

# "For Life Has No Terrors . . . "

Post by "Cassius" of November 12, 2021 at 11:00 AM

Humphries Book 1 of Lucretius:

***1.07 You may,***

***Yourself, some time or other, feel like turning***

***Away from my instruction, terrified***

***By priestly rant. How many fantasies***

***They can invent to overturn your sense***

***Of logic, muddle your estates by fear!***

***And rightly so, for if we ever saw***

***A limit to our troubles, we'd be strong,***

***Resisters of religion, rant and cant,***

***But as things are, we have no chance at all***

***With all their everlasting punishments***

***Waiting us after death.***

**1743 Edition:**

BUT still I fear your Caution will dispute the Maxims I lay down, who all your Life have trembled at the Poets frightful Tales. Alas! I could even-now invent such Dreams as would pervert the steadiest Rules of Reason, and make your Fortunes tremble to the Bottom. No wonder! but if Men were once convinced that Death

was the sure End of all their Pains, they might with Reason then resist the Force of all Religion, and contemn the Threats of Poets. Now we have no Sense, no Power, to strive against this Prejudice, because we fear a Scene of endless Torments after Death.