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(From Seler, Codex Vaticans B., p. 107.)

Frontispiece to The Open Court.
SPIRIT, ETERNAL LIFE, IMMORTALITY
BY WILLIAM F. CLARKE

Perhaps never before was there a more generally felt need of a clear conception and adequate verbal presentation of the fundamental realities, or reality, around which all the great problems of both religion and philosophy gather, than there is today. At the same time, in a world where all the physical, intellectual, and moral outlooks are changing from day to day, it would seem impossible to satisfy this need. But, after all, the realization of the fact that we are living in an evidently changing world may be our salvation: where all is changing we must look for the description which we seek in the meaning of change itself—in the enduring character which runs through all change, rescues change from being merely a self-destructive, incomprehensible confusion, and makes it an orderly, understandable process.

For the purposes of this paper I accept, as far as I am able to understand it, the general philosophical outlook suggested by Dewey and Whitehead, and still further developed and defined by Professor Arthur Murphy of Chicago University—\(^1\)—the philosophy of events, or of what happens. Events are the stuff reality is made of, and it is to events—to what occurs, that we must go for all our data: there is nothing prior to events. Both time and space are necessary aspects of the course of events: but take away events, and there is left behind neither vacant space nor empty, pure time: there is nothing. Both religion and philosophy are concerned with the content of events, the objects and the forces which, in occurring, enter into reality and become part of the complex, organically interrelated universe.

\(^1\) Philosophical Review, Vol. xxxvii, No. 6, Nov. 1928.
I must assume that, for modern thought, there is no meaning in the question, When was the world created? Creation is an eternal process, without beginning and without end, manifesting itself in and through the course of events; and this process being a process of development, events must show, and must always have shown, a twofold aspect, an aspect of power working against an aspect of resistence—a principle of order working against disorder, a principle of constructive life working against disintegration and death: creation being an evolutionary process the realized creatures become themselves resistent of the process, they become the old wine-skins unfit for the storage of new wine. As the creative activity is eternal so, too, the element of resistence is eternal. The life of the spirit is in the eternal conflict between the old and the new. We find both the creative activity and the universe which springs from it, and from which it springs (it is the relationship of the bird and the egg) ever present and active in events, and we must leave the questions of the how and the why not only unanswered but unasked: without the creativity there would be nothing; without the plastic element, which may be as immaterial as the known or unknown “rays” of space, again there would be nothing. Where both are eternal and each is necessary for the existence of the other any question as to priority of status may be dismissed. Any priority, if priority there be, must be priority in the status of the whole process over the elements which enter into it—the priority of what is going on.

The active creative element is the spiritual element, the material element is the world of physics, of biology, of physiological psychology, and of behaviorism. In this paper I propose to limit myself, as much as possible, to the consideration of certain aspects of the realm of the spirit—to attempt some description, within the limits of a philosophy of events, of what we mean by Spirit, Eternal Life and God. This is, I am fully aware, a hopeless and in any full sense an impossible undertaking; but if I can only succeed in suggesting the lines along which a description must be sought I shall feel the attempt has been justified: spirit can never be intellectually comprehended, for it is the active comprehending principle withdrawn from and beyond all comprehension. In the world outside ourselves it can only be apprehended by the “fringe of its garment,” the forms manifested in the ever-changing course of events. To be found it must be sought in the depths of one’s own soul where spirit is lived
and trusted, willed and obeyed, loved and enjoyed, but never seen.

There is no event however trivial but has its spiritual aspect: nothing happens, no sparrow falls to the ground, without God. When we attempt to picture to ourselves an unminded event we are calling up an abstraction and forgetting that such an unminded event owes its intelligibility to the fact that, in it, there is that which corresponds with the structure of our own mind, which is, in fact, largely a construction of our own mental activities; in the very act of unminding an event we are impregnating it with mind. But for the fruitful analysis of the realm of the spirit, the realm of the realities we are attempting to describe, we must go to occurrences in which we, with all our highest conscious powers, are ourselves involved—fully minded events. As the fundamental problems of both philosophy and religion are not problems of mathematics or logic, or even of social life, but problems of the individual life as lived deep down in the soul of each one of us, it is to the depths of one’s own soul that one must go for light upon the things of the spirit.

Leaving to the physicist, the chemist, the biologist, the psychologist, and the behaviorist, the objective fields of their analytical research—the outside world: all that can be dealt with by another,—in this actual occurrence, the writing of this paper, in which I am at the present moment involved, what do I find hidden within my solitary self? I find a realm of more or less hazy ideas which are centering around a focus which is the idea of my life-process; here these ideas are being worked over by my intellectual and imaginative faculties, arranged in definite thoughts, and expressed in such terms as, I hope, may convey these thoughts to my fellow-men. But this life-process is not an automatic, undirected affair which I can sit back and passively watch: I am conscious of an effort of my will, an effort controlling and directing not only my bodily organs in the physical effort of writing, but an effort of thought in thinking, and, too, an effort of the will in willing and directing the thinking process. As a result of all this activity I am conscious of a feeling of pleasure or distress inasmuch as my efforts are, in my judgment, successful or ineffectual. And the pleasure feeling of successful effort is for me the final value of the whole event.

But here in this attempt at the analysis of my inner life some-
thing is all the time eluding me: the actual I who am making the 
analytical introspection must always remain whole, unanalysed and 
undemonstrated, existing and enduring in the background, through 
all the events which go to make up myself.

What is this I? In the physical realm it is that activity which 
takes of the fruits of the earth and choosing here and rejecting there 
builds up an organism which, although rooted in, springing from, 
and nourished by its environment, is something new, something 
which uses the world for purposes of its own and modifies the en-
vironment in which it lives. In the intellectual realm it is the con-
scious activity which, living in an actual world of ideas, nourishes 
itself upon the fruits of the mental labors of the past. But if this 
activity is worthy of the name of intellect it does not leave the food 
upon which it feeds unchanged, it is not merely a receiver of stolen 
goods, it assimilates and combines, rejects old and adds new material 
and builds up an ordered ideal world of its own: "I must create my 
own system or be enslaved by another man's." In the realm of the 
will it is the impulse from within, which, in the physical world, 
impels me to seek the satisfaction of my bodily needs and comfort. 
in the social world to seek my place and function in the social organ-
ism, in the intellectual world to seek truth, coherence, and beauty; 
and acting simultaneously with these activities is the supreme activ-
ity which recognizes all these values which I seek, when found, and 
at the same time rejoices in their finding and their recognition.

But this activity, this process, this impulse seeking, this judge 
finding, and rejoicing in the finding of these values, is my enduring 
life—the Spirit. And the values are values realized in a community 
of individuals inspired with the same spirit. It is this spirit which 
allows another to share my thought. Without community of spirit 
there could be no common language and all forms of distinctly 
human society would be impossible. It is "in the spirit" that my 
readers live in me and that I live in my readers, if there is to be any 
understanding relationship between us. It is the same spirit which 
breathes through all nature and makes it possible for the world to be 
my world.

Bound up with this universal activity tending towards change and 
development there is, as already pointed out, in every realm a re-
sistance to progressive change, an inertia, a tendency not only to 
resist but to pull down and destroy. We see this in the physical
realm, we are conscious of it in our social life, in every moment of our intellectual life, and indeed in all our search for the "goods" of the spirit. The world that is ever resists the world that is to be: there is friction, sorrow, pain, evil—ever there are tares among our wheat, and we are tempted to say "an enemy hath done this."

So then, beyond and behind the manifestations of my individual life, there is hidden in my deepest depths a synthesizing power which, directing my intellect and my will, binds all the different aspects of my life into unity, a unity of purpose and of character, a unity of direction and development—the Creative Imagination. This power it is which gathers up into the present moment the fruit of all my past experiences: that gives me my ideals: that takes of these ideals and giving them form and expression in my present action bites into the future with real creative force. It is the willing will, the thinking mind, the final judge, for me, of truth and beauty, the seat of all my sorrow and my joy—it is my inmost, real self, the Spirit.

The path of the spirit is a steep and difficult ascent; still, in spite of failure here and there, all along the line there is evidence of victory: the universe is not a balanced whole where action and reaction are equal and opposite cancelling each other, and all process is an illusion. In the physical world there is ordered movement and never fixed, immobile equilibrium. In the realm of ideas knowledge is never a dead reflex of the world of things: if all that we, in our highest and truest intellectual moments, can discover is the given, then our conscious intellectual life has no value. Ideas spring from the given and must ever be immersed in the stream of events to be purified and enriched, but they have a life and freedom of their own, and a creative power to mold and change events: the gap between the electron and man is very wide, but it, somehow, has been bridged: in spite of the world, the flesh, and the Devil, beauty and truth, fellowship and peace, still are loved and sought, realized and enjoyed, and still they draw men up and on.

Again, then, what is this real self, my spirit? Not the individual I can look out upon as a realized object, one amongst others in a society of like objects; this is the past self which, in living, I have already left behind. Again it is not the ideal self ever looked forward to but never realized. No, I am the actual present living process of creative transition running from my ideal world, through
my actual self, into my realized self. If I identify myself with my past self, and "love" it, I debase myself. If I identify myself with all I hope to be, I fool myself; for there is no such self: my realm of ideals and possibilities is a necessary element in my existence as a developing being, but ideals do not enter into my permanent character until they have been formulated and fully expressed; for it is only in objective expression that falsehood and contradiction can be detected and cast off, difficulties overcome, and progress made. Day-dreaming may be an interesting form of relaxation and entertainment, but unless dreams can be brought into the actual world of expression they can have little value in the building-up of character. It is in the informing of the old with the new that my spirit is ever enriched. I am the living process ever growing in depth of reality through the actualization of ideals, the fruits or values of such actualizations becoming permanent elements inherent in my personality—memories which consciously or unconsciously must enter into my every action.

As the Spirit is all this in me, so it is all this in my neighbor, and in all men, and in all created things, for the Spirit is One. This universal spirit it is that gives the world to me and makes it mine, that makes possible all human fellowship, that makes my truth, if truth it be, truth for all men, that makes a vision of beauty a source of universal joy and in one prickle of suffering makes the whole world kin.

But this universal spirit, which is the power in our will, the light of our intellect, the inspiration of our imagination, our companion in victory and defeat, is what we mean by God. In the spirit we are partakers in the life of God and fellow-workers with him. This is no cause for vanity. Man is not God. To be an element in, and a partaker of, a Unity, is by no means the same as being identical with a Unity: Man in his body is a member of the community of things which make up the universe, but he is not the universe. He shares in the infinite realm of reason and truth, but, if he is sane, he knows that his little store of knowledge is not the unfathomable well of wisdom. He shares the Spirit, and in spirit he is one with God, but he is not God. The supreme labor of man's spirit would seem to be that called forth in the effort to enter, ever more fully, into the riches of the kingdom of God for
"The Gate by which we enter into the riches of the Kingdom of God is the Cross; and that Gate is narrow. They who desire to enter in that way are few, while those who desire the joys that come by it are many."

God is not a Person, one amongst other persons: His life is all-pervasive, His consciousness all-embracing. He is not the actual universe. He is not the infinite realm of ideals and possibilities; although he has within Himself the consciousness of both the actual and ideal worlds. God is Consciousness. He is creative Power. He is Imagination. He is Memory. He is Love. He is all these organized into a unity of free, self-determined activity aware of itself.

The fact that God's activity is self-determined in the direction of a definite order, and this in a universe which holds an element of inertia and opposition, is the basis for the emergence of evil, sorrow and pain. In an organic unity the whole suffers in the part: in myself, the pain in my finger is my pain, there are not two pains, one in my finger and one in me. So in being consciousness God is conscious in every living being. He is the Patient of the suffering of every sentient, living thing. As long as we can conceive of God as some omnipotent One, utterly other than ourselves, looking on at suffering, then the last cry from the Cross must be the cry of agony:

"My God, my God, Why hast thou forsaken me?"

and not the cry of triumph:

"It is finished. Father into thy hand I commend my Spirit."

God is the very life of this world of events. He is the Power which gives form and meaning to all events. He takes from his world of possibilities the things which are not, and out of the material of the world of nature, makes them to be the things which are. If we seek God in Nature, and worship him there, in finished, created things, we are worshipping idols, things less than ourselves. If we worship him as the Omnipotent, Omniscient, Perfect, Transcendent One, we are worshipping an abstraction from our world of events. God is Spirit, and they that would worship him must worship him "neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem," nor in any fixed spot in time or space, but alone where he is to be found, "in Spirit and in Truth"; and Truth, here, is not a closed system of general ideas, not a definite, formulated creed, not a fixed and absolute code of moral laws, but rather a Way of life: a fearless and absolutely veracious attitude towards the realities of life, the realities
of man's relationship to his world, to his fellows, and to his God.

But this Power which eternally runs through the course of events, and binds their infinitely complex patterns into an ordered, organic unity, which gathers up into its very life the values realized in every creature, so that nothing throughout eternity is lost, is what we mean by *Eternal Life.*—Spirit—God—Eternal Life. These Three are One. The gift of God to the world is Himself, the Spirit, Eternal life.

Do the centers of awareness which are our selves retain their conscious identity for ever? We do not know. That "all the righteous are with God" may mean either that they are constituent elements, living memories inherent in the eternal life of God, whence no power can snatch them, or that they are still conscious units in a fellowship of individual spirits. The hope and belief that we may, in some way, retain our individual identity together with the family, domestic, national and ecclesiastical relationships which go with the idea of individuality, would seem to have been responsible for most of the iniquities which have been perpetrated in the name of faith and religion from the most distant antiquity to the present day. This fact, together with the complementary fact that in our moments of most intense life, our moments of greatest joy, of most profound grief, of supreme self-sacrifice and love, whilst retaining our awareness, we lose the consciousness of our individual selves, would seem to point to the first as being the more probable meaning of the two: our consciousness not only becomes merged with the consciousness of God, but has, in reality, ever been one, in the unity of the Spirit, with the consciousness which is God. All things which are created are subject to change, and disappear; in our inherence in the Unity, which is the Spirit, would seem to lie our only hope of Immortality.