

英汉对照读物

# 小孤女

ANNE OF GREEN GABLE

〔加〕露西·莫德·蒙哥马利 著



中国对外翻译出版公司

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邓少勉 马新林 译

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## 译 序

《小孤女》自 1908 年问世以来深受读者欢迎，曾多次再版，先后被译成 17 种语言，还被拍成电影和电视连续剧。

主人公安妮出生 3 个多月就成了孤儿，在阴差阳错来到埃文利的绿山墙之前曾帮人看过孩子，做过家务，还在孤儿院生活过。她渴望亲情，渴望理解，渴望有个温暖的家。她爱风景秀丽的绿山墙和收养她的卡斯伯特兄妹，幸运地在绿山墙开始了崭新的生活。她诚实热情，富于幻想，但也有任性、虚荣等坏毛病。在马修和玛丽拉的关心爱护下，她从一个红头发、满脸雀斑的“丑小鸭”成长为才貌出众、善解人意的大姑娘。马修去世后，她为了照顾丧失了劳动力的玛丽拉，毅然放弃用心血和汗水赢得的艾弗里大学奖学金，回到了偏僻的绿山墙，开始了人生新的奋斗。

文学巨匠马克·吐温曾被小说的魅力倾倒，称之为“迄今看到的描写儿童生活的最甜蜜的小说”。

作者露西·莫德·蒙哥马利于 1874 年 11 月 30 日生于加拿大爱德华太子岛的克利夫顿。她很小就开始显露出文学才华，12 岁时就在一次短篇小说竞赛中获奖。她在达尔胡西大学学习过一个冬天后，在比德福找了一份教书的工作。她 20 岁时遇到了雷韦朗·埃文·麦克唐纳，于 1911 年嫁给了他，育有两子。作者于 1942 年 4 月 在多伦多去世。

译 者

1995 年于北京

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## Mrs. Rachel Lynde Is Surprised

Mrs. Rachel Lynde lived just where the Avonlea main road dipped down into a little hollow, fringed with alders and ladies' eardrops and traversed by a brook that had its source away back in the woods of the old Cuthbert place; it was reputed to be an intricate, headlong brook in its earlier course through those woods, with dark secrets of pool and cascade; but by the time it reached Lynde's Hollow it was a quiet, well-conducted little stream, for not even a brook could run past Mrs. Rachel Lynde's door without due regard for decency and decorum; it probably was conscious that Mrs. Rachel was sitting at her window, keeping a sharp eye on everything that passed, from brooks and children up, and that if she noticed anything odd or out of place she would never rest until she had ferreted out the whys and wherefores thereof.

There are plenty of people, in Avonlea and out of it, who can attend closely to their neighbor's business by dint of neglecting their own; but Mrs. Rachel Lynde was one of those capable creatures who can manage their own concerns and those of other folks into the bargain. She was a notable housewife; her work was always done and well done; she "ran" the Sewing Circle, helped run the Sunday-school, and was the strongest prop of the Church Aid Society and Foreign Missions Auxiliary. Yet with all this Mrs. Rachel found abundant time to sit for hours at her kitchen

## 第一章

### 蕾切尔·林德太太大吃一惊

蕾切尔·林德太太住的地方恰好是在埃文利大道与小山交汇之处。小山谷桤木环绕，花儿遍野，一条小溪潺潺流过。小溪发源于老卡斯伯特家附近的森林，上游迂回湍急，有着不为人知的小潭瀑布，不过到了林德山谷，它已经变得平静、规矩，因为即使是一条小河，在流经蕾切尔·林德太太门前时也要端庄有礼，也许它也意识到蕾切尔太太正坐在窗前，用她那犀利的目光注视着过往的一切，包括小溪、孩子在内。如果她看到什么古怪或者不合时宜的事，她就会追根究底弄个明白，否则就心神不安。

埃文利和其他地方都有很多这样的人：他们特别关心别人的事，自己的事倒没管好。蕾切尔太太可不这样，她有本事两头不耽误。她是个很会当家的主妇，家务活总是做得干净利落，她“主持”着缝纫社，帮忙办主日学校；她还是教堂劝助会和外国使团附属机构的顶梁柱。虽然如此，蕾切尔夫人总有足够的时间一

window, knitting "cotton warp" quilts—she had knitted sixteen of them, as Avonlea housekeepers were wont to tell in awed voices—and keeping a sharp eye on the main road that crossed the hollow and wound up the steep red hill beyond. Since Avonlea occupied a little triangular peninsula jutting out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with water on two sides of it, anybody who went out of it or into it had to pass over that hill road and so run the unseen gauntlet of Mrs. Rachel's all-seeing eye.

She was sitting there one afternoon in early June. The sun was coming in at the window warm and bright; the orchard on the slope below the house was in a bridal flush of pinky-white bloom, hummed over by a myriad of bees. Thomas Lynde—a meek little man whom Avonlea people called "Rachel Lynde's husband"—was sowing his late turnip seed on the hill field beyond the barn; and Matthew Cuthbert ought to have been sowing his on the big red brook field away over by Green Gables. Mrs. Rachel knew that he ought because she had heard him tell Peter Morrison the evening before in William J. Blair's store over at Carmody that he meant to sow his turnip seed the next afternoon. Peter had asked him, of course, for Matthew Cuthbert had never been known to volunteer information about anything in his whole life.

And yet here was Matthew Cuthbert, at half-past three on the afternoon of a busy day, placidly driving over the hollow and up the hill; moreover, he wore a white collar and his best suit of clothes, which was plain proof that he was going out of Avonlea; and he had the buggy and the sorrel mare, which betokened that he was going a considerable distance. Now, where was Matthew Cuthbert going and why was he going there?

Had it been any other man in Avonlea Mrs. Rachel, deftly putting this and that together, might have given a pretty good guess as to both questions. But Matthew so rarely went from home that it must be something pressing and unusual which was taking him; he was the shyest man alive and hated to have to go among strangers or to any place where he might have

连几小时坐在厨房的窗前织“棉纱”被，——她都缝了十六条了，说起这个，埃文利的主妇们就肃然起敬——，同时敏锐地注视着这条穿过山谷、蜿蜒爬上陡峭的红色山岳的大路。埃文利是一个伸入圣劳伦斯湾的三角形半岛，两面环水，每个出入此地的人都必须经过这条山路，因而他们都不知不觉地落入蕾切尔太太那洞察秋毫的视线。

六月初的一个下午，她正坐在窗前。阳光洒进窗户，温暖而明亮。屋外坡地上的果园盛开着白里透粉的花朵，仿佛新娘羞涩的脸庞。蜂群穿过花丛，嗡嗡轻唱。托马斯·林德——一个温顺的小个子，埃文利人叫他“蕾切尔·林德的丈夫”——正在谷仓远处的山地上播种晚萝卜，马修·卡斯伯特也该在绿山墙那边的大片红色溪滩地上种萝卜了。蕾切尔太太之所以知道这个，是因为昨天晚上她在卡莫迪的威廉·布莱尔商店里听见马修对彼得·莫里森说他打算第二天下午种晚萝卜。当然，是彼得先问了他，马修·卡斯伯特一辈子都没主动跟人说过话。

可是下午三点半马修·卡斯伯特却在这儿出现了，在这繁忙的日子里，他悠闲地驶过谷地爬上山坡，而且他还穿着最好的套装，戴着雪白的硬领，显然是要离开埃文利；他还赶着马车，套上了栗色的母马，这说明他要出远门。那么，马修·卡斯伯特要去哪儿？又是去干什么呢？

要是本地别的什么人，蕾切尔也许只要很快地想一下就能猜个八九不离十。可是马修绝少出门，一定是发生了什么不寻常的急事，他是个非常腼腆的人，很不愿意和陌生人打交道或是去什么他不得不开口的地方。马修穿戴整齐，系着雪白的硬领，驾着

to talk. Matthew, dressed up with a white collar and driving in a buggy, was something that didn't happen often. Mrs. Rachel, ponder as she might, could make nothing of it and her afternoon's enjoyment was spoiled.

"I'll just step over to Green Gables after tea and find out from Marilla where he's gone and why," the worthy woman finally concluded. "He doesn't generally go to town this time of year and he *never* visits; if he'd run out of turnip seed he wouldn't dress up and take the buggy to go for more; he wasn't driving fast enough to be going for the doctor. Yet something must have happened since last night to start him off. I'm clean puzzled, that's what, and I won't know a minute's peace of mind or conscience until I know what has taken Matthew Cuthbert out of Avonlea today."

Accordingly after tea Mrs. Rachel set out; she had not far to go; the big, rambling, orchard-embowered house where the Cuthberts lived was a scant quarter of a mile up the road from Lynde's Hollow. To be sure, the long lane made it a good deal further. Matthew Cuthbert's father, as shy and silent as his son after him, had got as far away as he possibly could from his fellow men without actually retreating into the woods when he founded his homestead. Green Gables was built at the furthest edge of his cleared land and there it was to this day, barely visible from the main road along which all the other Avonlea houses were so sociably situated. Mrs. Rachel Lynde did not call living in such a place *living* at all.

"It's just *staying*, that's what," she said as she stepped along the deep-rutted, grassy lane bordered with wild rose bushes. "It's no wonder Matthew and Marilla are both a little odd, living away back here by themselves. Trees aren't much company, though dear knows if they were there'd be enough of them. I'd ruther look at people. To be sure, they seem contented enough; but then, I suppose, they're used to it. A body can get used to anything, even to being hanged, as the Irishman said."

With this Mrs. Rachel stepped out of the lane into the backyard of Green Gables. Very green and

马车，这可不是常有的事。蕾切尔太太琢磨半天也猜不出头绪，她这个下午的好时光可是被破坏了。

“下午茶后我得去绿山墙那边问问玛丽拉他要去哪儿，干什么去，”这位受尊敬的女人最后决定。“这个时候他一般不进城，他又从不串门，要是他的萝卜种子用完了，他也用不着穿戴这样整齐，而且赶着马车去买。要是去请医生，他会赶得再快些。昨晚一定发生了什么事他才会上路的。我可真糊涂了，就是这么回事。要是我弄不清马修今天到底为什么出了远门，我是一分钟也不会安宁的。”

下午茶后蕾切尔太太就出发了，她不用走很远的路，卡斯伯特住的那所高大、不规则的果木环绕的房子离林德山谷只有不到四分之一英里的上坡路。当然，那长长的小径使路程远多了。马修的父亲，也和马修一样腼腆和沉默寡言，在修建宅基时虽没有隐退到树林里，可也是尽可能地远离其他人。绿山墙就建在他开垦的那片地的最外沿，一直到今天。所有其他埃文利人都在大路两旁毗邻而居，而从大路上很难看到绿山墙。蕾切尔·林德太太从不把在这种地方生活叫做生活。

“这不过是活着，如此而已”，她一边说一边走在两旁尽是野玫瑰丛、车辙很深、杂草丛生的小路上。“难怪马修和玛丽拉都有点古怪，孤孤单单地住在这种远离人烟的地方。光是树木可不能做伴儿，不过请老天作证，要是能，树倒是够多的。我倒宁愿看看人。当然啦，他们看起来很满足，不过我想他们是习惯了。人能习惯任何事，甚至包括被吊死，就像爱尔兰人说的那样。”

这样念叨着，蕾切尔太太出了小路，走进绿山墙的后院。院

neat and precise was that yard, set about on one side with great patriarchal willows and on the other with prim Lombardies. Not a stray stick nor stone was to be seen, for Mrs. Rachel would have seen it if there had been. Privately she was of the opinion that Marilla Cuthbert swept that yard over as often as she swept her house. One could have eaten a meal off the ground without overbrimming the proverbial peck of dirt.

Mrs. Rachel rapped smartly at the kitchen door and stepped in when bidden to do so. The kitchen at Green Gables was a cheerful apartment—or would have been cheerful if it had not been so painfully clean as to give it something of the appearance of an unused parlor. Its windows looked east and west; through the west one, looking out on the back yard, came a flood of mellow June sunlight; but the east one, whence you got a glimpse of the bloom white cherry trees in the left orchard and nodding, slender birches down in the hollow by the brook, was greened over by a tangle of vines. Here sat Marilla Cuthbert, when she sat at all, always slightly distrustful of sunshine, which seemed to her too dancing and irresponsible a thing for a world which was meant to be taken seriously; and here she sat now, knitting, and the table behind her was laid for supper.

Mrs. Rachel, before she had fairly closed the door, had taken mental note of everything that was on that table. There were three plates laid, so that Marilla must be expecting some one home with Matthew to tea; but the dishes were every-day dishes and there was only crab apple preserves and one kind of cake, so that the expected company could not be any particular company. Yet what of Matthew's white collar and the sorrel mare? Mrs. Rachel was getting fairly dizzy with this unusual mystery about quiet, unmysterious Green Gables.

"Good evening, Rachel," Marilla said briskly. "This is a real fine evening, isn't it? Won't you sit down? How are all your folks?"

Something that for lack of any other name might be called friendship existed and always had existed be-

子里葱绿、整齐、一丝不苟。一边是高大岸然的柳树，一边是端正刻板的钻天杨。连一节草梗或一块石头也看不到，假设有，蕾切尔太太就会看到的。她暗自想玛丽拉·卡斯伯特打扫院子一定像打扫房间一样勤。就是把饭菜摆在地上吃也不用怕沾上灰。

蕾切尔太太轻快地敲了敲厨房门，听到应答就走了进去。绿山墙的厨房是个令人愉快的地方——或者说要不是过分干净，多少有些像一间闲置的客厅，它是会令人愉快的。房间东西两面都有窗子。六月里一片明媚的阳光透过对着后院的西窗洒进屋内，藤蔓掩映的东窗外，可以看到左边果园里雪白的樱花树摇曳生姿，小溪边的山谷中白桦亭亭玉立。玛丽拉就坐在东窗下，她坐着的时候，总是对阳光有些不信任，她觉得对于这个该认真对待的世界，阳光太摇摇摆摆、不负责任了。现在她就坐在这儿织着毛活儿，身后已经摆好了桌子准备用晚餐。

蕾切尔太太还没等关好门，就已经在脑子里记录下了桌上所有的东西。桌上摆了三只盘子，那就是说玛丽拉正等着什么人和马修一起回家用餐，但是菜只是家常菜，而且只有酸苹果酱和一种蛋糕，这说明来客并非贵客。可为什么马修要戴着硬领赶着母马呢？蕾切尔太太对平静而毫不神秘的绿山墙里这个不寻常的谜感到晕头转向了。

“晚上好，蕾切尔。”玛丽拉轻快地说，“今儿晚上天儿不错，对吧？快坐下，家里人都好吧？”

玛丽拉·卡斯伯特和蕾切尔太太之间的关系可以说是一种长久的友谊，因为没有其他合适的名称，虽然——或许也正是因为



tween Marilla Cuthbert and Mrs. Rachel, in spite of—or perhaps because of—their dissimilarity.

Marilla was a tall, thin woman, with angles and without curves; her dark hair showed some gray streaks and was always twisted up in a hard little knot behind with two wire hairpins stuck aggressively through it. She looked like a woman of narrow experience and rigid conscience, which she was; but there was a saving something about her mouth which, if it had been ever so slightly developed, might have been considered indicative of a sense of humor.

"We're all pretty well," said Mrs. Rachel. "I was kind of afraid *you* weren't, though, when I saw Matthew starting off today. I thought maybe he was going to the doctor's."

Marilla's lips twitched understandingly. She had expected Mrs. Rachel up; she had known that the sight of Matthew jaunting off so unaccountably would be too much for her neighbor's curiosity.

"Oh, no, I'm quite well although I had a bad headache yesterday," she said. "Matthew went to Bright River. We're getting a little boy from an orphan asylum in Nova Scotia and he's coming on the train tonight."

If Marilla had said that Matthew had gone to Bright River to meet a kangaroo from Australia Mrs. Rachel could not have been more astonished. She was actually stricken dumb for five seconds. It was unsurpassable that Marilla was making fun of her, but Mrs. Rachel was almost forced to suppose it.

"Are you in earnest, Marilla?" she demanded when voice returned to her.

"Yes, of course," said Marilla, as if getting boys from orphan asylums in Nova Scotia were part of the usual spring work on any well-regulated Avonlea farm instead of being an unheard of innovation.

Mrs. Rachel felt that she had received a severe mental jolt. She thought in exclamation points. A boy! Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert of all people adopting a boy! From an orphan asylum! Well, the world was certainly turning upside down! She would be surprised at nothing after this! Nothing!