

# Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

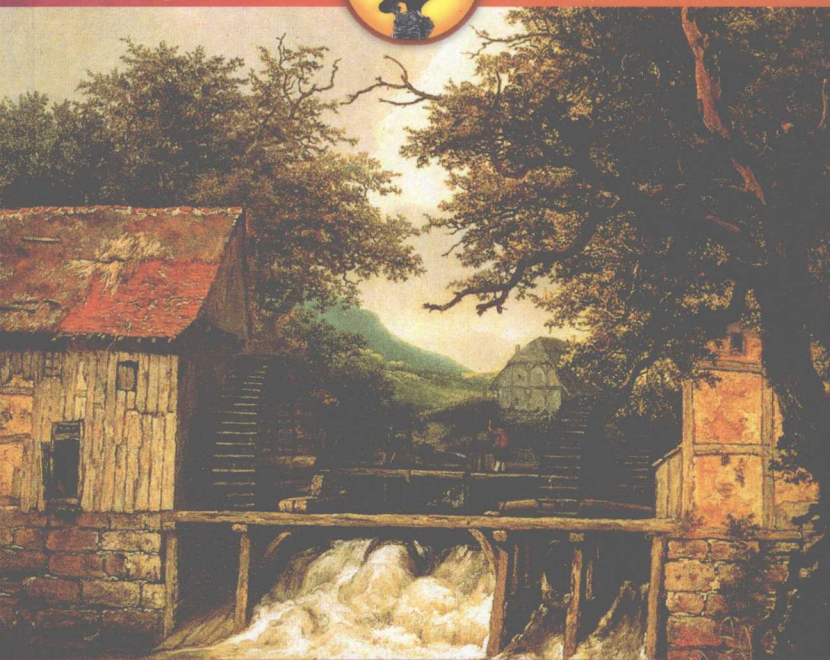
## 阳光溪农庄的丽贝卡

〔美〕凯特·道格拉斯·威金 著 王巧俐 译  
KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

金 鹰 英 汉 双



语 对 照 文



百家出版社

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[美] 凯特·道格拉斯·威金 著

王巧俐 译

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By Kate Douglas Wiggin

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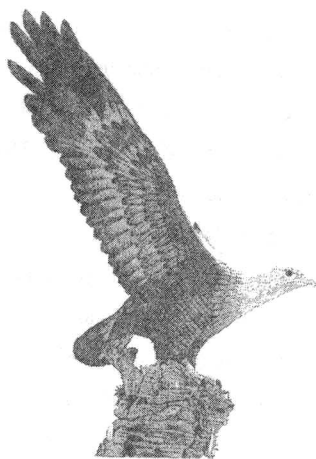
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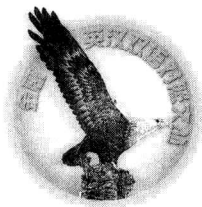


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# 阳光溪农庄的丽贝卡

Rebecca Of Sunnybrook  
Farm





## "WE ARE SEVEN"

The old stage coach<sup>①</sup> was rumbling along the dusty road that runs from Maplewood to Riverboro. The day was as warm as midsummer, though it was only the middle of May, and Mr. Jeremiah Cobb was favoring the horses as much as possible, yet never losing sight of the fact that he carried the mail. The hills were many, and the reins<sup>②</sup> lay loosely in his hands as he lolled<sup>③</sup> back in his seat and extended one foot and leg luxuriously over the dashboard. His brimmed hat of worn felt was well pulled over his eyes, and he revolved<sup>④</sup> a quid of tobacco in his left cheek.

There was one passenger in the coach,—a small dark-haired person in a glossy buff<sup>⑤</sup> calico<sup>⑥</sup> dress. She was so slender and so stiffly starched that she slid from space to space on the leather cushions, though she braced herself against the middle seat with her feet and extended her cotton-gloved hands on each side, in order to maintain some sort of balance. Whenever the wheels sank farther than usual into a rut<sup>⑦</sup>, or jolted suddenly over a stone, she bounded involuntarily into

## “我们有七个”

那辆破旧的邮车正辘辘地跑在从梅普尔伍德通往里弗伯勒的泥路上。虽然还只是五月中旬,但已经热得像六月天了。杰里迈亚·科布先生尽量让他的马儿跑得轻松些,又时刻不忘自己还背着邮袋。这一路过来他爬了很多小山坡,手里松松地捏着缰绳,身体往后靠着座椅,伸长了一条腿,脚踏着挡泥板,一副很惬意的样子。他戴着宽边旧毡帽,帽檐儿齐眼,嘴里嚼着一个烟草块,左边腮帮子一鼓一鼓的。

马车里有一位乘客——一个头发乌黑、身穿浅黄印花布裙的小人儿。尽管她双脚踩地,在中间的座位上坐稳了,戴棉手套的两只手还撑着两边以保持平衡,但她那么瘦小,身体直僵僵的,所以不时地从皮坐垫的一边滑到另一边。有时候车轮突然深陷下去,或是刚好从一块石头上颠簸着驶过,她就不由

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注释:① stage coach: 邮车 ② rein: (n.) 缰绳 ③ loll: (v.) 懒洋洋地坐(或靠、躺等) ④ revolve: (v.) 使循环往复,使转动 ⑤ buff: (n.) 浅黄色 ⑥ calico: (n.) 印花布 ⑦ rut: (n.) 车辙,车印



the air, came down again, pushed back her funny little straw hat, and picked up or settled more firmly a small pink sun shade, which seemed to be her chief responsibility, —unless we except a bead purse, into which she looked whenever the condition of the roads would permit, finding great apparent satisfaction in that its precious contents neither disappeared nor grew less. Mr. Cobb guessed nothing of these harassing<sup>①</sup> details of travel, his business being to carry people to their destinations, not, necessarily, to make them comfortable on the way. Indeed he had forgotten the very existence of this one unnoteworthy little passenger.

When he was about to leave the post-office in Maplewood that morning, a woman had alighted from a wagon<sup>②</sup>, and coming up to him, inquired whether this were the Riverboro stage, and if he were Mr. Cobb. Being answered in the affirmative, she nodded to a child who was eagerly waiting for the answer, and who ran towards her as if she feared to be a moment too late. The child might have been ten or eleven years old perhaps, but whatever the number of her summers<sup>③</sup>, she had an air of being small for her age. Her mother helped her into the stage coach, deposited a bundle and a bouquet of lilacs<sup>④</sup> beside her, superintended<sup>⑤</sup> the “roping on” behind of an old hair trunk, and finally paid the fare, counting out the silver with great care.

“I want you should take her to my sisters’ in Riverboro,”

自主地弹了起来,然后又落下来。她往后推推那有趣的小草帽儿,拾起粉红色的小阳伞,或是把它放稳一点——似乎这些成了她的主要任务——而车不颠簸的时候,她便不停地打开那个珠子小包看,里面的宝贝既不消失也不变少,真叫她满意的了。科布先生可没去揣摩一路上这些恼人的细节,他的职责只是把人们送到他们的目的地,用不着管他们在路上舒服不舒服。不过,他真忘记了这个不受人注意的小乘客的存在。

早晨,在梅普尔伍德,他正准备离开邮局的时候,一个妇女从一辆马车上下来,走到跟前,问他这马车是不是到里弗伯勒去的,他是不是科布先生。得到肯定的答复后,她对一个小孩点点头。那孩子正眼巴巴地等着,看到她母亲点头,便飞奔而来,生怕晚了一丁点儿。她也许满了十岁,也许十一岁了,但不管她多大,总感觉比实际年龄要小。她妈妈扶她上了马车,搁了一个包袱和一束丁香在她身边,检查了一下车后面箱子是否绑好了,最后小心翼翼地数出几枚银币,付了车费。

“我想请您把她送到我姐姐家,她们住在里弗伯

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注释:① harassing: (a.) 烦人的, 烦心的 ② wagon: (n.) (载客的) 大篷马车, 马车 ③ summer: (n.) 年, 岁 ④ lilac: (n.) (植) 丁香 ⑤ superintend: (v.) 监督, 指挥



she said. "Do you know Mi-randy and Jane Sawyer? They live in the brick house."

Lord bless your soul, he knew 'em<sup>①</sup> as well as if he'd made 'em!

"Well, she's going there, and they're expecting her. Will you keep an eye on her, please? If she can get out anywhere and get with folks, or get anybody in to keep her company, she'll do it. Good-by, Rebecca; try not to get into any mischief<sup>②</sup>, and sit quiet, so you'll look neat an' nice when you get there. Don't be any trouble to Mr. Cobb. — You see, she's kind of<sup>③</sup> excited. — We came on the cars from Temperance yesterday, slept all night at my cousin's, and drove from her house—eight miles it is—this morning."

"Good-by, mother, don't worry; you know it isn't as if I hadn't traveled before."

The woman gave a short sardonic<sup>④</sup> laugh and said in an explanatory way to Mr. Cobb, "She's been to Wareham and stayed over night; that isn't much to be journey-proud on!"

"It WAS TRAVELING, mother," said the child eagerly and willfully<sup>⑤</sup>. "It was leaving the farm, and putting up lunch in a basket, and a little riding and a little steam cars, and we carried our nightgowns."

"Don't tell the whole village about it, if we did," said the mother, interrupting the reminiscences<sup>⑥</sup> of this experienced voyager<sup>⑦</sup>. "Haven't I told you before," she whispered, in a

勒，”她说，“您认识米兰达·索耶和简·索耶吗？她们住在那座砖房里。”

老天保佑，他对她们再熟悉不过了，就像是他把她们造出来的一样！

“喏，她要到她们那儿去，她们正等着她呢。您能照看一下她吗？说不定她会溜出去跟人玩，或是找人上车跟她做伴儿呢。再见，丽贝卡；不要淘气，给我安安静静地坐着，到了那儿你就会干干净净漂漂亮亮的了。不要给科布先生惹麻烦——您瞧，她那么兴奋——我们昨天乘车从坦珀伦斯来，到我表姐家住了一夜，又坐车从她家出来——有八英里路——今天早晨才到这儿。”

“再见，妈妈，别担心，您知道我又不是没旅行过。”

这位女士露出一丝嘲讽的笑意，带着解释的口吻对科布先生说：“她以前去过瓦尔汉，在那儿过过夜，可那并算不上什么值得骄傲的旅行！”

“那就是旅行，妈妈，”孩子又焦急又任性地说道，“那次我们都离开农庄了，篮子里带上了午餐，还坐了马车和汽车，我们还带上了睡衣。”

“即使我们真是那样，也犯不着告诉全村人，”她母亲说道，打断了这个经验丰富的旅行家的回忆。“难道我没告诉过你吗，”她试图最后一次叮咛她要

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注释：① 'em: (方言) 同 them ② mischief: (n.) 恶作剧，淘气  
③ kind of: 有几分 ④ sardonic: (a.) 嘲笑的 ⑤ willfully: (ad.) 任性地，固执地 ⑥ reminiscence: (n.) 回忆，怀念 ⑦ voyager: (n.) 航行者，旅行者



last attempt at discipline, “that you shouldn’t talk about night gowns and stockings and—things like that, in a loud tone of voice, and especially when there’s men folks round?”

“I know, mother, I know, and I won’t. All I want to say is”—here Mr. Cobb gave a cluck, slapped<sup>①</sup> the reins, and the horses started sedately<sup>②</sup> on their daily task—“all I want to say is that it is a journey when”—the stage was really under way now and Rebecca had to put her head out of the window over the door in order to finish her sentence—“it IS a journey when you carry a nightgown!”

The objectionable<sup>③</sup> word, uttered in a high treble<sup>④</sup>, floated back to the offended<sup>⑤</sup> ears of Mrs. Randall, who watched the stage out of sight<sup>⑥</sup>, gathered up her packages from the bench at the store door, and stepped into the wagon that had been standing at the hitching-post. As she turned the horse’s head towards home she rose to her feet<sup>⑦</sup> for a moment, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked at a cloud of dust in the dim distance.

“Mirandy’ll have her hands full, I guess,” she said to herself; “but I shouldn’t wonder if it would be the making<sup>⑧</sup> of Rebecca.”

All this had been half an hour ago, and the sun, the heat, the dust, the contemplation of errands<sup>⑨</sup> to be done in the great metropolis of Milltown, had lulled Mr. Cobb’s never active mind into complete oblivion<sup>⑩</sup> as to his promise

守规矩,低声说,“不准大声谈论睡衣、丝袜之类的东西,尤其是在有男士的场合?”

“我知道,妈妈。我知道了,我再不那样了。我想说的只是……”这时科布先生吹了一声口哨,拍拍缰绳,几匹马乖乖地准备出发了——“我想说的只是那次确实算得上一次旅行……”——现在马车已经开动,丽贝卡不得不探出头来说完那句话——“那次的确是一趟旅行因为你带上了睡衣!”

那个讨人嫌的字眼儿,以尖锐的高音闯进兰德尔太太那有点儿恼火的耳朵里。她看着马车渐渐走远,直到没了影儿,这才收拾好放在小店门口长凳上的行李,踏上了拴马桩旁的马车。她向着家的方向调转马头,站起身来,用手遮在眼睛上挡住光线,望着远处隐隐的烟尘。

“我看,米兰达不会让她两手有空闲的,”她自言自语道,“但如果这样能使丽贝卡有出息的话,我也没什么好大惊小怪的了。”

那都是半小时前发生的事了,骄阳、暑热、灰尘,在米尔敦这个大城市里,还有一大堆事情等着去做,这些早已麻木了科布先生那从来就不活跃的神经,

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注释:① slap: (v.) 掴,拍 ② sedately: (ad.) 沉着地,安静地  
③ objectionable: (a.) 引起反感的,令人不愉快的 ④ treble: (n.) 三倍,最高音部 ⑤ offend: (v.) 冒犯,得罪,使生气 ⑥ out of sight: 看不见 ⑦ rise to one's feet: 站起来 ⑧ making: (n.) 成功的因素  
⑨ errand: (n.) 差使,目的差事 ⑩ oblivion: (n.) 遗忘,忘却



of keeping an eye on Rebecca.

Suddenly he heard a small voice above the rattle and rumble of the wheels and the creaking of the harness. At first he thought it was a cricket<sup>①</sup>, a tree toad<sup>②</sup>, or a bird, but having determined the direction from which it came, he turned his head over his shoulder and saw a small shape hanging as far out of the window as safety would allow. A long black braid<sup>③</sup> of hair swung with the motion of the coach; the child held her hat in one hand and with the other made ineffectual attempts to stab<sup>④</sup> the driver with her microscopic sunshade.

“Please let me speak!” she called.

Mr. Cobb drew up<sup>⑤</sup> the horses obediently.

“Does it cost any more to ride up there with you?” she asked. “It’s so slippery and shiny down here, and the stage is so much too big for me, that I rattle round in it till I’m ’most black and blue. And the windows are so small I can only see pieces of things, and I’ve ’most broken my neck stretching round to find out whether my trunk has fallen off the back. It’s my mother’s trunk, and she’s very choice of<sup>⑥</sup> it.”

Mr. Cobb waited until this flow of conversation, or more properly speaking this flood of criticism, had ceased, and then said jocularly:—

“You can come up if you want to; there ain’t no extry charge to sit side o’me.” Whereupon he helped her out, “boosted” her up to the front seat, and resumed his own place.