

Of course there are in the diary many interesting glimpses of contemporary life not referred to in this paper: the press gang, weather signs and weather breeders, movements of bodies of soldiers, hanging a dog for stealing, poor houses or "Houses of Industry" etc. All that is attempted here is to give the outline of a picture that is presented with photographic detail in *The Diary of a Country Parson*. As to its value, we can not do better than quote the appreciation of Arthur Ponsonby:

It is a window straight into the past, through which we can follow in detail the life of an eighteenth-century village. No history book, no learned treatise on the customs and fashions of a hundred and fifty years ago, can give the atmosphere and reality with which the consecutive reading of *Woodforde's Diary* furnishes our imagination.

DESTINY

EILEEN CAMERON HENRY

There must be a goal toward which I strive,
Though I cannot say that the struggle be
Worth the while—No goal could give
All that the striving took from me.
There must be a reason why I live,
Beyond the eyes of my soul to see,
Some definite thing that only I
Can fashion to suit an infinite scheme,
And probably something I do not dream—
So small, I shall wonder I could not die,
Before I walked in a certain way,
At a certain time, on a certain day.