



THE WOULD-BE SOLDIER.

"I mean to be a soldier
When I grow to be a man,
And be so brave and fearless,"
Said curly-headed Dan.
"No, sir, they couldn't frighten,
Or ever make me run ;
I'd stand my ground and face 'em,
Until the fight was won !"

As boasting little Danny
Was going to school that day
Two geese and one white gander
He met upon the way.
They stretched their necks and hissed him ;
And, my ! you should have seen
That would-be little soldier
Retreat across the green !