

*Rev Galbraith*  
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# SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for  
TEACHERS  
AND  
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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## The School and the Teacher.

### Little Dora; A Story for Teachers.

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SAD and sorrowful the teacher returned from the bedside of little Dora, her favorite pupil. Dora had German parents, who could speak only their own tongue; but she had learned to read and speak our language. She had been in the Sabbath School a good while, punctual, diligent, and earnest. During the week she had to work in the factory, to aid in the support of the large family. But for weeks she had been absent from her class. She lay on the bed in the room, almost the only room of the family, pale, wasted, and fading away. Her hair was light, her eyes large, her forehead high, but hardly could marble be whiter than her face; hardly could the diamond be brighter than her eye. Disease had taken away her strength, so that she could hardly raise the thin long hand to her head.

One day, as her teacher sat by her bedside, talking with her as she was able, she said, "Dear Dora, I trust you pray every day."

"I am very weak, but I never close my eyes without saying, 'Now I lay me,' and 'Our Father, which art in heaven.' I can do that, but I am too weak to make up much of a prayer."

"Do you feel, Dora, that you may not get well again?"

"Oh, I don't expect to. I know I am going to die."

"Are you afraid, Dora?"

"No, not exactly afraid, but somehow I don't know how it is, I don't seem to know where I am going, how it will seem, what I shall be or do. I know all about being here, but what shall I find there? Why do I dread it all?"

"You won't, dear child, when you come to go. God gives dying grace to those who are dying. You are not dying to-day, and therefore don't need it now."

"I am tired now, but when you come again, won't you try to explain it to me?"

"I will try, Dora."

Then the teacher went to her room sad, sad that Dora must die, sad that she had undertaken to explain to her what nobody can explain. As she knelt down, she prayed with tears, "Dear Lord, teach me how to comfort that poor child."

So she thought long and anxiously. She put her thoughts down on paper and the next time she sat down by Dora, she read to her the following little story.

"A gardener had some small, hard seeds which he had carefully laid away. One day he went to his garden, dug it up, and planted the little seeds down deep in the ground. They lay there, all near each other. One seed rolled near to a stone, where it lay quiet, as if in a sound sleep. After a while it seemed to wake up.