

THE
ITALIAN MISSION

LORENZO SNOW

Milano
July 10 1974

Dear Missionaries:

This is a brief account of the call and labors of President Lorenzo Snow and his companions in our mission. The plate of Lorenzo Snow is taken from "Correspondence of Palestine tourists." The plates of Torino and Torre Pellice come from an 1830 English work on the Waldenses. The Italian Mission is a photo-offset reproduction of the original edition published at Liverpool in 1851.

The challenges and hardships of missionary work were different but the spirit and eternalness of the Gospel is unchanged. President Lorenzo Snow writes, ". . . while surrounded with difficulties that seemed loftier than the snow-crowned Alps, I can lift up my head, as a servant of God, and rejoice in the anticipation of final triumph. Our course is often dark and difficult; but I believe that, however slow it may be for awhile, it will ultimately be brightened with complete success."

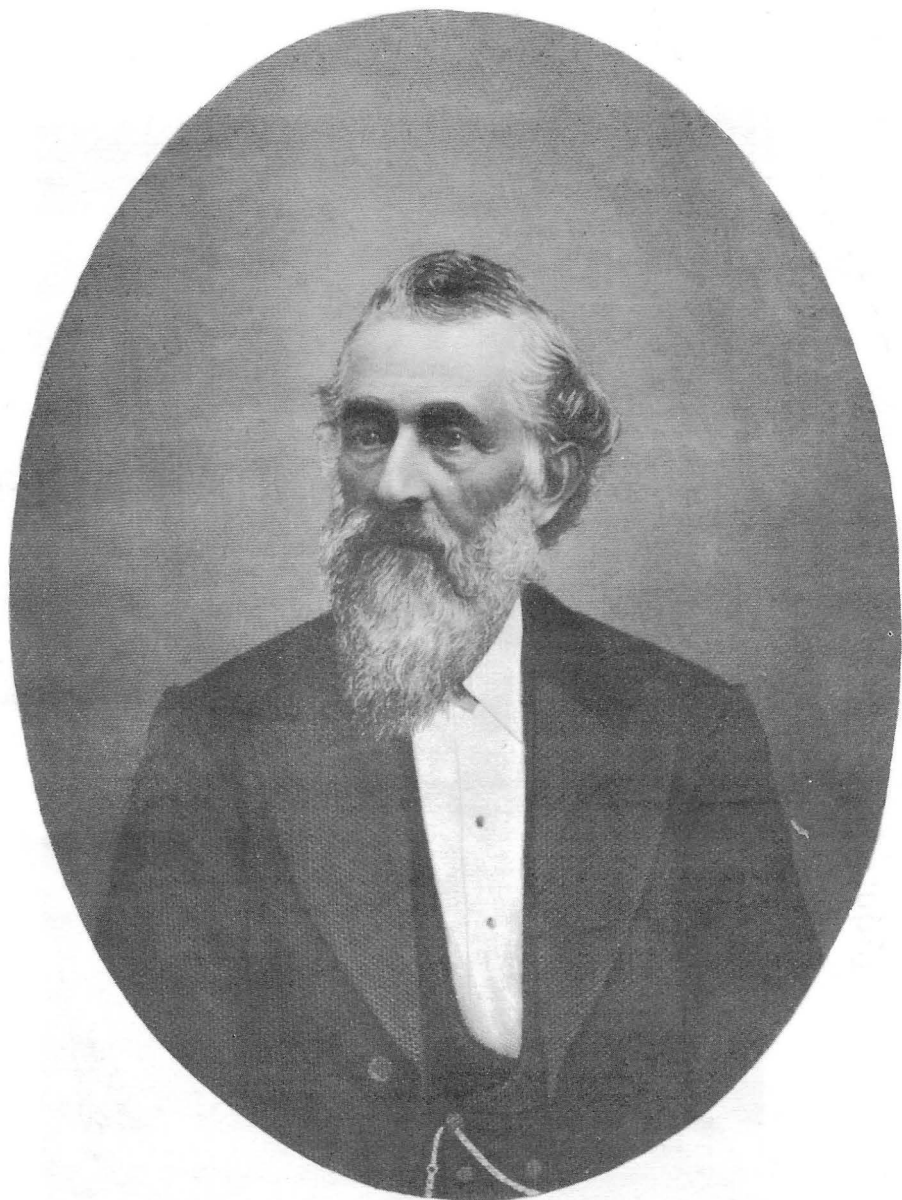
Today we see that success as the gospel surges forth among this choice people. Through you the Lord is building the Kingdom strong in the Italy North Mission. Your love for the Lord, as evidenced by your good works, is the same as that of President Lorenzo Snow and his companions. The way, however, is open for us today, to teach, preach, and baptize in the cities closed to the early missionaries.

Future generations will read your journals and they will thrill that your faith in the Lord Jesus Christ enabled you to lay the foundation for the great growth and events which are now taking place. We are here to save souls, may all rejoice together in the Lord's work.

Faithfully and Sincerely
your companion,



Dan C. Jorgensen
President
Italy North Mission



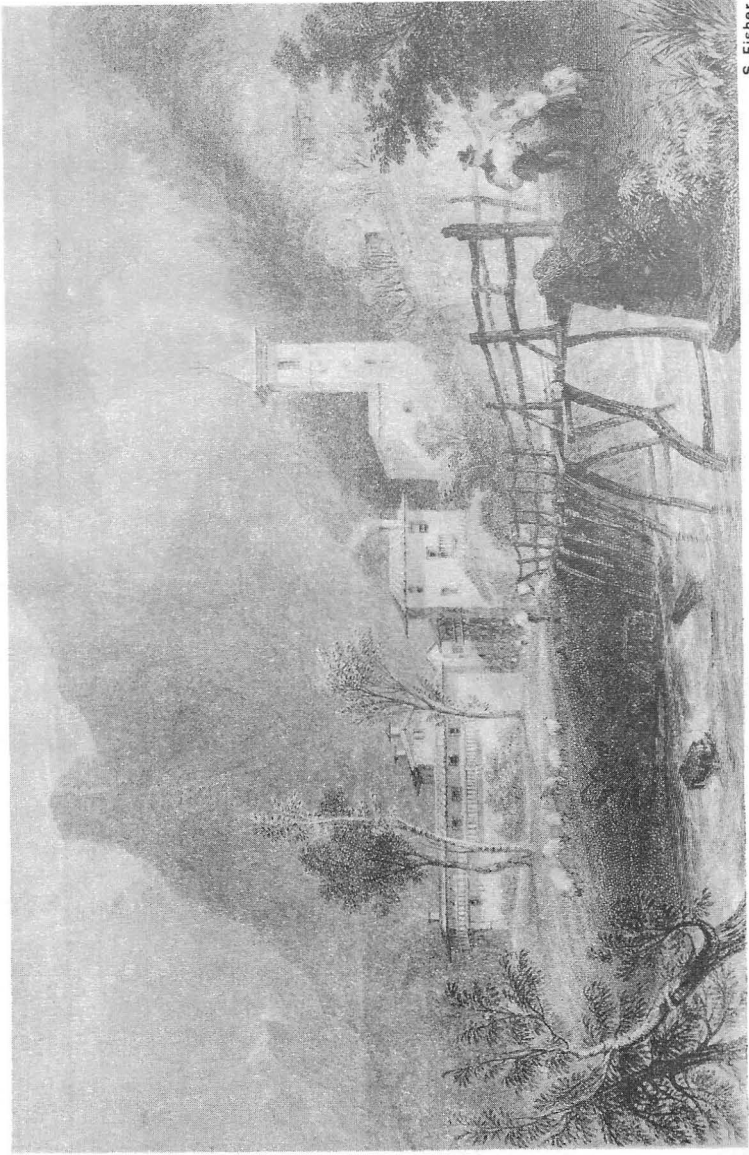
Lorenzo Snow



W. H. Bartlett

H. Adlard

Turin, And The Plain Of Piedmont



S. Fisher

W. H. Bortlett

La Tour - Val Pelice

THE
ITALIAN MISSION,

BY

LORENZO SNOW,

ONE OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES

OF THE

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST

OF

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

“And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.—*Matt.* xxiv., 14.

“Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly; and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand.—*Dan.* xii. 10.

L O N D O N :

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1851.

INTRODUCTION.

To cross a vast continent, and a vaster ocean, demands a motive of considerable force. When such a journey leads one directly away from his cherished home—from the wife of his youth, and the children who cluster round to hsp a father's name—then serious affairs surely should be sounding an imperative call in the ear of the traveller.

I have performed such a journey, and under such circumstances.

Was I led by the renown of ancient Italy—the teeming page of her immortal story? Ah! no. The smile around my hearth and home are a thousand times dearer to my heart than all the deeds of departed heroes. Was there a charm for me in the mouldering ruins of pagan temples? or in the elegant structures of papal worship? or were these unthought of in that hour of untold emotion when I rent myself from the realities of present happiness to seek an almost unknown future.

As a servant of Jesus Christ, I was going to oppose “one who exalteth himself against all that is called God,” and held an usurped authority over many nations.

Italy appeared a death-wrapt land, where the errors of ages were ready to combat my attempt with gigantic powers. I have now been to that country, and publish these letters to my familiar friends, as a brief record of my mission.

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ITALIAN MISSION

LETTER I.

Southampton, June 14th, 1850.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Though almost half the world lies between us, I hope this brief record of my travels will reach you in safety. Wheresoever I may be destined to wander, I shall ever remember those charms of relationship, which may be interrupted on earth, but are happily consecrated in your bosom, and mine, for eternity: they seem like a golden chain, passing over earth and ocean, and linking this foreign shore with your dwelling in the far distant West.

Recalling the scenes of the past, my mind reverts to the 19th of October, 1849, when, in solemn silence, I left what, next to God, was dearest to my heart—my friends, my loving wife, and little children. As I pursued my journey, in company with my brethren, many conflicting feelings occupied my bosom—the gardens and fields around our beloved city were exchanged for the vast wilderness which lay spread out before us for a thousand miles. If my mind still glanced onward, there was the stormy main, and, in the far distant perspective, a land of strangers—the field of my mission. We were hastening further and still further from the mighty magnet—HOME! but we knew that the work in which we were engaged was to carry light to those who sat in darkness, and in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and our bosoms glowed with love, and our tears were wiped away.

Some judged our horses were too enfeebled to bear us over the mighty plain; but when the snows began to fall, winds swept our pathway, and enabled us to pass without difficulty, while, on our right and left, the country was deeply covered for hundreds of miles.

One day, as we were taking our noon-tide meal, and our horses were quietly grazing on the prairies, the following scene occurred. A startling shout resounded through our little camp—“*To arms! To arms! The Indians are upon us!*” We looked, and beheld a spectacle, grand, imposing, and fearful. Two hundred warriors upon their furious steeds, painted, armed, and clothed with all the horrors of war, rushing towards us like a mighty torrent. In a moment we placed ourselves in attitude of defence. But could we expect with thirty men to withstand this powerful host? Onward came the savage band with accelerated speed, as a mighty rock, loosed from the mountain’s brow, rushes impetuously downward, sweeping, overturning, and burying every thing in its course. We saw it was their intention to crush us beneath the feet of their foaming chargers. Now, they were within a few paces, and in another moment we should be overwhelmed, when, lo! an alarm like an electric shock struck through their ranks, and stayed their career, as an avalanche, sweeping down the mountain side, stops in the midst of its course by the

power of a hand unseen—the Lord had said, “*Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm.*”

Many incidents occurred which often called forth the remark, that, in our past experience, the hand of the Lord had never been more visibly manifested. When we arrived on the banks of the great Missouri, her waters immediately congealed for the first time during the season, thus forming a bridge over which we passed to the other side: this was no sooner accomplished than the torrent ran as before.

On arriving at Kaneshville, we were saluted with shoutings, firing of cannons, songs of rejoicing, and other demonstrations of welcome. During the few days of our stay, we experienced universal kindness from the Saints. I shall never forget the parting with President Hyde, and the deep interest he manifested for myself, and mission, as he gave me an affectionate farewell, and, in the fullness of his soul implored the Powers of Heaven to protect me from evil in that stronghold of superstition.

I passed through Mount Pisgah and Garden Grove. At both places I much enjoyed the society of my old acquaintances. I proceeded to Nauvoo. I gazed upon its ruins—the direful work of mobocracy. My heart sickened as I contemplated that once beautiful city, filled with the songs of rejoicing, and all that was good and virtuous, where the voice of the Prophet had sounded forth upon the ears of thousands the deep and heavenly mysteries that had been concealed for ages: there we had met together, oft relating the sad tale of our past woes—the bitter cup of persecution of which we had taken such abundant draughts: there the old and the young had rejoiced together in the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant. But now, oh, how sad the change!—the moss was growing upon the buildings which were fast crumbling down, the windows were broken in, the doors were shaking to and fro by the wind upon their rusty, creaking hinges; the lovely Temple of our God—once the admiration and astonishment of the world, and the hope of the Saints—was burned, and her blackened walls were falling upon each other. Ever and anon a human head would be thrust through windows to gaze upon the traveller; but these were not Saints: the people who now dwelt in those houses, who walked those streets, believed not in Jesus, the Son of God—they were professed Infidels.

Shortly after, I entered another place of painful interest in the history of the Saints. If, on ordinary occasions, words are too weak to convey the feelings of the soul, where shall I find language to portray the thoughts that agitated my mind as I entered *Carthage*? There, but a few years before, was a scene over which my breast alternately glows and chills with *horror* and *indignation*. Here, an infamous mob were imbruing their hands in the blood of our beloved Prophet and Patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum. Oh, earth! then flowed on thy cold bosom the blood of thy noblest and best. Who were those MARTYRED ONES? Ask the ministering angels, from on high!—Ask the demons of the dark abyss!—Ask the mighty throng whom they have guided to peace, knowledge, wisdom, and power! And who are they? My friends—the friends of millions—the friends of UNIVERSAL MAN.

Over that guilty place there seemed to hang the gloom of death—the emblem of the deed which was passed, and the foreshadowing of righteous retribution. Although hungry and fatigued, nothing could induce me to eat or drink among that accursed and polluted people.

In St. Louis, we found a large branch of the Church of nearly 4000

members. We were kindly received; and it was delightful to see them assembled in their spacious and beautiful hall. The completeness of their organization reflects the highest credit upon their officers.

On the 25th of March, I left New York, on board the "Shannon." I had a pleasant voyage over the great waters, and at length, on the 19th of April, came in sight of Albion's shores. I never beheld a more lovely morning. Everything wore an enchanting appearance. A cheering calm serenity rested upon the broad bosom of the waters. Old England lay before me besprinkled with farms and multitudes of human dwellings, with beautiful hawthorn hedges, and newly plowed grounds. Around about on the waters, in full view, were ships of all nations; some passing in one direction, and some in another. In the midst of this enchanting scene, my feelings quickly changed from the high-thrilling tone of animation, and fell into pensive melancholy, as the thoughts of my loved home crowded upon my mind. Six long months I had been augmenting the distance between myself and those I love, and still I must continue to do so. Things certainly appeared strange to me when I thought of the unknown future of my mission. But the Lord of the whole earth had sent me, and in his name I was resolved ever to go forward.

On my arrival at Liverpool, I was privileged with the company of Elders Erastus Snow, Franklin D. Richards, and President Pratt's family. After leaving this city, I visited the following conferences:—Manchester, Macclesfield, Birmingham, Cheltenham, South Conference, London, and Southampton. Presidents, officers, and members received me with kindness, and contributed liberally towards my mission; and, though I have not had the opportunity of visiting Cambria's hills, the Welch brethren have sent donations with all that nobleness of soul which gives unasked.

How changed my feelings from what they were some eight years ago. Then, I might say, I entered Britain a lonely foreigner, unacquainted with the manners, laws, customs, and institutions of the country. Now, I felt myself comparatively at home. Many who were my children in the Gospel surrounded me as I passed through those conferences where I had formerly laboured. I also had the pleasure of seeing men whom I baptized on my former mission, now preaching the Gospel, and presiding over important conferences.

The traveller in the desert sometimes finds a green spot which stands in deep contrast to the barrenness of surrounding nature. England appears thus now I am about to leave its shores for the lands of darkness. The voices of a thousand friends are dying away in the distance, while before me is a land of strangers, whose tongues soon will sound in my ears like the jargon of Babal. I have been refreshed with the company of so many kind friends, and go forth on my mission with renewed energy of body and mind.

To-morrow I leave this place for Italy. Farewell my dear Sister, and may Heaven's choicest blessings be your continued portion is the prayer of

Your affectionate Brother,
LORENZO SNOW.

*To Miss Eliza R. Snow,
Great Salt Lake City,
California.*

LETTER II.

Genoa, July 20th, 1850.

MY DEAR FRANKLIN,

Having safely reached the land of my mission, I take the earliest opportunity of describing my situation and prospects.

This ancient city, where I have now resided a short time, contains about 140,000 inhabitants. It is chiefly built upon undulating ground, extending back as far as the base of the mountains, and, in some places, reaching partly up their summit. Before me I have a most lovely and interesting view of the port of Genoa, and then of the Mediterranean, bearing upon her broad bosom multitudes of fishing boats, schooners, war frigates, steamers, and ships of many nations.

The edifices of this famed city lie open on my right and left. Its palaces, numerous cathedrals, churches, high-built promenades, and antique buildings form altogether a very singular and magnificent appearance. At a little distance from the city, I have the fascinating scenery of Italy's picturesque mountains, and over my head is a sky of clearest blue. My eyes are filled with tears while attempting to picture the glorious view. It recalls to mind the more than lovely—the sacred scenery of the far-off West—the Valley of the Great Salt lake, where is poured forth the streams of revelation through our beloved Prophet, Brigham, to a people gathered from among the nations, and where, nine months ago, in mournful silence, we pressed the parting hands of our weeping wives and tender offspring.

This city is filled with armed men; so, in fact, is almost every sea-port town and city through which we have passed since leaving England. Little money is circulating, and commerce languishes on every side. The country is not yet in a sufficiently settled condition to induce the enterprise of the capitalist. Since the revolution, the working class have suffered severely from the depression of business. Wages are, of course, very low. Upon an average, perhaps, not more than 20 cents for a day's work for a labourer, which is commonly made to consist of about sixteen hours.

Many of the customs, laws, and institutions are very singular.

Priests are seen in great numbers on every side. I meet them in every street. From the peculiarity of their dress, there is no mistake as to their profession. The superior order are enveloped in black, and their heads display the accompaniment of a three-cornered hat. Those of another class present a shorn crown to the evening breeze and the noon-tide sun; and the meanness of their garments are intended to represent their vows of austere poverty. A coarse woollen dress is attached to their body by a rope loosely tied round their waist, from whence hang their rosary beads and a small crucifix. Their feet are shod with a species of sandals. They are generally seen two together, and are very unlike the wealthier ecclesiastics, who mingle freely with the best society.

The other day, as I was returning from a walk, I fell into the following reflections:—I am alone and a stranger in this vast city, eight thousand miles from my beloved family, surrounded by a people whose manners

and peculiarities I am unacquainted. I am come to enlighten their minds, and instruct them in principles of righteousness; but I see no possible means of accomplishing this object. All is darkness in the prospect.

While I thus walked gloomily along the thronged streets, I was suddenly awakened from my reverie by a glance of recognition from a gentleman passing, and was not a little pleased to find it was an Englishman with whom I had previously formed a slight acquaintance. He spoke words of friendship, and said he had called at my lodging, but was disappointed in not finding me at home. He wished me to write down the heads of subjects upon which I sought information, which, he assured me, he would spare no pains to procure. He thought the society of many English visitors in Genoa was not suitable to men religiously inclined as I appeared, and could not recommend them to my acquaintance. He accompanied me to my lodging, and desired to know in what way I thought this country could be spiritually benefitted. He evidently believed that I was a missionary, and was about to open a campaign against Catholicism. His bosom glowed with desire to engage in this laudable undertaking. Finding that such was the state of his feelings, I looked him steadfastly in the face, and spoke as follows:—"Do you think, Mr. A., that the Lord had any hand in your coming to this place?" "I do," said he, "for when letters were sent informing me I could have a situation whereby I could support my family, I opened them and spread them before the Lord, and knelt upon my knees, asking him what I should do, and the spirit manifested to me it was wisdom to come." I then said, "Mr. A., I have entered this country to establish the Kingdom of God. The Lord God of Heaven himself has sent me. The Holy Ghost has sent me. The President of the Church of Jesus Christ has sent me, and the prayers of a hundred thousand people (Saints of God) are daily offered up for my prosperity. Now I have a message for you from the Lord. It is your duty to be ordained unto the holy Priesthood, and assist me in establishing the Gospel among this people." He listened with deep interest, and his countenance was lighted up with animation at the thought of being associated with me in such a glorious mission. He then put the inquiry, "Are you sent by the Wesleyans?" "I am a member," I replied, "of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." All his desires to do good and become great seemed to go down in proportion as the last idea arose in his mind and became clear.

He said he had heard one of our elders preach, and he made baptism essential to salvation: what were my ideas upon that point? "It is now," said I, "because God has commanded it: until he did command, and sent some one to administer, it was not essential." I then lent him several books, asking him to read them prayerfully. He promised to do so, but with great reluctance, "and he went away sorrowful."

I am now in a Roman Catholic country. Its inhabitants are before my eyes continually. My heart is pained to see their follies, their wickedness, gross darkness, and superstition. Oh, I weep that the day of the Son of Man has come upon them unawares: so little are they prepared to receive the voice from on high, "The Bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him!" They are clothed with darkness as with a garment, and they know not their right hand from their left. I ask my Heavenly Father to look upon this people in mercy. O Lord, let them become the objects of thy compassion, that they may not all perish. Forgive their

sins, and let me be known among them, that they may know Thee, and know that Thou hast sent me to establish Thy Kingdom. They do wickedly all the day long, and are guilty of many abominations. They have turned their backs upon Thee, though they kneel before the image of Thy Son, and decorate temples to Thy worship. The rulers, the priests, and people have all gone astray, and have forgotten Thee, the Lord their God. But wilt Thou not have mercy upon them. Thou knowest that I have bidden a heart-rending farewell to the loved and tried partner of my bosom to obey Thy call, and hast thou not some chosen ones among this people to whom I have been sent. Lead me unto such, and thy name shall have the glory through Jesus Thy Son.

Since I wrote the foregoing, I have received a letter from Elders Stenhouse and Toronto. I have felt an intense desire to know the state of that province to which I had given them an appointment, as I felt assured it would be the field of my mission. Now, with a heart full of gratitude, I find that an opening is presented in the valleys of Piedmont, when all other parts of Italy are closed against our efforts. I believe that the Lord has there hidden up a people amid the Alpine mountains, and it is the voice of the Spirit that I shall commence something of importance in that part of this dark nation.

Please to remember me to Brothers Coward and Collins, whose names will never be forgotten for their kindness to Brother Erastus and myself.

Prudence and caution lead me to request that you will not at present give publicity to my communications.

Affectionately,

LORENZO SNOW.

To Elder F. D. Richards,
Liverpool.

LETTER III.

*La Tour, Vallee de Luserne,
Piedmont, Italie.
November 1st, 1850.*

DEAR PRESIDENT YOUNG,

When I arrived at Liverpool, I sent you a letter, in conjunction with Brothers Erastus and Franklin, which I hope you duly received. Soon afterwards, as I contemplated the condition of Italy, with deep solicitude to know the mind of the Spirit, as to where I should commence my labours, I found that all was dark in Sicily, and hostile laws would exclude our efforts. No opening appeared in the cities of Italy: but the history of the Waldenses attracted my attention.

Amid the ages of darkness and cruelty they had stood immoveable, almost, as the wave-beaten rock in the stormy ocean. When the Anathemas of Rome shook the world, and princes fell from their thrones, they dared to brave the mandates of the Pope and the armies of the mighty. They appeared to my mind like the rose in the wilderness, or the bow in the cloud. The night of time has overspread their origin; but these dissenters from Rome existed ages before Luther was born. During the fierce

persecutions to which they have been subjected, their limits have greatly decreased. A few narrow valleys, which are, in some places, only a bow-shot in breadth, are all that remain in their possession; except the mountains by which they are engirdled. But a period of deep calm has at length arrived; and, since the storm of revolution swept over Europe, they have received many privileges from the Sardinian government. Thus, the way was opened only a short period before the appointment of the mission, and no other portion of Italy is governed by such favourable laws.

A flood of light seemed to burst upon my mind when I thought upon the subject, and I endeavoured to procure some information in relation to this people. The librarian to whom I applied informed me he had a work of the description I required, but it had just been taken. He had scarcely finished the sentence when a lady entered with the book. "Oh," said he, "this is a remarkable circumstance, this gentleman has just called for that book. I was soon convinced that this people were worthy to receive the first proclamation of the Gospel in Italy.

I made a short sojourn in England, and visited several conferences. Going to London, after so many years' absence, was a circumstance of uncommon interest. The happiness I experienced during two week's stay was no small compensation for the anxieties and difficulties which I had endured in carrying on the work of the Lord there for two years immediately after its foundation had been laid by yourself, Elders Kimble, Woodruff, and G. A. Smith. When I received my appointment to that city, I found 30 or 40 members: now, 3000, and many had emigrated. It is one of the largest and most important conferences in England. Here I became acquainted with Elder Stenhouse, President of the Southampton Conference. After consultation with Brother Franklin, I felt that it was the mind of the Spirit that he should accompany me on this mission. I therefore proceeded with him to Southampton. During his preparation for departure we went to Portsmouth; and, among "the forces of the Gentiles," we visited the "Victory," the vessel in which Lord Nelson met his death. We were very politely shown the varied departments of this mammoth of the deep, the spot where Nelson fell, and the cabin where he expired.

The hour at length arrived for leaving the last home of the Saints. In the parting of Elder Stenhouse with his wife and friends, I was forcibly reminded of what I had experienced in leaving my own. As we withdrew from this scene of sorrow, I observed, "Did the people of Italy but *know* the heart-rending sacrifices we have made for their sakes, they could have no heart to persecute.

On the 15th of June, we left Southampton, by the steam-boat "Wonder," for Avre de Grace, and then proceeded immediately to Paris. After having our passports counter-signed, we continued our journey through the beautiful country of southern France. We passed through Lyons, and arrived at Marseilles in about four days from leaving Paris. We then embarked on the clear blue waters of the Mediterranean, for Antibes, the last French port. By disembarking there, we escaped being detained six days in quarantine, under the burning sun of Genoa. We then travelled to Nice, the first town in Italy. Here Catholicism began to show itself more prominently. Priests were numerous. Images of the Holy Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her arms, were to be seen on the corner house of every street, and on the front of many others.

We left Nice by "Diligence," and travelled by the shores of the Mediterranean. It was the feast-day of John the Baptist. Labour was entirely suspended, and all seemed to enjoy themselves in honour of this great man. We certainly saw some hundreds of priests—*rather a gloomy introduction*. On the 25th of June, we arrived at Genoa. Here we called upon the Lord, and offered the gratitude and praise of our souls for his providence. We had accomplished this journey, of nearly 1200 miles, much quicker than we had anticipated. From the time we left England, we had only spent three nights in bed.

June 27th.—This is the feast-day to St. Peter. Again all work is suspended, and the people enjoying themselves. Jesus said, the fathers killed the prophets, and their children build their tombs and garnish their sepulchres. The fathers beheaded John and crucified Peter: this week we have witnessed feastings and rejoicings in honour of their names. Pleasing reflections—*starvation!*—*bonds!*—*imprisonment!*—*and martyrdom!* and subsequent generations paying us divine honours.

I visited the Cathedral of St. Lorenzo, and beheld the most superb and richly decorated interior of any building I had ever seen. As we entered, our attention was immediately attracted by the grand altar. Here was a display of richly cut candlesticks, and vases, glittering with gold and silver gilding. In the former, were wax candles of four or five feet long, and in the latter, a most delightful association of flowers. On each side of this building were six recesses, where were fixed small altars, upon which stood a cross, with an emblem of Jesus, surrounded with candles and flowers, on a small scale. Before them were benches for the accommodation of the devoted. The side wall of each recess had a painting, representing, in full size, some particular person in the act of devotion. These worshippers were portrayed, in some instances, as holding a levee, with "Holy Mary, Mother of God," who was well surrounded with young warbling angels, who had been assisted in their descent with *eagles' wings!* Others were represented with volumes of smoke around them, thickly studded with young cherubs, who were blowing profusely upon the worshipper, while they were loaded with garlands to encircle his brow. Two beautifully cut and spiraled pillars of choice stone stood at the extent of each recess, supporting an arched roof, which was also richly painted. Between every two pillars were placed the statue of one of the ancient Apostles. The design and execution of these monuments of departed worth elicited our admiration.

The roof of the building was completely covered with paintings, representing the prominent circumstances recorded in the New Testament. Each picture was surrounded with massive gilt mouldings. On the dome, over the grand altar, was a representation of the day of Pentecost. The Holy Ghost, in its plenitude of power, was portrayed in the descent of the Dove, while tongues of fire, in glowing colours, rested upon the disciples.

Two rows of large massive pillars, from one end of the church to the other, stood erect from floor to roof; each side of which was filled with seats for the congregation, while the centre was left for visitors, and those approaching the altar. Here we sat, and while the unmeaning sounds of the preacher fell upon our ears, our minds were absorbed in the contemplation of the beauty and richness of art, the power of unity, and the darkness of human understanding, as the monuments of each were around, before, and above us.

On the 1st of July Elders Stenhouse and Toronto left Genoa, according to my appointment, to visit the Protestant valleys of Piedmont. On the 23rd of the same month I left Genoa, passing through the city of Turin, the capital of the Sardinian States, and arrived at La Tour, in the valley of Lucerne.

The country in which I now found myself, bears a striking resemblance to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Piedmont is situated at the foot of the Alps, the highest mountains in Europe. The scenes of this land embrace all the variety of a region where the heavens and the earth seem to meet. The clouds often enwrap these mighty eminences, and hide their frowning grandeurs from our eyes. At other times they are covered with snow, while, at their feet the vine and the fig-tree are ripening their fruit. A poet has said of this identical locality in which we are placed

“There is a scene would well repay
The toil of many a weary day:
And every form of nature there,
Wood, rock, and stream, and summit rare
All seem to bid the traveller rest;
For ne'er from tower or mountain crest,
In emerald vale or sunny plain,
Shall he behold such scenes again.”

The Protestant inhabitants are called “*Vaudois*,” or Waldenses. They number about 21,000: there are also about 5,000 Catholics. The fertile portion of these valleys are rich in their productions: but two-thirds, or more, present nothing but precipices, ravines and rocky districts, or such as have a northern aspect. The inhabitants are far too numerous, according to the nature of the soil. They are often compelled to carry mould on their backs, to form a garden amid the barren rocks. The French language is generally understood, but in many parts it is spoken very imperfectly, and with an admixture of provincialism and Italian. The latter is understood by a considerable number of persons; but it is not extensively used. In fact, this is a place where there are at least five distinct dialects spoken by different classes.

During our protracted journey, the health of Elder Toronto had been considerably affected; but this salubrious clime having re-invigorated his frame, he became very anxious to visit his friends in Sicily. As I felt it proper for him to do so, he took his departure at the beginning of August.

Soon after my arrival here, I considered it necessary to issue a publication in French; accordingly I wrote, and compiled a work, entitled “*The Voice of Joseph*,” containing “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 Ancient 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 Labours of their Elders—Sketch of their Faith and Doctrine.”

After fruitless endeavours to find a proper person to translate this work, I found it necessary to send it to England; where, through the kindness

of Elder Orson Pratt, it was translated by a professor from the University of Paris.

I felt assured that the Lord had directed us to a branch of the House of Israel; and I was rejoiced to behold many countenances that reminded me of those with whom I had been associated in the valleys of the West. We endeavoured to lay a foundation for future usefulness, in silently preparing the minds of the people for the reception of the Gospel, by cultivating friendly feelings in the bosoms of those by whom we were surrounded. Yet I felt it rather singular, and no small tax upon patience, to be weeks, and months, in the midst of an interesting people, without being actively and publicly engaged in communicating the great principles which I had come to promulgate. But, as I felt it was the mind of the Spirit that we should proceed at first, by slow and cautious steps, I submitted to the will of heaven.

While surrounded by strangers in a land of darkness, many circumstances occurred of great importance to us, though they may not appear so to those unacquainted with the peculiar difficulties with which we had to grapple. One incident I will extract from my private journal.

Sept. 6th. This morning my attention was directed to Joseph Guy, a boy three years of age, the youngest child of our host. Many friends had been to see the child, as to all human appearance his end was nigh at hand. I went to see him in the afternoon, death was making havock of his body—his former healthy frame was now reduced to a skeleton, and it was only by close observation we could discern he was alive. As I reflected on our situation, and beheld this effort of the Prince of Darkness, to raise a barrier against us, and the establishment of the Gospel, my mind was fully awakened to a sense of our position. For some hours before I retired to rest, I called upon the Lord to assist us at this time. My feelings on this occasion will not easily be erased from memory.

Sept. 7th. This morning I proposed to Elder Stenhouse we should fast and retire to the mountains and pray. As we departed we called and saw the child—his eye-balls turned upwards; his eye-lids fell and closed; his face and ears were thin, and wore the pale marble hue indicative of approaching dissolution. The cold perspiration of death covered his body, and the principle of life was nearly exhausted. Madame Guy and other females were sobbing, while Monsieur Guy hung his head, and whispered to us "*Il meurt! Il meurt!*"—(He dies! He dies!)

After a little rest upon the mountains, aside from any likelihood of interruption, we there called upon the Lord in solemn prayer to spare the life of the child. As I reflected on the course we wished to pursue—the claims we should soon advance to the world, I regarded this circumstance as one of vast importance. I know not of any sacrifice which I could possibly make, that I was not willing to offer, that the Lord might grant our requests.

We returned about three o'clock in the afternoon, and having consecrated some oil, I anointed my hand, and laid it upon his head, while we silently offered up the desires of our hearts for his restoration. A few hours afterwards we called, and his father with a smile of thankfulness said "*mieux, beaucoup, beaucoup.*"—(better much, much.)

Sept. 8. The child had been so well during the preceeding night, the parents had been enabled to betake themselves to rest, which they had not done for some time before, and to-day they could leave him and attend to the business of the house. As I called to see him, Madame

Guy expressed her joy in his restoration ; I, in turn, remarked—" *Il Dio di cielo ha fatto questa per voi.*"—(The God of heaven has done this for you.)

Finding circumstances as favourable as could be expected, I considered it wisdom to send for Elder Jabez Woodard, of London, with whom I had formed an acquaintance while in that city. By the exertions of Elder Margetts, President of the London Conference, and the liberality of the saints, he was enabled to join us on the 18th of Sept. The following day being eleven months from the time the Foreign Missions left the city of the Great Salt Lake, I proposed we should commence our public business.

It was well-known that we had come to establish a church. This was looked upon by many as an impossibility. But, we now found that we had the materials marvellously assembled from four different nations, viz., ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, ITALY and AMERICA. With one member from each of these countries we proceeded to organize the church. We ascended a very high mountain a little distance from La Tour, and having taken our position on a bold projecting rock, we sung praises to the God of heaven, and offered up 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, O 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 by the Holy Ghost to these valleys 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 fulness of the Gospel—the Ensign of thy Kingdom once more established among men. O, Lord God of our Fathers, protect thou this banner. Lend us of 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 bands 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 valleys, 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 honours in this world, and, in the world to come, crowned with eternal life. Whosoever 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 ~~was~~

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 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 missions, 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 President 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, honour, and glory, now and for ever. Amen."

Other proceedings of the day I extract from the Journal of the Mission:—

"Moved by Elder Snow, That the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints be now organized in Italy. Seconded, and carried.

"Moved by Elder Stenhouse, That Elder Lorenzo Snow, of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, be sustained President of the Church in Italy. Seconded, and carried.

Moved by Elder Snow, that Elder Stenhouse be Secretary of the Church in Italy. Seconded, and carried."

The Church in this country, this day, is composed of the following:—

Lorenzo Snow, of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles; Joseph Toronto, of the Quorum of Seventies; T. B. H. Stenhouse, Elder, and Jabez Woodard, Elder.

We then sung "Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah." After which Elder Stenhouse engaged in prayer, calling upon the Lord to bless and preserve our wives and families, and all who minister to their wants during our absence.

Elder Woodard then implored the out-pouring of the Spirit of God upon the honest in heart among ministers and people of these lands.

Elder Snow followed, calling upon the God of our fathers in mighty prayer to bless and sanction the proceedings of this day, and crown our future efforts with success.

As the Spirit of God rested upon us, we felt "it was good to be here." After singing a song of Zion, Elder Snow prophesied, and said, "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, now organized, will increase and multiply, and continue its existence in Italy till that portion of Israel dwelling in these countries shall have heard and received the fulness of the Gospel."

Elder Stenhouse prophesied, and said, "From this time the work will commence, and nothing will hinder its progress; and before we are called to return, many will rejoice, and bear testimony to the principles of Truth."

Elder Woodard prophesied, and said, "The opposition which may be brought against this Church will, in a visible and peculiar manner, advance its interests; and the Work of God will at length go from this land to other nations of the earth."

After we had sung, prayed and prophesied, Elder Snow laid his hands upon the head of Elder Stenhouse; and, through the operations of the Spirit, was led to comfort and cheer his soul with the things of the Kingdom. He then laid his hands upon the head of Elder Woodward, and prayed that he might have the power to act as Aaron, and speak unto the people by the power of God.

Having now finished the business for which we ascended, we felt reluctant to leave the spot where we had rejoiced so much in the goodness of the Lord. From the nature of our proceedings—the fruitfulness of the mountains—the rich variety around—and the impregnable fortress of mountains behind, Elder Snow proposed that this mountain be known among the people of God, henceforth and for ever, as MOUNT BRIGHAM, and the rock upon which we stood, the ROCK OF PROPHECY. We descended the mount, and reached La Tour about six o'clock in the evening. As a sign to all who might visit us, we nailed to the wall of my chamber the likenesses of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. From that day opportunities began to occur for proclaiming our message.

There is an English gentleman residing here, whose name has an almost magical effect among the Protestants. He has materially assisted the schools, and other benevolent institutions. Your recommend (the only one I had) procured me a ready and cheerful introduction to this gentleman, which resulted in several interesting interviews. On one of those occasions, he said, as he retired, “You shall receive no opposition on my part: and if you preach the Gospel as faithfully to all in these valleys as to me, you need fear no reproach in the ‘Day of Judgment.’”

The Protestant Chapels here are called Temples. The first that was ever erected was that of St. Lorenzo. It has long since crumbled into ruins; but a Catholic Chapel has been erected, which now bears the name. One day we were invited to the residence of the officiating Priest. We received every attention from our host, and were provided with a dinner, which, for excellence and variety, exceeded any thing we had enjoyed in Italy. When viewing his Chapel, we took the opportunity of presenting the Truths of the Gospel. He listened with great attention, and proposed many interesting questions with regard to modern revelation. Although we had intended to return to our residence, he insisted very strenuously that we should stay over night. He presented me with an Italian Grammar, in which he inscribed his name. In the morning, after an early breakfast, he accompanied us some miles on the way.

It is customary among the Protestants to hold small meetings in private houses, for religious worship. These are called ‘*Re-unions.*’ We attend them; and sometimes are permitted to speak upon our principles. This has produced some little stir among the *officials*; and, a short time since, we received an invitation to attend a public meeting, and answer some questions relative to our mission. We did so, and found some of the most talented ministers present, with an evident desire to crush our efforts. But after we had preached and discussed for three hours, one man, at least, retired with the conviction that we were the servants of the Lord.

On the 27th of October, this person presented himself as a 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 endeavoured 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 the 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.

Tales of slander against the Saints have been circulated around us already. The list of lies which we have seen in print here, might bleach the memory of many a vile traducer in other lands. From the rise of the Church to the death of Joseph, all the principal facts have been changed for the foulest mis-representations. But this is a small part of our difficulties. We have to preach, on the one hand, to a people nominally Protestants; but who have been, from time immemorial, in a church where any organized dissent has been unknown. The people regard any innovation as an attempt to drag them from the banner of their martyred ancestry. On the other hand we have the Catholics, with their proud pretensions to a priesthood of apostolic origin. Our presence in this land is only *just tolerated* and *not recognized* as any right, founded upon established laws. Liberty is only as yet in the bud; and the poet says, "The bud may have a bitter taste." But while surrounded with difficulties that seem loftier than the snow-crowned Alps, I can lift up my head, as a servant of God, and rejoice in the anticipation of final triumph. Our course is often dark and difficult; but I believe that, however slow it may be for awhile, it will ultimately be brightened with complete success. Popery, ignorance, and superstition form a three-fold barrier to our attempts. Strange customs, laws, and languages surround us on every side. In a word, we feel that we are in Italy—the polluted fountain which has overspread the earth with her defiling waters.

La Tour is the principal town in the Protestant valleys. Here there is a large Catholic chapel, with a number of officiating Priests. There is a Protestant college, with several professors, and about seventy students. They have also a large chapel in course of erection, principally by English liberality.

Having thus given you a sketch of my travels and proceedings, I close with my kind love to yourself and family, Elders Kimball and Richards, and all the Saints.

I am, Dear President Young,
Yours very affectionately,
LORENZO SNOW.

*President B. Young,
Great Salt Lake City, California.*

LETTER IV.

*La Tour, Vallee de Luserne,
Piemont, Italia.
December 2nd, 1850.*

DEAR PRESIDENT RICHARDS,

Your affectionate letter was duly received. Its contents were rendered doubly agreeable by the kind and feeling spirit in which they were communicated. When a servant of God is far removed from the endearing society of the Saints, and his ears are no longer saluted with the cheering voice of the partner of his toils, or the merry-making and prattling of his little ones—situate in a foreign land, surrounded by strangers, in whose bosoms dwell no kindred feeling—'tis then a favour, or a kind word from afar, awakens in the mind a recollection of the past, and draws from the burthened spirit its choice blessings upon the head of those who bestow and imprints feelings of gratitude that continue in lively

remembrance, when cares and sorrows will long have been buried in forgetfulness. To be placed in such circumstances is not unprofitable, however unpleasant. To be separated from the society of those for whom we live, and for whom we would die, is not without its recompense; such a position serves to teach man his weakness, and dependence on the Lord. It cultivates patience, and, by contrast, teaches the true value of good society and friends.

I am happy to learn that, at the departure of Elder Pratt, the Presidency of the British Conferences has been entrusted to your care; as I am satisfied you possess every qualification for that, and the Editorial department.

As you have expressed an interest in this mission, and desire information respecting our situation, I devote a little leisure in throwing together a few circumstances.

To commence, then. We are all well. Elders Stenhouse and Woodard are constantly engaged. Their diligence and faithfulness deserve commendation. I could not have selected two better qualified for the various duties pertaining to the singular course which I have to adopt in conducting this mission. I have not as yet heard from Elder Toronto.

Think not, dear Franklin, that we are amid the marble palaces, nor surrounded by the choice productions of art which adorn many portions of this wondrous land. Here, a man must preach from house to house, and from hovel to hovel. Here, many a dwelling has no glass in the windows; and from the scarcity of fuel, there is often no fire upon the hearth; and during the long winter evenings, the family are huddled together in the stable, among the cattle, for the sake of a little warmth which they cannot find elsewhere.

In our intercourse with the clergy, we have been treated with respect; but it is in vain that we announce to them the great message of the last days. The professed teachers of religion have always been slow to receive the revelations of heaven. When attending their place of worship the other Sunday, one of their ministers looked piteously upon us, and then at the congregation, to whom he said, in tones mournfully low, "Do not leave that dear church which is consecrated by so many glorious remembrances, and for which your fathers have died." What would have been his feelings if he had known that, in a few hours afterwards, I baptized one of his flock who had been listening to his admonition.

With regard to Romanism, let no one imagine that our difficulties are decreased, because the Pope has quarrelled with the king of Piedmont. The influence of papal domination does not crumble away before the earthquakes of political controversy. The system of education has enthroned it too firmly to be shaken by the timid protest of an Italian government. In taking a general survey of Italy, a dark cloud hangs over its bosom. If the tree is to be judged by its fruits, what must be the state of this country?—what fruit has it borne for ages and ages? Vice has walked with bold, unblushing countenance through its proud cities; and when man has dared to think for himself, and search for truth amid the labyrinth of opinion, he has quickly been removed to a dungeon. There the great Galileo was immured, and there hundreds have died whose names are unknown, but who were as sensitive to pain and oppression as any child of Adam. The dark veil of the inquisition is drawn over many of these scenes; yet, ever and anon it is blown aside, and we see the instruments of torture, and the bones of the martyred.

But the time has now arrived when the Gospel must be sounded through the earth, and Italy will hear its announcement, though all its dead popes should burst into life! Nor will the importance of this mission be limited to Italy: the way will open from hence to other parts of the world. There has long been an intimate connexion between the Protestants here and in Switzerland. I intend to avail myself of this circumstance, that the Gospel may be established in both places. I shall circulate the "Voice of Joseph" here, and in the Swiss Cantons; and also another work, which I am getting translated through the politeness of the French mission. There are many parts of Italy where the Lord has a people: among others I might mention the city of Nice, and the ancient republic of San Marino; but the time has not yet arrived for sounding the Gospel trumpet in those places.

If circumstances permit, I shall probably visit England in February or March.

The work here is slow and tedious. The spiritual atmosphere around us is like the Egyptian darkness which might be felt. Nevertheless, the Church has been established. The tree has been planted and is spreading its roots. The leaven has begun its process. Many good things have been spoken concerning Israel. Many prophecies of great importance have been given in connexion with this mission; and recalling them to mind seems like the dawning of day upon the benighted. We especially remember the one you uttered at the meeting in London. You have not forgotten prophesying that thousands would, ere long, embrace the Gospel in Italy. We have also been assured that, before it was known in Great Britain, a mission was appointed to Italy; the spirit of prophecy testified, by the mouths of Brethren in Wales, that the Elders should come to this land, and commence their labours at the feet of those mountains by which we are now encircled, and that from hence it should extend itself triumphantly. Praying for the fulfilment of these prophecies,

I am, dear Brother,

Yours very affectionately,

LORENZO SNOW.

To Franklin D. Richards,
Liverpool.

LETTER V.

Turin, Italy.
January 25th, 1851.

DEAR PRESIDENT HYDE,

After seven months residence in Italy, I am going to bid it farewell for a season. If the attractions of physical nature could command all my attention, I might long linger to gaze upon these realms of loveliness. One might travel far over the earth before he finds a fairer clime. Here man dwells beneath an almost cloudless sky. The sun scarcely hides his face in summer or winter; and when, at eventide, his golden glories fade behind the western hills, the silver stars shed a serene lustre over the blue vault of immensity. But, the remembrance of the moral scenery amid which I have been moving will be more imperishably engraved on my spirit, than all the brightness of the firmament, or the verdure of prairies enamelled with ten thousand flowers. Amid the loveliness of nature I found the soul of man like a wilderness. From the

palace of the King, to the lone cottage on the mountain, all was shrouded in spiritual darkness. Protestant and Papist looked upon each other as outcasts from the hopes of eternity; but regarded themselves as the favorites of heaven. And thus they had done from time immemorial. The changing ephemeral sectarianism of England and America, is, in many respects, unlike the sturdy superstition of this country. Here, Protestantism is not the offspring of boasted modern reformation; but may fairly dispute with Rome as to which is the oldest in apostacy. Every man holds a creed which has been transmitted from sire to son for a thousand years, whether he be Protestant or Catholic; and often he will lay his hand on his heart, and swear by the faith of his forefathers, that he will live, and die, as they have lived and died.

The Protestants form a very small minority. They have been harassed for centuries by fierce attacks from powerful armies of Catholics; but after sanguinary persecutions, they have revived as the corn, and grown as the vine. Once their last remnant was driven to Switzerland; but a courageous minister, assuming a military character, led them back victoriously to their native valleys. The portrait of this hero bears the following inscription:—

“I preach and fight: I have a double commission; and these two contests occupy my soul. Zion is now to be rebuilt, and the sword is needed as well as the trowel.”

The English government has several times interfered in their behalf; and large donations have been sent them from various Protestant countries. Many a tribute of admiration has been paid them by men of ability from the chief sects of Protestantism, till their little church has been flattered into immeasurable self-importance.

The following hymn expresses the feelings engendered by their romantic situation:—

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God.
 Thou hast made Thy children mighty
 By the touch of the mountain sod.
 Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
 Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod.
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God.
 We are watchers of a beacon,
 Whose light must never die:
 We are guardians of an altar,
 'Midst the silence of the sky.
 The rocks yield founts of courage,
 Struck forth as by Thy rod.
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God.
 For the dark resounding caverns,
 Where Thy still, small voice is heard;
 For the strong pines of the forests,
 That by Thy breath are stirred;
 For the storm, on whose free pinions,
 Thy Spirit walks abroad;
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our father's God.

The royal eagle darteth
 O'er his quarry from the heights,
 And the stag, that knows no master,
 Seeks there his wild delights ;
 But we, for Thy communion,
 Have sought the mountain sod.
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God.

The banner of the chieftain,
 Far, far below us waves ;
 The war-horse of the spearman
 Cannot reach our lofty caves.
 Thy dark clouds wrapt the threshold
 Of freedom's last abode.
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God.

For the shadow of Thy presence
 Round our camp of rock outspread ;
 For the stern defiles of battle,
 Bearing record of our dead ;
 For the snows and for the torrents,
 For the free heart's burial sod ;
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God.

Their self-esteem, joined with deep ignorance, presents a formidable opposition to the progress of the Gospel. They have had so little intercourse with other parts of the earth—so little knowledge of any thing beyond their own scenes of pastoral life, that it is difficult for them to contemplate the great principles of temporal and eternal salvation.

One long round of almost unremitting toil is the portion of both sexes. The woman who is venerable with grey hairs is seen laden with wood, or heavy baskets of manure, while travelling the rugged paths of the mountains. No drudgery here but what must be shared by the delicate female frame. I have travelled far over the earth, from the confines of the torrid Zone to the regions of eternal snow, but never before beheld a people with so many mental and physical derangements. But the hour of their deliverance draws nigh.

The constitution of this kingdom affords no guarantee that we shall ever enjoy the same religious privileges as our brethren in England and other countries.

A merciful providence has hitherto preserved us from being entangled in the meshes of the law. A bookseller told me, the other day, that he was not allowed to sell a Bible. No work is permitted to be published that attacks the principles of Catholicism. I look with wonder upon the road by which the Lord hath led me since I came to this land. From the first day that I trod the Italian soil, there has been a chain of circumstances which has not sprung from chance, but from the wise arrangements of Him who ruleth in the kingdoms of men. I thank my Heavenly Father that I was restrained from any attempt to hurry the great work with which I was entrusted. All the jealous policy of Italy has been hushed into repose by the comparative silence of our operations ; and, at the same time, no principle has been compromised, no concession

has been made, but, from day to day, we were always engaged forming some new acquaintance, or breaking down some ancient barrier of prejudice.

Such slowness was not agreeable to me as a man; but I look forward to the day when the stability and grandeur of our building will be an ample reward for those months of labour which may not have been attended with any thing extraordinary in the eyes of those who judge merely by the external appearance of the moment.

Here I may relate a dream, which, though simple in itself, presented a theme for meditation under our peculiar circumstances.

I thought I was in company with some friends, descending a gentle slope of beautiful green, till we came to the bank of a large body of water. Here were two skiffs; and as I embarked in the one, my friends followed in the other. We moved slowly over the face of this wide-spreading bay, without wind, or any exertion on our part. As we were on a fishing excursion, we were delighted to behold large and beautiful fish on the surface of the water, all around, to a vast distance. We beheld many persons spreading their nets and lines; but they seemed to be all stationary; whereas, we were in continual motion. While passing one of them, I discovered a fish had got upon my hook, and I thought it might, perhaps, disturb this man's feelings to have it caught, as it were, out of his hands; nevertheless, we moved along, and came to the shore. I then drew in my line, and was not a little surprised and mortified at the smallness of my prize. I thought it very strange that, among such a vast multitude of noble, superior-looking fish, I should have made so small a haul. But all my disappointments vanished when I came to discover that its qualities were of a very extraordinary character.

While encircled by many persons of noble bearing and considerable intelligence, a prospect seemed opening for the employment of some among them in the work of the ministry. But the Lord judgeth not as man judgeth. The first native of these valleys that I ordained to preach the Gospel was one who swayed no extended influence, and boasted no great natural abilities; but he sought the Lord with fasting and prayer, and the Spirit began to rest upon him mightily, showing him, in the dreams of night, the glorious reality of that work with which he had become associated.

Feeling it wisdom to send Elder Stenhouse to Switzerland, and to leave Elder Woodard in Italy; and knowing the formidable character of the difficulties with which they must struggle, I resolved to bestow upon them such blessings as they required in the discharge of their important duties; and as there is power, knowledge, and wisdom in the High Priesthood, I felt it was according to the mind of the Spirit that they should be called to that office.

We have here no temple—no building made by human hands, but the mountain's tower around us, far above all the edifices which Protestants or Papists use in this country. On Sunday, the 24th of November, we ascended one of these eminences which seem to occupy a position between earth and sky, and which, on a former occasion, we had named Mount Brigham. During our tedious ascent, the sun shone forth in its brightness; but in such parts as were shaded, we found snow upon the ground, and many a craggy peak and rocky summit on every side was white with fleeces of winter. Having reached the spot we sought, we gazed with rapture on the enchanting scenes of surrounding nature. Before us was

a plain so vast, that it seemed as if immensity had become visible. All was level in this ocean of space, and yet no sameness appeared on its fertile bosom. Here towns and cities were environed 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 sun-light, as far as the eye could reach. But there was one hallowing reflection which threw all around a brighter lustre than the noon-tide firmament: it was in that place, two months before, that we organized the Church of Jesus Christ in Italy. If we had stood upon a pavement of gold and diamonds, it would not have produced an impression like the imperishable remembrance of that sacred scene.

Amid this sublime display of the Creator's works, we sung the praises of His eternal Name, and implored those gifts which our circumstances required.

I then ordained Elder Woodard as a High Priest, and asked my Heavenly Father to give him wisdom and strength to watch over the Church in Italy, whatever might be the scenes through which it should have to pass, and that he might be enabled to extend the work which I had commenced. I also ordained Elder Stenhouse as a High Priest, and prayed that his way might be opened in Switzerland for carrying forth the work of the Lord in that interesting country.

In a few days afterwards, Elder Stenhouse proceeded on his mission.

O Italy! thou birth-place and burial-ground of the proud Cæsars, who swaydest the sceptre of this mundane creation—land of literature and arts, and once the centre of the world's civilization—who shall tell all the greatness which breathes in the story of thy past? and who, oh! who shall tell all the corruption which broods on thy bosom now?

Land of flowers and fruitfulness of the vine, the olive and orange, all that blushes in beauty and charms with delicacy is spread o'er thy green fields, or grows in thy empire garden; but thy children are deep in pollution, and spring like thorns and thistles, amid thy floral scenes of endless enchantment. From the wave-swept shores of the Mediterranean to the base of the bleak Alpine region, thy sunny plains lie spread like a fairy realm. Here reposes the dust of millions that were mighty in ages gone by, and flooded the earth with the fame of their deeds. Here are the fields that have been crimsoned with the blood of royalty, and have become the grave of dynasties. Poets that sung for the praises of nations, and princes that wielded the Sceptre of power during many a crisis of the world's history, are laid low beneath the dust of thy fields and vineyards.

But is there nought here save the tomb of the past? O, Italy! hath an eternal winter followed the summer of thy fame, and frosted the flowers of thy genius, and clouded the sun-beams of glory? No! the future of thy story shall outshine the past, and thy children shall yet be more renowned than in the ages of old. Though the triple crown of earth's proudest apostate shed a tinsel splendour over thy boundless superstition, Truth shall yet be victorious amid thy Babylonish regions. Where triumphant warriors were stained with gore, and princes reigned in the pomp of tyranny, the sure, though tardy working of the Gospel now weaves a fairer wreath, and wins a brighter crown. I see around me many an eye which will, one day, glisten with delight at the tidings of

Eternal Truth—many a countenance which will adorn the assemblies of the Living God. There is yet the blood of heaven's nobility within the hearts of many amid thy sons and daughters; and sooner will that blood stain the scaffold of martyrdom, than dishonour the manly spirits with which it is connected.

Geneva, February 6th.—I have reserved the closing of my letter till my arrival in Geneva. As I took my departure from Piedmont, much kindly feeling was manifested towards me. I beheld, with no small degree of satisfaction, the work of the Lord extending, and the lively efforts in operation for the spread of the principles of Truth. You may form some idea of the difficulties which have beset my efforts to publish, when I tell you that "*The Voice of Joseph*" is now circulating in Italy, with a wood-cut of a CATHOLIC NUN, ANCHOR, LAMP, and CROSS on the first page, and on the last, NOAH'S ARK, the DOVE, and the OLIVE. With this work, and "*The Ancient Gospel Restored*," in my trunk, pockets, and hat I crossed the Alps, in the midst of a storm of snow, scarcely knowing whether I was dead or alive. It is one thing to read of travelling over the back bone of Europe in the depth of winter; but doing it is quite different.

Since my arrival in the famed city of Calvin, I have had several interviews with some intelligent Swiss gentlemen, who have, through the efforts of Elder Stenhouse, and the circulation of my works, become much interested, and promise fair to give a good investigation to the work. In consequence of so much difficulty and vexation in getting out publications in Italy, I feel unwilling to draw many books from that quarter; therefore, I feel it my duty to make arrangements to get published, here, a second edition of both works. I am much pleased with the prospect of establishing the Gospel in Geneva. I feel FREE, and in a FREE atmosphere and to prophecy GOOD OF SWITZERLAND.

Yours affectionately,
LORENZO SNOW.

To President Orson Hyde,
Kanesville, Iowa Territory,
North America.

LETTER FROM ELDER WOODARD TO LORENZO SNOW.

*La Tour, Vallee de Luserne,
Piedmont, Italy.
February 26th, 1851.*

DEAR PRESIDENT SNOW,

I am happy to inform you that the Brethren and Sisters in Italy are all well, and send their salutations to you, with the request that you will also salute the Churches in England for them.

On the 24th of February, two young men presented themselves for baptism. It rained and snowed again, and the atmosphere was so dense, that we could not see distinctly a little way a-head. But as we descended towards the Angrogna river, a singular scene was presented—the clouds suddenly rent asunder, as if they had been a piece of paper, and the side of Mount Brigham was visible in a moment, from the top to the bottom.

I exclaimed, "The veil over Italy has burst!" and yet, at the instant, I knew not what I was saying. I stood paralyzed with the magnificent views which opened on every side: then with a prayer to Israel's God, we entered the stream.

In the evening, a congregation assembled, and I commenced preaching; but the devil entered into some who had been resisting the Truth, and I saw he had got firm hold, and my words seemed to be wasted on the assembly, through the presence of such a deadening and defiling influence, I therefore stopped short, and sat down, after giving an intimation that every body might go where they liked. By this means I got rid of the chaff, while the good grain remained. I then re-commenced preaching, and the power of God rested upon us. Many a tear rolled down those weather-beaten faces. The next day I baptized ten persons: they are not the rich and noble, but you shall judge them by their own language, as they have each given me a line to send to their foreign brethren. They are as follows:—

- 1 May we meet when the earth is renovated.
- 2 Pray for a young Sister, who wishes to grow in grace.
- 3 Absent in body, but united in spirit.
- 4 Hallelujah, for the Lord hath remembered his people.
- 5 If we do not meet in these bodies, may we embrace each other in the resurrection. (This is from a Brother who is 62 years old.)
- 6 In the midst of weakness I hope for strength.
- 7 Pray for a poor Brother.
- 8 May we be crowned with glory when the world is judged.

The other Brethren and Sisters have sent the following:—

We thank our Heavenly Father that we have begun to walk in the pathway of a new and endless life.

One Brother, who is a firm believer in the "Voice of Joseph," I have advanced as an Elder. Five months ago, he was requested to take the office of Elder in the Waldensian Church. This he refused.

Please address my letters as usual, but add "Poste Restante." I do not see an opening at the present moment, but I believe the Lord will enable me to be independent of the Hotel, and by that means I shall know more as to the true character of the inhabitants.

Remember me to Sister Woodard, and all friends whom you see in your travels.

All kinds of calumny and petty persecutions are brought into use. The devil is not idle here: and sometimes he tells the truth.

Yours in the New and Everlasting Covenant,
JABEZ WOODARD.

POETRY.

THE HERO'S REWARD.

BY MISS E. R. SNOW.

Well may the fire of glory blaze
Upon the warriors tread,
And nations twine the wreath of praise
Around the hero's head:
His path is honour, and his name
Is written on the spire of fame.

His deeds are deeds of courage. for
 He treads o'er gory ground,
 Amid the pride and pomp of war,
 When carnage sweeps around;
 With sword unsheath'd, he stands before
 The foe, amid the cannon's roar.

If such the meed the warrior gains—
 If such the palm he bears—
 If such insignia he obtains—
 If such the crown he wears—
 If laurels thus his head entwine,
 And stars of triumph round him shine,

How noble must be HIS reward
 Who, 'midst the crafts of men,
 Clad in the armour of the Lord,
 Goes forth to battle, when
 The powers of darkness warfare wage,
 And Satan's host around him rage.

Who goes opinion to unbind,
 That reason may go free,
 And liberate the human mind
 From priestly tyranny,
 To sever superstition's rod,
 And propagate the truth of God,

Who wars with prejudice, to break
 Asunder error's chain,
 And make the sandy pillars shake
 Where human dogmas reign—
 Who dares to be a man of God,
 And bear the Spirit's sword abroad,—

Above all earthly, his shall be
 An everlasting fame;
 The Archives of Eternity
 Will register his name
 With gems of sacred honour rife—
 His crown will be eternal life.

STANZA ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE BOOK OF
 MORMON TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY MISS E. R. SNOW.

Before leaving London, Elder Lorenzo Snow presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, through the politeness of Sir Henry Wheatley, two neatly bound copies of the BOOK OF MORMON, which had been donated by President Brigham Young, and left in the care of Elder Snow for that purpose, which circumstance suggested the following lines:—

Of all the monarchs of the earth,
 That wear the robes of royalty,
 She has inherited, by birth,
 The broadest wreath of majesty

From her wide territorial wing,
 The sun does not withdraw its light;
 While earth's diurnal motions bring
 To other nations day and night.
 All earthly thrones are tottering things,
 Where lights and shadows intervene;
 And regal honour often brings
 The scaffold or the guillotine.
 But still her sceptre is approved:
 All nations deck the wreath she wears;
 Yet, like the youth whom Jesus loved,
 One thing is lacking, even there.
 But lo! a prize possessing more
 Of worth, than gems with honour rife—
 A herald of salvation bore
 To her the words of endless life.
 That gift, however fools deride,
 Is worthy of her royal care:
 She'd better lay her crown aside
 Than spurn the light reflected there.
 O would she now her influence bend—
 The influence of royalty,
 Messiah's Kingdom to extend,
 And Zion's "nursing mother" be:
 Thus, with the glory of her name
 Inscribed on Zion's lofty spire,
 She'd win a wreath of endless fame,
 To last when other wreaths expire.
 Though over millions called to reign,
 Herself a powerful nation's boast,
 'T would be her everlasting gain
 To serve the King, the Lord of Hosts.
 For there are crowns and thrones on high,
 And kingdoms there to be conferr'd—
 There honours wait that never die;
 There fame's immortal trump is heard.
 Truth echoes—'t is Jehovah's word;
 Let kings and queens and princes hear:
 In distant isles the sound is heard;
 Ye heavens rejoice! O earth, give ear!
 The time, the time is now at hand
 To give a glorious period birth:
 The SON OF GOD will take command,
 And rule the nations of the earth.

FINIS.