

From the Guardian.

# LETTER FROM LORENZO SNOW.

LA TOUR, VALLEE DE LUSERNE, PIED-  
MONT, ITALIE, NOV. 9, 1850.

DEAR PRESIDENT HYDE:—Knowing the deep interest you feel in the spread of the truth, and the extension of the kingdom of God, I forward you this sketch of my labors. My journeyings have been replete with interesting events; but, there being great uncertainty as to the transmission of letters, in some countries, I shall not enter into many details.

I am here in Northern Italy, about thirty miles from the city of Turin, the capital of the Sardinian States. With me is Elder Stenhouse, president of the Southampton conference, and Elder Woodard from London. Elder Toronto has gone to visit his father's family in Sicily.

Soon after our arrival here, we ascended a lofty mountain in the vicinity of La Tour; where we appeared to be surrounded with all that was beautiful and sublime. Before us was a plain so vast, that it seemed as if immensity had become visible. All was level in that ocean of space, and yet, no sameness appeared on its fertile bosom.—Here towns and cities were surrounded by the resources from which their inhabitants had been fed for ages. Ancient and far-famed Italy, the scene of our mission, was spread out like a vision before our enchanted eyes. Light and shade produced their effect in that vast picture to a surprising degree; for, while the clouds flung their shadows on one part, another was illuminated with the most brilliant sunlight, as far as the eye could reach. There, amid the sublimity of nature, the Lord gave us the manifestations of his spirit, even the earnest of that outpouring which will yet water the church in these lands. Such was the spot of Alpine scenery, where we sung the praises of the Lord, and offered the following prayer:

We, thy servants, Holy Father, come before thee upon these mountains, and ask thee to look upon us in an especial manner, and regard our petitions as one friend regards the peculiar requests of another. Forgive all our sins and transgressions; let them no more be remembered. Look, Oh Lord, upon our many sacrifices in leaving our wives, our children, and country, to obey thy voice in offering salvation to this people. Receive our gratitude in having preserved us from destruction amid the cold wintry blasts, and from the hostile savages of the deserts of America—in having led us safely over the stormy ocean, and in having directed us by the Holy Ghost to these vallies of Piedmont. Thou hast shown us that here thou hast hid up a portion of the House of Israel. In thy name, we this day lift into view before this people, and this nation the ensign of thy martyred prophet and patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum Smith; the ensign of the Holy Priesthood; the ensign of the fulness of the gospel; the ensign of the kingdom once more established among men. Oh, Lord God, our Father, protect thou this banner; lend us thine Almighty aid in maintaining it before the view of these dark and benighted nations. May it wave triumphantly from this time forth, till all Israel shall have heard and received the fulness of thy gospel, and have been delivered from their bondage. May their bonds now be broken, and the scales of

darkness fall from their eyes. From the lifting up of this ensign, may a voice go forth among the people of these mountains and vallies, and throughout the length and breadth of this land, and may it go forth and be unto thine elect as the voice of the Lord; that the Holy Spirit may fall upon them, imparting knowledge in dreams and visions concerning this hour of their redemption. As the report of us thy servants shall spread abroad, may it awaken feelings of anxiety with the honest, to learn of thy doings, and to seek speedily the path of knowledge.

Whosoever among this people shall employ his influence, riches, or learning, to promote the establishment of thy gospel in these nations, may he be crowned with honor in this world, and in the world to come, crowned with eternal life. Whoever shall use his influence or power to hinder the establishment of thy gospel in this country, may he become in a surprising manner before the eyes of all these nations, a monument of weakness, folly, shame, and disgrace. Suffer us not to be overcome by our enemies, in the accomplishment of this business upon which we have been sent. Let messengers be prepared, and sent forth from heaven to help us in our weakness and feebleness; and to take the oversight of this work, and to lead us to a glorious consummation.

Remember our families, preserve our lives and our hearts from all evil; that when we shall have finished our mission, we may return safely to the bosom of our families.—Bless Elder Toronto in Sicily, and give him influence and power to lead to salvation many of his father's house and kindred. Bless Pres't. Young and his council; the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, and thy saints universally, and to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, shall be the praise, honor, and glory, now and forever, amen.

Reflecting upon the course which it was necessary to pursue in this land, I deemed it wisdom to write and compile a work for general circulation: this I entitled the "VOICE OF JOSEPH," which contains visions of Joseph Smith—discovery of gold plates, filled with Egyptian characters and hieroglyphics—their translation into the English language by the aid of the Urim and Thummim—the sacred history of America, now clearly revealed from the earliest ages after the flood, to the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era—organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—their persecutions—expulsion from the States of Missouri and Illinois—martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith—banishment of many thousand saints—their travels in the western wilderness—their present location in Upper California—their organization of the State of Deseret—the missionary labors of their elders—sketch of their faith and doctrine.

This we will soon have in extensive circulation in the French language, and afterwards in Italian.

On the 27th of October, an individual, who had opened his house for preaching, presented himself as the first candidate for baptism. The introduction of the principles of truth in all countries, has more or less been attended with anxiety and difficulty; of these we have had our share. It was, therefore, with no small degree of pleasure, I went down to the river side to attend to this ordinance. Peculiar indeed were my feelings, when I thought

on the past, the present, and endeavored to penetrate the dark labyrinth of unborn time. I rejoiced that the Lord had thus far blessed our efforts, and enabled me to open the door of his kingdom in dark and benighted Italy. My brethren stood on the river bank, the only human witnesses of this interesting scene. Having long desired this eventful time, sweet to us all were the soft sounds of the Italian, as I administered, and opened a door which NO MAN CAN SHUT.

Slowly and silently, as the acorn vegetates in the earth, has the work of the Lord progressed; until at length we see the first green leaf, as the promise of the tree that will one day cover Italy with its shadowing branches.

When we say that we are in Italy, do not imagine that we are placed amid its palaces of marble, nor gazing upon the astonishing productions of art which adorn many portions of this wondrous land. I am dwelling at the foot of the Alps, amid a people that are deep in the abyss of poverty. The mountains around are mantled in snow; but there is little fuel to warm the peasant's hearth. With his family he passes the winter's evening in the stable. It seems as if all household comfort had long since taken farewell of these regions. But, though other portions of Italy may boast of the olive, and the orange, or the painter's skill, and the sculptured stone, here there is something of mightier attraction to the servants of the Lord—a people apparently honest and upright, though long shrouded in darkness. This singular race has kept distinct from all others for many ages. They are called "Vandoes" or Waldenses. Their archives present scenes of thrilling interest.

"Yes, go thou to the hamlet vales

Of the Alpine mountains old;

If thou wouldst hear immortal tales,

By the wind's dead whispers told.

Go, if thou lov'st the soil to tread

Where man hath bravely striven;

And blood, like incense hath been shed,

An offering unto heaven.

For o'er the snows and round the pines

Hath swept a noble flood;

The nurture of the peasant's vines

Hath been the martyr's blood.

A spirit stronger than the sword,

And loftier than despair,

Through all the heroic regions pour'd,

Breathes in the generous air."

This people, though nominally Protestant, are full of tradition; the persecutions they have endured, have produced in their minds the conviction that they are the elect of the Lord; that they are the light of the earth, and that they have attained the height of spiritual knowledge! It may therefore be expected, the work of the Lord will for a while be slow and tedious; yet we feel perfectly assured, that thousands of this people will receive the gospel.

In a few days I will send Elder Stenhouse to Geneva, in Switzerland, where I shall soon rejoin him. I shall circulate the "VOICE OF JOSEPH" through the Swiss cantons, and also another work which I am getting translated.

With love to yourself, family, and all the saints, I am yours, Very affectionately,  
LORENZO SNOW.