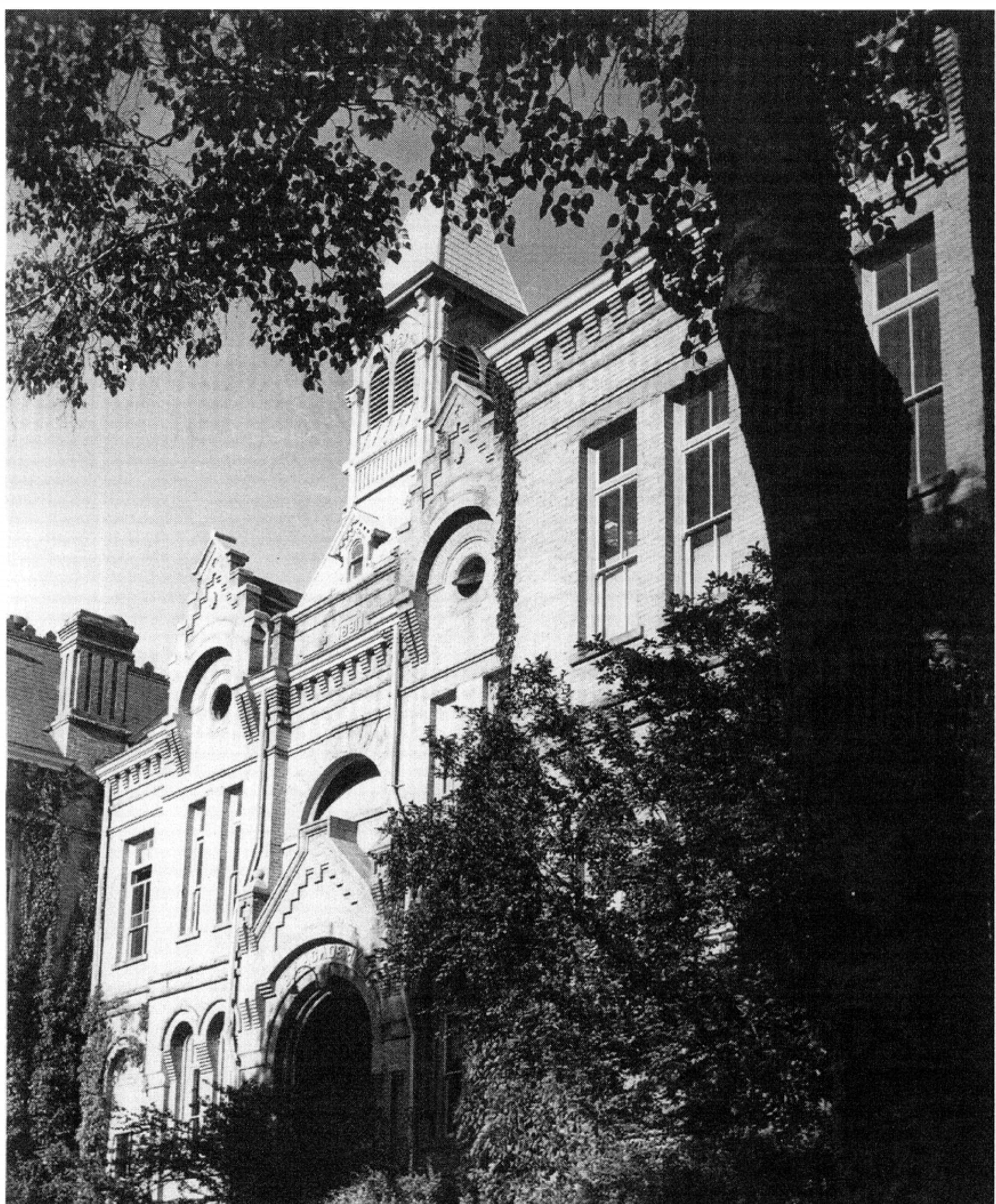


## Lower Campus

In the interests of the ecclesiastic weal:  
The academy. Spiritual syllables designed  
The paradigms of air, suspending asterisks  
Of wonder that God was real west of Chicago,  
In a circlet of mountains, west from Denver,  
Over the Divide, and the arch range shading  
South into Mexico. The hewn and homespun  
City that honored Etienne Provost gathered  
Filaments of learning from prairie flowers,  
Sage, and the grain of books so carefully  
Aligned and kept on a few shelves to edify  
When seen, available at the touch of a hand  
To mollify inquiry under the godly discipline  
Of Maeser, a German saint rounded and sized  
To fit a charity and a dedication for query  
And learning. Far from Nauvoo the Beautiful,  
But amid the signs of light over folded hands,  
Classes began, homespun as if from vibrancy  
Of patterned cloth across a counter, for sale.  
Abounding for room, the academy kept its edifice  
Of spirit in the stone of a round of buildings.  
Halls of morning and a bell to ring to begin  
Its meek prestige south of the capital city,  
In the circlet of snow and greendark pines,  
Beside a desert lake and the tenor of expanse  
Westward still. Urgent whispering, Eloi,  
Eloi, meant sorrow or the gaiety of sheaves  
Of pages worn from their bindings from sallies  
Of will, very marvels of what they came to be



**Education Building, Lower Campus** (south side). In this view, one can see the year "1881" above the second level and the academy name over the main entrance. Courtesy of the Photoarchives, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University.

In rituals of God's beneficence: grammar  
And penmanship, if nothing more, and surely  
Never less. But like a rustic hint becoming  
A sceptre of light, the Academy became itself  
Always, seldom with abrasions of intellect,  
But careful within, names arising for its mood:  
Osmond, Swensen, Nelson, Pardoe, Reynolds,  
Madsen, Harris, *et al.*, who never said finality  
For arts and sciences but only in behalf of God,  
Who gave them a liberal purview of reality  
Before the paradise of crystal earth, soon  
To be. Classrooms inhabited until their wood  
Split or warped, kept golden as students used it  
Well, nicking identity here and there for fame;  
Soft steps solemnly to and from, middle-worn  
From trudging, the balanced weight of learning  
Carried in primer manuscripts; desks in rows  
For the forward motion of hands and periodic  
Competence; soft lights and bells of glass  
On cords for luminescence with switches there;  
High ceilings that echoed rhetoric; and doors  
That opened softly to the meekest gesture.  
All who listened, listened well as the Academy  
Moved to higher ground, ledge of its spirit,  
Translated into natural size but meek as breath  
That is held on a prospect's edge, then shimmers  
Into Statement.

—Clinton F. Larson