

Were redder stains than the poppies knew;  
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side  
That day, in the face of a murderous fire  
That swept them down in its terrible ire;  
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came  
Two stalwart soldiers into the line  
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,  
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!" and a voice answered, "here!"  
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.  
They were brothers, these two; the sad winds  
sighed,  
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:  
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;  
"Where our ensign was shot, I left him dead,  
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;  
I paused a moment and gave him drink;  
He murmured his mother's name, I think,  
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear—  
For that company's roll, when called at night,  
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,  
Numbered but twenty that answered, "Here!"

### THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

BY J. A. MACON.

Born in Alabama, 1851.

Author of "Uncle Gab Tucker."

The following dialect verses are a faithful reproduction, not only of the negro dialect of the cotton sections of the South; but the genius of Mr. Macon has subtly embodied in this and other of his writings a shadowy but true picture of the peculiar and original philosophy and humor of the poor but happy black people of the section with which he is so familiar.

**N**OW, I's got a notion in my head dat when  
you come to die,  
An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-house  
in de sky,  
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's  
gwine to ax  
When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pin you to  
de fac's;

'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's  
in de night,  
An' de water-millic question's gwine to bodder you a  
sight!  
Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo'  
When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scape dat hap-  
pened long ago!  
De angels on the picket-line erlong de Milky Way  
Keep a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin'  
what you say;  
No matter what you want to do, no matter whar  
you's gwine,  
Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de  
line;  
An' of'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an'  
laugh,  
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden tele-  
graph;  
Den, de angel in de orfis, what's a settin' by de gate,  
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de  
slate!  
Den you better do your juty well an' keep your con-  
science clear.  
An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar  
you steer;  
'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de  
lan',  
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on  
de stan';  
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty  
straight,  
Ef you ebbe: 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate!

### RUIN WROUGHT BY RUM.

(TEMPERANCE SELECTION.)

**O**, feel what I have felt,  
Go, bear what I have borne;  
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,  
And the cold, proud world's scorn.  
Thus struggle on from year to year,  
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept  
O'er a loved father's fall;  
See every cherished promise swept,  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;  
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way  
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;  
Implore, beseech and pray.  
Strive the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay;  
Be cast with bitter curse aside,—  
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.