

**LIVING FOR THE FUTURE:  
A STUDY IN THE ETHICS  
OF IMMORTALITY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649638185

Living for the Future: A Study in the Ethics of Immortality by John Rothwell Slater

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**JOHN ROTHWELL SLATER**

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OF IMMORTALITY**



# Living for the Future

A STUDY IN THE ETHICS OF  
IMMORTALITY

BY

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BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

*The Riverside Press, Cambridge*

1916

**DEDICATED TO A GREAT TEACHER**

**Who loved the past, labored for the present, and  
lived for the future :**

**WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER  
1856-1906**

**" Our low life was the level's and the night's,  
He's for the morning."**

**" Greet the unseen with a cheer."**

---

**AVE MAGISTER  
SALVE IMMORTALIS  
BENE SIT TIBI  
VALE UBICUMQUE LABORAS  
TIBI POST DECEM ANNOS  
INVISO INAUDITO HAUD INCOGNITO  
DISCIPULI CONCLAMANTES GRATULAMUR**

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## LIVING FOR THE FUTURE



## THE JOURNEY

*As we rush, as we rush in the train,  
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,  
But the starry heavens above the plain  
Come flying on our track.*

*All the beautiful stars of the sky,  
The silver doves of the forest of Night,  
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,  
Companions of our flight.*

*We will rush ever on without fear;  
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!  
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,  
While the Earth slips from our feet!*

JAMES THOMSON  
(From *Sunday at Hampstead*)

## LIVING FOR THE FUTURE

### I

WITHIN a few years all of us will be thinking without brains, feeling without nerves, seeing and hearing without eyes or ears. Lacking hands and pockets, we can carry nothing with us, not even credentials of good character. All that we shall have will be what we are. Stripped of all possessions, traditions, and apologies, we shall, so it seems now, find ourselves somewhat at a loss to explain ourselves to the universe.

Yet somehow, somewhere, we shall be very much alive, more alive than we can now imagine. Let us not al-

## LIVING FOR THE FUTURE

ways speak about our *souls* when we contemplate the future. Your soul is yourself, more or less imperfectly possessed of a body which is sure to elude you in the end. Some little fiber snaps, some cell or bit of tissue protests five minutes too long against its ancient enemies, and suddenly a curious bit of machinery is stopped forever. In the temple of life there hangs a precious lamp, carefully tended for these many years by the unseen ministers of being; but now its silver cord is loosed, its golden bowl is broken. In the last brief flare of that fallen lamp you see your last of darkness. Those about you had been shaking their heads at one another, but now their heads all nod together. You wonder what they have found to agree upon after all this dis-