

【 插图 · 中文导读英文版 】



*Rilla of Ingleside*  
壁炉山庄的丽拉

[加拿大] 露西·莫德·蒙哥马利 著  
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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## 内 容 简 介

《壁炉山庄的丽拉》是“安妮系列”丛书之一，它是20世纪最伟大的英语文学作品之一。丽拉是壁炉山庄里年纪最小的女孩儿，她刚满十五岁，正满心期待着未来无限美好的生活。然而，战争的阴影突如其来地降临在了这个安详而平静的圣玛格丽村。第一次世界大战爆发了，所有人的生活都被彻底改变，壁炉山庄也不例外。男孩儿们先后走上了战场，女孩儿们则在等待中耗尽了豆蔻年华。在漫长四年的等待时光中，丽拉从一个爱慕虚荣的小姑娘逐渐成长为一个成熟有责任感的女人，她亲手将一个“战时婴儿”抚养长大，组织了“青年红十字会”，令身边的人都刮目相看。她也在这场战争中失去了亲爱的兄长，从充满玫瑰色的少女幻想之中醒来，和亲人们一起忍受了无数的泪水和伤痛，却也因此获得了长足的勇气和自豪感。在故事的最后，那个高大的穿着卡其布军装的男人终于回到了她的身边，在柔声的“丽拉——我的——丽拉”的呼唤下，丽拉的新生活终于重新开始了。

无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。

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# 前言

露西·莫德·蒙哥马利（Lucy Maud Montgomery, 1874—1942），20世纪加拿大最伟大的作家之一。

1874年10月30日，露西出生在加拿大爱德华王子岛的克里夫顿。由于母亲早逝，露西的童年和少年时代几乎都是在外祖父母家中度过的。露西自幼喜爱写作，她在中学时代就显示出了良好的文学天赋。1908年，露西出版了她的第一部小说《绿山墙的安妮》，该书一出版便成为当时最畅销的英语小说，受到全世界青少年读者的热烈欢迎。《绿山墙的安妮》俘虏了众多少男少女的心，千百万崇拜者的信如雪片般飞到爱德华王子岛露西的家里，希望知道“小安妮后来怎么样了？”。在读者的鼓励和支持下，露西将安妮的故事写成了系列小说，之后陆续出版了《少女安妮》、《小岛上的安妮》、《梦中小屋的安妮》、《彩虹幽谷》、《埃文利传奇》、《壁炉山庄的丽拉》等小说，分别描述了不同时期安妮的生活经历和情感历程。

“安妮系列”小说是一套在英语国家风行近一个多世纪而不衰的经典名著，颇受读者欢迎。许多人将它作为礼品书，送给正在成长的女孩子。“安妮系列”从安妮的少女时代写到她成为一个6个孩子的母亲，以迷人的艺术魅力展示了一个加拿大少女丰满的成长过程，征服了全世界女孩的心。《绿山墙的安妮》之后，是《少女安妮》，写安妮在家乡生气勃勃地做小学教师；《小岛上的安妮》写安妮在大学读学士学位，经历交友、恋爱；《梦中小屋的安妮》，写安妮开始了婚姻生活，依然对一切充满爱心和好奇；《彩虹幽谷》，在这里，安妮的孩子们长大了，安妮给他们热情、欢乐、爱的教育。马克·吐温称：“安妮是继不朽的爱丽斯之后最令人感动和喜爱的儿童形象”，安妮的故事已成为“世界上最甜蜜的少女成长故事”。安妮系列小说是关于“伴随着内心秘密成长”的故事，是一个让两位英国首相都为之着迷的美妙故事，是让家长、老师和孩子都能从中获得感悟的心灵读物。



1942年4月24日，露西因冠状动脉血栓症在多伦多去世，丧礼于长老会的教堂举行，在绿色屋顶之家守夜之后，蒙哥马利被葬于卡文迪什社区公墓。露西是一位多产作家，一生共创作了二十多部长篇小说，以及许多短篇小说、诗歌。然而使她名扬世界的还是以安妮为主人公的系列小说，该安妮系列小说问世近百年来，至今被译成世界上几十种文字，风靡全世界；同时，它还多次被改编成电影、电视剧、动画片，影响和感染了一代又一代世界各地的读者。

在中国，安妮同样是读者最熟悉、最喜爱的少女形象。时至今日，在中国，这部被世界公认的文学名著仍然散发着永恒的魅力。基于以上原因，我们决定编译安妮系列丛书，系列丛书包括：《绿山墙的安妮》、《少女安妮》、《小岛上的安妮》、《彩虹幽谷》、《梦中小屋的安妮》、《埃文利传奇》、《壁炉山庄的丽拉》和《埃文利新传奇》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、左新晁、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国、王小红、李新生、傅建平、熊志勇、蔡红昌、马莹莹、曹隽、张镇、刘尚毅、张文绮、彭勇、傅颖、乐贵明等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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# 1. 山谷手记

Glen "Notes" and Other Matters



一个温和的午后，苏珊·贝克惬意地坐在壁炉山庄的客厅里，翻开了当天的《每日事业报》，准备浏览一下山谷地区的简讯。

头版是个黑色大标题，说一个叫做弗朗茨·费迪南的人被刺杀了，地点在萨拉热窝——名字可真够奇怪的。苏珊不理睬这些与她毫不相干的消息，她找到“圣玛丽格伦简讯”，大声地朗读起来。

简讯上说，菲斯·马赫迪斯小姐和杰姆·布莱斯从雷德蒙德学院毕业了；卡尔·马赫迪斯和雪利·布莱斯从女王专科学校回到家里，而华特·布莱斯计划今年秋天去雷德蒙德学院。

“菲斯是我见过最动人的姑娘，”科涅莉亚小姐从针线活中抬起头，插嘴道，“我在想她和杰姆能不能成一对儿。至于华特，他的伤寒不那么容易痊愈吧，我觉得他晚一年入学更好。对了，安妮亲爱的，等雪利学成之后，丽拉也要去女王专科学校吗？”

“还没有定，她父亲认为她尚不够坚强，我也不急于让她离开我的身边。她自己也不想去，事实上，她唯一的志向就是过得快乐。我只希望她能有些责任感，因为她爱慕虚荣到了过分的程度。”

苏珊嚷嚷道：“丽拉是整个圣玛丽格伦村里最漂亮的姑娘，她完全有自有的资本。”

捍卫完她的小姑娘之后，苏珊又继续念起简讯来：奥利维尔小姐将继续执教一年。

“我很高兴格图尔德留了下来，”布莱斯太太说，“丽拉和她就像朋友一





苏珊在看报纸

样。不过她的生活确实很不幸，而且她太相信命运了，总是认为梦会给她启示。”

苏珊说：“好了，今天的简讯就到这儿。我从来不关心外国的事，这个被谋杀的弗朗茨是谁？”

科涅莉亚小姐漫不经心地回答道：“这跟我們有什么关系？”

*I*t was a warm, golden-cloudy, lovable afternoon. In the big living-room at Ingleside Susan Baker sat down with a certain grim satisfaction hovering about her like an aura; it was four o'clock and Susan, who had been working incessantly since six that morning, felt that she had fairly earned an hour of repose and gossip. Susan just then was perfectly happy; everything had gone almost uncannily well in the kitchen that day. Dr. Jekyll had not been Mr. Hyde and so had not grated on her nerves; from where she sat she could see the pride of her heart—the bed of peonies of her own planting and culture, blooming as no other peony plot in Glen St. Mary ever did or could bloom, with peonies crimson, peonies silvery pink, peonies white as drifts of winter snow.

Susan had on a new black silk blouse, quite as elaborate as anything Mrs. Marshall Elliott ever wore, and a white starched apron, trimmed with complicated crocheted lace fully five inches wide, not to mention insertion to match. Therefore Susan had all the comfortable consciousness of a well-dressed woman as she opened her copy of the Daily Enterprise and prepared to read the Glen "Notes" which, as Miss Cornelia had just informed her, filled half a column of it and mentioned almost everybody at Ingleside. There was a big, black headline on the front page of the Enterprise, stating that some Archduke Ferdinand or other had been assassinated at a place bearing the weird name of Sarajevo, but Susan tarried not over uninteresting, immaterial stuff like that; she was in quest of something really vital. Oh, here it was—"Jottings from Glen St. Mary." Susan settled down keenly, reading each one over aloud to extract all possible gratification from it.

Mrs. Blythe and her visitor, Miss Cornelia—alias Mrs. Marshall Elliott—were chatting together near the open door that led to the veranda, through which a cool, delicious breeze was blowing, bringing whiffs of

phantom perfume from the garden, and charming gay echoes from the vine-hung corner where Rilla and Miss Oliver and Walter were laughing and talking. Wherever Rilla Blythe was, there was laughter.

There was another occupant of the living-room, curled up on a couch, who must not be overlooked, since he was a creature of marked individuality, and, moreover, had the distinction of being the only living thing whom Susan really hated.

All cats are mysterious but Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde—"Doc" for short—was trebly so. He was a cat of double personality—or else, as Susan vowed, he was possessed by the devil. To begin with, there had been something uncanny about the very dawn of his existence. Four years previously Rilla Blythe had had a treasured darling of a kitten, white as snow, with a saucy black tip to its tail, which she called Jack Frost. Susan disliked Jack Frost, though she could not or would not give any valid reason therefor.

"Take my word for it, Mrs. Dr. dear," she was wont to say ominously, "that cat will come to no good."

"But why do you think so?" Mrs. Blythe would ask.

"I do not think—I know," was all the answer Susan would vouchsafe.

With the rest of the Ingleside folk Jack Frost was a favourite; he was so very clean and well groomed, and never allowed a spot or stain to be seen on his beautiful white suit; he had endearing ways of purring and snuggling; he was scrupulously honest.

And then a domestic tragedy took place at Ingleside. Jack Frost had kittens!

It would be vain to try to picture Susan's triumph. Had she not always insisted that that cat would turn out to be a delusion and a snare? Now they could see for themselves!

Rilla kept one of the kittens, a very pretty one, with peculiarly sleek glossy fur of a dark yellow crossed by orange stripes, and large, satiny, golden ears. She called it Goldie and the name seemed appropriate enough to the little frolicsome creature which, during its kittenhood, gave no indication of the sinister nature it really possessed. Susan, of course, warned the family that no good could be expected from any offspring of that diabolical Jack Frost; but



Susan's Cassandra-like croakings were unheeded.

The Blythes had been so accustomed to regard Jack Frost as a member of the male sex that they could not get out of the habit. So they continually used the masculine pronoun, although the result was ludicrous. Visitors used to be quite electrified when Rilla referred casually to "Jack and his kitten," or told Goldie sternly, "Go to your mother and get him to wash your fur."

"It is not decent, Mrs. Dr. dear," poor Susan would say bitterly. She herself compromised by always referring to Jack as "it" or "the white beast," and one heart at least did not ache when "it" was accidentally poisoned the following winter.

In a year's time "Goldie" became so manifestly an inadequate name for the orange kitten that Walter, who was just then reading Stevenson's story, changed it to Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde. In his Dr. Jekyll mood the cat was a drowsy, affectionate, domestic, cushion-loving puss, who liked petting and gloried in being nursed and patted. Especially did he love to lie on his back and have his sleek, cream-coloured throat stroked gently while he purred in somnolent satisfaction. He was a notable purrer; never had there been an Ingleside cat who purred so constantly and so ecstatically.

"The only thing I envy a cat is its purr," remarked Dr. Blythe once, listening to Doc's resonant melody. "It is the most contented sound in the world."

Doc was very handsome; his every movement was grace; his poses magnificent. When he folded his long, dusky-ringed tail about his feet and sat him down on the veranda to gaze steadily into space for long intervals the Blythes felt that an Egyptian sphinx could not have made a more fitting Deity of the Portal.

When the Mr. Hyde mood came upon him—which it invariably did before rain, or wind—he was a wild thing with changed eyes. The transformation always came suddenly. He would spring fiercely from a reverie with a savage snarl and bite at any restraining or caressing hand. His fur seemed to grow darker and his eyes gleamed with a diabolical light. There was really an unearthly beauty about him. If the change happened in the twilight all the Ingleside folk felt a certain terror of him. At such times he was a fearsome



beast and only Rilla defended him, asserting that he was “such a nice prowly cat.” Certainly he prowled.

Dr. Jekyll loved new milk; Mr. Hyde would not touch milk and growled over his meat. Dr. Jekyll came down the stairs so silently that no one could hear him. Mr. Hyde made his tread as heavy as a man’s. Several evenings, when Susan was alone in the house, he “scared her stiff,” as she declared, by doing this. He would sit in the middle of the kitchen floor, with his terrible eyes fixed unwinkingly upon hers for an hour at a time. This played havoc with her nerves, but poor Susan really held him in too much awe to try to drive him out. Once she had dared to throw a stick at him and he had promptly made a savage leap towards her. Susan rushed out of doors and never attempted to meddle with Mr. Hyde again—though she visited his misdeeds upon the innocent Dr. Jekyll, chasing him ignominiously out of her domain whenever he dared to poke his nose in and denying him certain savoury tidbits for which he yearned.

“The many friends of Miss Faith Meredith, Gerald Meredith and James Blythe,” read Susan, rolling the names like sweet morsels under her tongue, “were very much pleased to welcome them home a few weeks ago from Redmond College. James Blythe, who was graduated in Arts in 1913, had just completed his first year in medicine.”

“Faith Meredith has really got to be the most handsomest creature I ever saw,” commented Miss Cornelia above her filet crochet. “It’s amazing how those children came on after Rosemary West went to the manse. People have almost forgotten what imps of mischief they were once. Anne, dearie, will you ever forget the way they used to carry on? It’s really surprising how well Rosemary got on with them. She’s more like a chum than a step-mother. They all love her and Una adores her. As for that little Bruce, Una just makes a perfect slave of herself to him. Of course, he is a darling. But did you ever see any child look as much like an aunt as he looks like his Aunt Ellen? He’s just as dark and just as emphatic. I can’t see a feature of Rosemary in him. Norman Douglas always vows at the top of his voice that the stork meant Bruce for him and Ellen and took him to the manse by mistake.”

“Bruce adores Jem,” said Mrs Blythe. “When he comes over here he follows Jem about silently like a faithful little dog, looking up at him from

under his black brows. He would do anything for Jem, I verily believe."

"Are Jem and Faith going to make a match of it?"

Mrs. Blythe smiled. It was well known that Miss Cornelia, who had been such a virulent man-hater at one time, had actually taken to match-making in her declining years.

"They are only good friends yet, Miss Cornelia."

"Very good friends, believe me," said Miss Cornelia emphatically. "I hear all about the doings of the young fry."

"I have no doubt that Mary Vance sees that you do, Mrs. Marshall Elliott," said Susan significantly, "but I think it is a shame to talk about children making matches."

"Children! Jem is twenty-one and Faith is nineteen," retorted Miss Cornelia. "You must not forget, Susan, that we old folks are not the only grown-up people in the world."

Outraged Susan, who detested any reference to her age—not from vanity but from a haunting dread that people might come to think her too old to work—returned to her "Notes."

"Carl Meredith and Shirley Blythe came home last Friday evening from Queen's Academy. We understand that Carl will be in charge of the school at Harbour Head next year and we are sure he will be a popular and successful teacher."

"He will teach the children all there is to know about bugs, anyhow," said Miss Cornelia. "He is through with Queen's now and Mr. Meredith and Rosemary wanted him to go right on to Redmond in the fall, but Carl has a very independent streak in him and means to earn part of his own way through college. He'll be all the better for it."

"Walter Blythe, who has been teaching for the past two years at Lowbridge, has resigned," read Susan. "He intends going to Redmond this fall."

"Is Walter quite strong enough for Redmond yet?" queried Miss Cornelia anxiously.

"We hope that he will be by the fall," said Mrs. Blythe. "An idle summer in the open air and sunshine will do a great deal for him."

"Typhoid is a hard thing to get over," said Miss Cornelia emphatically, "especially when one has had such a close shave as Walter had. I think he'd do well to stay out of college another year. But then he's so ambitious. Are Di and Nan going too?"

"Yes. They both wanted to teach another year but Gilbert thinks they had better go to Redmond this fall."

"I'm glad of that. They'll keep an eye on Walter and see that he doesn't study too hard. I suppose," continued Miss Cornelia, with a side glance at Susan, "that after the snub I got a few minutes ago it will not be safe for me to suggest that Jerry Meredith is making sheep's eyes at Nan."

Susan ignored this and Mrs. Blythe laughed again.

"Dear Miss Cornelia, I have my hands full, haven't I?—with all these boys and girls sweethearting around me? If I took it seriously it would quite crush me. But I don't—it is too hard yet to realize that they're grown up. When I look at those two tall sons of mine I wonder if they can possibly be the fat, sweet, dimpled babies I kissed and cuddled and sang to slumber the other day—only the other day, Miss Cornelia. Wasn't Jem the dearest baby in the old House of Dreams? and now he's a B.A. and accused of courting."

"We're all growing older," sighed Miss Cornelia.

"The only part of me that feels old," said Mrs. Blythe, "is the ankle I broke when Josie Pye dared me to walk the Barry ridge-pole in the Green Gables days. I have an ache in it when the wind is east. I won't admit that it is rheumatism, but it does ache. As for the children, they and the Merediths are planning a gay summer before they have to go back to studies in the fall. They are such a fun-loving little crowd. They keep this house in a perpetual whirl of merriment."

"Is Rilla going to Queen's when Shirley goes back?"

"It isn't decided yet. I rather fancy not. Her father thinks she is not quite strong enough—she has rather outgrown her strength—she's really absurdly tall for a girl not yet fifteen. I am not anxious to have her go—why, it would be terrible not to have a single one of my babies home with me next winter. Susan and I would fall to fighting with each other to break the monotony."

Susan smiled at this pleasantry. The idea of her fighting with "Mrs. Dr.

dear!"

"Does Rilla herself want to go?" asked Miss Cornelia.

"No. The truth is, Rilla is the only one of my flock who isn't ambitious. I really wish she had a little more ambition. She has no serious ideals at all—her sole aspiration seems to be to have a good time."

"And why should she not have it, Mrs. Dr. dear?" cried Susan, who could not bear to hear a single word against anyone of the Ingleside folk, even from one of themselves. "A young girl should have a good time, and that I will maintain. There will be time enough for her to think of Latin and Greek."

"I should like to see a little sense of responsibility in her, Susan. And you know yourself that she is abominably vain."

"She has something to be vain about," retorted Susan. "She is the prettiest girl in Glen St. Mary. Do you think that all those over-harbour MacAllisters and Crawfords and Elliotts could scare up a skin like Rilla's in four generations? They could not. No, Mrs. Dr. dear, I know my place but I cannot allow you to run down Rilla. Listen to this, Mrs. Marshall Elliott."

Susan had found a chance to get square with Miss Cornelia for her digs at the children's love affairs. She read the item with gusto.

"Miller Douglas has decided not to go West. He says old P.E.I. is good enough for him and he will continue to farm for his aunt, Mrs. Alec Davis."

Susan looked keenly at Miss Cornelia.

"I have heard, Mrs. Marshall Elliott, that Miller is courting Mary Vance."

This shot pierced Miss Cornelia's armour. Her sonsy face flushed.

"I won't have Miller Douglas hanging round Mary," she said crisply. "He comes of a low family. His father was a sort of outcast from the Douglasses—they never really counted him in—and his mother was one of those terrible Dillons from the Harbour Head."

"I think I have heard, Mrs. Marshall Elliott, that Mary Vance's own parents were not what you could call aristocratic."

"Mary Vance has had a good bringing up and she is a smart, clever, capable girl," retorted Miss Cornelia. "She is not going to throw herself away on Miller Douglas, believe me! She knows my opinion on the matter and Mary has never disobeyed me yet."



“Well, I do not think you need worry, Mrs. Marshall Elliott, for Mrs. Alec Davis is as much against it as you could be, and says no nephew of hers is ever going to marry a nameless nobody like Mary Vance.”

Susan returned to her mutton, feeling that she had got the best of it in this passage of arms, and read another “note.”

“We are pleased to hear that Miss Oliver has been engaged as teacher for another year. Miss Oliver will spend her well-earned vacation at her home in Lowbridge.”

“I’m so glad Gertrude is going to stay,” said Mrs. Blythe. “We would miss her horribly. And she has an excellent influence over Rilla who worships her. They are chums, in spite of the difference in their ages.”

“I thought I heard she was going to be married?”

“I believe it was talked of but I understand it is postponed for a year.”

“Who is the young man?”

“Robert Grant. He is a young lawyer in Charlottetown. I hope Gertrude will be happy. She has had a sad life, with much bitterness in it, and she feels things with a terrible keenness. Her first youth is gone and she is practically alone in the world. This new love that has come into her life seems such a wonderful thing to her that I think she hardly dares believe in its permanence. When her marriage had to be put off she was quite in despair—though it certainly wasn’t Mr. Grant’s fault. There were complications in the settlement of his father’s estate—his father died last winter—and he could not marry till the tangles were unravelled. But I think Gertrude felt it was a bad omen and that her happiness would somehow elude her yet.”

“It does not do, Mrs. Dr. dear, to set your affections too much on a man,” remarked Susan solemnly.

“Mr. Grant is quite as much in love with Gertrude as she is with him, Susan. It is not he whom she distrusts—it is fate. She has a little mystic streak in her—I suppose some people would call her superstitious. She has an odd belief in dreams and we have not been able to laugh it out of her. I must own, too, that some of her dreams—but there, it would not do to let Gilbert hear me hinting such heresy. What have you found of much interest, Susan?”

Susan had given an exclamation.