

## LUCRETIUS.

BY ROBERT LOUIS BURGESS.

This is the man who slew the fear of death.  
Mere saints are wheedlers for long life compared  
With him, the soul's own Regulus, who dared  
Return to the grey Carthage whence the breath  
Of man rises; armed with no shibboleth  
Of immortality his reason fared  
Calmly into annihilation bared  
By that firm phrase of his, "My master saith."

Too proud a Roman to contrive a pact  
Between reason and desire for life, he cried  
Refusal so supremely it became  
A great acceptance in itself, an act  
Promethean, whereby man's soul denied  
That man's mortality is grief or shame.