

【插图 · 中文导读英文版】



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# 小岛上的安妮

[加拿大] 露西·莫德·蒙哥马利 著  
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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北京

## 内 容 简 介

《小岛上的安妮》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。安妮如愿以偿地来到了雷德蒙德学院，开始了崭新的求学生涯。在迷人的派蒂小屋里，安妮、普丽西、斯特拉和菲比四位少女，以及詹姆希娜姨妈和她的莎拉猫们愉快地生活在一起。当安妮依然恋恋不忘在埃文利的旧日时光时，她也深深感受到：成长的美丽和阵痛已经改变了她自己，埃文利时代已经成为越来越遥远的往事。在这段时期，安妮的浪漫主义也遭受了毁灭性的打击，她遭遇过几次荒唐可笑的求婚，也一度错误地迷恋上梦中的“白马王子”。直到故事的末尾，安妮才真正意识到自己所爱的，是那个与她一起拥有过花朵般梦想的男孩。

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》、《彩虹幽谷》、《梦中小屋的安妮》、《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。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，

# 前言



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、熊金玉、李丽秀、李智能、李鑫、熊红华、傅颖、乐贵明、王婷婷、熊志勇、聂利生、傅建平、蔡红昌、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、胡武荣、贡东兴、张镇、熊建国、张文绮、王多多、陈楠、彭勇、王婷婷、邵舒丽、黄福成、冯洁、熊红华、王晓旭、王业伟、龚桂平、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。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. 变幻之影

## The Shadow of Change



“收割之后，夏日消逝。”安妮·雪莉梦幻般地吟诵着诗句，和黛安娜坐在绿山墙的果园中休憩。周围呈现的已然是秋日的景致，金黄色的茎秆点缀着光秃秃的田野，溪谷里到处盛开着淡紫色的紫菀。

“这个夏天太美好了！”黛安娜一边转动着左手上的戒指，一边说，“拉宾达小姐的婚礼将这个夏季推向欢乐的高潮。可是你和吉尔伯特都要走了——日子将会变得多么沉闷！”

“弗雷德会留下的，”安妮狡黠地说，“说到孤独，我才是孤零零地待在一群陌生人中间，一个也不认识呢！”

“你除了吉尔伯特——还有查理·斯隆呢。”黛安娜巧妙地模仿着安妮的语气。

“当然，查理会带给我很大的慰藉。”安妮不无讽刺地接道，两位少女毫不矜持地纵声大笑起来。

接着，黛安娜又伤感地说：“我觉得一切都在变化，或是即将开始变化。我想一切都不会变回原样了，安妮。”

安妮沉思地说：“我想，人生的岔路口已经出现了，我们必须面对它。你记得吗，黛安娜？当我们还是小孩子时，总是幻想长大成人是多么美好，也许这是真的呢！”她换了一副轻松愉快的口吻：“我们会慢慢习惯长大的感觉的。我们已经十八岁了，过不了多久，你就变成了沉稳的主妇，而我是个老小姐——和善的安妮阿姨。黛安娜，在我过来拜访的时候，你能给我留一间角落里的小房间吗？”





吉尔伯特将手放在安妮的手上

两位少女大笑起来，然后她俩分了手。黛安娜回了果园坡，安妮则去了邮局，拿到了一封令人激动的信。

安妮和吉尔伯特在桥上相遇时，她的眼睛仍闪烁着光芒。

“普丽西·格兰特也要去雷德蒙德！”她兴奋地说，“有这样的老朋友在我身边，我觉得我就能面对由雷德蒙德所有教授组成的大军。”

“我们都会爱上金斯波特的，据说它是一个美丽的古城。”吉尔伯特说。

“我不知道，那儿的景致会不会——可不可能比这儿更美。”安妮轻柔地说。

他们倚靠在池塘的桥栏边，都沉浸在对过往的追忆中，心底泛起甜蜜的涟漪。

“安妮，你怎么不说话了？”吉尔伯特终于开口了。

“我担心说话或者随意乱动，眼前的美景就会消失。”安妮轻轻地说。

突然，吉尔伯特把自己的手放在了桥栏上那只纤细白皙的手上。他那栗色的眸子变成深黑色，仍然带点孩子气的嘴唇微微张开，似乎想诉说自己灵魂深处的悸动。

但是安妮抽出了手，迅速地转过了身。暮色中的甜蜜被打破了，她装作毫无察觉的样子说：“我该回家了，那对双胞胎一定又干了什么坏事。”

“*H*arvest is ended and summer is gone,” quoted Anne Shirley, gazing across the shorn fields dreamily. She and Diana Barry had been picking apples in the Green Gables orchard, but were now resting from their labors in a sunny corner, where airy fleets of thistledown drifted by on the wings of a wind that was still summer-sweet with the incense of ferns in the Haunted Wood.

But everything in the landscape around them spoke of autumn. The sea was roaring hollowly in the distance, the fields were bare and sere, scarfed with golden rod, the brook valley below Green Gables overflowed with asters of ethereal purple, and the Lake of Shining Waters was blue—blue—blue; not the changeful blue of spring, nor the pale azure of summer, but a clear, steadfast, serene blue, as if the water were past all moods and tenses of emotion and had settled down to a tranquility unbroken by fickle dreams.

“It has been a nice summer,” said Diana, twisting the new ring on her left hand with a smile. “And Miss Lavendar’s wedding seemed to come as a sort of

crown to it. I suppose Mr. and Mrs. Irving are on the Pacific coast now.”

“It seems to me they have been gone long enough to go around the world,” sighed Anne.

“I can’t believe it is only a week since they were married. Everything has changed. Miss Lavendar and Mr. and Mrs. Allan gone—how lonely the manse looks with the shutters all closed! I went past it last night, and it made me feel as if everybody in it had died.”

“We’ll never get another minister as nice as Mr. Allan,” said Diana, with gloomy conviction. “I suppose we’ll have all kinds of supplies this winter, and half the Sundays no preaching at all. And you and Gilbert gone—it will be awfully dull.”

“Fred will be here,” insinuated Anne slyly.

“When is Mrs. Lynde going to move up?” asked Diana, as if she had not heard Anne’s remark.

“Tomorrow. I’m glad she’s coming—but it will be another change. Marilla and I cleared everything out of the spare room yesterday. Do you know, I hated to do it? Of course, it was silly—but it did seem as if we were committing sacrilege. That old spare room has always seemed like a shrine to me. When I was a child I thought it the most wonderful apartment in the world. You remember what a consuming desire I had to sleep in a spare room bed—but not the Green Gables spare room. Oh, no, never there! It would have been too terrible—I couldn’t have slept a wink from awe. I never WALKED through that room when Marilla sent me in on an errand—no, indeed, I tiptoed through it and held my breath, as if I were in church, and felt relieved when I got out of it. The pictures of George Whitefield and the Duke of Wellington hung there, one on each side of the mirror, and frowned so sternly at me all the time I was in, especially if I dared peep in the mirror, which was the only one in the house that didn’t twist my face a little. I always wondered how Marilla dared houseclean that room. And now it’s not only cleaned but stripped bare. George Whitefield and the Duke have been relegated to the upstairs hall. ‘So passes the glory of this world,’” concluded Anne, with a laugh in which there was a little note of regret. It is never pleasant to have our old shrines desecrated, even when we have outgrown them.

"I'll be so lonesome when you go," moaned Diana for the hundredth time. "And to think you go next week!"

"But we're together still," said Anne cheerily. "We mustn't let next week rob us of this week's joy. I hate the thought of going myself—home and I am such good friends. Talk of being lonesome! It's I who should groan. YOU'LL be here with any number of your old friends—AND Fred! While I shall be alone among strangers, not knowing a soul!"

"EXCEPT Gilbert—AND Charlie Sloane," said Diana, imitating Anne's italics and slyness.

"Charlie Sloane will be a great comfort, of course," agreed Anne sarcastically; whereupon both those irresponsible damsels laughed. Diana knew exactly what Anne thought of Charlie Sloane; but, despite sundry confidential talks, she did not know just what Anne thought of Gilbert Blythe. To be sure, Anne herself did not know that.

"The boys may be boarding at the other end of Kingsport, for all I know," Anne went on. "I am glad I'm going to Redmond, and I am sure I shall like it after a while. But for the first few weeks I know I won't. I shan't even have the comfort of looking forward to the weekend visit home, as I had when I went to Queen's. Christmas will seem like a thousand years away."

"Everything is changing—or going to change," said Diana sadly. "I have a feeling that things will never be the same again, Anne."

"We have come to a parting of the ways, I suppose," said Anne thoughtfully. "We had to come to it. Do you think, Diana, that being grown-up is really as nice as we used to imagine it would be when we were children?"

"I don't know—there are SOME nice things about it," answered Diana, again caressing her ring with that little smile which always had the effect of making Anne feel suddenly left out and inexperienced. "But there are so many puzzling things, too. Sometimes I feel as if being grown-up just frightened me—and then I would give anything to be a little girl again."

"I suppose we'll get used to being grownup in time," said Anne cheerfully. "There won't be so many unexpected things about it by and by—though, after all, I fancy it's the unexpected things that give spice to life. We're eighteen, Diana. In two more years we'll be twenty. When I was ten I thought twenty was

a green old age. In no time you'll be a staid, middle-aged matron, and I shall be nice, old maid Aunt Anne, coming to visit you on vacations. You'll always keep a corner for me, won't you, Di darling? Not the spare room, of course—old maids can't aspire to spare rooms, and I shall be as 'umble as Uriah Heep, and quite content with a little over-the-porch or off-the-parlor cubby hole."

"What nonsense you do talk, Anne," laughed Diana. "You'll marry somebody splendid and handsome and rich—and no spare room in Avonlea will be half gorgeous enough for you—and you'll turn up your nose at all the friends of your youth."

"That would be a pity; my nose is quite nice, but I fear turning it up would spoil it," said Anne, patting that shapely organ. "I haven't so many good features that I could afford to spoil those I have; so, even if I should marry the King of the Cannibal Islands, I promise you I won't turn up my nose at you, Diana."

With another gay laugh the girls separated, Diana to return to Orchard Slope, Anne to walk to the Post Office. She found a letter awaiting her there, and when Gilbert Blythe overtook her on the bridge over the Lake of Shining Waters she was sparkling with the excitement of it.

"Priscilla Grant is going to Redmond, too," she exclaimed. "Isn't that splendid? I hoped she would, but she didn't think her father would consent. He has, however, and we're to board together. I feel that I can face an army with banners—or all the professors of Redmond in one fell phalanx—with a chum like Priscilla by my side."

"I think we'll like Kingsport," said Gilbert. "It's a nice old burg, they tell me, and has the finest natural park in the world. I've heard that the scenery in it is magnificent."

"I wonder if it will be—can be—any more beautiful than this," murmured Anne, looking around her with the loving, enraptured eyes of those to whom "home" must always be the loveliest spot in the world, no matter what fairer lands may lie under alien stars.

They were leaning on the bridge of the old pond, drinking deep of the enchantment of the dusk, just at the spot where Anne had climbed from her sinking Dory on the day Elaine floated down to Camelot. The fine, empurpling

dye of sunset still stained the western skies, but the moon was rising and the water lay like a great, silver dream in her light. Remembrance wove a sweet and subtle spell over the two young creatures.

“You are very quiet, Anne,” said Gilbert at last.

“I’m afraid to speak or move for fear all this wonderful beauty will vanish just like a broken silence,” breathed Anne.

Gilbert suddenly laid his hand over the slender white one lying on the rail of the bridge. His hazel eyes deepened into darkness, his still boyish lips opened to say something of the dream and hope that thrilled his soul. But Anne snatched her hand away and turned quickly. The spell of the dusk was broken for her.

“I must go home,” she exclaimed, with a rather overdone carelessness. “Marilla had a headache this afternoon, and I’m sure the twins will be in some dreadful mischief by this time. I really shouldn’t have stayed away so long.”

She chattered ceaselessly and inconsequently until they reached the Green Gables lane. Poor Gilbert hardly had a chance to get a word in edgewise. Anne felt rather relieved when they parted. There had been a new, secret self-consciousness in her heart with regard to Gilbert, ever since that fleeting moment of revelation in the garden of Echo Lodge. Something alien had intruded into the old, perfect, school-day comradeship—something that threatened to mar it.

“I never felt glad to see Gilbert go before,” she thought, half-resentfully, half-sorrowfully, as she walked alone up the lane. “Our friendship will be spoiled if he goes on with this nonsense. It mustn’t be spoiled—I won’t let it. Oh, WHY can’t boys be just sensible!”

Anne had an uneasy doubt that it was not strictly “sensible” that she should still feel on her hand the warm pressure of Gilbert’s, as distinctly as she had felt it for the swift second his had rested there; and still less sensible that the sensation was far from being an unpleasant one—very different from that which had attended a similar demonstration on Charlie Sloane’s part, when she had been sitting out a dance with him at a White Sands party three nights before. Anne shivered over the disagreeable recollection. But all problems connected with infatuated swains vanished from her mind when she entered the

homely, unsentimental atmosphere of the Green Gables kitchen where an eight-year-old boy was crying grievously on the sofa.

“What is the matter, Davy?” asked Anne, taking him up in her arms. “Where are Marilla and Dora?”

“Marilla’s putting Dora to bed,” sobbed Davy, “and I’m crying ‘cause Dora fell down the outside cellar steps, heels over head, and scraped all the skin off her nose, and—”

“Oh, well, don’t cry about it, dear. Of course, you are sorry for her, but crying won’t help her any. She’ll be all right tomorrow. Crying never helps any one, Davy-boy, and—”

“I ain’t crying ‘cause Dora fell down cellar,” said Davy, cutting short Anne’s wellmeant preachment with increasing bitterness. “I’m crying, cause I wasn’t there to see her fall. I’m always missing some fun or other, seems to me.”

“Oh, Davy!” Anne choked back an unholy shriek of laughter. “Would you call it fun to see poor little Dora fall down the steps and get hurt?”

“She wasn’t MUCH hurt,” said Davy, defiantly. “Course, if she’d been killed I’d have been real sorry, Anne. But the Keiths ain’t so easy killed. They’re like the Blewetts, I guess. Herb Blewett fell off the hayloft last Wednesday, and rolled right down through the turnip chute into the box stall, where they had a fearful wild, cross horse, and rolled right under his heels. And still he got out alive, with only three bones broke. Mrs. Lynde says there are some folks you can’t kill with a meat-axe. Is Mrs. Lynde coming here tomorrow, Anne?”

“Yes, Davy, and I hope you’ll be always very nice and good to her.”

“I’ll be nice and good. But will she ever put me to bed at nights, Anne?”

“Perhaps. Why?”

“Cause,” said Davy very decidedly, “if she does I won’t say my prayers before her like I do before you, Anne.”

“Why not?”

“Cause I don’t think it would be nice to talk to God before strangers,

Anne. Dora can say hers to Mrs. Lynde if she likes, but I won't. I'll wait till she's gone and then say 'em. Won't that be all right, Anne?"

"Yes, if you are sure you won't forget to say them, Davy-boy."

"Oh, I won't forget, you bet. I think saying my prayers is great fun. But it won't be as good fun saying them alone as saying them to you. I wish you'd stay home, Anne. I don't see what you want to go away and leave us for."

"I don't exactly WANT to, Davy, but I feel I ought to go."

"If you don't want to go you needn't. You're grown up. When I'm grown up I'm not going to do one single thing I don't want to do, Anne."

"All your life, Davy, you'll find yourself doing things you don't want to do."

"I won't," said Davy flatly. "Catch me! I have to do things I don't want to now 'cause you and Marilla'll send me to bed if I don't. But when I grow up you can't do that, and there'll be nobody to tell me not to do things. Won't I have the time! Say, Anne, Milty Boulter says his mother says you're going to college to see if you can catch a man. Are you, Anne? I want to know."

For a second Anne burned with resentment. Then she laughed, reminding herself that Mrs. Boulter's crude vulgarity of thought and speech could not harm her.

"No, Davy, I'm not. I'm going to study and grow and learn about many things."

"What things?"

"Shoes and ships and sealing wax  
And cabbages and kings,"

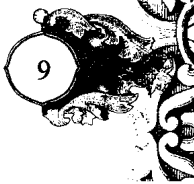
quoted Anne.

"But if you DID want to catch a man how would you go about it? I want to know," persisted Davy, for whom the subject evidently possessed a certain fascination.

"You'd better ask Mrs. Boulter," said Anne thoughtlessly. "I think it's likely she knows more about the process than I do."

"I will, the next time I see her," said Davy gravely.

"Davy! If you do!" cried Anne, realizing her mistake.







“But you just told me to,” protested Davy aggrieved.

“It’s time you went to bed,” decreed Anne, by way of getting out of the scrape.

After Davy had gone to bed Anne wandered down to Victoria Island and sat there alone, curtained with fine-spun, moonlit gloom, while the water laughed around her in a duet of brook and wind. Anne had always loved that brook. Many a dream had she spun over its sparkling water in days gone by. She forgot lovelorn youths, and the cayenne speeches of malicious neighbors, and all the problems of her girlish existence. In imagination she sailed over storied seas that wash the distant shining shores of “faery lands forlorn,” where lost Atlantis and Elysium lie, with the evening star for pilot, to the land of Heart’s Desire. And she was richer in those dreams than in realities; for things seen pass away, but the things that are unseen are eternal.