

build houses, raise corn, and provide for our wives and children, that they may live and be happy. My young men are staying from the chase until I return home, where they will welcome me, and listen to the words I may have for them. I know they will be ready to do their part in building houses and farms, and trying to be good. Many of the wild Indians also will visit me to hear my words, and see my place; if I have a good house and farm, comfortable clothes, and a happy family, it will have a great influence on them, to turn them into the white man's path to peace and civilization.

"Many of the wild Indians are afraid to plant corn, from a superstition that they will all sicken and die. I will try hard to show them that it will make them live, and be happy and good. I desire much that white intruders may be kept away from us, as their influence is not good. They bring in whiskey by night, get our people drunk, and raise many rows, making our people very bad. Drinking whiskey is a very bad thing. I used to drink; I drank until I lost all my cattle, and ponies, and everything. I drink no more. The white man frequently asks me to drink. No, I will not drink; it makes me bad.

"When I get home I will call all my people, with other wild Indians, and speak to them of the good things I have seen. Will the superintendent speak good words to me, and give me good advice to take to my people?"

These are not the words of Guadelupe alone; they

are the words of his tribe spoken through him — a tribe who, at this day, cannot call one foot of land their own; who have been three times driven from their homes, and have lost all their property as often; have been almost compelled to remain in an uncivilized state, and are surrounded by wild and lawless tribes, who look upon them as intruders upon their hereditary rights. Should it so be that this tribe should be exterminated by their wild neighbors, or driven back into a savage state, from which they are but just emerging, it would be from the fact that they "do not want to be like the wild tribes, who delight in killing and destroying," and the want of that help which is here asked for; since there can be no doubt but that if they would join with the wild tribes in their depredations, they would no longer be looked upon as intruders. These words would stand recorded in the annals of time as a stigma upon Christianity, if this call for help, coming from a whole people, is permitted to pass unheeded, by a professedly Christian government. When an apostle dreamed that he saw a man of Macedonia stand and call, "Come over and help us," he received it as the voice of God, and obeyed it accordingly. Guadelupe, in very deed personating his tribe, has called aloud to the Christian world, "Try hard to help us into that good way. We do not want to be like those wild tribes who delight in killing and destroying." Should not these words be received as a call from the Supreme Father of all in behalf of his poor, benighted children? Surely, if we