

## An Emblem of Translation

By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D.

NOT of one growth the solemn forests are ;  
Not solely is the stately alley made  
Of towers of foliage and tents of shade,  
Sturdy, deep-rooted, massy, secular :

But briar astray, and bines that ramble far,  
And cup and crown of Bacchus blend and braid  
With all that creeps disabled and afraid  
To mount by its own might toward sun and star.

A lowly birth ! yet lovely even so,  
Through bush and brake it serpentine doth wend,  
Vagrant with baffled roving to and fro,  
Till soaring stem or stooping bough befriend :  
Then high the vine shall as the cedar grow,  
And from his summit shall her fruit depend.