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世界名著阅读丛书

Rilla of Ingleside

壁炉山庄的丽拉

[加拿大] 露西·莫德·蒙哥马利 著

蔡红昌 等编译



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内 容 简 介

《壁炉山庄的丽拉》是 20 世纪加拿大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 15 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丽格伦村。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。



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》《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位六个孩子的母亲, 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《壁炉山庄的丽拉》，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。

本书由蔡红昌组织编译。参加本书编译工作的还有赵雪、刘乃亚、纪飞、陈起永、熊建国、程来川、龚武元、李毛华、徐平国、敖宗林、龚桂平、熊志勇、潘文华、陈凤英、谭学民、李丹妮、张灵羚、谭榜乾、付建平、汪疆玮、龚火荣、葛文聪、杨晓、葛文博、张雨、葛其昌、于丹等。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

导 读

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，她完全有自负的资本。”

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。

“我很高兴奥利维尔小姐留了下来，”布莱斯太太说，“丽拉和她就像朋友一样。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。”



苏珊在看报纸

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：“这跟我们有什么关系？”

It 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