

Happy Hunting Ground, everything there was so green nothing could burn. And when the Indians died they all went to the Happy Hunting Ground, not just a few like my Singing Heaven. But when they reached their Happy Hunting Ground they were all good Indians and did not fight with each other any more. They hunted bison on the green meadows, deer and bear through the forest and fished in the lakes and rivers. And that was far more fun than sitting on golden chairs singing all the while. She said she would sooner sit on the green grass among the flowers of her Happy Hunting Ground than on the hard golden chairs of my Singing Heaven. The golden harps of my Singing Heaven might play nice sweet music, but she would far rather stroll by the flowering rushes that grew around the lakes of her Happy Hunting Ground and listen to the music of the beautiful colored birds lilting their sweet songs and sending forth magic notes that rose to the Heavens, then fell on mountain peaks and changed to water.

And she knew I would like her Happy Hunting Ground because I could romp through the woods and hunt wild game with my bow and arrows and play in the golden sands of the lakes and rivers. But if I went to my Singing Heaven they might send me down the deep dark hole and toss me into the burning lake. Then I would wish I had gone to her Happy Hunting Ground. And even if they did happen to fasten golden wings to my shoulders and give me a golden harp to play, she knew I would soon get tired of them and wish I was romping through the woods snaring rabbits or shooting gophers with my bow.

Embracing Silver Cloud's Faith

Long ere Silver Cloud was through extolling the wonders of her Happy Hunting Ground, I was wishing I had been born a papoose instead of a white baby. And when she told me there was no horned evil spirit with an arrow head tail, nor a seething lake of fire near her Happy Hunting Ground, and everything was so green nothing could burn, I was eager and ready to embrace her faith, and told her I would like to go to her Happy Hunting Ground. For the fear of a burning Hell had been seared deep into my very being and filled my tender mind with a horror that saddened the