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### FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet Laureate, and confessedly the first of living poets :  
born 1810.

Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail  
Against her beauty? May she mix  
With men and prosper! Who shall fix  
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.  
But on her forehead sits a fire:  
She sets her forward countenance,  
And leaps into the future chance,  
Submitting all things to desire.  
Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain,—  
She cannot fight the fear of death.  
What is she, cut from love and faith,  
But some wild Pallas from the brain  
Of demons? fiery-hot to burst  
All barriers in her onward race  
For power. Let her know her place,  
She is the second, not the first.  
A higher hand must make her mild,  
If all be not in vain; and guide  
Her footsteps, moving side by side  
With wisdom, like the younger child;