A teacher in time was heard the other day instructing his literature class. There seems to have been some deviation from the lesson of the day and the time was given to investigating Jacob's Whittier works preparatory to celebrating his birthday Dec. 17. The work with which the teacher seemed most familiar was the sweet little poem entitled "Maud Muller." Since she seems to have given this little gem more thought than many of us have done, the republic for the future thought it would be useful to our readers and so will it just as it came from the lips of this worthy seafarer, since there is nothing in it but clearly shows the teacher professed of fine literary acumen and wonderful powers of elaboration on give it to the public. Our space forbids that we give the lecture in full, but here are a few extracts: "Maud Muller on a sunny day: from this first line we learn that the name of our heroine was
Grandmother. As her sister are not mentioned, it quite suffices to suppose that
Grand was an only daughter of Mr.
Muller, a small farmer. As the name
clearly shows, there can be no doubt the
Muller's were of human extraction. For
it is in perfect harmony with the laws
of philology to suppose the name was
originally Müller, but after leaving
"das Vaterland" and coming to this
"land of the free and home of the brave"
the umlaut was dropped and the name
became Muller. This finding the original
name puts us in possession of another
fact namely, that the Mullers were milled
by occupation and did not take to
farming until they came to this country.

We learn also that at the time of my
stay the blue of a summer sky
was binding over Maid, the busy
bumble bee hummed among the clover
blossoms, the mother partridge mused
In young and the yellow butterfly spread its golden wing to the fragrant flowers that floated by and起义 with the crumbs not from a cake but from the roses on his mody cheeks. From the second line we learn that Maud Muller was an eminently practical girl, instead of being sealed in the little confined palace, renewing the scenes of the Battle of Prague or Napoleon's visit from Mozart, she was out helping the fallen rake boy. He read here to....

Turn the lines to very important fact that helps us to decide as to the decade in which this mound lived. We know at least that it was before the invention of devastating machinery and happily it was else our literature would never have been enriched by the retell of this scene. Maud Muller would have had an occasion to rake the new mown hay. It would have been done by a man.
new, bright red self-raising hamlet. Her song would have been replaced
by the hammer and the clamor of the mill where the water
would have been drowned by theattle and clatter of this modern invention. Useful as
recent inventions are they are the enemies
of the muse. It is to this observance that we
are indebted for the beautiful story of
Ruth. No need that she should glean in
the fields of Boaz if the grain had been cut
by a self-binder. That Mr. Muller's
means were limited is emphasized by the
fact that Manoah had a stone. Evidently
she was new about that, but most likely
one that had shaded her for longer than
she remembered. It was quite in keeping with the tolled
of simple beauty and rustic health.
Great were we to bow to appreciate the
value of such possessions. Our advanced
ideas of beauty and personal adornment are as uncongenial to the spirit that dwell on Mount Parnassus as is laborious machinery. Think of a picturesque scene, with the fashionable of today for the subject. A figure attired in a figure trim, trim tailor made suit with high full pointed bridge shoes and a hat that bears strong resemblance to an elongated bird cage seems best suited to the soft strains of poetry. Rustic maidens lump earn relate quacks lack loyal to fall into rhyme. Nature in her best moods is not rivalled by Medici most elaborate efforts. The sparkle of a languid Hazel eye and the glow of a healthy cheek are not enhanced by the glitter of diamonds and the glow of velvet. Most mirth was her fame and her place among the immortals to her humble circumstances. And she disdained to use the cake and left it in the hands of her sturdy brother, donned her flint throw gone
and united herself with the enthusiasm of a schoolgirl artist to paint from light in Spring or a Scene in Winter.

Then, she would have had a quiet funeral at which all the neighborhood would have been with the usual show of sympathy; but the outside world would never have heard of her birth (death) or (marriage) and the oft-repeated story of it might have been told from her forgotten grave before the flowers placed upon her grave had withered and ceased to emit their fragrance. Singing she sought and her many griefs the mock bird echoed from his tree.

But the spark that licks in every human soul, kindled off by the slightest health into a destructive flame lay latent in the heart of this merry hearted mother.

Laurel's dancing perhaps a bit lack a soul. Her glance fell upon the town that with its whitened houses looked down from the hilltops. A slight thing she
may she often looked at the same scene quite indifferent to all it might contain. Quite content with her own lot. But today she looked long and wondered what the people upon that hill were doing. Did the girls wear true hats and gowns, and did they have to take care? The sweet song died, and a vague unrest and a melancholy longing filled the heart. She had not moved long before she felt that beyond all she had come across there were possibilities in her for a higher, fuller enjoyment. Just as she thought herself and turned again to take up her rate, her eyes fell upon the approaching figure of the judge armoring his horse's shod foot manes. And when the clashed his rein in the shade of the apple tree and asked her for a drink she quickly flushed and filled her cup, but blushed as she gave it looking down in her foot so bare and betted some. Things mood soon was in today she had never thought to think.
for these reasons before. I gallant and frenzy judge now you aware of brightening tinge by the very absurd compliments to the thought and the hand that has it. Little do appreciate the might of what is done in an idle moment. Snoozed the judge of spices, flowers and trees of singing birds and humming bees, then looked of the laying and wondered whether the clones in the mist would bring fruit or other. But silence ensued forget not only her sin, but all about the probabilities of the rain's falling on the uncected clay. And dilated, while a pleased surprise leaped from her long-lashed hazel eyes. A glimpse at what might harm him and the judge rode away to take up the haft of his accustomed life and left Brand leaning on his rake to build castles in Spain. And as the helmet continued dreaming lessons from each thing in line and cloud with emphasizing that from all some must hope his dully buried from human eyes and in the benefic angelomy roll the olive from its grave away.