

Bore slowly to the long barn door its load of husks and grain ;  
Till, broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sunk down at last,  
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness past.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream  
Flamed the red radiance of a sky set all a-fire beyond,  
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,  
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one.

As thus into the quiet night the twilight passed away,  
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay ;  
From many a brown old farm house, and hamlet without name,  
Their milking and their home tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped up harvest, from pitchfork in the mow,  
Shone dimly down the lantern on the pleasant scenes below ;  
The glowing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,  
And laughing eyes, and busy hands, and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,  
Talking their old times o'er, the old men sat apart ;  
While up and down its unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,  
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,  
Lifting to light her soft blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,  
The master of the village school, sleek of hair, and smooth of tongue,  
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking ballad sung.

#### —♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦— I'M OF THE BAND THAT TILL THE LAND.

—  
BY JAMES STARKEY.  
—

I'm of the band that till the land,  
And draw from the earth her store ;  
Right happy indeed's, the life we lead,  
While our days are passing o'er,  
Many there are, in riches far  
Surpassing the farmer's purse,  
While other pursuits may yield more fruits,  
Yet often bring forth much worse.

We envy not the statesman's lot,  
Still clamouring for his class ;  
Nor his that fights for glory's rights,  
At some redoubted pass.

No risks have we on boisterous sea,  
Nor fears lest tempests whelm  
All we possess, without redress  
While laboring at the helm.

The fruitful field its beauties yield,  
A rich reward for toil ;  
Be ours the trade to ply the spade,  
And deeply plough the soil.  
We walk abroad on carpet sod,  
And flowerets kiss our feet,  
Whose odours rise to scent the skies—  
A tribute poor and meet.

To all we give the means to live,  
As brother shares with brother,  
And thus fulfil the holy will  
That bids us "love each other."  
Oh ! life secure from guile, and pure !  
To thee my soul clings ever  
With all its might, in fond delight,  
To change from thee, no never.



#### BEET ROOT SUGAR.

The following is from the *Cork Examiner*:—  
"Some portion of the attention which is now generally turned towards the promotion of manufactures would be usefully directed to the production of sugar from beet root. Already it is carried on to a great extent in France and Belgium where vast numbers of people are employed in it, and large establishments erected for the purpose. We have seen a specimen of sugar made from beet root in the latter country, which was exhibited at a late meeting of the Dublin Society, and which naturally excited much curiosity. It is of the purest appearance, of strong sweetening quality, and in colour resembling the species of sugar known as crushed lump. The most singular part of the matter is, that it was manufactured in the space of forty-five minutes, the entire time occupied from taking of the root out of the ground and putting it into the machine to the production of the perfect article. Some reluctance was evinced to tell the price at which it could be made ; and, in reply to a question on that point, it was said that it could be produced at the market rate for sugar of a similar quality in this country, about 6d. per pound. We have ascertained, however, that the article could really be made for two-pence half-penny per lb. An acre of ground is calculated to yield fifty tons of Silisian beet, which, in France and Belgium, give three tons of sugar, worth about £50 ; the refuse being useful for feeding cattle and in those countries being actually used for that purpose. But from the superior fitness of the Irish soil, as shown by experience to be the case, it is confidently affirmed by persons competent to form an opinion, that eight per cent. of sugar could be obtained here on the raw bulk."