

of the Eighteenth ward, as chairman of that committee. The nomination was unanimously sustained. Elders Marcellus Woolley and John Gallacher were also sustained as members of the committee. A committee of one was selected from each ward to ascertain what accommodations could be furnished, and otherwise co-operate with and report to the general committee named.

The meeting was adjourned until the first Saturday in May.

BRIGHAM YOUNG ACADEMS.

Everywhere in the Territory, and, indeed, in many towns of neighboring states and territories, one hears of the Brigham Young academy, the leading Mormon institution of secondary education.

Is there a young Elder who speaks particularly well; a man pushed far in advance of his years into responsible positions in political, social or business life; a youth here and there pointed to by fathers and mothers as a pattern? The odds are he will be named to you as having been a student of this famous institution.

Famous alike it is for its name and the nature of its teachings. As to the latter it is enough to say that its motto has evidently been: Character first, knowledge afterwards.

Having occasion to pass through Provo on my way to the capital, I determined to pay the school a visit. Ten years ago I stopped off for a similar purpose. Then it was located on Center street, in a commercial building which had evidently been projected on too large a scale for the town, or the builder's purse. At any rate, it was not stocked with goods, but purchased by President Young for a school. The upper floor had served the purpose of a theater. At the time of my visit the whole building inside had been remodeled and suggested nothing so much as a complex beehive filled with workers. Already the quarters had become too narrow for the attendance, and splendid additions had been projected by the board—additions which were no sooner completed a year later than the whole structure was destroyed by fire.

"What will they do now?" thought I, when I read the sad announcement. "Practically, the intellectual roof, so to speak, has been burned over the heads of 400 students. Must they all disperse for their homes?" In a few days came the news that the school was in full blast; it had lost but one day. President A. O. Smoot, whose bank building was just completed, and Mr. S. S. Jones, who was just ready to move into a new store, generously turned over the use of their houses till better accommodations could be secured. Nor can one conceive of a more noble house-warming than this. These rooms will never get cold again.

When I alighted from the train, my companion, who, by the by, was a last year's student, but like me upon visiting the academy, pointed out a barn-like structure near the depot, apparently covering an acre of ground.

"That is the Z. C. M. I. warehouse," said he: "In the upper halls, the B. Y. Academy has been—shall I say camping?—since '84, six months after

the fire. Seriously, I ought only to speak with gratitude of those vacant halls. In reality they were more roomy than the old ones, and we soon got accustomed to the clamor of the locomotives and the hissing of steam.

"I shall never forget the morning we vacated. It was the 4th of January a year ago. Picture 500 students arranged in marching file in the large assembly room, singing as they stand with heads uncovered; 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow;' led by that grand old man, Dr. Karl G. Maeser, whose head had grown white in making the academy what it is, and whom every student loved as a father.

"The reception in the new building," continued my enthusiastic companion as we walked along, "was more imposing but less touching—save when Dr. Maeser almost broke down with emotion in delivering up the charge given him by President Young sixteen years before, to assume his present wider field of usefulness as general superintendent of church schools.

"The greatest comfort said he, that helped to sustain him in thus tearing himself away from endeared associations was the thought that his successor, Prof. Benj. Cluff, whom, as student and teacher, he had known from boyhood, was fully qualified to fill his place in the institution, a confidence which the last two years' work shows was well placed. Altogether the day is not easily forgotten. Prominent visitors from all parts of the Territory, among whom were Governor Thomas and the First Presidency of the Church, added their cheerful presence to help the warmup. But here we are in sight of the building, so I need not attempt to describe it."

I regret that I cannot present my readers with a better picture of the academy than the letter-cut at the head of this article; however, it must serve in lieu of a description of the outside. One of the first facts I learned on entering was that the building was made to accommodate about 1000 students, and 950 in round numbers had actually been enrolled this year.

One of the features that first strikes the visitor is the spacious halls and wide stairways. I am told that the architect, Mr. Don C. Young, a son of the founder, had in view the "rushes" that characterize eastern colleges. "Rushes" are, however, entirely unknown in the academy's history. Nor are they likely to be encouraged.

There are about thirty recitation rooms finished and most of them furnished with settees having arm tablets for taking notes. The library will seat about 500 students. The building is trimmed in oak and maple and finished in oil. The rooms on three floors are completed, but the halls and skylight rooms still need the finishing touches of the plasterer and carpenter. Outside there is a most beautiful lawn, etc., surrounded by a neat iron fence (not yet visible to the naked eye), donated, as I am informed, by the Provo Chamber of Commerce—on paper.

I was most strongly interested in the hot-air system of heating and ventilating. In the basement two 30 horse-power engines generate the steam which heats up a compact system of radiators piled one above

another. The cold air comes in on the top and is drawn through the fine interstices of the radiators by a powerful fan. Thus heated it is drawn through pipes into every room where it forces out through openings near the floor, the cold and foul air which being heavy always lies low. A temperature equable as that of spring is thus maintained.

No wonder President Elliot, in a recent address before the students, expressed his surprise and declared that for over 200 years Harvard kept school in a building inferior to this.

But what sudden prosperity has overwhelmed the academy, the visitor is ready to ask, that it should all at once be so finely housed. Especially to the visitor somewhat acquainted with the institution's financial history, is this question prominent. President Young meant to do great things by this worthiest of the offspring of his genius. But the good man died ere he could sign the endorsements his generosity had set apart for it. He gave it home, which the fire reduced to ashes, and a name, above the reach of the flames. Then there are a few acres of real estate which time is likely to make valuable. But for fourteen years the academy depended solely upon tuition for the payment of teachers, and upon the munificence of its board for furnishing of buildings and apparatus. And both board and faculty have done their duty nobly. It is difficult to say which deserve the greater praise, the teachers, who, like true missionaries, considered the work first, and the pay, let it be what it might, second; or the trustees, who, time and again, have gone into their own pockets for means to avoid some crisis.

This splendid building, singular as the idea may strike the reader, is a product of faith—Mormon faith. I am particular to point out the species of faith, for none but the kind that moves mountains could accomplish such a work. Mormon faith is peculiar in that it contains ten per cent prayer and hope and ninety per cent work. The spire now points the direction that prayer and hope led, but it was unremitting toil that made it point so.

To be less figurative and more accurate, the members of the board pledged their private property to get money to erect this building. What was their security? The belief that God through his people would see that the venture did not fail. There was a faith that took tangible shape in stone, mortar, brick and wood—a faith that appeals to the eye, the intellect and the heart.

Poor security? If judged by the rush of investors for it generally. True; but these men evidently reasoned that if worst came to worst, and it brought them financial ruin, it would by no means be a bad investment. The utterly taking such a risk for the good of a whole people was then by odds a better investment. But if any man think President Smoot and his associate trustees visionary men, who do not calculate coolly their ventures, let him come here and put his mundane cunning in competition with their business tact and ability. The end of this experiment is not yet, nor may the road be very distinct for any distance ahead; but yet this is certain: hundreds of young people are enjoying