RECIPE FOR A HAPPY DAY.

A heart full of thankfulness,
A thimbleful of care;
A soul of simple hopefulness,
An early morning prayer.

A smile to greet the morning with,
A kind word at the key
To ope the door and greet the day,
Whate'er it bring to thee.

A patient trust in Providence,
To sweeten all the way;
All these, combined with thoughtfulness,
Will make a happy day.

—Arthur Lewis Tubbs, in Ram's Horn.

SUZE'S LOVE LETTER

By ELLIS MARSTON.

—Copyright, 1899.

SWISH went the well-directed rain against the second-floor windows of Mevrouw Ten Bruggenkate's house in Haarlem, and Suze, looking up, received an impromptu shower bath on her pretty face. Pretty would Suze be accounted anywhere, and just then she looked particularly so, as she laughed back at Betji, who was looking down at her from an open window.

Swish—this time the shower was directed against the first floor windows.

"You are well set to work, Suze," said a voice behind her. "See how you have drenched my hat."

"You should not go so near the windows," Suze replied, without turning her head.

"Why, I had a note to deliver to Mina, the cook, so I had no choice. Your mistress returns to-morrow and bring Mynheer Cornelius with her for one night only; and Mevrouw desires Mina to prepare his favorite chicken mayonnaise, without which the Heer hardly thinks life worth living."

Suze turned round and confronted the speaker, a good-looking young fellow, in a blue serge jacket, wide knickerbockers of the same material, and a large gray felt hat.

"Oh, it's you, Jan," she said, innocently. "Dag, Jan."

"Dag, Suze. So you did not know me at first?"

Suze's color heightened ever so little, but she did not reply, and sent the water against the ground floor windows with a will.

"I brought you something," said Jan, taking a tea-rosebud from the little basket he held; he added to it a spray of maidenhair fern, and then with a pin which he extracted out of his jacket, pinned the flower to the front of Suze's dress.

"Now you look like a flower yourself," he said, with an unwonted poetic outburst.

Three days afterward the postman left a letter for Suze. It was addressed in a large round hand, and, after minutely inspecting it, she put it away in a little locked box, where she kept a bag of dried roseleaves, her best earrings and pocket handkerchiefs, her Bible and prayer book, and the other little odds and ends which made up the sum total of her treasures.

Suze and Betji occupied together a long low room at the top of the house, where two little wooden bedsteads hung with the whitest of dimity awaited them after the day's work was over. At nine o'clock both the maidens were in bed and Betji's regular breathing speedily announced that she was in the land of dreams. Then Suze cautiously lit a candle, and, stealing out of bed, opened her rosewood box, and took therefrom a letter, which she had not yet opened. It was not long, but Suze took a long time in reading it.

"Respected and Dear Suze"—it began. "The tulips are now in full bloom, and the roses are coming on apace. The orchids also are beginning to make a show, and I think we shall have the finest flowers of all this year. We exhibit at The Hague next month, and the Heer says that if he is awarded first medal he will raise my wages. He has also given me a house near Myn Brough, which, as you know, is his country estate. It is small but commodious, the door and window frames are deep red, and the front of the house is stained yellow. The windows will look well with lace curtains, such as my mother has laid by. There is a small garden in front where flowers may be cultivated and a larger one at the back, which will grow onions and cabbages. How much dost thou think it will take to furnish the house? And dost thou think wall paper of blue or red will look best? These questions I should like answered. I hope the honorable lady, thy mistress, is well.—Thy friend and well wisher,

"JAN VREEDE."

Suze took a week to think over Jan's letter, and during that time she was rather distrait, so that her mistress had to call her to account. She brought in the teawater several times very much off the boil, and used the same duster three days running, a crime utterly forbidden in Mevrouw Ten Bruggenkate's household.

Then one day when Mina, the cook, was busy elsewhere, and Betji had been allowed out to tea with a friend, Suze sat down in the kitchen and wrote her letter.

"Respected Friend Jan: The honored Mevrouw, my mistress, is in good health. I am glad to hear that the tulips are blooming and that the roses are forward. It is also good news that the orchids will make no fine a show. Thy mother will rejoice that the honored Heer approves of thee, and intends to show his approval as thou hast said. It is my opinion, after thinking long on the subject, that red paper looks best with some rooms, and blue with others. The lace curtains will go well with the windows, and thy mother I know will be a clever and thrifty housewife. I look to thee to assure her of my dutiful respects. As to the expenses of furnishing I know little, but can consult my mother as thou canst thine.

"It rejoices my heart to know that tulips and roses may be cultivated in the front garden, and that onions and cabbages will grow well at the back. Thy friend and well wisher,

"SUZE KLOPS."

When Suze had finished her epistle, she asked leave of her mistress to go and post it.

"Yes, child, and take these of mine at the same time," said Mevrouw, putting half a dozen into the girl's hands. She went to the post and just as she was dropping the letters in, an acquaintance from one of the neighboring houses came there on the same errand, and in the interesting conversation that followed poor Suze did not notice that her letter to Jan fell on the ground, and that a mischievous little breeze, out for a holiday, seized it and whirled it away round the corner of a street, finally dropping it in a water butt which stood in a backyard.

Week followed week and there came no sign from Jan, nor did she ever see him coming to the house with messages and letters. At first she thought it was because Jan was busy preparing for the orchid show, but when that was long past and still she neither saw nor heard anything of him, Suze's heart began to ache at this apparent desertion on the part of an old and tried friend.

"You are looking pale and ill, Suze," said Mevrouw Ten Bruggenkate to her one day. "You had better pack up your things and go home for a week."

In vain Suze protested that she was perfectly well. Her mistress was resolute, and in the end the girl had to give way and go.

"Well, child," said her mother, a short, stout woman, with generous waist and hips; "so thou hast been getting ill up yonder. Ah! in towns it is no wonder that folk are never well. My poor head aches always with the noise whenever I go to Rotterdam, ill only for a few days. But out here where it is quiet always and the air is pure, thou wilt soon be well again."

Suze looked mournfully out on the landscape, and thought it had never looked so dreary. For away, as far as the eye could reach, spread grazing meadows; on the canal a barge was slowly wending its way, and the red caps of the men on board made the only bit of bright coloring in the landscape. A herd of black and white cows, of which old Piet Klops, Suze's father had charge, grazed in the foreground; pollard willows grew everywhere, and against the horizon the sails of windmills whirled unceasingly. The girl shrank and shivered a little.

"Heaven send thou hast not the ague," exclaimed Vrouw Klops, bustling to the cupboard and bringing out an infallible remedy for the malady. "Ah these cities! They are indeed nurseries of all evils, both of mind and body."

Old Piet Klops was away in Amsterdam whither he had gone to buy some cows. Mynheer Cornelius, his master, had large herds already, but he was one of those men denounced in Scripture, who are ever ready to increase their stock of possessions. Piet had various errands in the city and did not return until Suze had been at home three days.

"Great news in Amsterdam" he said, regarding his daughter narrowly as he sat over his bread and cheese. "Jan Vreede is, they say, betrothed to Vrouw Steene, the rich widow of the grocer. I had not thought that Jan was on the lookout for money, but so it is. The Heer took first prize for orchids at The Hague, and Jan has now a higher salary, but if he marries Vrouw Steene, he will likely give up his gardening and take to the shop."

"Where art thou going, Suze?" for she was vanishing through the open door.

"I forgot to feed the hens," the girl answered in a faint voice.

At this precise time Jan Vreede was entering the shop of Vrouw Steene, with a long list of articles which the cook had desired him to order on his way to the station. Jan looked graver than when Suze had last seen him, and his brown eyes had a puzzled expression, as if he were trying to solve some problem which was too hard for him.

Vrouw Steene, a buxom widow, with lively black eyes and a comely visage, was serving in her shop when he entered, and her face lit up with a smile as she saw him, for Jan was always a welcome caller, not only for his own sake, but also because Mynheer Cornelius was a good customer and never grumbled at her prices.

"Dag, Jan," she said, and Jan, taking off his hat, responded: "Dag, Vrouw Steene, and how goes the world with you?"

"Well enough," answered the widow with a sigh, "but the business is too much for me. It needs a stronger hand and head than mine to keep it going as it should, Mynheer Vreede."

"Ah! ja" said Jan, absently. "See, Anna has given me this list to bring you, and will be glad if you will send the things as soon as possible. I am on my way to Haarlem. Any messages or commissions, Vrouw Steene? You have relatives there, I believe."

"Thanks," said the Vrouw, looking at him critically. "I will trouble you with a small basket to leave with my aunt Janssen; I am always glad to send her a few things. Are you going to call at Mevrouw Ten Bruggenkate's house?"

"Ja, the Heer has sent her some cuttings and I am to stay and see them properly set."

"Ah! then you will have a long talk with Suze. A nice maiden is Suze."

"Ja," said Jan, indifferently, "but I have not seen Suze for long."

"No," with an air of wonderment, "why, I thought that — report did say—"

"Report lies," said Jan, angrily.

"But, now," continued the widow, "it says that the policeman Keppel loiters much about the house, and that it is surmised Suze is not indifferent to him."

The unwonted color flushed Jan's face, but he made no answer, and with a bow to Vrouw Steene left the shop.

Jan hurried on to the station, more perturbed in spirits than ever he had been in his life before. Suze false to him—she whom he had ever believed to be the incarnation of truth and steadfastness.

When he reached the dwelling of Mevrouw Ten Bruggenkate, Jan was in as bad a temper as it was possible for a very good natured Dutchman to be. Opposite the house he caught sight of the policeman Keppel strolling along and occasionally looking up at the house, and Jan felt vastly inclined to give him a taste of his strong fists. But remembering the dignity of his master, as also that the policeman was a larger and more powerful man than himself, he prudently restrained his wrath and went up the steps.

Betji opened the door to him with a smile and a blush. "Good morning, Jan, it is long since you have been here."

"Yes, I have been very busy. How is your honorable mistress?"

"My honorable mistress is well, but you do not inquire after old friends, Jan."

"Ah, yourself. I can see that you are well and rosy. How is Mina, the cook?"

"Mina, the cook, is also well," answered Betji, demurely, "but some one else is not. Some one else has gone away sick."

"Indeed," said Jan, "and who is that?"

"Can you not guess, Jan! You used not to be so thickheaded. Why, Suze, of course. She has gone home ill."

Jan nearly dropped the basket in his consternation.

"Indeed, I had heard nothing of it. I swear to you, Betji."

"No? Oh, I dare say not. You have been too much occupied with the rich Widow Steene to remember old friends."

"The Widow Steene," echoed Jan, contemptuously; then, with energy, "Betji, dear Betji, tell me what it all means."

"Why, you see, Jan, you never came here, and Suze got paler and thinner and paler and thinner till we all thought she would go into a decline, and so Mevrouw sent her off home, thinking the change would benefit her."

"Why," said the bewildered Jan, "I thought I heard that Suze had taken up with the policeman Keppel."

"The policeman Keppel," cried Betji, shrilly. "No, Mynheer Jan, the policeman Keppel is courting me."

The sun was setting over Holland, and canal and mere and broad meadows were all tinged with his dying glory. Old Piet Klops sat in his arbor, puffing at a long clay pipe, and occasionally taking a pull at a jug of ale which stood on the bench beside him, while at the open door of the house his wife sat at her knitting. Suze was out at the back hanging red and blue petticoats to dry on a line, when the garden gate opened with a hasty click, and a strong decided step came up the little walk. "Good day, Vrouw Klops; where is Suze?"

"Good day, Jan, it is long since thou hast been to see us, for an old friend and neighbor. Suze is out at the back; I will go and call her."

"Nay, I will go myself," said the young man; and not waiting for the good dame, he strode out of the door, and round to the back of the house. A pale girl was standing pegging garments on to the line. Could this be his blooming Suze?

With two strides Jan reached her, and catching her waist from behind before she was aware of him, imprinted a hearty kiss on both her cheeks. With a little scream Suze drew away from the bold intruder, but turning caught sight of Jan's happy laughing face, and threw her arms round his neck.

"What are you two doing so long out there?" inquired Vrouw Klops, as she emerged from the back door shortly afterward.

"Mother," said Jan, leading up the blushing Suze, "we have only been putting a tangled skein straight."

A Would-Be Quaker.

A gentleman who was traveling recently near Chester, Pa., came across a farmer whom he took to be a Quaker, and determined to please him by talking to him in the Quaker dialect. As he told the story afterward, this is how he succeeded: "'How do thee do, sir? Is—that is—are thee meditating?' If he was delighted, he controlled his emotion admirably. All he did was to gape and inquire: 'Hey?' 'The fields, the birds, the flowers,' I pleasantly pursued, 'are enough to bring thou dreams—I mean dreams to thou.' He was looking at me now, and critically. I felt that my syntax had been very idiotic instead of idiomatic, so, wiping the sweat from my brow and hat, I eyed him calmly and observed: 'Those cows, are they thy's—er—thee's—that is, thou's durn it, I mean thine's?' It was very unfortunate. He crawled down from the fence, nibbled at a plug of tobacco, and as he ambled away muttered indignantly: 'Go to Bedlam! I'm a farmer, but, thank heaven, I'm not a loonatic.'"—N. O. Picayune.

An Unexpected Honor.

Respecting an amusing Irish story of a dance at the Dublin Mansion house, a correspondent gives the real version, told him by a gentleman who overheard the conversation. Ball-room at Dublin, and Capt. Lord Ranfurly leaning against the wall near Lady Mayoress. Lady Mayoress gets up and accosts Lord Ranfurly as follows: "Now, Mr. Liftinant, why aren't ye dancing at me ball?" Lord Ranfurly: "I am not Mr. Lieutenant." Lady Mayoress: "Then it's Mister Captin ye are. Then it's me darter Biddy there ye shall daunce with; me darter's hot for a daunce with a hofficer." Lord Ranfurly: "I am not Mr. Captain." Lady Mayoress: "Then who the divil are ye?" Lord Ranfurly: "I am Capt. Lord Ranfurly." Lady Mayoress: "Capt. Lord Ranfurly? Begorra, I'll daunce wi' ye meeself; cum on." And the lady mayoress seized her unwilling guest, and dragged him round the room, which was easy for her to do, as she weighed some 14 stone.—London Telegraph.

Year's Fashions in Precious Stones.

Green stones are said to head the list of fashionable jewels this season. Emeralds have the lead, but the revival of interest in green stones has prominently brought forward the peridot, which is really the Indian chrysolite, and is a clear, deep leaf green in color, showing almost yellow beside the emerald, which is bluish in tone.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in International Series for January 22, 1899—Christ and Nicodemus—John 3:1-16.

[Arranged from Peloubet's Select Notes.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3:16

THE SECTION includes the whole chapter.

TIME.—April, A. D. 27, about the time of the Passover, which was April 9-16. A few weeks after the Cana wedding.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, the upper chamber of the house where Jesus was the guest.

EXPOSITION.

I. The Inquirer.—Vs. 1, 2. 1. "There was a man of the Pharisees:" The best and most religious sect of the Jews, holding the most correct opinions (Matt. 23:3) and looking for the Messiah, and, therefore, the best of them, like Nicodemus and Paul, were the best soil for planting the Gospel truths. "A ruler of the Jews:" A member of the Sanhedrim.

2. "Came to Jesus by night:" He went by night because common prudence would lead Him so to do. It was not wise to commit Himself till He knew more about the new teacher. Others might have interfered with His investigations. "Thou art a Teacher come from God:" And therefore with a message from God which would be eyes to the blind and a light to the path.

II. The Teacher Presents the Fundamental Truth of the Kingdom of God.—Vs. 3-8. 3. "Jesus answered" the inquirer's needs, the questions of his soul. "Except a man (anyone) be born again," or anew, as in R. V., margin, from above. Whosoever is born again is born anew and born from above. "He cannot see the kingdom of God:" The declaration is explicit that a new spiritual life is necessary, not only to enter into, but even to form any correct conception of the kingdom of God.

4. "Nicodemus saith unto Him:" etc. Why was Nicodemus astonished at the teaching of Jesus? Such oriental language was familiar to him; but (1) he "had been educated so fully in the belief that the birth into Israel was a birth into the Kingdom of God" (President Dwight) that it was strange to hear this doctrine applied to every person, Jew as well as Gentile, to himself a teacher, as well as to others; or (2) he may have seen the real difficulty of such a radical change in the full-grown man as Jesus called for.

7. "Marvel not:" because of the reason given in V. 8. Natural life is as full of mysteries as spiritual life. "Ye must be:" The emphasis is on ye, even the Jews, even the best and most learned of the Jews. "Must be:" There is no escape from this law.

8. "The wind bloweth:" The term for wind in Hebrew and Aramaic, as well as in Greek, was also the term for spirit, the immaterial in man being represented in a metaphor by the invisible but life-giving breath. "So is everyone that is born of the Spirit:" The Spirit's methods we cannot know, but the facts of the new life are as plain and certain as that the strong wind bends the forest trees.

III. The Authority Behind the Teacher.—Vs. 9-13. 9. "How can these things be?" The mysteries in religion are like the mysteries in nature. In both cases the facts are easily comprehended, and plain enough even for a child to use. In both cases the methods of operation are a mystery.

10. "Art thou a master (rather, the teacher, as in R. V.) of Israel?" the teacher of the Israelites, known and distinguished by thy learning?—G. W. Clark. "And knowest not these things?" Which are so important that every teacher should know them, which are taught in the Scriptures you study (Ezek. 11:19; 18:31; 36:26), and are taking place on the earth before your eyes.

12. "If I have told you earthly things:" Things whose proper place and manifestation are on the earth, such as the new birth of which He had spoken in Vs. 3-8. "How shall ye believe, if I tell you of Heavenly things?" If you cannot trust my word in matters you can verify, how can you trust my testimony as to things you cannot verify by your own experience?

IV. The Means by Which the New Life Can Be Obtained.—Vs. 14, 15. 14. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness:" Jesus now uses an illustration which makes clear some of the Heavenly things He came to reveal. "Even so must the Son of man be lifted up:" On the cross. The reference here is to the crucifixion, but beyond that, to the glorification of Christ. The cross still holds up Jesus before the world, the best known and most exalted person in all history. It was not a real serpent, but a brazen symbol that was lifted up. It could bite no one. So Christ was "made sin for us." He had not sinned, but by His death sin was slain.

15. "That whosover believeth in Him:" Accepts Him as Teacher, Guide, and as Lord. Believing is the act of receiving the new life from God. "Should not perish:" From the effects of sin, which naturally end in destruction of the soul. "But have eternal life."

VI. The Source and the Motive—the Infinite Love of God.—V. 16. "God so loved:" Note that it was not Christ that made God love us, but Christ was sent because God first loved us. The sinful world in its sin. "Gave" freely the greatest gift possible for Him to give. And the "only begotten Son" gave Himself freely that He might save men. It was no forced sacrifice.

Spear Points.

Beware of the tyrant of custom; time gives every crab a hard shell.

The greatest kings were men so unselfish that they could refuse a crown.

It is not right to sacrifice your principles to save another's feelings.

Repentance isthe shortest road out of sin, but the last which most people take.

The reason some folks "lose their mind" must be that they have given others "a piece of their mind" so often, they have none left for themselves.—Ram's Horn.