

Another Bird Story

by James Baldwin

A great battle had begun. Cannon were booming, some far away, some near at hand. Soldiers were marching through the fields. Men on horseback were riding in haste toward the front.

“Whiz!” A cannon ball struck the ground quite near to a company of soldiers. But they marched straight onward. The drums were beating; the fifes were playing.

“Whiz!” Another cannon ball flew through the air and struck a tree near by. A brave general was riding across the field. One ball after another came whizzing near him.

“General, you are in danger here,” said an officer who was riding with him. “You had better fall back to a place of safety.”

But the general rode on.

Suddenly he stopped at the foot of a tree. “Halt!” he cried to the men who were with him. He leaped from his horse. He stooped and picked up a bird’s nest that had fallen upon the ground. In the nest were some tiny, half-fledged birds. Their mouths were open for the food they were expecting their mother to give them.

“I cannot think of leaving these little things here to be trampled upon,” said the general.

He lifted the nest gently and put it in a safe place in the forks of the tree.

“Whiz!” Another cannon ball.

He leaped into the saddle, and away he dashed with his officers close behind him.

“Whiz! Whiz! Whiz!”

He had done one good deed. He would do many more before the war was over.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!”

The cannon were roaring, the balls were flying, the battle was raging. But amid all the turmoil and danger, the little birds chirped happily in the safe shelter where the great general, Robert E. Lee, had placed them.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Model Practice 1

Suddenly he stopped at
the foot of a tree. "Halt!"
he cried to the men who
were with him. He
leaped from his horse.

Blowing Bubbles

by anonymous from The Infant's Delight

Harry and Tom, the other day,
Went out into the yard to play;
Their great delight, in weather bright,
Is blowing bubbles with pipes of clay.

Tom took a basin deep and wide,
And Harry brought his mug beside;
They filled them quite with soapsuds white,
And each to blow the biggest tried.

Poor Tom, he blew with might and main,
And so, of course, he blew in vain;
For all his trouble he made no bubble,
But Tom was brave and tried a-gain.

Till Harry said, "Dear Tom, you see,
You blow too hard; now—look at me.
There! That will rise to-ward the skies,
And float above the lilac tree."

Model Practice 1

Jill Harvy said, "Dear

Tom, you see,

You blow too hard;

now — look at me.

The Charge of the Light Brigade

by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismay’d?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
Some one had blunder’d:
Their’s not to make reply,
Their’s not to reason why,
Their’s but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley’d and thunder’d;
Storm’d at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash’d all their sabres bare,
Flash’d as they turn’d in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder’d:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro’ the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel’d from the sabre-stroke
Shatter’d and sunder’d.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.