THE THOUGHT CONTENT IN THE POETRY OF

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

By

H. Ethel Hoar

Submitted to the Department of English and the faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Kansas, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

Approved

R. D. Stearns

Department of English

September 1, 1921.
TO

MY FATHER
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENTS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Title Page .......................... 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Table of Contents ..................... iii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Preface ................................ iv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introduction .......................... v</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Chapter I  
Gibson As a Chronicler of Human Life in England .................. 1 |
| Chapter II  
The Three-Fold Idea of Love in Gibson's Poetry .................. 20 |
| Chapter III  
Death, God, and Immortality in Gibson's Poetry .................. 39 |
| Appendices  
Appendix A--Letter from W. W. Gibson following 64 |
| Appendix B--Chronology of Publications 65 |
| Appendix C--Bibliography .................. 73 |
| Index |

Preface

It was while I was teaching a course in modern poetry in the Lawrence High School, that I first became interested in the poems of W. W. Gibson. A desire on the part of the students for further knowledge of the author and his works prompted me to purchase a copy of the Collected Poems. My reading of Gibson was only desultory, however, until the summer of 1920 when Professor Dunlap and Professor O'Leary of Kansas University suggested, for research work, a study of the thought content in Gibson's poetry. The investigation, though partly carried on in absentia, has been most profitable and interesting.

I wish to express my thanks to Professor Dunlap and to Professor O'Leary for their kind
and helpful criticism in the preparation of this thesis and also, to other members of the English department for beneficial and needful suggestions.

M. Ethel Hoar.

Lawrence, Kansas,

September 1, 1921.
INTRODUCTION

In January, 1917, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, a poet whose work had earned for him a high place among the younger English poets, came to America for a lecture tour. There are many Americans who had made friends with his work before he came to this country, but at that time many still unfamiliar with his work fortunately met both him and his poetry.

The volumes of this poet of the common people surely deserve wide and careful reading. Gibson has made a distinctive and valuable contribution to letters in the nature of reflections and interpretations of life. Because he desired to perpetuate some great ideas that he deemed to be of vital import on their bearing on human life and conduct he gathered together into one volume in 1917 all of his poetry that he wished to preserve.
Ever since the appearance of this volume, Mr. Gibson has been regarded as one of the main supports of the "new poetry" movement in England, having achieved popularity as a storytelling poet, making an individual and unusual appeal as the sympathetic interpreter of the tragedies in the lives of the working classes.

His volume is divided into ten books, the work of about ten years, and when these books are read in sequence, they are seen to represent a growing period in the poet's mind and art. In the earlier work, we find all the charm of romance and beauty of nature. In the later works there is nothing to which the word charm will strictly apply but we find in them a deep and powerful study of human nature.

The subjects of Gibson's later works are taken from the ranges of common experience, infinite
in depth. He loves subjects that the poet does not often choose; such as illness, death, economic pressure, industrial risk, inescapable dangers in mill and mine, the loss of work, the bodily and spiritual pain of men and women. Loyalty to the job and patience, almost beyond human endurance, are subjects nearest Gibson's heart.

After a careful study of the collected poems, the writer has decided to put into the following chapters her idea of Mr. Gibson's treatment of people as human beings, his idea of love, of God, death, and immortality, and define, in so far as she can, his thoughts upon these great subjects.

Though all available contemporary criticism has been consulted, the basis of the study has been the work itself. Unless so stated, the volume from which all quotations from the author
are taken and to which reference is made, is "The Collected Poems," 1904-1917, published by the Macmillan Company in New York in 1917.
THE THOUGHT CONTENT IN THE POETRY OF

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.
Chapter I

GIBSON AS A CHRONICLER

OF HUMAN LIFE
Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, "We do not with sufficient plainness or sufficient profoundness address ourselves to life, nor dare we chant our own times and social circumstances."

In England today there lives a man who is addressing himself to life with plainness and profoundness and is daring to chant his own times and social circumstances. This man is fast becoming known to lovers of poetry in America. He has brought a message that may well rouse his day and generation to an understanding of the overworked masses and sympathy with them. What Charles Booth did in volumes of statistics for London, Gibson does for both city and rural slums in a few lines of simple verse. He presents not only outward material facts but inward spiritual reactions upon these facts, because he has looked upon reality and he wants his readers to look upon reality too.
In our study of English poetry we have seen that many poets have limited their verse to the "gardens of fancy," almost totally ignoring the grim realities of life. They have not attempted at all to portray the beauty in the lives of common men. It is only when one comes down to very recent times that poetry begins to be democratic. Hilton Bronner says, "As the world becomes more and more industrialized, the poets will more and more find their themes in the mines and in the shops." Wilfrid Gibson turns the light on the dark places of modern life and by means of dramatic dialogue in irregular verse, he deals with the great mass of people who are born to live rather than to achieve. Gibson frequently forsakes the charm of rhyme. He sticks close to actual scenes. He tells us what the newspaper does not, giving us the inside facts,

the heartache and misery and pain that come into the lives of the very poor.

His "Daily Bread," which is perhaps his best known and most highly praised volume, is a series of seventeen dramatic poems in irregular rhythm which record the sorrows and tragedies that are everyday occurrences in the lives of the bread-winners of England. These are like the experiences of our own working people of America. In these dramatic poems, we move among men and women so used to toil and pain that they utter little complaint over their hard condition.

"He'd never heard
His father murmur once—'Nay, not a word
He'd muttered: he was never one to blame,
And men had got to take things as they came."²

Yet their sufferings go straight to our hearts as we see fishermen, stokers and miners

². The Blast Furnace: p. 520.
struggling for existence with heroic power of endurance. In the introductory lines of "Daily Bread" we read:

"All life moving to one measure--
Daily bread, daily bread--
Bread of life, and bread of labor,
Bread of bitterness and sorrow,
Hand to mouth, and no tomorrow,
Death for housemate, death for neighbor."3

Gibson pictures real people whose lives from early morning till late at night, year in and year out, are concerned with the bitter problem of getting enough bread to hold body and soul together. They have become so used to hunger, cold, nakedness, weariness, disease, and death that they accept their misery as passive and utter no complaint. "The Garret" deals with the unemployment of the working-

man who hungers for work as he does for food.

"It's hungry tramping through the streets
all day
From works to works,
And standing in the throng
Outside the factory gates,
Still hoping against hope, that when
they open,
I, too, may be allowed to slip inside.
But times are bad:
And when the gates close to,
I ever find myself among the crowd,
Shut out from work and bread." 4

In "Summer Dawn," Laban expresses a very
common experience when he says:

4. The Garret: p. 117.
"And yet, it's hard that, in an honest
day's work,
A strong man cannot earn enough
To keep his wife and family." 5

We are given a clear insight into the true misery of the laboring classes in the two examples that follow. I quote again from "Summer Dawn" where Gibson puts into Laban's mouth these words:

"I little knew that life was labor, labor,
And labor till the end.
I thought that there'd be ease, somewhere." 6

And again:

"It's ever children, children,
A woman slaves her very life away
To rear her children;

6. Ibid. p. 188.
And they grow up and slave their lives away
To rear their children."

Gibson's women are of the strong, noble type. Almost every one is the heartener of man and his undismayed burden-bearer. After rousing herself at three in the morning to do the washing and prepare the scanty breakfast, the wife takes her hoe and goes with her husband to hoe the "swedes" for the remainder of the day. No more impressive picture of heart-break is conceivable than is shown in the words of the blind old mother in "The Betrothed," waiting for the return of her son, listening as footstep after footstep passes her threshold. The self-denying, watchful love of the dead miner's mother in "The Night Shift" is unforgettable. There is heroism, too. In "The Operation" a wife, after years of suffering reveals to her husband that she has a cancer and is to un-

dergo a desperate operation at the city free dispensary.

But it must be understood that the note of sorrow and despair in these poems is not hopeless. The golden thread that runs through most of them is easily noted in the last two lines of the poet's prefatory verses to "Daily Bread,"

"Yet, when all the babes are fed,
Love, are there not crumbs to treasure?"

Gibson's readers cannot help finding an interesting sociological study in the lives of the unemployed as presented in "The Garret" and in "Agatha Steel." Now that the census reports are showing a constant trend of population away from the country, toward the great cities, Gibson has this solemn warning:

"For here men starve;
Ay; men and women starve;

And starving folk are ill to live with.
Such sights I've seen!
I did not think that hell could hold such sights!
But here hundreds hunger,
And wander shelterless at night,
Or sleep beneath dark arches,
Or on cold benches wrapped in soaking fog,
Here...... here is hell!#9

Again, when day after day scores of men are found in police court, charged with the same offence, our poet has this excuse for them:

"And there's small blame to them
Who drink too much at times.
There's little else the poor can get too much of:
And life at best is dull enough, God knows.

Sometimes, it's better to forget......
And......it's a lovely dizziness.\textsuperscript{10}

As we read one of Gibson's "Collected Poems" after the other, we note that some of Gibson's people, as might be expected, have a curious intimacy with supernatural and mysterious forces, commonly ignored by "the cultured." "Bloodybush Edge" is a humorous dialogue between a game-keeper, dressed in the cast off clothes of a country gentleman, and a stranger, evidently a tramp, whose firm belief in ghosts is the theme of the drama.

"The ghostly stirks! Trot-trot!
Trot-trot! They're almost on us. Look you! There!
Along the road there, black against the sky.
They're charging down with eyes ablaze....\textsuperscript{11}

\textsuperscript{10.} Agatha Steel: p. 161.
\textsuperscript{11.} Bloodybush Edge: p. 391.
A most curious example of the fact that Gibson's people are sometimes able to perceive things out of the ordinary range of perceptions is found in "The Night Shift" where a wife with her new born baby by her side wonders why her husband who is down in the mine with the night shift and who knows the great event that is impending in their lives, does not return to her. It is time for him to come. She is not told by her mother-in-law, the faithful watcher at her bedside that a mine tragedy has occurred, but in some subtle way the idea comes to the mind of the fevered patient. It becomes a real and terrible picture to her. Time after time she rouses herself from delirium and is conscious of men who are buried underground, tapping at their fearful prison in their endeavor to get out into light and air:

"Will no one stop that tapping?
I cannot sleep for it.
I think that someone is shut in somewhere
And trying to get out.
Will no one let them out and stop the tapping?
It keeps on tapping, tapping, tapping.
And I can scarcely breathe,
The darkness is so thick.
It stifles me;
And weighs so heavily upon me,

Oh, God!
Will no one stop that tapping?\footnote{12}

We are interested at the present in knowing just how the great war affected the thoughts of all the contemporary poets and in noting their different methods of handling the many problems involved in the conflict. It is interesting to note that the war furnished Gibson with material that was of peculiar value and significance to a

\footnote{12. The Night Shift: p. 152.}
poet already so absorbed in humanity, especially one so alert to seize the actions of men and women under stress of harsh circumstances. So we find a unique and original method of dealing with the war because of its relation to the humble individual involved in it, in his "Battle and other Poems," which contains little pieces, rarely more than a few lines long. In nearly all of these we note the persistence of the boy or the man in the newly-made soldier. The poem quoted below is a curious example of the last statement and must be read the second time to be appreciated:

"I wonder if the old cow died or not.
Very bad she was the night I left, and sick;
Dick reckoned she would mend. He knows a lot--
At least he fancies so himself, does Dick.

Dick knows a lot. But maybe I did wrong To leave the cow to him and come away."
Over and over like a silly song
These words keep humming in my head all day.

And all I think of as I face the foe
And take my lucky chance of being shot,
Is this,—that if I'm hit, I'll never know
Till Doomsday if the old cow died or not.  

The love of the so-called common people
is the inspiration of Gibson's poetry and his volume constitutes an impressive work in the field of social literature. It is because of his understanding of simple, homely, coarse people that he has brought the miners, fishers, steel workers, firemen, tenement-dwellers, factory-girls, and shm-waifs near to our general understanding.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes tells us that "on an August afternoon in 1913 in company with

Rabbi Wise after a ride in a London bus to the far East End, a walk down a dirty slum street a-swarm with children, a three-flight climb up the stairs of a dingy tenement,"\(^{14}\) he made entrance into a small back room crowded with books, overlooking a wilderness of roofs and yards. This was the home and workshop of W. W. Gibson. Because he lived in the slums, his friends and acquaintances were among the people there and it is the struggles of such as these that he has chosen to depict in verse. His love for, and sympathy with his daily companions may best be noted in his lines to his own daughter, Audrey. He has chosen to place them as prefatory verses to "Livelihood":

"Audrey, these men and women I have known I have brought together in a book for you, So that my child someday when she is grown May know the friendly folk her father knew.

---

Wondering how fathers can be so absurd,
Perhaps you'll take it idly from the shelves,
And, reading, hear, as I once overheard,
These men and women talking to themselves.

And so find out how they faced life and earned,
As you one day must earn, a livelihood,
And how, in spite of everything, they learned
To take their luck through life and find it good.

And, maybe, as you share each hope and fear
And all the secrets that they never told,
For their sake you'll forgive your father, dear,
Almost, for being so absurd and old.
And may it somewhat help to make amends
To think that, in their sorrow and their mirth,
Such men and women were your father's friends
In old incredible days before your birth."

The inspiration of his poetry is the love and companionship of the so-called "common people," and his volume of collected poems constitutes an impressive work in the field of social literature.

Chapter II

THE THREE-FOLD IDEA OF LOVE

IN GIBSON'S POETRY
An interesting recent study made by the writer has been that of the idea of love in the poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley as defined by H. S. Salt in his "Shelley Primer," Chapter III. Here love is presented under three aspects, namely; (1) the ideal love, or the yearning after that divine spirit which pervades the universe, (2) the personal love, or the love of father, mother, brother, or lover, and (3) the philanthropic love, or that spirit of unselfishness which is the remedy of all moral, social, and political evils. Perhaps no better classification can be followed in the discussion of the idea of love in Gibson's poetry than the one to which I have just referred.

Because Mr. Gibson has chosen to depict the pitiful endurance of the poor, their heroism and comradeship in common dangers, it is difficult for the student to find many well defined evidences
of ideal love in Mr. Gibson's poetry; yet, one cannot help feeling as he reads, that out of the very suffering of the poor come moral strength and nobility of character. Love, for Mr. Gibson, is the supreme transfiguring power of life, and we feel as we read that the Master accepts love even though it be mistaken and imperfect. In almost every one of the little dramas in "Daily Bread" we have hints or evidences that Divine Love is found in the hearts of humanity, and the persistence with which the characters work and struggle and sacrifice is the yearning after the Divine Spirit. Every soul, no matter how lowly and meek, has something for which to praise God. Sometimes he praises God for the pure, profound love of mother for son, or husband for wife, which no pain or injustice can overcome. I quote again from the prefatory lines to "Daily Bread" because this is the very illustration needed here:
"All life moving to one measure--
Daily bread, daily bread--
Bread of life, and bread of labour,
Bread of bitterness and sorrow,
Hand to mouth, and no tomorrow,
Death for housemate, death for neighbor.....
Yet when all the babes are fed,
Love, are there not crumbs to treasure?"\(^{16}\)

In his excellent address at the Forty-ninth Annual Commencement of the University of Kansas, on June 8, 1921, Mr. Edwin Markham asked, "What then is the true end of life--true for this world and for all worlds?" He answered his own question by replying, "It is the service of the good--the unselfish service of the good. In serving the good, we serve God. This service lets in the light of the stars upon the cold hard materialism of existence. This service lets in upon these common affairs of time, the impact of eternity."

---

Mr. Gibson's idea is essentially the same. His men and women and children, too, while struggling and suffering with patient endurance, are none the less serving God because they serve the good—because they possess the priceless jewel of human love and loyalty accompanied by the element of sacrifice, which makes their love like the love of the Master himself.

Numerous illustrations and examples of the element of personal love may be found throughout the entire volume. The dramas in "Daily Bread" are all marked by the way in which Gibson weaves into his stories this element of personal love in its simple unconsciousness of itself. I quote first a passage to show the kindliness of the poor to each other and their native courtesy. An old stonebreaker has just passed a starving couple by the roadside and, divining their extremity, he turns back to them:
"Fine morning, mate and mistress!
Might you be looking for a job, my lad?
Well, there's a heap of stones to break,
down yonder.
I was just on my way.......
But I am old:
And you look young,
And not afraid of work.......
And when the job's done, lad,
There'll be a shilling."

A fine example of loyalty to a friend is shown in Gibson's "Mates." Here a lover who has been saved by a friend from a mine disaster is begged by his sweetheart to give up the job that constantly imperils his life, and seek another. When she continues to insist and threatens to break her engagement to him, he gives her this reason for his determination to be loyal to his mate:

17. On the Road: p. 90.
"Shall I desert him now? 
He sought me, at the first alarm, 
And we two fled together, 
Before the creeping choke-damp, 
Until it gained upon us, 
And I was overcome, 
And dropped, to die, 
When Nicholas picked me up, 
And bore me in his arms, 
Along the stifling galleries-- 
Stumbling over dead and dying 
Every step he staggered. 
Though he could scarcely struggle 
Against the damp himself, 
He bore me into safety; 
And kept the spark of life in me, 
Till we at last were rescued."[18]

Honor and devotion in love are pictured beautifully in the same poem where Martin says:

"There's little I'd not do for you, you know, lass, but not this. You would not have me cowardly, for your sake? How should I face my mates if I forsook them?"\(^{19}\)

Another example, truly Gibsonian, will serve to show how the love of his children holds a father to his duty and gives him strength and courage, even to face death. In "The Call" two firemen are talking about the dangers attendant upon their job, and the power that makes them rush into the very jaws of death itself to save life. Christopher says to Seth:

"You cannot think the difference children make:
No house is home, unless there's children in it.
My girls are always in my mind:

---

And yet, whenever I go in,
It's a fresh delight to see them,
And take them in my arms.
They're more to me than I can tell you;
I'm always dull at saying
The thing that's in my heart:
But they have brought so much to me,
And just made all the difference to
my life--
Ay, to my life and work--
For now I've them to work for.
Though I was never slack, they hearten me;
And when I hear the cry
That there are children in a burning house,
I always think of them,
And see their faces in the flames,
Their arms stretched out to me;
And hear their little voices calling,
"Daddy!"
Then naught could hold me back."20

Turning next to the idea of philanthropic love as expressed in Gibson's poetry, we find that the spirit of unselfishness pervades the whole to a far greater extent than may be found in much of the modern poetry because of the very nature of the people our poet has chosen to depict. The heart of humanity is in the poet's verse, especially in "Fires" where the fundamental note is human sympathy with the whole of life. His characters are living people—not types, but individuals. In "Fires" we have the old theme, the pitiful endurance of the poor; ever near tragedy, and in Gibson we find that sensitive social conscience and sympathy with the common people that is undoubtedly real but that has not resulted in pessimism. He has a broader, more philosophic outlook, than many of his contemporaries have, and though he does not hint at remedies for evils, as does Gals-

20. The Call: p. 177.
worthy in his splendid plays dealing with modern life, he shows the way human beings live and suffer, and is content if he has stirred the reader to thought.

"Snug in my easy chair,
I stirred the fire to flame.
Fantastically fair,
The flickering fancies came,
Born of heart's desire:

.......................
Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,
I shut my eyes to heat and light;
And saw in sudden night,
Crouched in the dripping dark,
With steaming shoulders stark,
The man who hews the coal to feed my
fire."21

The preceding lines are the preface to "Fires" and show how Gibson came to the realiza-

tion that if his art was to be real, it must concern itself directly with life. Accordingly he descended into the mines, climbed the stairs of rudely built tenements, talked to men starving for lack of food, and viewed intimately all that misery and wretchedness can bring to humanity. The "Lodestar" and "Devil's Edge" may be taken as typical of these experiences.

To be sure, it must not be assumed that a poet is himself cruel if he pictures cruel characters, or that he is merciful, if he pictures merciful characters, or that he is philanthropic if he pictures philanthropic characters. But it is perhaps well to emphasize here the fact that undoubtedly philanthropy exists in the poet's own mind because of the unusual number of his characters that possess markedly philanthropic characteristics. More than this, his treatment of such characters is so striking in its sympathetic attitude that one can not help feeling that it is Gibson who speaks through his characters.
If we define philanthropic love as a spirit of unselfishness, a spirit of active good will toward one's fellowmen, then Gibson's best characters possess philanthropic love.

The doctor, after a full night's watching and an entire day's traveling over snowy roads "without a stay" utters no complaint when he arrives at home only to find a young shepherd at his door summoning him fifteen miles out into the hills where a woman lies dangerously ill. Then too,

"The car could scarcely crawl
At times, she skidded so; and with that squall
Clean in his eyes he scarcely saw to steer--
His big lamps only lit a few yards clear--"22

No more touching example of sympathy can be found than the incident in "The Garret" where Isaac, returning from the "stall," where he has been to buy a little food, says to Adah:

"Oh, had you seen the faces round the stall—

The hungry faces in the flare
Of naphtha, and the eyes
That glared out from the shadows greedily;
And as I passed them with the coffee,
The cold blue lips that drank up the rich steam,
As though they feasted.

To one poor girl I gave
A penny of your money;
A child, almost, she seemed!
But she was naught but skin and bone,
and rags—
And oh, such eyes;" 

Two examples from "The Hare" stand out clearly as acts of kindliness toward strangers. A hungry tramp has suddenly come upon a camp of gypsies and, as he nears the biggest fire, he

23. The Garret: p. 120.
catches a "pleasant whiff of stewing." One of the party, an old woman, catches his hungry eye and calls out to him:

"Draw in nigher,
Unless you find it too much trouble;
Or you've a nose for better fare,
And go to supper with the Squire.....
You've got the hungry parson's air!"24

Later in the same poem, the tramp becomes aware that a girl with a "frightened hare" expression is being held captive in order that she might be married to "Fat Pete" who had cruelly mistreated his first wife. When she attempts to flee at night from the fate that she knows awaits her if she remains, the tramp follows her, and carrying her pack, he guides her to safety.

The spirit of sacrifice pervades "The News" where:

24. The Hare: p. 319.
"His heart had told him he must go and fight,
Must throw up everything he loved so well
To go and fight in lands across the sea
Beside the other lads--must throw up all,
His work, his home...."\textsuperscript{25}

In the first chapter, attention was called to the spirit of good will that prompted the poor old stonebreaker in "On the Road" to lay off for one day in order that a young man, who has a starving wife and baby, might take his job and thus earn a shilling.

The reader cannot soon forget the outstanding characteristic of unselfishness in "The House of Candles" when Barbara remains to relieve the suffering of the woman in disgrace, or in "The Drove Road" when the poor old drunkard declares

\textsuperscript{25. The News: p. 503.}
that "even rum tastes better when it's shared."
In "The Threshold" Ellen tells us that "kindliness is evident though cooped in stifling misery, even in dark alleys."

The humanitarian spirit of Gibson also finds expression through his interest in dumb animals and birds.

"This baby-hare crouched on the ground And she had nursed it quite a while: But, now, she'd better let it go..... Its mother would be fretting so..... A mother's heart....."26

Daft Dick in "Bloodybush Edge" knows the "singing note of every burn 'twixt here and High Cup Nick" and says:

"And birds and beasts, I must have them about me-- Rabbits and hares, weasels and stoats and adders,

26. The Hare: p. 324.
Plover and grouse, partridge and snipe
and curlew,
Red-shank and heron."27

Gentleman John, stable-man and general odd-job man in "Hoops" is proud of the fact that it is his business to carry "shaving-water" to the elephant.

"He's a lord.
Only the bluest blood that has come down
Through generations from the mastodon
Could carry off that tail with dignity,
That tail and trunk."28

The reader is struck with Ralph's kindly treatment of the sheep in "Stonefolds," and with his mother's thoughtful tenderness in setting "milk upon the hob" to keep it warm for some motherless lamb. But more touching than all, is the old

father's sincere regret that he, because he is too old and infirm, cannot go with Ralph to tend the sheep while the storm rages without.

The same kindliness for dumb animals is expressed in "The Dancing Seal."

"The friendly seals would come ashore;
And sit and watch us all the while,
As though they'd not seen men before;
And so, poor beasts, had never known
Men had the heart to do them harm.
They'd little cause to feel alarm
With us, for we were glad to find
Some friendliness in that strange sea;
Only too pleased to let them be
And sit as long as they'd a mind
To watch us; for their eyes were kind."29

And so through the 552 pages of the volume of collected poems, the student may find numberless instances of philanthropic love toward animals,

being impressed as he reads with the fact that Gibson is too large hearted and clear minded to be able to restrict his benevolence to mankind alone or to view with composure the sufferings of the lower animals.
Chapter III

GOD, DEATH AND IMMORTALITY

IN GIBSON'S VERSE
In the preceding chapter, the writer tried to point out that almost every poem of power in "Daily Bread" and "Fires" deals with some variety of love. It is the universal subject. But it was also shown that in love, for Gibson, there is perpetual tragedy. The loved object so prized for what he is today, tomorrow is changed. Time intervenes and brings alteration. Again and again occur the words time, age, and death. But in spite of the deaths, disablements, and partings a feeling of tenderness arises within us, as we read, that awakens our sympathy and makes us feel that the tragedy is not hopeless. We love Gibson's voice because it soothes and elevates us. Our poet places the center of religion in a simple reliance on divine love. His characters feel the need of a higher, guiding Power and they call to Him. Gibson shows us that through all struggles and perplexities, the time is being guided toward some final good.
Gibson, it will be shown in the following lines, is not a philosophic thinker, as Wordsworth proves himself to be in his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," but rather does he appear to remain in the background himself while his characters talk and act. He conveys the idea that, to his characters, God is an object of faith rather than an object of proof or knowledge. We must not understand, however, that this is merely a part of his dramatic rendering of humble life and that this hope is not Gibson's own. On the contrary, we are led to believe that because in such a large number of cases he emphasizes a working faith in God, and because our attention is called so frequently to his sympathetic treatment of this subject, that Gibson himself likely enjoys the faith that his characters possess.

"The Operation" is a typical product of his art and is representative of his attitude toward the problems and mysteries of life. Hester Lowry,
the wife of a hardworking printer has returned from the shops with her heavy basket, much later than usual. Upon being asked why she is three hours late, she tells her husband that she has been standing in line waiting her turn to be examined by the doctors. She informs her husband that she is to undergo an operation for cancer at the free dispensary the following morning. Her father long ago had died of cancer. For eleven years she, too, had suffered but never had she mentioned her trouble to a soul.

Hester: "Nay, lad, I've kept the thing from you;
'Twould not have eased the pain to share it,
You slept the sounder, knowing nothing;
Though there were times the gnawing was so bad,
I could have torn........
William: "And I slept on unknowing!
You never even wakened me.
And every little ache I've had,
I've made a pretty song about it!

Hester: "You've made a song!
And what about the time your arm was caught,
Was caught in the machine and you were hanging
Were hanging by the flesh, a mortal hour!

William: "Ray; Michael held me up upon his back.

Hester: "But all the time your arm was in the wheels;
And you....you never murmured once,
they say;
But only laughed and jested;
Although they had to take a chisel,
And cut each cog out separately,
Before the flesh was freed.
How could you bear the strain and jar,
And never once lose heart....."

And finally the drama closes with:

Hester: "And I will soon be well again
Folk go through such and worse each day;
It's naught to make a fuss about,
I've only one more night to bear the
pain......."

And then........

William: "Ay, wife, you'll soon be well again
With such a heart in you.
And yet if you had gone too long....." 30

Two strains are interwoven throughout.
One is personal; the memory and the sorrow as they affect the individual; the other is broadly human and general, the experience of the soul as it con-

templates life and death or as it struggles through doubt to faith or through anguish to peace.

The word "God" appears by actual count one hundred and fourteen times in the Collected Poems. The expression, "Thank God" is used eleven times; "God knows" is used twenty-two times; "Ah God," used as an expression denoting pity, compassion, anguish, despair, fervor, or despondency is used forty-seven times; and the prayer, "Would God" or "May God...." is used fifteen times. The words "Christ" and "Lord" are used, though seldom, in the same way. The examples come, for the most part, from "Fires" and "Daily Bread." Such illustrations as the following are common:

"Thank God, he could not rob me of my home."

"Nay, none may know but God."

"God give you light."

"Ah God have pity."

"My life is hard enough, God knows."

"Then God rest your spirit."
Such illustrations show plainly enough to us that here are people who, amid a thousand ills of fortune, preserve unimpaired their love for one another, their fidelity to duty, and their faith in God. These people are almost divine creations sacred to the deepest Christian virtues.

I quote two passages from the Collected Poems; the first, to indicate the quiet submission to and unquestioning acceptance of what God sends; the second, to indicate the acknowledgment of God as protector of all.

In "Summer Dawn" we find these lines:

Hetty: "Yes, those were happy times;
No girl was ever happier than I was,
When first I walked with you in Malden Meadows.
But I am happy now for all the difference.
Life was not over easy, even then;
They worked me sorely at the farm,
Though I was but a child
On Monday mornings, we were up at one, 
To get the washing through, 
Before the day's work started. 
I wasn't fifteen then; but I remember 
The coast-guards whistling to us, 
As they passed the lighted window, 
On the cold, black winter mornings. 
And often, I'd been working many hours, 
Before you turned out with your team. 
I used to think that you went bravely, 

Laban, 

Behind your dappled horses."31

The second example is striking. It is an odd little poem entitled "Red Fox," in which the first person is used. A young man who had been disappointed in love had come to have a strong feeling of hatred for the accepted suitor. So strong was his angry passion that one night, which was the night of the birth of his rival's son, he

could not sleep and, frenzied, he took up his weapon and started out to kill the object of his hatred.

As he went through the wood, his attention was attracted to a red fox playing with his cubs and their mother. He was struck by the father's pride and joy and the mother's love for her young, and her protecting care and--

"And then it seems I must have slept
Dropt dead asleep......dropt dead outworn.
I wakened as the first gleam crept
Among the fern, and it was morn.....
God's eye about their home had kept
Good watch, the night her son was born."32

In brief, then, we might say that God, to Gibson's men and women, is a living being, in whom they trust, to whom they pray, and to whom they render the thanks that is due for their protection and guidance. How could we expect a higher

philosophy, a deeper study based on reason, when we remember the class of people that Gibson has chosen to depict?

Seldom do Gibson's characters regard death with pain or struggle. Death is often welcomed. It is a sleep. It is release from sorrow and suffering, and Gibson's characters meet the end bravely. The beautiful little poem, "Geraniums" will serve as an example of the ever recurring thought of death in Gibson's poems, and the fact that death means release from wretched conditions.

"Stuck in a bottle on the window-sill,
In the cold gas light burning gaily red
Against the luminous blue of London night,
These flowers are mine; while somewhere
out of sight
In some black-throated alley's stench
and heat,
Oblivious of the racket of the street,
A poor old weary woman lies in bed."
"Broken with lust and drink, bleary-eyed
and ill,
Her battered bonnet nodding on her head,
From a dark door she clutched my sleeve
and said;
'I've sold no bunch today, nor touched
a bite....
Son, Buy six-penn'orth; and 'twill mean
a bed.'

"So, blazing gaily red
Against the luminous deeps
Of starless London night,
They burn for my delight;
While somewhere, snug in bed,
A worn old woman sleeps.

"And yet tomorrow will these blooms be
dead
With all their lively beauty; and to­
morrow
May end the light lusts and the heavy
sorrow
Of that old body with the nodding head.
The last oath muttered, the last pint
  drained deep,
She'll sink, as Cleopatra sank, to sleep;
Nor need to barter blossoms for a bed."33

The same idea of release comes to us from reading "Stonefolds" where Rachel says:

"Tonight has death
Shown pity to the motherless and weak,
And folded them in peace. How sweet they sleep!"34

What more beautiful lines in all modern poetry than the closing lines of "The Lodestar" where Gibson says:

"While from the little window, morning light
Fell on her face, made holy with the peace
That passeth understanding,..."35

33. Geraniums: p. 331.
34. Stonefolds: p. 39.
Never does one of Gibson's characters fear to meet death. The soldier says:

"I do not fear to die
Neath the open sky
To meet death in the fight
Face to face, upright."36

The woman of the world says:

"But, nay, there is no night,
Since I have cast out fear;
And I shall dread the darkness nevermore.
But.....I am weary.......
And would sleep.....
You need not watch with me;
For I fear nothing now.......
I who have come through midnight.......
And look upon the dawn."37

37. The House of Candles: p. 84.
And yet nowhere through the Collected Poems are we made to feel that death ends all for Gibson's characters. At times there is almost an impatient yearning to enter into its realities. Throughout the poems, we are impressed with the idea that the characters are engrossed with the transitoriness of love and that they constantly seek a means of giving perpetuity to that which is so precious and so frail. Gibson's people crave immortality for the object of their passion. Among less than a dozen poems that touch directly on the subject of immortality, there is one in "Daily Bread" entitled "The Child" that leaves no question in our minds as to whether or not Gibson's characters think death ends all. Nothing but promise is seen even in death.

"Yes, I was thinking of a happy child--

A happy child......

And yet, of him;

For, as I listened to the sound,
It seemed to me the baby that we loved
No longer lay upon that heap of rags,
Lifeless and cold,
But, somewhere, far away,
Beyond this cruel city,
Among the northern hills,
Played happily the livelong day,
Paddling and splashing in the brook
that runs
Before a cottage door.
Oh, wife, do you not hear the noise of
water--
Of water, running in and out,
And in and out among the stones,
And tumbling over boulders?
He does not hear it,
For he's far too happy." 33

"Akra, the Slave," the first product of
Gibson's art that he wished to preserve, is a nar-

33. The Child: page 146.
rative that has to do with ancient Babylon. The captive sees and loves the queen and keeps the image of her wonderful beauty in his mind as the exultant thought of his captivity, but he is slain in the end because he has looked upon her beauty naked in the garden. The morning of his execution as he hears the Nubians opening the gates to lead him out to death, this thought is uppermost in his mind: "Though they slay my body, they cannot slay my soul." Continuing to ponder upon what future ages may hold in store for him, he says:

"And yet, maybe, when earth lies heavily
Upon the time-o'ertopped towers,
And tumbled walls, and broken gates of brass;
And the winds whisper one another.
'Where, Oh! where is Babylon?'
In the dim underworld of dreaming shades,
My soul shall seek out beauty
And look, once more,
Upon the unveiled vision......
And not die.
"Night passes: and already in the court,
Amid the plash of fountains,
There sounds the pad of naked feet approaching.
With slow, deliberate pace,
As though they trod out all my perished years,
The Nubians come, to lead me out to death.
Slowly the great door opens;
And clearer comes the call of waters;
Cool airs are on my brow.....
Lo!.....in the East, the dawn."39

Another striking passage in the same poem that conveys this assurance of immortality in the mind of the slave, is quoted below:

"And I await the end of night
And dawn of death,
Even as a slave awaits.....

39. Akra, the Slave: p. 29.
Hay! as the unvanquished veteran
Awaits the hour of victory.\textsuperscript{40}

Although the supply of material in Gibson's verse on the subject of the hope of immortality is not abundant, one fact must be noted with emphasis, as significant. Not one poem in the entire collection contains a passage in which a character expresses no confidence in immortality.

"Browning wrote of Shelley who had been dead eleven years, 'The air seems bright with thy past presence yet.' A similar effect of brightness in life and afterglow in death seems to have been made on everyone who knew him, by Rupert Brooke."\textsuperscript{41}

The prefatory poem to Mr. Gibson's "Friends" beautifully expresses the common feeling:

"He's gone.
I do not understand.
I only know."

\textsuperscript{40} Akra, the Slave: p. 4.
\textsuperscript{41} The Bookman: Vol. 36, p. 568.
That as he turned to go
And waved his hand
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone;
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,
And he was gone. "42

Here it will be noted that Mr. Gibson
does not speak for his characters, but for himself.
Yet he goes farther than this. He has a more
positive statement in his poem "To E. H." in memory
of Rupert Brooke, from which I quote:

"The night we saw the stacks of timber
  blaze
To terrible golden fury, young and strong,
He watched between us with dream-dazzled
  gaze
Aflame, and burning like a God of song,
As we together stood against the throng
Drawn from the midnight of the city ways.

42. Friends: p. 440.
"Tonight the world about us is ablaze
And he is dead, is dead......yet, young
and strong
He watches with us still in deathless
gaze
Aflame, and burning like a God of song,
As we together stand against the throng
Drawn from the bottomless midnight of
hell's ways."43

Another quotation will be sufficient to show not only Gibson's idea concerning the immortality of the soul, but the fact that the sweet presence of the departed is ever near the object of his affection. Strangely enough this quotation, too, has reference to Rupert Brooke. I choose Part I of the poem entitled "Rupert Brooke" in which Gibson makes a very positive statement that his friend lives and that he feels his presence, even though he has passed through the door called death.

43. To E. H. p. 459.
"Your face was lifted to the golden sky
Ablaze beyond the black roofs of the square
As flame on flame leapt, flourishing in air
Its tumult of red stars exultantly
To the cold constellations dim and high;
And as we neared the roaring ruddy flare
Kindled to gold your throat and brow and hair
Until your burned, a flame of ecstasy.

"The golden head goes down into the night
Quenched in cold gloom and yet again you stand
Beside me now with lifted face alight,
As, flame to flame, and fire to fire,
you burn......
Then, recollecting, laughingly your turn,
And look into my eyes and take my hand."44

44. Rupert Brooke: p. 441.
It must be noted here that in the two preceding quotations, we must take into consideration the fact that not only is the language vague but that there is in each, an element of "poetic convention" to which is added some personal glow.

There is only one other poem in the Collection which deals with the idea of immortality in which our poet may properly be supposed to be himself speaking. In the prefatory lines to "Stonefolds" Gibson says:

"But as, once more, I watch the stars
Rekindle in the glittering west,
Beyond the fell-top's naked scars,
Life rouses in me with new zest.

"The immortal wakens in my blood
Beneath the wind's relentless thresh;
And universal life at flood
Breaks through the bonds of bone and flesh."45

45. Stonefolds: p. 32.
The attempt has been made throughout the entire chapter to keep the treatment of the ideas of God, Death, and Immortality as they concern Gibson's characters separate from these ideas as they concern the poet himself. But, after careful study of the limited amount of material found in the collection upon these subjects, I am of the opinion that the views of the characters in regard to religion are the views of Gibson himself. The only difference, I should say, is that in the dramas, the thoughts of the characters are expressed in plain, homely, yet very striking and forceful language, while when Gibson speaks for himself, one quickly notes the beauty and terseness of phraseology.

Since our poet is only just entering into the full maturity of his powers, it is earnestly hoped that in the next decade or two Mr. Gibson will not only produce an abundance of poetry, but
that he will continue to enrich his work with that store of loving observation and intimate knowledge of human life that make him one of the best beloved of modern poets.
APPENDICES
Appendix A

Copy of a Letter From Mr. Gibson

West Malvern, 3rd August, 1921.

Dear Miss Hoar: I am much interested to hear that you have taken my work as the subject of your thesis. I do not know that there is any additional information of any significance that I can give you. My life, in itself, has been singularly uneventful and all my theories of my art are implicit in the work itself.

I have just accepted an engagement for a reading tour in America in the autumn of 1923, when I may perhaps have the pleasure of meeting you.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.
Appendix B

List of Poems Studied with Dates of Production.

Akra, the Slave . . . . . . . . . . 1904
Stonefolds . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1906
Stonefolds
The Bridal
The Scar
Winter Dawn
The Ferry
On the Threshold

Daily Bread . . . . . . . . . . . . 1908-1909

The House of Ancles
On the Road
The Betrothed
The Firstborn
"The Family's Pride"
The Garret
The Shirt
The Mother
The Furnace
The Child
The Night-Shift
Agatha Steel
Mates
The Operation
The Call
The Wound
Summer-Dawn
Holiday
Womankind . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1909
Fires . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1910-1911
The Stone
The Wife
The Machine
The Lodestar
The Shop
Flannan Isle
The Brothers
The Blind Rower
The Flute
The Crane
The Lighthouse
The Honey
The Snow
Red Fox
The Ovens
The Dancing Seal
The Slag
Devil's Edge
The Lilac Tree
The Old Man
The Hare

Thoroughfares . . . . . . . . 1908 - 1914

Solway Ford
A Catch for Singing
Geraniums
The Whisperers
Habel
The Vixen
The Lodging House
The Ice
Wool Gathering
The Train
On the Embankment
The Dancers
The Wind
The Vindicitive Staircase (or the Reward of Industry)
Ragamuffins
The Alarum
In a Restaurant
The Greeting
Wheels
Prometheus
Night
On Hampstead Heath
A Vision in a Tea Shop
Lines
The Dreadnought
Sight
The Gorse

Borderlands . . . . . . . . . . 1912-1914
The Queen's Crags
Bloodybush Edge
Hoops

Battle . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1914-1915
Before Action
Breakfast
The Bayonet
The Question
The Return
Salvage
Deaf
Mad
Raining
Sport
The Fear
In the Ambulance
Hill-Born
The Father
The Reek
Nightmare
Comrades
The Lark
The Vow
Mongel-Warzils
His Father
Hit
Back
His Mate
The Dancers
The Joke
Cherries
The Housewife
Victory
The Messages
The Orient
Friends . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 1915-1916
Rupert Brooke
William Denis Browne
Tenants
Sea-Change
Gold
The Old Bed
Trees
Oblivion
Colour
Night
The Orphans
?
The Pessimist
The Sweet-Tooth
Girl's Song
The Ice Cart
To E. M.
Marriage
Roses
For G.
Home
Livelhood . . . . . . . . . . 1914-1916
The Old Nail-Shop
The Shaft
In the Orchestra
The Swing
The Drove-Road
The Rocklight
The Plough
The Old Piper
The News
Daffodils
Between the Lines
Strawberries
The Blast-Furnace
In the Meadow
Partners
The Elm
The Doctor
The Lamp
The Platelayer
Hakeshifts
Appendix C

Bibliography


Index

Adah 31
"Agatha Steel" 10
age 40
"Akra, the Slave" 54, 56
America 3
Audrey 17
baby 10, 13, 22, 34, 54
Babylon 55
Barbara 34
"Battle" 15
Betty 46
"Bloodybush Edge" 35, 36
Booth Charles 3
boy 15
bread 7, 22
breadwinner 5
Bronner, Milton 4
Browning 57
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Call, The&quot;</td>
<td>26, 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cancer</td>
<td>9, 42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>car</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>character</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Child, The&quot;</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>children</td>
<td>8, 17, 22, 26, 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christopher</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cold</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>courtesy</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daft Dick</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Daily Bread&quot;</td>
<td>5, 6, 10, 21, 23, 40, 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dancing Seal</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>death</td>
<td>6, 40, 49, 51, 53, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>delirium</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Devil's Edge&quot;</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>disease</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>doctor</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Drove-Road; The&quot;</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ease</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>elephant</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Ellen 35
Emerson, Ralph Waldo 3
endurance 6, 20, 23, 28
England 3
evils 20

factory girls 16
family 8
father 20, 26, 37, 42
Fat Pete 33
"Fear, The" 52
fireman 16, 26
"Fires" 23, 29, 40.
fishers 5, 16
food 7, 30
friends 19, 24
"Friends" 57

Galsworthy 28
"Garrett, The" 6, 10, 31, 32
Gentleman, John 36
"Geraniums" 49
ghosts 12
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>God</td>
<td>21, 22, 23, 41, 45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gypsy</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Hare, The&quot;</td>
<td>32, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heart-ache</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hell</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heroism</td>
<td>9, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holmes, Rev. J. H.</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>home</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>honor</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoops</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hope</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;House of Candles&quot;</td>
<td>34, 52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>humanity</td>
<td>15, 27, 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hunger</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>immortality</td>
<td>53, 56, 59, 61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isaac</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>job</td>
<td>24, 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laban</td>
<td>7, 8, 47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>labor</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Pages</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------</td>
<td>---------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>life</td>
<td>3, 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Livelihood&quot;</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Lodestar, The&quot;</td>
<td>30, 51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>London</td>
<td>3, 17, 49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>love</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ideal</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>personal</td>
<td>20, 23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>philanthropic</td>
<td>10, 17, 20, 28, 31, 37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lover</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lowry, Hester</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>loyalty</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>man</td>
<td>3, 10, 15, 17, 19, 22, 48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Master, The</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Mates&quot;</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Markham, Edwin</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mine</td>
<td>4, 24, 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>miner</td>
<td>5, 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>misery</td>
<td>5, 6, 8, 30, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mother</td>
<td>9, 20, 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mother-in-law</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Term</td>
<td>Page(s)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------</td>
<td>---------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nakedness</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;News, The&quot;</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicholas</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Night-Shift, The&quot;</td>
<td>9, 13, 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Ode on the Intimations of Immortality&quot;</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;On the Road&quot;</td>
<td>24, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Operation, The&quot;</td>
<td>9, 10, 41, 44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pain</td>
<td>5, 49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>people (common)</td>
<td>16, 19, 23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>poor</td>
<td>5, 11, 20, 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>queen</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Question, The&quot;</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ralph</td>
<td>36, 37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>realities</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Red Fox&quot;</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>religion</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rhythm</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rum</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rupert Brooke</td>
<td>57, 58, 59</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
sacrifice 23
Salt, H. S. 20
Seth 26
Shelley, P. B. 20
"Shelley Primer" 20
sheep 36
shepherd 31
slums 17
soldier 15, 52
son 21
sorrow 5, 19, 49
storm 37
stranger 32
"Stonefolds" 36, 51
suffering 9, 49
"Summer-Dawn" 7, 8, 46
supernatural 12
"swedes" 9
sympathy 3, 17, 28, 31, 40
tenements 30
"Threshold, The" 35
time 40
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;To E. U.&quot;</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tragedy</td>
<td>5, 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tramp</td>
<td>32, 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>unemployment</td>
<td>6, 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>unselfishness</td>
<td>20, 28, 31, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>war</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>weariness</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wife</td>
<td>8, 9, 13, 21, 33, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wise, Rabbi</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>woman</td>
<td>8, 9, 10, 17, 19, 23, 31, 33, 34, 48, 49, 52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>work</td>
<td>7, 8, 24, 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>working-man</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wordsworth</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>