

A TRIAL OF ORTHODOXY

(Sonnet on Armenia)

By WILLIAM WATSON

THE clinging children at their mother's knee
Slain ; and the sire and kindred one by one
Flayed or hewn piecemeal ; and things nameless done,
Not to be told : while imperturbably
The nations gaze, where Rhine unto the sea,
Where Seine and Danube, Thames and Tiber run,
And where great armies glitter in the sun,
And great Kings rule, and man is boasted free !
What wonder if yon torn and naked throng
Should doubt a Heaven that seems to wink and nod,
And having mourned at noontide, " Lord, how long ? "
Should cry, " Where hidest Thou ? " at evenfall,
At midnight, " Is He deaf and blind, our God ? "
And ere day dawn, " Is He indeed at all ? "