

Dor : No, it is papa, dear papa ; that is all I call him.

JACK : Where do you live ?

Dor : I live at home.

JACK : What are you out here for ? Why ain't ye at home ?

Dor : I'm trying to find Santa Claus. Be you Santa Claus ?

JACK No, I'm not Santa Claus, and I don't believe you'll find him out here in the storm. Show me your way home, and I'll take you there.

Dor : Home's lost. I can't find it (*begins to cry.*)

JACK : Oh, dear, what shall I do ? The Sea Foam sails as soon as the wind has shifted, and it is beginning to change now. If I ain't there soon, the cap'n 'll think I've deserted, and I can't take her home when she can't tell me who she is nor where she lives. I can't leave her here to freeze, that's certain, and Christmas night too, of all others—the night that tells of that one when the Great Cap'n left His home in glory to seek and save the lost. I couldn't feel that I belonged to Him if I left one of His little ones to suffer. What shall I do ? (*Stops and thinks.*) I know. I'll take her to the cap'n of the Sea Foam. He has a good heart, and he can tell what to do. Come along, little shipmate, we'll find a snugger harbor than this storm-beaten shore.

Dor : Do you know Santa Claus ?

JACK : I used to know about him when I was a lad. and I'll help you to try find him. (*Jack picks her up and goes off with her in his arms.*)