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## The Dawning Day for the Lamanites

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**Abstract:** This article describes a time when Native American students visited the Alberta, Canada Temple. They saw wall paintings that depicted Lehi offering a sacrifice after landing on American soil, and a picture of Christ administering the sacrament to a Lamanite at his coming after his resurrection.

# THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

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*“Christ Himself came down among the Nephite people and ministered unto them. He showed them His personality, His being, and when He left they had a testimony that Christ was and is the Son of the Living God.”—ANTOINE R. IVINS.*

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## THE DAWNING DAY FOR THE LAMANITES

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STAKE GENEALOGICAL REPRESENTATIVE, LOS ANGELES STAKE

ON the fourth of August, 1932, I arrived in Cardston, Alberta, Canada, and arranged with President Wood and John Smith to go out to a stray horse sale on the Indian reservation. Just as we were leaving, Jack Galbraith, an old friend of mine, joined the party. Upon our return, as we were nearing Cardston, Jack invited me to accompany him to his ranch on the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, which I did.

On the following day, we went to Browning, Montana. There Mr. Galbraith took me to the home of his brother-in-law, who had married a half-breed Indian. I met her mother and talked to her for several hours on the Gospel, telling her of the Book of Mormon and of the work that lay before their people. She seemed deeply interested and promised to read the Book of Mormon.

From here I went with Jack to the home of his uncle, Frank Mountain Chief, who is the last of the Hereditary Tribal Chiefs, as far as is known, in America. I had a long and most interesting talk with this venerable old Chief, who is the historian of his people; and many hours were spent with him. He told me that the Bloods, the Blackfeet and the Peigans were all of the same tribe of Indians. He related several instances that caused their separation into the three tribes. He sang many of his old war songs to me.

We know that this Chief is at least 98 years old, for in 1854 he signed a treaty between the United States Government and his tribe of Indians. He would have to be at least 21 years old at that time. He now stands over six feet tall, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, is erect and powerful. He has had many wonderful experiences. He witnessed the inauguration of both President William McKinley and President Woodrow Wilson, being

called to Washington, D. C., especially for these occasions. Once, in company with his nephew, Jack Galbraith, Mr. Frank Sanderville and Mr. Clark, he was called to Washington to adjust the difference between the Indians and the Government. These four represented the five Indian reservations in Montana.

After I had talked to him several hours, he asked me to sing a song for him, which I did. Then I commenced to teach him the Gospel. He said to me, "My God is not good to me. For many years I have been a Christian Indian, and if my God were good to me He would not allow me to suffer as I do, for I am now blind and must be led everywhere I go by my son or grandson." Then I said to him, "I had a very dear friend in Cardston. His name was Brother Nuby. He was blind for many years and yet every time I heard him speak, he would say, 'My God is good to me!' Notwithstanding being blind, he was happy because of the blessings he received from his Heavenly Father." Then I said to the old chief, "If you worship the right God, and do what is right, He will cause you to be happy regardless of your loss of sight." He asked me to come and see him again before returning to my home in California. This I was happy to do.

On September 5th, I spent several hours talking to him again. I told him of the Book of Mormon, which I have since mailed to him. He said, "Whenever you come, you make my heart glad, for a sweet spirit comes over me." Then I told him this was the Spirit of God who was the Father of his spirit, which he was entitled to receive by serving the Lord. He then told me to take him by the hand and lead him into the house. I did so, after taking his picture with my daughter and with his son Walter and little grandson. After reaching the house, he gave me a pair of moccasins that he had worn when going to Washington to the inauguration of President Woodrow Wilson. He said to me, "Remember me often, and when you wear these moccasins think of me."

After leaving the old Chief's home, we returned to Mr. Galbraith's ranch where we had supper. Then we spent the entire evening preaching the Gospel to those who had assembled during the day. The Spirit of the Lord was poured out in rich abundance and we all rejoiced in the same.

#### YOUNG INDIANS VISIT THE ALBERTA TEMPLE

On Saturday, August 6th, 1932, upon the invitation of President Wood I went to the Cardston Temple where 220 Indian students, boys and girls from 12 to 17 years of age, met with their parents. These young Indians were all winners in a two-day contest of the Indians belonging to the 4-H clubs of the five reservations in the State of Montana.

Mr. Campbell, who was the Indian Agent for forty-two years, had planned for many years to teach and educate the Indians to be more useful. He had arranged the 4-H clubs among the Indians of the five reservations, and was doing all in his power to teach them to be more useful to society. He had had the privilege of going through the Temple several times prior to its dedication and had felt the inspiration and the Spirit of the Lord that permeated this holy place. When his forty years of service were up and he was entitled to a pension, he asked for two ad-

ditional years as agent that he might realize some of his plans. Early in the spring of 1932 he wrote to President Wood, asking if it would be possible to have these young Indians visit the Temple. After much corresponding, the privilege was granted by the Authorities of the Church that they might make the visit. On the 4th and 5th of August, the try-outs were held near Browning, Montana, and on the 6th, the winners were brought to the House of the Lord in forty-seven cars. I shall never forget nor cease to be thankful for the privilege of attending this service, and seeing and feeling the marvellous things I experienced on this occasion. That all may better understand what this meant and will yet mean to those present, I will describe as nearly as possible the proceedings.

#### PICTURES ON THE WALLS OF THE TEMPLE

After all the Indians were seated, or standing in the aisles of the Chapel room, the opening song and invocation were given. Then President Wood welcomed the Indians in our midst. On the north wall of this room is the painting representing Lehi after landing upon American soil. There he offered sacrifice, and the paintings of him and his family are in full life size. Lehi has his hands raised toward heaven, offering a burnt offering to God for the safe arrival of himself and family. His sons and daughters are depicted kneeling in humble devotion around the altar. Then on the east wall is the scene, also in life size, of Jesus, the Risen Lord, passing the sacrament to a great assembled throng. Christ is pictured in the very act of handing the sacrament to a Lamanite. The congregation in this painting is about equally mixed, Nephites and Lamanites. Imagine the thoughts that must have been in the minds of these boys and girls and the deeper understanding that they must have felt as they witnessed that Christ is no respecter of persons, and that the repentant Lamanite was entitled to the sacrament and blessings of Jesus the same as the Nephites. Every heart was touched as President Wood described these paintings and talked to them in this room.

Brother Joseph Y. Card gave a very splendid brief history of the settlement of Cardston by his father in 1887. Mr. Campbell made a few remarks and was followed by Mr. Frank Sanderville, an Indian, who is a graduate of Carlisle University and who has spent many years in the service of the Government. Brother Jack Galbraith was next asked to speak and I hope every heart was touched as mine was when he arose and said: "My brothers and sisters, and friends, you of my people, how happy I am to meet you here in the House of the Lord. You are here because you are winners of the contests you have entered in your various fields of endeavours. I hope you can understand that if you will continue to learn of God and to walk in His ways, some day you may have the privilege of returning to this House of the Lord and here receive the greatest prize God has for His faithful sons and daughters, winning the prize of Eternal Life, which is the prize given for lives of worthiness and service to God."

After listening to a beautiful rendition of the sextet from Lucia, given by John S. Smith and company, the Indians were allowed to go into the baptismal room where again hearts were touched to almost the melting point. Here in this marvellous room it was

explained to these visitors that the baptismal font was set upon the backs of twelve oxen representing the twelve tribes of Israel.

In each corner of the room are three shining shafts of granite representing the twelve apostles, holding up the Celestial Kingdom of God. This was beautifully explained by Brother Jacobs. On the north wall of this room is the picture of Adam three years before his death, when he gathered all his righteous posterity together in the valley of Adam-ondi-Ahman and blessed them, prophesying what should befall his posterity even to the latest time. On the east wall is a picture of Moses after crossing the Red Sea, and after the murmurings of the children of Israel, when hordes of serpents came among them. Many of the people were bitten and died. Then the Lord told Moses to raise a serpent upon a stick and all who would look upon it would be healed, explaining that even as Moses raised the serpent upon the stick, so would Christ be raised up on the cross in the meridian of time, that they who would come unto Him might also live. In this marvellous picture is the thought of the serpent destroying by biting the flesh. How typical it is of Satan's attacks upon us today, destroying our lives of usefulness by tempting us to do wrong through the flesh.

On the south wall is the picture of John the Baptist standing in the River Jordan, with Jesus by his side. His hand is raised toward heaven, ready to immerse the Christ in baptism. Then on the west wall is the picture of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery humbly kneeling in prayer to God, asking for an explanation of 3rd Nephi, the 11th chapter, regarding baptism. John the Baptist is portrayed as standing with a hand on either head, restoring the Aaronic Priesthood, conferring upon these two men the power and authority, in the name of Jesus Christ, to baptize members into the Church of Jesus Christ.

#### INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS SHED TEARS OF JOY

As these things were beautifully explained, tears of joy coursed down the faces of many present. I noticed many of the little Indian boys and girls gathered around the baptismal font, reaching out their fingers and gently and lovingly touching a nose or a horn of the oxen and then kissing their fingers. I imagined the things that were filling their souls with joy as the Spirit of God touched their little hearts and made them understand His goodness. Then the entire group sang with much feeling, "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," and "O My Father, Thou That Dwellest," etc. The meeting was dismissed and the visitors were taken to the lawns outside, where they were served ice cream and cake.

For many years it has been my privilege to work with the youth of Zion, and I find they are anxious to learn of God and to do all in their power to push this great work forward. As I thought of these things, my mind went out to the five reservations in Montana, and I could imagine these boys and girls mingling with their associates, telling them of the things they had seen and heard in the Temple of our God; and telling them with a spirit and power that will cause a greater desire to come among them, to know of the Gospel and to learn of its ways. I can see

much good coming from this visit, for I feel it will cause many of our Lamanite friends to see the light of the Gospel.

Three days later, it was my privilege to meet Mr. Campbell and General Scott of the United States army in Cardston and talk to them about the visit. Mr. Campbell was very well satisfied with the results, feeling that he had accomplished the things that he had desired. Mr. Scott was very enthusiastic with the spirit possessed by the people in the "Mormon" communities of Alberta. How gratifying it is to know that, now when Mr. Campbell's official duties have been terminated by his retirement, his successor in the work is Elder Murdock, a "Mormon" brother who has filled an honourable mission. Surely the blessings of God promised Lehi's descendants are being fulfilled. And we, as Latter-day Saints, should be ready by the time they are ready, to do our part as they are being prepared to do theirs.

#### A MARVELLOUS MISSION IN LIFE

On January 3rd, I wrote to Jack Galbraith in Browning, Montana. From that letter I quote the following passages :

You know that I am deeply interested in your people. I see the dawn breaking for them, and because of my knowledge of the Gospel, I see and understand their great mission in these latter-days. If the dear old Chief could but understand that it is the goodness of the Lord that has preserved the righteous seed of Joseph to perform a marvellous work in the latter-days, he would feel better. When you take the quilt to them, have a good talk with them. Tell the old Chief that I am his true friend and if he would but have power to be baptized, he would go into the Spirit World a heralded Chief to stand as a servant of God and a redeemer of his people, fitted and prepared to teach unto those departed souls the true message of salvation; to warn and prepare their hearts for the work that shall surely be done in the Temples of our Lord. I am enclosing a letter for the Chief in with yours, then I will be sure he gets it.

I do not believe you realize the mission you have in life, and I am very desirous to have you do all on your part to fulfil your life's mission, to lay up treasures in heaven which will be everlasting and enduring. Money will not buy happiness nor contentment nor that peace of mind which comes from service in the Church and Kingdom of God. You are being watched by hundreds of your people. Your actions speak far louder than words. Help your children to see the bigness of the Gospel, and hold out to them the blessings that come from the Priesthood of God. You know the joy you felt as we talked of your relatives and friends, and I shall never, nor can you forget the Spirit of the Lord that filled your heart as you talked to those 220 young boys and girls in the Temple, and you told them how to become winners of the greatest things God has for His children who serve Him.

Your brother and friend,

(Signed) A. M. STEED.

In January of this year I received this interesting letter from my friend, Jack Galbraith, whose mother was a pure Blackfoot Indian, and the sister of Mountain Chief :

"Dear Brother Steed :

I received your letter and was indeed pleased to know that you still have the Lamanites at heart.

I am very anxious to tell you what happened to the letters you wrote to Mountain Chief and me. I was in Browning the day the letter arrived and I worked a little ahead of your instructions. The quilt did not arrive at the time.

After reading your letter I walked up to the little log cabin to interview the old Chief. There sat beside him two old Indians, all with their heads bowed, and they seemed to be in deep meditation. I shook hands with them. They seemed to be visiting. One was an Indian who lives away up on the northeastern part of the Blood Indian Reservation in Canada. It was quite a sight to see these three old men with heads bowed. On the other bed sat blind Walter. Close beside Mountain Chief sat, in a chair, a fine looking Indian woman, wife of the old Canadian Indian. I said to Walter, 'Do you know me?' He answered me. 'No.' I told him I had a letter I'd like to read to his father. 'Walter, you interpret this just as I read it and see if either of you know who I am.' I read the letter that you wrote me first, leaving out my name. Of course, soon as I mentioned the quilt for my cousin Walter's wife, Walter said, 'It is 100 Bears (the Indian name for me), and I also know who wrote the letter, because no other man I know of would bother to make Indians like us a quilt, unless it is Brother Steed.'"

I wasn't interrupted by anyone while I read your letter to me, and the half of your letter to Mountain Chief. I thought I'd ask him if he really understood it, and what it was all about. One of the old warriors, Bull Calf, who is blind and could neither speak nor write English, sat and listened with great interest. "I need no interpreter to understand that kind of a letter, I understand every word in English, 100 Bears. The man who wrote that letter is blessed with the Great Spirit," he said.

I thought this was remarkable. Brother Warner, the Indian, and I had the same kind of experience once before in Browning, some sixteen years ago. The interpretation of tongues was exhibited among the poor and lowly. I know these things happen.

#### "THE DAY IS AWAKENING FOR THE INDIANS"

Mountain Chief spoke up then, and said, "That letter sounds like the instructions we used to get from our leaders when I was a young lad. It does my heart good to hear it read, we need our Brother's advice to each other. Tell Steed his heart is right, the advice is good, it will give me good ideas to talk to my people, when they need me. It is encouraging. I want to say more later to this man."

When he had finished talking, the Blood Indian rose to his feet and said, "Eighty winters have passed me and I know my God and this is the kind of message His representatives speak and deliver. I know this man is a member of the 'many Wives Church.'" (This is the way these Indians have of expressing the name of our Church.) He went on speaking, "I, too, am impressed with this man's letter. I've just decided after hearing 100 Bears explain these letters, that these 'Mormons' are good people. I am ready to be baptized into God's church."

I asked him if he was sure he was converted and understood the Gospel. Before he could answer, this Indian woman (his wife), who is a Catholic, spoke up and said, "I give my consent for him to join."

I asked him what he thought of President Wood, at Cardston, and he said, "He's a good man, strict, honest and not misleading. I am glad my friends are in favour of this good Church and enjoy hearing 100 Bears read these letters."

Your kind letters with good advice not only apply to me, they had a purpose and served it well. *I feel that the day is awakening for the Indians.*

I am going to tell you now, Brother Merlin, that the one who has had the greatest influence on my life is my good wife, Susan Alder Hudson, whom I married, at the age of 24, in 1908, at Salt Lake City. She was of the Aetna Ward, Alberta Stake, and a daughter of George M. Hudson.

I'll now relate a few of the things which converted me, and why I came into the Church. I was baptized into the Catholic Church when I was seven years old, and was brought up with that in my mind until I was twenty-one years old. My mother died when I was seven years old. She was buried in a lonely spot, out in the hills, but I had always felt her

presence near me. Soon I learned that I had parted with my best friend, my mother.

I was disliked among the white folks in the community where I was brought up, because of my Indian blood, and I was disliked among the Indians because of my white blood. It was a hard predicament to be in. I soon thought that Catholicism was a hindrance to me. Naturally I was impressed to think of my mother (Last Kills—her maiden name), and she, poor soul, unable to speak, read or write English. I must find some way out for her. I kept this within myself, knowing my father was popular among the citizens and Indians.

Once I asked him why he didn't join the Catholic Church, and he answered me thus: "I have all the religion I need, which is the cream of all religions, and that is Masonry." In the meantime I had such men as Bill (Wm. R.) Sloan and his brothers talk to me, besides what my wife had talked and lived, which was the Gospel taught by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I thought my father knew best, and I inquired as much as possible about Masonry. Finally, in 1912, I was initiated, but I wasn't long in noticing that this order lacked the main spoke of the wheel, which was the women. Still no hopes for my mother's salvation!

I was not long deciding that my wife's example and her true teachings of the Gospel were what I had been eight years looking for. With two years' studying and trying to believe that Masonry was right, I was still not convinced. My wife taught me what the "Mormon" Church called the Word of Wisdom, and why there were such laws instituted in the Church. Now I began to see it was for improving the body as well as the mind. On the face of all this I could still see my father's influence as a Mason and his example. It was heartrending for me to tell him that either he or the "Mormons" were wrong. I saw it was either my wife and family or my father and friends. It was a serious problem. At this point I became converted to prayer.

#### EXEMPLARY CONDUCT OF HIS WIFE

Still my wife in her meek way carried on with her prayers, paid some tithing, and lived an exemplary life which could not help being noticed. She was clean in mind and expression; this was getting a deep root in my mind. All of the time uppermost in her mind was her religion.

I could write pages on the mental suffering I went through. I was becoming ill. I thought I'd go east to Chicago for nose and eye treatment, to be alone and away from the antagonisms which tormented me.

Our family doctor, Doctor Lynn of Cardston, persuaded me to let him make a preliminary operation. What he at first believed would be a very simple operation proved so serious, and I was so weak from the loss of blood, that I was sure I was going to pass out of this life. At this time an experience came to me which fully convinced me of the truth of the Gospel. I made a pledge to my Maker that I would join the Church and live the truth.

I recovered and walked several blocks to my wife. I confessed to her that I was fully converted, and we had prayer together. I was impressed to study the Book of Mormon, for I would be needed some day, and there would be plenty of work for me to do.

On July 5th, 1914, I walked alone into the Tabernacle at Cardston and took a seat in the rear. It was the evening meeting, about 7 p.m., and I planned on seeing President Wood who at this time became a dear friend to me. Like the old Indian, I learned that "he seemed so earnest and sincere in all his dealings" and he treated me with such reverence. His strictness, his great ability for doing good, morning, noon and night, his attention to the sick, his presence in the homes and at funerals to console, and his wonderful exemplary life played a big part in my change of heart and in that of many others. He has remained up to the present time my close friend, and now is, in very deed, a brother.

*(Continued on page 363)*



the spiritual leader of a group of seekers after the Saviour of Men, though his time is mainly given to the business which he has built up. Recently, he was impelled again to inquire about "Mormonism;" he was ill at ease spiritually. He read into the teachings of the Lord the doctrine of an every-day religion, of a social system in which all should be brethren and sisters, caring for and being cared for by one another. Again he wrote to Salt Lake City; again, guided only by the printed word and by letters, he is pondering the truths revealed in the latter-days. Again, "Mormonism" seems to comply with the requirements laid down by the Master.

We were the first Latter-day Saints he had seen. He asked for more visits. The course of his life had been turned by his casual knowledge of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Mr. Gagliano's experience is that of every honest, earnest, sincere seeker after eternal truth.—W.

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## THE DAWNING DAY FOR THE LAMANITES

*(Concluded from page 359)*

I thought that after the meeting I'd ask President Wood to baptize me. Before the meeting commenced President Wood tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Good evening, Jack." I told him I wanted to see him after meeting. "I know what you want, Jack; you're ready for baptism." I saw in his eye that spiritual knowledge that you don't see in the eyes of ordinary men. I asked him when he could do the job. "Yes, Jack, you are ready for baptism, and I'll see the bishop about it." I protested, "No, I want you to baptize me." "I'll gladly do it," he said. I told him, "The sooner the better, after this meeting."

After the meeting he came to me and said, "You go to the river at a certain cottonwood tree and I'll be there." I went there and waited on the banks of Lee's Creek and, to my surprise, Brother Wood, a choir, and a nice crowd came to see the first Lamanite in Canada thoroughly converted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, go into the waters of baptism. I must say that it was the happiest hour of my life, and the crowd made me feel overjoyed at their presence. They sang some beautiful hymns.

What followed, Merlin, would fill a book.

I hope I've been as mild as possible in relating the truth of my conversion into the Church. This is the first time in eighteen years I've made an attempt to write, in my own hand, my experience.

I want to state that I kept the Word of Wisdom strictly two years before I was baptized, so I knew the fruits of "Mormonism" were good for the soul and essential to human understanding of God's kingdom.

Wishing you and your family many happy days,

Your brother,

(Signed) J. J. GALBRAETH,

(Keepipokayo, alias 100 bears).

—*The Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine* for April, 1933.

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Who knows but what our trials are the circumstances that make us find our way home and back to God?—LEVI EDGAR YOUNG.