

The doctrine of the "Mormon" Church is that the spirit of man is the offspring of God, and that the body conforms to its contour. That while it is spiritual in its texture it is not immaterial. It is altogether different in many respects from what is commonly called matter, but has some qualities in common with matter, and is therefore not immaterial. It has extension and limits, it occupies space, it has relation to duration, it can be in but one place at one instant, it can affect and be affected by grosser material things, and in other ways is somewhat similar to the lower forms of substance and therefore it is not immaterial. Indeed the "Mormon" idea is that there is no such thing as immaterial substance, but that the terms are self-contradictory and involve an absurdity.

In many important respects spiritual substance and the grosser forms of matter are widely different. They are governed by different laws. They have their separate spheres. But it is the eternal, inseparable union of the spiritual and the material in perfect harmony that brings a fullness of joy.

That the spirit of man is a separate entity from the body of man is believed by nearly all people who profess the Christian religion. Atheists and infidels of various schools deny this, and are of the opinion that mind, if not a product of matter, is so connected with it as to be dissolved when the body decays, and that the death of the organism is the end of the individual. Arguments on either side are as a rule a waste of effort when the disputants are tenacious in their views. There have been, however, some experiences that are worthy of notice and that may have some effect on the skeptical mind, while they help to confirm the faith of those who believe in things spiritual.

The Prophet Joseph Smith declared that at the time he was dragged from his house by a mob in the night, beaten, stripped, tarred and feathered, a vial of acid fluid broken on his mouth and his face excoriated with the nails of one of the infuriated wretches who assailed him, his spirit left the body and, standing in the air above, he looked down upon his bruised and battered form which he saw distinctly, and to which he was suddenly attracted afterwards. Others have given testimony to very similar experiences. Joseph's statement was made nearly sixty years ago. Recently there have been some interesting testimonies given to the world to the same effect, tending to show that the spirit of man is an entity that can exist as a person outside of the body of man. In the *Review of Reviews* for September, two very interesting cases are reported the particulars having been furnished by the Society of Psychical Research. They are related by Mr. F. W. H. Myers. One is the personal experience of Dr. Wiltse of the St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal. The other is that of Mr. Bertrand a Huguenot minister. They are both worthy of public attention.

Wiltse came to the point of death with typhus fever. He was in full possession of his mental faculties but his voice failed, his strength left him, he stiffened and lay for four hours to all appearance dead. He became uncon-

scious, pulseless, a needle was thrust into various parts of his body without effect. He described his own sensations in waking up to consciousness and discovering that his "soul" or spirit was in the body but not of it. He says:

"With all the interest of a physician, I beheld the wonders of my bodily anatomy, intimately interwoven with which, even tissue for tissue, was I, the living soul of that dead body. I learned that the epidermis was the outside boundary of the ultimate tissues, so to speak, of the soul. I realized my condition and reasoned calmly thus: I have died, as men term death, and yet I am as much a man as ever. I am about to get out of the body. I watched the interesting process of the separation of soul and body. By some power, apparently not my own, the Ego was rocked to and fro, laterally, as a cradle is rocked, by which process its connection with the tissues of the body was broken up. After a little time the lateral motion ceased, and along the soles of the feet beginning at the toes, passing rapidly to the heels, I felt and heard, as it seemed, the snapping of innumerable small cords. When this was accomplished, I began slowly to retreat from the feet toward the head, as a rubber cord shortens. I remember reaching the hips and saying to myself, 'Now, there is no life below the hips.' I can recall no memory of passing through the abdomen and chest but recollect distinctly when my whole self was collected into the head, when I reflected thus: 'I am all in the head now and I shall soon be free.' I passed around the brain as if I were hollow, compressing it and its membranes slightly on all sides towards the center, and peeped out between the sutures of the skull, emerging like the flattened edges of a bag of membranes. I recollect distinctly how I appeared to myself something like a jolly fish as regards color and form. As I emerged from the head I floated up and down and laterally like a soap bubble attached to the bowl of a pipe, until I at last broke loose from the body and fell lightly to the floor, where I slowly rose and expanded into the full stature of man. I seemed to be translucent, of a bluish cast, and perfectly naked. With a painful sense of embarrassment I fled toward the partially opened door to escape the eyes of the two ladies whom I was facing as well as others whom I knew were about me; but upon reaching the door I found myself clothed, and satisfied upon that point I turned and faced the company.

"As I turned, my left elbow came in contact with the arm of one of two gentlemen who were standing in the door. To my surprise, his arm passed through mine without apparent resistance, the several parts closing again without pain, as air reunites. I looked quickly up at his face to see if he had noted the contact, but he gave me no sign—only stood and gazed toward the couch I had just left. I directed my gaze in the direction of his and saw my own dead body.

"I saw a number of persons sitting and standing about the body and particularly noticed two women apparently kneeling by my left side, and I knew that they were weeping. I have since learned that they were my wife and my sister, but I had no conception of individuality. Wife, sister or friend were as one to me. I did not remember any condition or relationship; at least I did not think of any. I could distinguish sex, but nothing further. Not one lifted his eyes from my body.

"I turned and passed out at the open door, inclining my head and watching where I set my feet as I stepped down on to the porch.

"I crossed the porch, descended the steps, walked down the path and into the street. There I stopped and looked about me. I never saw the street more distinctly than I saw it then. I took note of the redness of the soil and of the washes the rain had made. I took a rather pathetic look about me, like one who is about to leave his home for a long time. Then I discovered that I had become larger than I was in earth life and congratulated myself thereupon. I was somewhat smaller in the body than I just liked to be, but in the next life, I thought, I am to be as I desired.

"My clothes, I noticed, had accommodated themselves to my increased stature, and I felt to wondering where they came from and how they got on to me so quickly and without my knowledge. I examined the fabric and judged it to be of some kind of Scotch material—a good suit, I thought, but not handsome; still neat and good enough. The coat fits loosely, too, and that is well for summer. 'How well I feel,' I thought. Only a few minutes ago I was horribly sick and distressed. Then came the change, called death, which I have so much dreaded. It is past now, and here am I still a man, alive and thinking—yes, thinking as clearly as ever, and how well I feel!

The second case is that of Mr. Bertrand, who was traveling in the Alps with some pupils. While ascending the Tittle Mountains, becoming wearied he sent the students up the mountain while he rested. He sat and smoked and viewed the scenery, and suddenly felt himself struck as with apoplexy. His head was perfectly clear but his body was paralyzed. "It was the sleep of the snow." Here is his own account of his experience:

"A kind of prayer was sent to God, and then I resolved to study quietly the progress of death. My feet and hands were first frozen, and little by little death reached my knees and elbows. The sensation was not painful, and my mind felt quite easy. But when death had been all over my body my head became unbearably cold, and it seemed to me that concave pincers squeezed my heart, so as to extract my life. I never felt such an acute pain, but it lasted only a second or a minute, and my life went out. 'Well,' thought I, 'at last I am what they call a dead man, and here I am, a ball of air in the air, a captive balloon attached to the earth by a kind of elastic string, and going up and always up. How strange! I see better than ever, and I am dead—only a small space in the space without a body!'

Where is my last body? Looking down I was accustomed to recognize my own envelope. 'Strange!' said I to myself. 'There is the corpse in which I lived and which I called me, as if the coat were the body and if the body were the soul! What a horrid thing is that body—deadly pale, with a yellowish-blue color, holding a cigar in its mouth and a match in its two burned fingers! Well, I hope that you shall never smoke again, dirty rag! Oh! if only I had a hand and scissors to cut the thread which ties me to it.

"When my companions return they will look at that and exclaim, 'The professor is dead! Poor young friends! They do not know that I never was as alive as I am, and the proof is that I see the guide going up rather by the right, when he promised me to go by the left; W. was to be the last, and he is neither the first nor the last, but alone, away from the rope. Now the guide thinks that I do not see him, because he hides himself behind the young men while drinking at my bottle of Madeira. Well, go on, poor man; I hope that my body will never drink of it again. Ah! there