shining light to cause others to follow in her footsteps.

"Before she began her talk Miss Johnson had hoped that the scholars would be impressed and arrange to send flowers to strew on the grave. She had hardly completed her talk before such a proposition came from one of the children. Others united in the movement, and in a few minutes $15 in pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters had been collected. Others announced that they, too,

would give, and when all the contributions are in the fund will amount to fully $20.

The principal had another suggestion to make. 'Why should all this money be invested in flowers?" she asked, "that will look pretty for a day and then fade and wither. Why not get something more enduring?'

" 'A monument,' suggested a childish voice.

" 'That's just it,' the principal replied, 'a monument.'

"Preliminary plans were discussed, and it was decided to take the money raised by the children and use it as a nucleus for a monument fund. And it was further decided that the monument should be something handsome and worthy of the exalted life it would be erected in memory of."

Other public school children caught the spirit of the wish and brought goodly contributions for the monument. But just here Miss Jennie Benedict interposed a new plan. She suggested that the children let the monument funds go to paying off the two remaining notes on the Jennie Casseday Infirmary, as the Infirmary itself was already a monument. Many children opposed this and insisted on having a monument in Cave Hill that should at once mark the resting place of Jennie Casseday and their own loyal appreciation of her life. Others approved Miss Benedict's appeal and the funds got divided.

Over Jennie Casseday's body at Cave Hill stands a love token from the children of Louisville—not so stately and handsome as they wished, but very touching indeed to Jennie's family. The words encircling the girdled globe at the top of the monument were taken from Milton's epitaph on Shakespeare:

"Thou, to our wonder and astonishment,
Hath built thyself a live-long monument."

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