

BENGOUGH'S
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SHORTHAND WRITER.

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A RETROSPECT.

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.
* * * * *

Till at length the burden seems
Greater than our strength can bear,
Heavy as the weight of dreams
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

We are contemplatively filling the editorial armchair. "It rains, and the wind is never weary." It is the sort of a day when Hope's bedraggled wings refuse to carry her into that region beyond human vision, the future. Practically we have long since arranged with neatness,—the neatness born of a wet day and outside discomfort—all things appertaining to the profession. Metaphorically, we are now ransacking the pigeon holes of memory and consigning, with mingled sighs and smiles to the metaphorical wastepaper basket, the mistakes and triumphs, in fact all the used-up material of the past year.

'Tis now just a year since we moved to our present address. We were not seven, we were only two. The same remark might apply to our furniture, our type-writers and our pupils. The first revolution of Fortune's wheel involved the engaging of that necessary evil,—a boy.

"O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols ;
* * * * *

When first thou camest, gentle, shy and fond."

It was a pardonable mistake of ours that for the first seven days we felt inclined to shout "Mercury" instead of "Jerry," to look vainly for the silvery wings, which we felt positive were hidden

under his Wellingtons, where other boys are supposed to have holes in their socks ; but it was a dismal awakening to be compelled to acknowledge that if the wings were there they must have only been electro-plate, and that of the poorest kind. Ah! well, that was one of the mistakes. We know now that office boys are sent to mortify the flesh ; they are one of the ills the editorial flesh is heir to.

Then it dawned upon us that our trio as a trio soared too much among the upper notes for our own good. We must have some one to take the lower chords. Some one who could grovel among the practicalities of life. We were born to idealize. He came—our book-keeper ; he came, he saw, he conquered. From chaos he brought order. But alas!

"The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task"

proved too much for him. Another mistake. Live and learn. "All's for the best," we murmur as we reflect upon the numerous virtues and talents possessed by our present *chef d'affaires* in the type-writing department.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." With the click of more than half-a-dozen type-writers, the hum from a busy class room, where two teachers are required to keep up with the press of work, and with a satisfactory book of sales now before us, we can afford to smile at the recollection of the morning we came down to find that fortune was literally at its flood—the water not having been turned off on the flat above—and that a boat was almost a necessity to enable us to reach our private office, and that removal to this side of the hall was the only resource.

Our editorial feelings suffer a severe strain as we think of the way in which our monthly offering has lagged in making its appearance. But now, with staff fully or-