

"Say Miss"—he said as he turned and regarded me once more—

"If you have any of them prayers, yer said fer ole Dan, laying round loose, keep me in mind!"

And he shuffled away.

So Blue Dan had become a respectable member of society! A few kind words; a knowledge that a poor weak mortal took an interest in him; a feeling that the Saviour, "he just remembered hearing something about long ago," cared for him—the poor rough, grotesque looking sailor, part tramp—had won him over to be "a respectable member of society."

