

is true that "fools and children should not see unfinished work," yet to those of us who are stronger and able in some slight way to see the beginning of the end in even a most unlikely looking object, the examination is both interesting and instructive. The child who watches the glass-blower at work laughs with infantile disdain at the first stages of the performance, but gradually the evolution of the ornament awes his merriment to some extent and he gazes in open-eyed wonder. The delicate gentleman who has once seen it in the making declares he can never like beef tea again. And the boy who frequents newspaper offices, laughs scornfully at the credulity of the public; "writing papers is as easy as rolling of a log," he declares.

Now the premature decision reached in each case has been warped. Personal prejudice or a one-sided view, it may be, has been at fault and we come to the conclusion that it requires a certain stability and development of mind to appreciate the first stages of something whose growth is subtle and complex.

Accordingly we are apt to class with the newsboy and the delicate gentleman that emphatic matron who hailed from a university town. "Humph!" she remarked on one occasion—"Ministers! don't talk to me of ministers! Haven't I lived next door to Divinity students for the last ten years? I tell you I've lost a mighty lot of my respect for ministers now that I have seen them in the making." Against which remark we of saner view who have enjoyed equal if not greater privileges in that respect with the aforementioned lady, enter a protest. Her conclusion we assure her is too rash. It is a superficial view of the

matter, based on rather slim premises, and, like the newsboy's criticism, is lacking in an appreciation of many necessary factors.

But nevertheless we are loath to ignore her wholesome condemnation. It is interesting for two reasons: First, because it expresses more or less accurately the common view of a large class of people who are certainly neither children nor fools however unenlightened their matured opinions may be, and moreover the remark paves the way for a slight dissertation on a subject which is of interest to us, whose path has led for some short years not alone past the boarding-house of embryo preachers, but even into the very work-shop where the ministers are "in the making."

There is, indeed, a certain convulsion of feeling experienced at the first view of a future minister. Despite the friendliness of the modern pastor and our growing intimacy with his calling, we still feel traces of that traditional awe which made the old woman who could understand only an occasional word in the minister's sermon, put him down at once as a "very great man." Though to a large extent we are breaking away from the ancient fear of those in spiritual authority over us, there still lingers a latent respect for the calling sufficient to invest "the cloth" and its wearer with more or less sanctity. When therefore some slight youth with his cap pulled over his eyes, ambling leisurely along the street, pelting trees with snow or cuffing small boys, is pointed out to the "uninitiated" as a future Minister of the Gospel, it is not surprising if the uninitiated be momentarily astonished—"What! that boy?" Nor is it strange that the freshette in