

Minister (sinks down in chair and leans back, his wife puts pillow behind his head)—How they come and go, on such different errands, mostly for “the loaves and fishes,” but *while appearing to grant their requests alone*, you can also feed them with the Bread of Heaven. A grand calling, the ministry; so many opportunities to extend a helping hand. I would that more young men would enter its ranks. (Sits with eyes closed a minute then rises up, taking book, and blow out lamp.) Curtain falls.