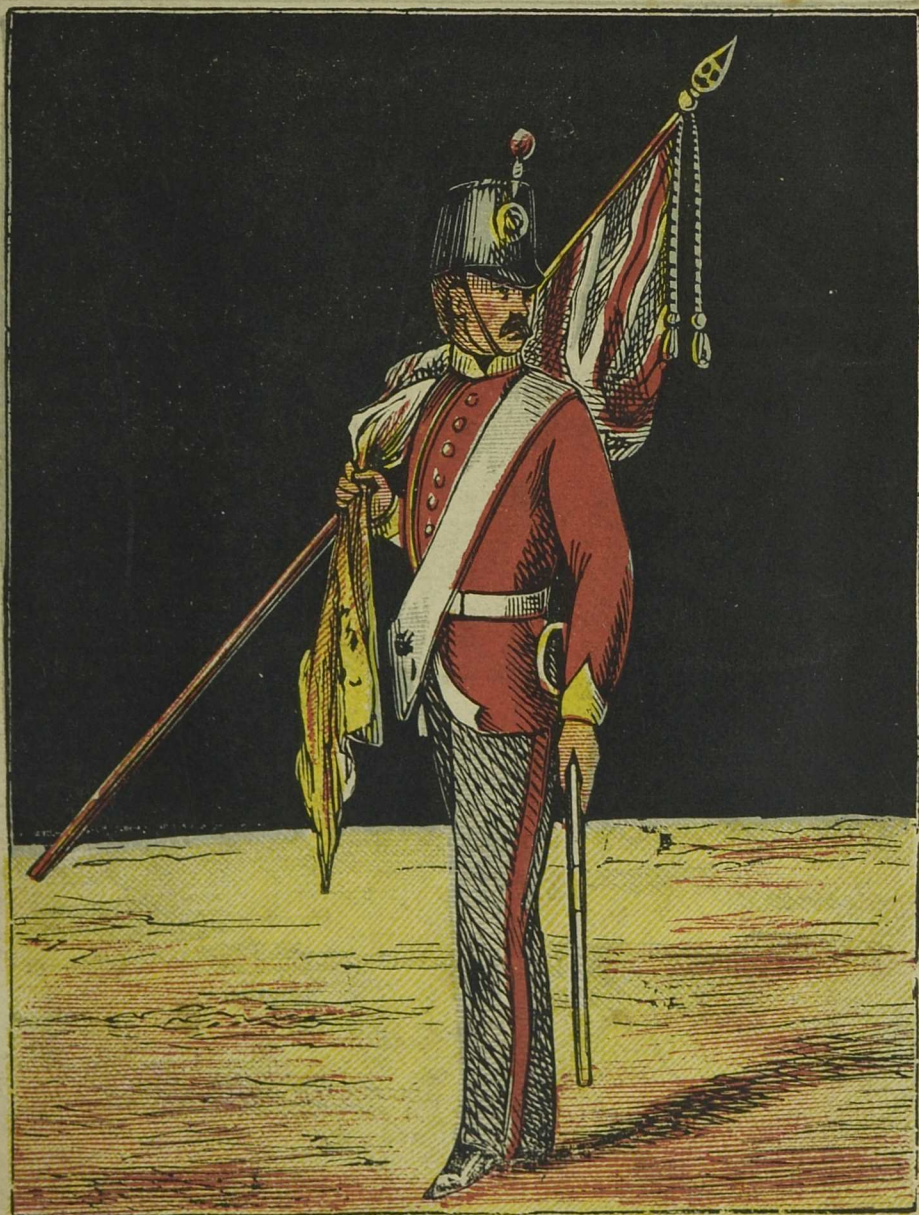
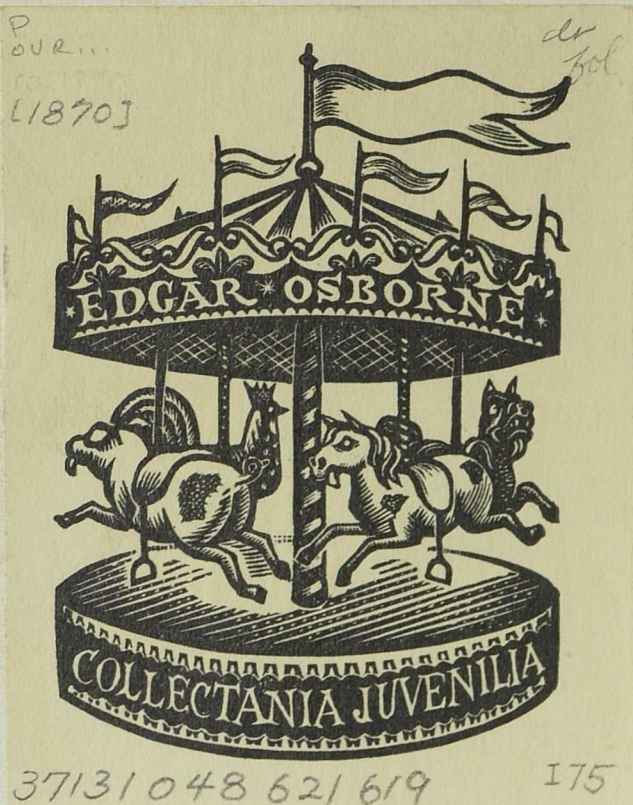


OUR
VOLUNTEER BROTHER
AND
THE GRAND REVIEW.



A Soldier's life will just suit me,—said Tom,—a Volunteer I'll be.

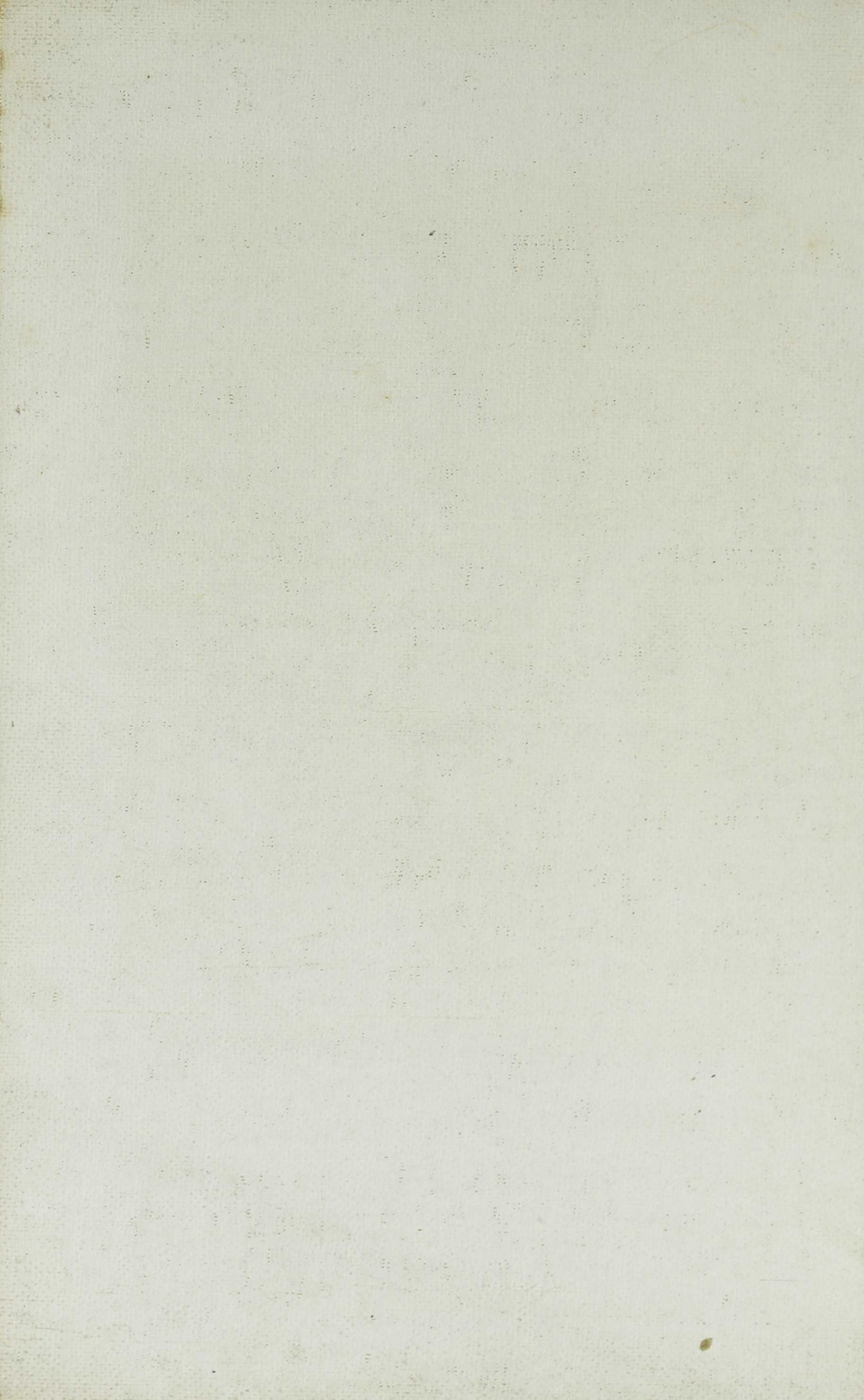
DEAN & SON, 65, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.



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MABEL OSBORNE



Tom took us to a grand Review,
(Mamma and Aunty both went too);
The Horse Soldiers were smartly drest,
The Foot Soldiers all wore their best.

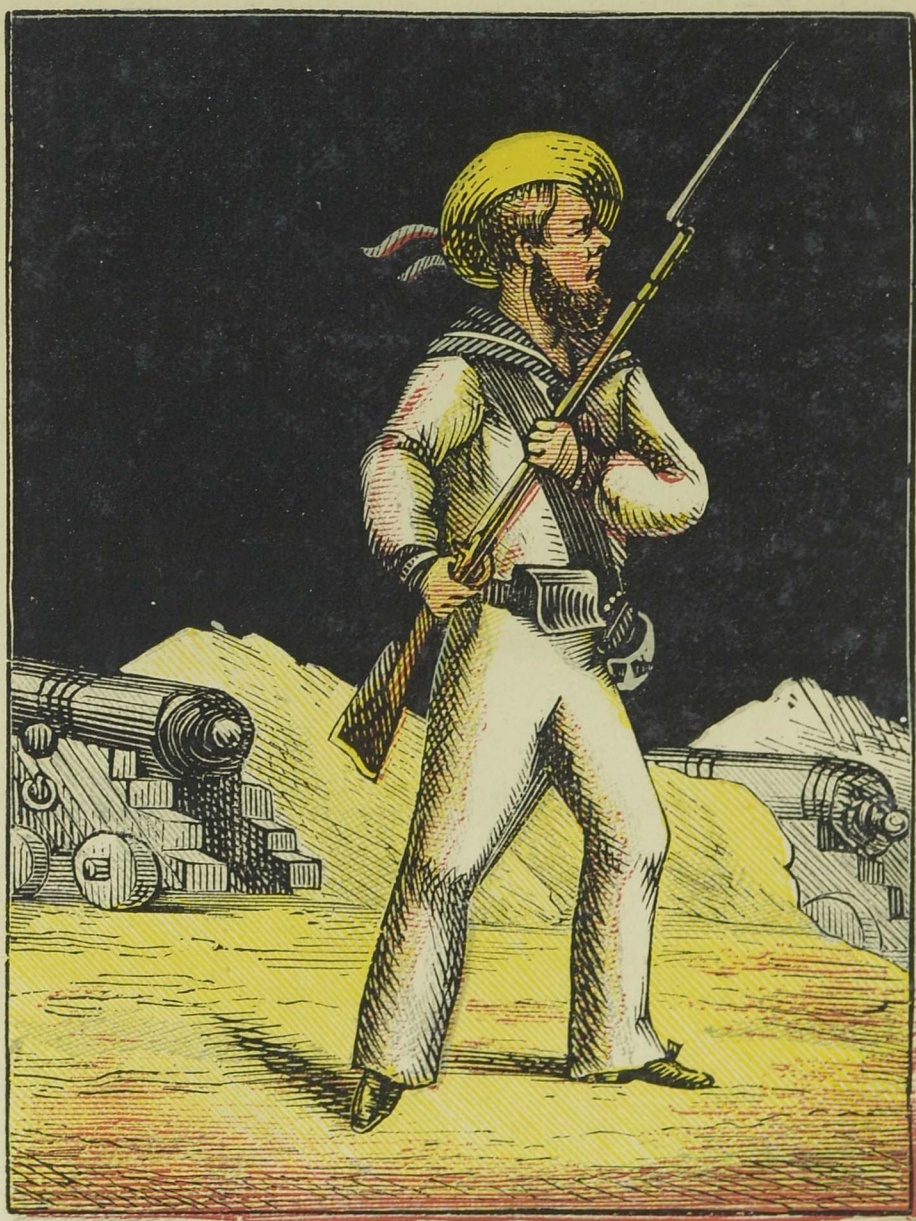




Some Scottish Highlanders were there,
With kilts so smart, and knees quite bare;
They pleased us well, and seemed as though
They longed to meet and face a foe.



The Riflemen, in dress of green,
Were in the sham fight plainly seen.
We saw them shoot, and kneel about,
And were amused to see the rout.



To storm a town, we saw the way,
The guns in trenches they convey;
Their firing made an awful sound,
Like thunder echoing all around.



The sham fight over, home we went,
Delighted with the day we'd spent;
A crippled Soldier, whom we saw,
Told us how sad was actual war.

THE END.