

IV.  
ALL GONE!

A GAME TO EXERCISE THE WRIST JOINTS.

BABY has eaten all his food,  
And mother says, "All gone!"  
The while his questioning eyes are fixed  
The empty bowl upon.

Oh, have you thought out all it means,  
When baby comes to know  
Just this—"My bowl is empty now;  
'Twas full a while ago"?

He's proved his title to a soul!  
The creatures of the wood  
Know not of now or then, but live  
Cramped in the instant's mood.

Only to soul-life is it given  
To own the hour that's fled.  
Blest token, that we most shall live  
When men shall call us dead!

Every one knows the waving movement of the hand (the oscillation from an upright to a horizontal position) which tells in gesture that some person has gone away, or that of some coveted object nothing is left. Like the Weather Vane, this game exercises the wrist joint, but exercises it in a different manner. The idea embodied in the All Gone is also a reversal of the idea embodied in the Weather Vane. In the



‘t ist all-all.

„Wie mag das Kind sich doch das  
 All-all deuten?  
 Sinn muß d’rin sein, sonst lieg  
 sich’s nicht bescheiden.  
 Was jetzt es sah,  
 Ist nicht mehr da;  
 Was oben war,  
 Ist unten;  
 Was da jetzt war,  
 Geschwunden;  
 Wo ist’s denn hingekommen?  
 Ein Jemand hat’s genommen.  
 Sieh, eines ist in beten,  
 D’rum läßt sich’s Kind bescheiden.“

Weather Vane attention is directed to a present fulness; in the All Gone it is directed to a present lack. The former points to permanence; the latter to cessation. The one concentrates the child’s interest upon the present; the other attracts his attention to the past, pointing him again and again to something that has been in contrast with something that is. The supper is all gone; the plate is empty; the candle is burnt out.

The dog has been with father to the field; greedily he devours his food; he seems to be still hungry, but his supper is—all gone. The boy is thirsty. “Please, sister,” he says, “give me some water.” “It is all gone,” she replies, showing him a glass which she holds upside down that he may see for himself it is empty. This unexpected and unwelcome answer distracts his attention from the slice of buttered bread lying beside him. Sly puss seizes the opportunity, creeps softly near him, and steals his bread. When the boy turns to get it he will find it—all gone.

Look at the little girl standing on the bench. I am sorry for her. She meant to give her canary something to eat, but she carelessly left the door of its cage open while she turned to look at the empty glass in her sister’s hand. “Where is your canary, my child?” “O dear! O dear! it is gone! it has flown away!”

The little girl’s brother tries to comfort her. “Come with me, sister,” he says; “come to the field, for I know a tree where there is a nest with