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ling down in tragic ruin! And in my dream I have mixed and magnified and multiplied all the horrors of that far-off time! But soon I shall be wakened from my dream by the little alarm-clock standing there on the table at my bedside; and I shall hurry over to the old school, trying hard to shake off the memory of the hideous nightmare; and presently a warm shaft of sunshine will penetrate the gloom of my classroom and my spirit, when, at precisely two minutes to nine, a roguish boy will rush in upon me to wish me a merry Good Morning and to explain in his breathless staccato:

"I'm most awfully sorry, but I hadn't time to polish off Alexander the Great last night. The car——"

Oh, little Alarm-clock, why don't you ring out? 'Tis surely time to waken now!

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