

绿山墙的安妮

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

加拿大小说卷

中英对照全译本

[加] 露西·莫德·蒙哥马利 著

Lucy Maud Montgomery

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译



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前 言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



Chapter 1 Mrs. Rachel Lynde Is Surprised	1
第一章 蕾切尔·林德夫人大吃一惊	1
Chapter 2 Matthew Cuthbert Is Surprised.....	13
第二章 马修·卡斯伯特大吃一惊	13
Chapter 3 Marilla Cuthbert Is Surprised	34
第三章 玛瑞拉·卡斯伯特大吃一惊	34
Chapter 4 Morning at Green Gables	44
第四章 绿山墙农场的早晨.....	44
Chapter 5 Anne's History	54
第五章 安妮的过往.....	54
Chapter 6 Marilla Makes up Her Mind	63
第六章 玛瑞拉下定了决心.....	63
Chapter 7 Anne Says Her Prayers.....	71
第七章 安妮的祈祷.....	71
Chapter 8 Anne's Bringing-up Is Begun.....	77
第八章 对安妮的启蒙教养开始了	77
Chapter 9 Mrs. Rachel Lynde Is Properly Horrified.....	90
第九章 蕾切尔·林德夫人大为震惊	90
Chapter 10 Anne's Apology	101
第十章 安妮的道歉.....	101
Chapter 11 Anne's Impressions of Sunday School.....	112
第十一章 安妮的主日学校印象.....	112
Chapter 12 A Solemn Vow and Promise	120
第十二章 庄重的誓言与承诺.....	120
Chapter 13 The Delights of Anticipation	129
第十三章 渴望的快乐.....	129

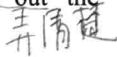


Chapter 14 Anne's Confession	137
第十四章 安妮的坦白.....	137
Chapter 15 A Tempest in the School Teapot	150
第十五章 学校里的动乱.....	150
Chapter 16 Diana Is Invited to Tea with Tragic Results	173
第十六章 戴安娜应邀参加茶会, 以悲剧告终.....	173
Chapter 17 A New Interest in Life	190
第十七章 生活中的新乐趣.....	190
Chapter 18 Anne to the Rescue.....	200
第十八章 危难之际显身手.....	200
Chapter 19 A Concert, a Catastrophe and a Confession	215
第十九章 一场音乐会、一场灾难与一场坦白.....	215
Chapter 20 A Good Imagination Gone Wrong	233
第二十章 想象力的捉弄.....	233
Chapter 21 A New Departure in Flavorings	243
第二十一章 调味品弄巧成拙.....	243
Chapter 22 Anne Is Invited Out to Tea	259
第二十二章 安妮被邀请去喝茶.....	259
Chapter 23 Anne Comes to Grief in an Affair of Honor.....	265
第二十三章 安妮的乐极生悲.....	265
Chapter 24 Miss Stacy and Her Pupils Get up a Concert.....	275
第二十四章 史黛西小姐和她的学生们的音乐会.....	275
Chapter 25 Matthew Insists on Puffed Sleeves.....	282
第二十五章 马修对做灯笼袖的坚持.....	282
Chapter 26 The Story Club Is Formed	298
第二十六章 故事社成立了.....	298
Chapter 27 Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.....	309
第二十七章 虚荣与烦恼.....	309
Chapter 28 An Unfortunate Lily Maid.....	320
第二十八章 不幸的百合少女.....	320
Chapter 29 An Epoch in Anne's Life.....	332
第二十九章 安妮生活的新纪元.....	332
Chapter 30 The Queen's Class Is Organized	346

第三十章 奎因班成立了	346
Chapter 31 Where the Brook and River Meet	364
第三十一章 小溪与大河交汇之处	364
Chapter 32 The Pass List Is Out	374
第三十二章 榜单揭晓	374
Chapter 33 The Hotel Concert	386
第三十三章 酒店音乐会	386
Chapter 34 A Queen's Girl	401
第三十四章 奎因学院的一位女学生	401
Chapter 35 The Winter at Queen's	412
第三十五章 奎因学院的冬日时光	412
Chapter 36 The Glory and the Dream	419
第三十六章 光荣与梦想	419
Chapter 37 The Reaper Whose Name Is Death	428
第三十七章 叫做死神的恶魔	428
Chapter 38 The Bend in the Road	438
第三十八章 崎岖的道路	438

Chapter 1 Mrs. Rachel Lynde is Surprised

第一章 蕾切尔·林德夫人大吃一惊

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

蕾切尔·林德的家就在埃文利村主街旁的一小片洼地上，四周满是桤木和倒挂金钟。从老卡斯伯特家农场后面的树林中流淌出来的小溪潺潺而过。小溪上游水流湍急，从树林中蜿蜒而下，形成了许多隐秘的深潭和小瀑布。不过，当小溪流到林德家门前时，早已变得安静而规矩了。也许因为经过的是林德夫人的家吧，即便是天性顽皮的小溪也要谨守礼数；也许是意识到蕾切尔·林德夫人常常坐在窗前用犀利的目光关注着外面的一切，从小溪到孩子都了解她的脾气——如果目睹任何不同寻常的事情，不弄个水落石出，就决不会安心。

埃文利村里村外的人大多都关心左邻右舍，但是顾得了邻里顾不得家里。而蕾切尔·林德夫人却是家里家外都兼顾得到。她可是个远近闻名的家庭主妇，论起做家务来，干净利落。除了做家务外，她还组织了“裁缝小组”，协助主日学校的工作，大力支持教会救助协



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 window, knitting “cotton warp” quilts – she had knitted sixteen of them, as Avonlea housekeepers were wont to tell in ^{低声} awed voices – and keeping a sharp eye on the main road that crossed the hollow and wound up the steep red hill beyond. ^{山岗} Since Avonlea occupied a little triangular peninsula ^{半岛} 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. ^{托马斯·林德} 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; ^{山岗} 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

会和对外传教辅助团。即便如此忙碌，蕾切尔夫人还是能抽出几个小时坐在厨房的窗前，一边飞快地缝做木棉被子，一边用犀利的目光关注着蜿蜒攀上远处红色山岗的主街。她已经缝做了 16 床被子，埃文利村的主妇们谈起这个都怀着敬畏的心情。埃文利村坐落在濒临圣·劳伦斯湾的小三角形半岛上，人们出入都要经过那条山路，所以谁也逃脱不过蕾切尔夫人那双洞察一切的眼睛。

6 月初的一个午后，蕾切尔夫人依旧坐在窗前。阳光透过窗户照射进来，温暖而明亮。林德家下面斜坡上的果园里，浅粉的花儿朵朵绽放，宛如新娘脸上的红晕，引来无数嗡嗡作响的蜜蜂。身材不高，性情温和的托马斯·林德——埃文利村民都称他为“蕾切尔·林德的丈夫”——正在谷仓后面的山岗上播种晚熟的芜菁种子。现在马修·卡斯伯特也应该在绿山墙农场后面那片广阔的红土地上播种吧。蕾切尔夫人知道这个，因为昨天傍晚在威廉·布莱尔的店里，她听见马修对皮特·莫里森说过，要在第

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 sorrow 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 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

二天午后种芜菁。毫无疑问，这是皮特自己先打听的，马修·卡斯伯特可决不是个主动透露任何信息的人。

午后3点半左右正是人们忙碌的时候，可马修·卡斯伯特却慢慢悠悠地赶着马车穿过洼地，走向山岗。身上穿着他最好的白色硬领礼服，一定是要离开埃文利村去办事，还赶着栗色母马拉的轻便马车，这是要出远门啊。可马修·卡斯伯特究竟要到哪儿去呢？去做什么呢？

如果是埃文利村里别的什么人的话，蕾切尔夫人只要稍动下脑筋，便能猜个八九不离十。而马修极少外出，一定是有什么不同寻常的要事。马修性格极其内向，最讨厌与陌生人接触或者是到不得不需要说话的地方去。他今天身穿白领礼服赶着马车出远门，真是难得一见。蕾切尔夫人百思不得其解，午后的兴致全被破坏了。

“喝完茶我就去绿山墙农场一趟，向玛瑞拉打听下到底怎么回

马瑞拉

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 a 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

事。”这个令人尊敬的女人暗下决心，“眼下这时候马修一般不会进城，也从来不来探亲访友。要是芜菁种子用完了的话，又何必精心打扮后，赶着马车去弄呢？要是去请大夫，又怎么会如此慢慢悠悠呢？所以一定是昨晚之后发生了什么事情，而我竟毫不知情。不把事情查个清清楚楚，我一刻也不得安宁。”

就这样，喝完了茶，蕾切尔夫人便出门去了。她家离卡斯伯特兄妹住的绿山墙农场并不远。那幢掩映在果园里布局凌乱的大房子离林德家的洼地仅 1/4 英里远。可那条通向房子的狭长小路的确增加了不少路程。马修·卡斯伯特的父亲是和他儿子一样腼腆内向的老实人。虽然没有隐居在树林里，当年建造这个农场时却尽可能地选择远离邻人的偏僻之地。绿山墙农场建在开垦区的最远端。从埃文利村那条鳞次栉比的主街甚至望不到它。用蕾切尔·林德夫人的话说，住在这种地方，根本算不上是生活。

“住在这里只能算是活着吧。”蕾切尔夫人走在野草蔓生、坑坑洼洼的小路上，继续自言自语

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 rather 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 neat and precise was that yard, set about on one side with great patriarchal willows and 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 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

着，“生活在这种闭塞的地方，难怪马修和玛瑞拉性格有些古怪。树再多也不能陪伴人呀。这儿的树的确不少，不过，还是人比树强。他们俩看起来确实生活得很满足，那只不过是习惯了罢了。就像是爱尔兰人所说的那样，人能适应一切，即使是被绞死！”

就这样蕾切尔夫人顺着小路来到了绿山墙农场的后院。院子里面郁郁葱葱，整整齐齐。一侧长着高大的柳树，另一侧则是笔直的白杨。地上连一根树枝、一块碎石都看不到。要是有的话，当然逃不过蕾切尔夫人那双洞察一切的眼睛。她暗想玛瑞拉·卡斯伯特准是同时打扫房子和院子。即便是在地上吃饭，盘子里也不会落入灰尘。

蕾切尔夫人用力敲了敲厨房的门，得到允许后便走了进去。绿山墙农场的厨房舒适宜人。如果不是看起来像干净、崭新的客厅，或许会有生趣。厨房的东墙和西墙上都有窗户。从面朝后院的西窗透过去一抹6月柔和的阳光。而东窗上则爬满了葡萄藤，窗外果园左侧的樱桃树正盛开着白色花朵，小溪边洼地上的桦树随风起舞。玛瑞拉就

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 a 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 everyday 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 between Marilla

坐在那里，避开阳光，对她来说阳光太轻佻了，似乎藐视这个严肃的世界。此刻，玛瑞拉依旧坐在那里，手里不停地编织着东西。身后的桌子上早已摆好了晚餐用的餐具。

蕾切尔夫人随手关门时就将桌上的东西在脑子里过了一遍。桌上摆放着3个盘子，看来马修要带什么人回来。不过，盘子里盛着的都是些平常饭菜，只有酸苹果酱和一种蛋糕，看来客人也不会是什么特别的人物。可马修的白领礼服和马车又是怎么回事呢？一向平静，并不神秘的绿山墙农场到底发生了什么？蕾切尔夫人百思不得其解，很是迷糊。

“晚上好，蕾切尔。”玛瑞拉快活地招呼说，“今晚天气真好啊！快请坐。家人都好吗？”

尽管玛瑞拉·卡斯伯特和蕾切尔夫人是两种不同类型的人，不过也许这是因为性格不同，两人之间

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

却一直保持着一种只能称之为友情的关系。

玛瑞拉高高瘦瘦，棱角分明，缺乏女性的曲线美。她的头发已有些花白，被盘成一个发髻，用两只发卡紧紧别在脑后。她看上去缺乏阅历，古板僵硬。事实上也确实如此，幸亏嘴边的那几分幽默表情做了些弥补。

“我们都很好，”蕾切尔夫人回答说，“我倒是担心你身体不适。今天看见马修出门了，想必是去请大夫了吧？”

玛瑞拉的嘴角会心地动了一下，她早料到蕾切尔夫人会来。她知道这位邻居看到马修出远门，一定会很好奇。

“哦，没有，虽然昨天头疼得厉害，可我身体一直都挺好，”玛瑞拉说道，“他是去布莱特河。我们打算从新斯科舍省的孤儿院里领养一个小男孩儿，他乘坐的火车今晚就到。”

如果听到马修是去布莱特河车站迎接澳大利亚袋鼠，蕾切尔夫人都不会如此吃惊。她怔在那里，

been more astonished. She was actually stricken dumb for five seconds. It was unsupposable 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!

“What on earth put such a notion into your head?” she demanded disapprovingly.

This had been done without her advice being asked, and must perforce be disapproved.

“Well, we’ve been thinking about it for some time – all winter in fact,” returned Marilla. “Mrs. Alexander Spencer was up here one day before Christmas and she said she was going to get a little girl from the asylum over in Hopetoun in the spring. Her cousin lives there and Mrs. Spencer has visited here and knows all about it. So

整整5秒钟都没说出话来。玛瑞拉不可能和她开玩笑，但是她倒真觉得如此。

“真的吗，玛瑞拉？”蕾切尔夫人刚缓过神来便急忙追问道。

“当然啦。”玛瑞拉脱口而出。听她的口气，就好像从新斯科舍省的孤儿院领养一个男孩儿和每个埃文利村管理有序的农场上的春耕一样，没什么大惊小怪的。

蕾切尔夫人感到无比震撼，脑海里浮现出一连串的惊叹句：男孩儿！卡斯伯特兄妹领养男孩儿！从孤儿院里领养！这个世界真是完全颠倒了！今后她不会对任何事情感到吃惊了！绝对不会了！

“你们俩怎么想到要这样做呢？”蕾切尔夫人责问道。

没征求她的意见就随便决定领养孤儿，她势必不赞同。

“我们考虑了很长时间，准确地说是整个冬天。圣诞节前有一天，亚历山大·斯潘塞夫人到我们家来，说起过等到春天要去霍普敦的孤儿院领养个小女孩儿。她常去拜访住在那里的堂兄，对那里的事情了如指掌。那之后，我和马修就经常商量这事儿，决定要领养一个

Matthew and I have talked it over off and on ever since. We thought we'd get a boy. Matthew is getting up in years, you know – he's sixty – and he isn't so spry as he once was. His heart troubles him a good deal. And you know how desperate hard it's got to be to get hired help. There's never anybody to be had but those stupid, half-grown little French boys; and as soon as you do get one broke into your ways and taught something he's up and off to the ~~lobster canneries~~ or the States. At first Matthew suggested getting a Home boy. But I said 'no' flat to that. 'They may be all right – I'm not saying they're not – but no London street Arabs for me,' I said. 'Give me a native born at least. There'll be a risk, no matter who we get. But I'll feel easier in my mind and sleep sounder at nights if we get a born Canadian.' So in the end we decided to ask Mrs. Spencer to pick us out one when she went over to get her little girl. We heard last week she was going, so we sent her word by Richard Spencer's folks at Carmody to bring us a smart, likely boy of about ten or eleven. We decided that would be the best age – old enough to be of some use in doing chores right off and young enough to be trained up proper. We mean to give him a good home and schooling. We had a telegram from Mrs. Alexander Spencer today – the mail man brought it from the station – saying they

男孩儿。马修上了年纪，都已经 60 岁了，精神没以前好了，心脏也不太好。你也知道雇人帮忙有多难。雇来的都是些笨手笨脚的法国小男孩儿。等熬到他们熟悉了活计，却一甩手都不干了，要么去了龙虾罐头厂，要么跑到美国了。起初，马修想从英国的孤儿院领养一个，可我坚决反对，英国的男孩儿也许不错，我没说他们一个也不行，但是伦敦街头的阿拉伯流浪儿绝对不行。至少要领养个加拿大的男孩儿。虽说领养谁都有风险，可是加拿大孤儿性情既能摸得透，晚上又能让人放心地睡觉。所以，我们托斯潘塞夫人顺便给物色一个。上周听说她要去了，就让人带话给她，给我们找一个 10 岁左右，头脑聪明的男孩。我们觉得这个年龄最合适，既能马上做一些简单的活计，又能接受正规的教育。我们打算给他一个温馨的家，并送他上学。今天邮差从车站带来了斯潘塞夫人的电报，说就坐今晚五点半的火车到。所以，马修去布莱特河车站接他了，斯潘塞夫人会让他在那儿下车。当然了，夫人要继续坐到白沙车站再下车。”

were coming on the five-thirty train tonight. So Matthew went to Bright River to meet him. Mrs. Spencer will drop him off there. Of course she goes on to White Sands station herself.”

Mrs. Rachel prided herself on always speaking her mind; she proceeded to speak it now, having adjusted her mental attitude to this amazing piece of news.

“Well, Marilla, I’ll just tell you plain that I think you’re doing a mighty foolish thing – a risky thing, that’s what. You don’t know what you’re getting. You’re bringing a strange child into your house and home, and you don’t know a single thing about him nor what his disposition is like nor what sort of parents he had nor how he’s likely to turn out. Why, it was only last week I read in the paper how a man and his wife up west of the Island took a boy out of an orphan asylum and he set fire to the house at night – set it *on purpos*, Marilla – and nearly burnt them to a crisp in their beds. And I know another case where an adopted boy used to suck the eggs – they couldn’t break him of it. If you had asked my advice in the matter – which you didn’t do, Marilla – I’d have said for mercy’s sake not to think of such a thing, that’s what.”

This Job’s comforting seemed neither to offend nor to alarm Marilla. She knitted steadily on.

“I don’t deny there’s something in what

蕾切尔夫人一向心直口快，听到这儿，她调整了一下精神状态来适应这件惊人的新闻之后，便直截了当地说：

“玛瑞拉，说实话，我觉得这是件天大的傻事，太危险了。你根本不知道会领个什么样的孩子回来。这可是把一个来历不明的孩子接到家里来啊。他是什么样的性格，父母是什么样的人，会长成什么样的人，你一无所知啊。就在上周，报纸上还说半岛西边的一对夫妇从孤儿院领养了一个男孩儿。可那孩子却在半夜放火烧房子，而且是故意那么做的！夫妇俩差点儿被烧死在睡梦中。我还听说，一个被领养的男孩儿喝生鸡蛋，怎么也改不了。你们要是征求我的意见——虽然没和我商量——我会说这件事想都不要想，这可是为了你们好啊！”

蕾切尔这席劝慰的话似乎既没有冒犯也没有提醒玛瑞拉，她依然做着手里的活。

“蕾切尔，你说的也有道理。