

## Mrs. Rachel Lynde Is Surprised

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 <sup>形容詞扱い</sup> are plenty of people, [in Avonlea] and [out of it], [who can attend closely [to their neighbors' 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 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 <sup>adv</sup> [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 awed voices]—and [keeping a sharp eye [on the main road [that crossed the hollow and wound up the steep red hill beyond].]

[Since Avonlea occupied a little triangular peninsula 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.]

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; 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 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<sup>prep</sup> on the afternoon] [of a busy day<sup>a</sup>, [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 sorrel mare, which betokened that he was going a considerable distance.]

Now, where was Matthew Cuthbert going and why was he going there?

If it had been

Had it been any other man [in Avonlea<sup>a</sup>, Mrs. Rachel, [deftly putting this and that together], might have given a pretty good guess [as to both questions].

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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 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 the doctor].

Yet something must have happened [since last night] [to start him  
 off.]

I'm clean<sup>ad</sup> puzzled<sup>a</sup>, that's what, and I won't know<sup>v</sup> a minute's  
 peace<sup>o</sup> [of mind or conscience<sup>a</sup>] [until I know<sup>v'</sup> (what has taken<sup>v''</sup>  
 Matthew Cuthbert<sup>o'</sup> [out of Avonlea<sup>ad</sup>] today<sup>ad</sup>]."

Accordingly<sup>ad</sup>, [after tea<sup>a</sup>] Mrs. Rachel [set<sup>v</sup> out; she had<sup>s(s)</sup> not far<sup>n</sup> [to  
 go<sup>v</sup>]; the big, rambling<sup>a</sup>, orchard-embowered house<sup>s</sup> [where the  
 Cuthberts<sup>s'</sup> lived<sup>v'</sup>] was<sup>v</sup> [a scant quarter of a mile<sup>a</sup>] [up the road<sup>a</sup>] [from  
 Lynde's Hollow<sup>a</sup>].

[To be<sup>(=)</sup> sure<sup>(c)</sup>, the long lane made<sup>v</sup> it<sup>o=</sup> a good deal farther<sup>c</sup>.

Matthew Cuthbert's father, as shy<sup>ad</sup> and silent<sup>a</sup> as his son<sup>a conj</sup> [after  
 him<sup>a</sup>], had got<sup>v</sup> [as far away<sup>ad</sup> as he<sup>ad conj</sup> possibly could<sup>v'</sup>] [from his fellow  
 men<sup>a</sup>] [without (actually retreating<sup>v</sup>) into the woods<sup>a</sup>] [when he founded<sup>v'</sup>  
 his homestead<sup>o'</sup>].

Green Gables<sup>s</sup> was built<sup>v</sup> [at the farthest edge<sup>a</sup>] [of his cleared land<sup>a</sup>]  
 and there<sup>ad</sup> it was<sup>s =</sup> [to this day<sup>(c)</sup>], barely visible<sup>(c)</sup> [from the main road<sup>a</sup>]  
 [along which all the other Avonlea houses<sup>s</sup> were<sup>v</sup> so sociably  
 situated<sup>v</sup>].

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 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 on 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 over 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.]  
 ↓ she was S<sub>1+2</sub> V<sub>1</sub> V<sub>2</sub> ad

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.]  
 =<sub>2</sub> C<sub>2</sub> S'(s) ≠' C'

Its windows looked east and west; [through the west one],  
 [looking out on the back yard], came a flood [of mellow June  
 sunlight]; but 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].  
 S V ad (s) A V ← S S' S'<sub>1+2</sub> V'<sub>1+2</sub> a O'<sub>1</sub> a V ad O'<sub>2</sub> V

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 mental note [of everything] [that was on that table].

There were three plates laid, so that Marilla must be expecting someone 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 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 are 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 been more astonished.

She was actually stricken dumb for five seconds.

It was unsurprising 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] <sup>a</sup> adopting a boy!

[From an orphan asylum]! Well, the world <sup>s</sup> was certainly turning <sup>v</sup> 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 Hopetown in the spring.”

Her cousin lives there and Mrs. Spencer has visited her and knows all [about it].

So 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 Barnado 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 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<sup>a</sup>].

“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 purpose, 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.]<sup>A</sup>

[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<sup>n</sup> seemed neither to offend nor alarm

Marilla. She knitted steadily on.<sup>ad</sup>

“I don't deny (there's something [in (what you say)]) Rachel.

I've had some qualms myself.

But Matthew was terrible set on it.

I could see that, so I gave in.

It's so seldom (Matthew sets his mind [on anything]) that [when he does] I always feel it's my duty to give in.

And [as for the risk], there's risks [in pretty near everything] a body does [in this world].

There's risks [in people's having children [of their own]] if it comes to that—they don't always turn out well.

And then Nova Scotia is right close [to the Island].

It isn't (as if we were getting him [from England or the States]).

He can't be much different [from ourselves].”

“Well, I hope (it will turn out all right),” said Mrs. Rachel [in a tone] that plainly indicated her painful doubts.

“Only don't say (I didn't warn you [if he burns Green Gables down or puts strychnine in the well])—I heard [of a case] [over in

New Brunswick<sup>a</sup> [where an orphan asylum child did that and the whole family died in fearful agonies.]<sup>A</sup>

Only, it was a girl [in that instance].”

“Well, we’re not getting a girl,” said Marilla, [as if poisoning wells) were a purely feminine accomplishment and not to be dreaded in the case [of a boy.]<sup>A</sup>]

“I’d never dream [of taking a girl to bring up.] ]<sup>A</sup>

I wonder [at Mrs. Alexander Spencer] [for doing it.]

But there, she wouldn’t shrink [from adopting a whole orphan asylum] if she took it [into her head].”

Mrs. Rachel would have liked (to stay [until Matthew came home [with his imported orphan.]])

But, reflecting (that it would be a good two hours [at least] [before his arrival,]) she concluded to go [up the road] [to Robert Bell’s] and

tell them the news.

It would certainly make a sensation [second [to none,]<sup>a</sup>] and Mrs.

Rachel dearly loved (to make a sensation.)

So she took herself away, somewhat <sup>ad</sup> [to Marilla's relief], for the latter felt her doubts and fears reviving [under the influence] of Mrs. Rachel's pessimism.

“Well, [of all things] that ever were or will be!” ejaculated Mrs. Rachel [when she was safely out in the lane.]

“It does really seem [as if I must be dreaming].”

Well, I'm sorry [for that poor young one] and no mistake.

Matthew and Marilla don't know anything [about children] and

they'll expect him to be wiser and steadier [than his own

grandfather, <sup>if</sup> [if so be's he ever had a grandfather] which is

doubtful.

It seems uncanny (to think [of a child] [at Green Gables] somehow);

there's <sup>has</sup> never been one there, for Matthew and Marilla were

grown up [when the new house was built] [if they ever were

children], which is hard <sup>副詞的用法(程度)</sup> [to believe] [when one looks [at them].]

I wouldn't be [in that orphan's shoes] [for anything].

My, but I <sup>inf</sup> pity him, that's what.”

So <sup>ad</sup>said Mrs. Rachel <sub>S</sub> [to the wild rose bushes] [out of the fullness] [of her heart]; but [if she <sub>S'</sub> could have seen <sub>V'</sub> the child <sub>O'</sub> [who <sub>S'</sub> was <sub>V''</sub> waiting patiently [at the Bright River station] [at that very moment] <sup>A</sup>]] her pity <sub>S</sub> would have been <sub>=</sub> still deeper <sub>C</sub> and more profound.