

VII.
TICK-TACK.

A GAME TO EXERCISE AND DEVELOP THE ARMS.

Oh, teach your child that those who move
By Order's kindly law,
Find all their lives to music set ;
While those who this same law forget
Find only fret and jar.

The clock is not a master hard,
Ruling with iron hand ;
It is a happy household sprite,
Helping all things to move aright,
With gentle guiding wand.

Its quiet tick still seems to say,
" Though time pass velvet shod,
It guides the universal round
Of worlds and souls—for it is found
Deep in the thought of God ! "

This game is easy to play. Your child may sit in your lap or stand upon a table. All that is necessary is that his arms should be free so that you may swing them to and fro like a pendulum. It goes without saying that the movement should be made alternately with the right and left arm. It may, however, not be superfluous to suggest that you may further the harmonious physical development of your child by also swinging his legs. Such varied exercises will contribute to his



healthy growth as well as to his beauty, litheness, and grace.

“Shall we now talk a little together about the picture? You know all I have to say better than I know it myself. Indeed, I learned it from you—learned it by watching your thoughtful, motherly play.”

Your instinct has taught you truly that everything in the nature of a timepiece has an irresistible charm for children. Why is this? The movement of the pendulum has given us the clew to many a truth of mathematics and mechanics. Can it be that a presentiment of its suggestiveness in these directions explains its allurements? There is a certain remote kinship between the rhythmic swing of the pendulum and the form of our soul-activity. Is this the secret of its charm? Or, setting aside both these suggestions, shall we say that the movement, the turning wheels, the apparent *life* in the clock are the sources of its allurements, and that this allurements is heightened by a sense of concealment and mystery?

That each of these explanations throws some light upon the source of the child's interest in the clock I freely admit. That any one of them or all of them fully account for his interest I must deny; for it is not alone the clock which fascinates him: his imagination is stirred by any kind of timepiece. Thus, children love to watch the slowly running sand in an hour-glass. They also love to make and watch sundials, though in these there is no movement