THE HILL OF PAINS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649602520

The Hill of Pains by Gilbert Parker

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

GILBERT PARKER

THE HILL OF PAINS

Trieste

The Hill of Pains

4

(¥)

10

S42

s ¹⁴

ŧ.

£Ξ

20

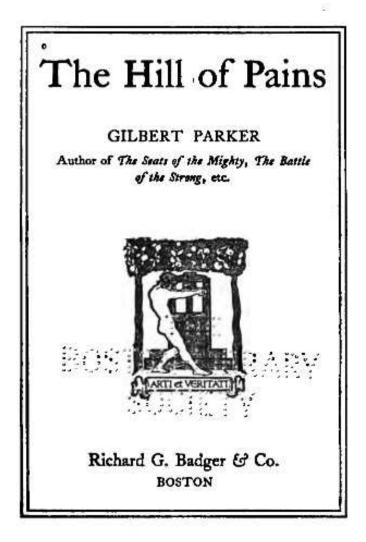
14 (1

53

8. - 18

25 (A.S.)

12



t.

5

÷.,

Can 9827, 1.14



k

COPTRIGHT 1899 BY RICHARD G. RADGER & CO.



2

 $\mathbf{f}(\mathbf{r})$

95 E

The Hill of Pains

82

1

. I.

SEE, madame, see, --- there, on the Hill of Pains! ... One more ... one more."

"One more, Marie, ... it is the life: that on the Hill, this here below; and yet the sun is bright, the cockatoos are laughing in the palms, and you hear my linnet singing."

"It turns slowly, ... slowly. Now It points across the Winter Valley. ... Ah!"

"Yes, across the Winter Valley, where the deep woods are, and beyond "---

1

"And beyond?"

THE HILL OF PAINS

"To the Patcal River."

"And my home is at the Pascal River. . . . How dim the sunshine has become! I can only see It now — like a long dark finger." . . .

"No, child, there is bright sunshine still: there is no cloud at all; but It is like a finger. It is quivering now, as if it were not sure."

"Thanksgiving, if it be not sure! ... but the hill is cloudy still."

"No, Marie, how droll you are! The hill is not cloudy: even from here one can see something glisten beside the grove of pines."

"I know. It is the White Rock where King Ovi died, but whose burial-place none knows."

"A black king merely."

"His heart was not black: there are stains upon White Rock, and

THE HILL OF PAINS

3

they are red. . . . Is it still upon the Hill of Pains, madame?"

"Yes, still, and pointing as you say, like a human finger, towards Winter Valley."

"I did not say a human finger, madame. There is nothing human there."

"Yet was not that the gleam of bayonets near the palisade?"

"But bayonets are not human, neither here in Noumea, nor yet on Isle Nou over there."

"You are sad to-day, my Marie. Have you had lonely dreams?"

"You are human, madame. It is like summer always where you are. Is it very bright out there just now? Sometimes, . . . sometimes, madame, things are so dark to me."

"Marie, turn your face to me so!

THE HILL OF PAINS

Your eyes do not see, my child, because they are full of tears. The cloud is in them, not on the world. See, I kiss this rain away."

"Yes, it is my eyes, madame."

" It is the tears, Marie."

"I weep for the cloud out there upon the world, and yet the cloud is in my eyes."

"You weep because of It, Marie. Your heart is tender. Your tears are for the prisoner,— the hunted in the chase."

"No, madame, I am selfish. I weep for myself. Tell me truly, as — as if I were your own child, was there no cloud, no darkness, out there?"

"None, dear."

1

"Then,--- then,--- madame, I suppose it was my tears,"