



His hand is all a-tremble,
His eyes stick out like pegs.
He goes all of a quiver
From the ague in his legs.
And if his name's not on the list,
He welts like a frozen bud
Until another mail call drags
Him plousing thro' the mud.

He ain't no correspondent,
And his answers may be few ;
His opportunities are slim
To write his *billy doo*.
But when he does, it is beneath
A splutt'ring pine-knot taper
With the broken nib of an ink-starved pen
On a scrap of cartridge paper.

Now the moral is for folks at home :
Don't wait for him to write ;
And don't just say, " Dear Tom—must close,
I hope this finds you right."
A good, long, newsy letter
Is the best that you can yield
In the way of downright service
To your Tommy in the field.

*What is the call,
The cheering call,
That every other betters ?
A silver call,
A longed-for call—
The music call for " Letters."*