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# ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

**Lucy Maud Montgomery**

Методична обробка тексту,  
комплекс вправ, тестів і завдань,  
довідкові матеріали  
і філологічний коментар

**В. В. Євченко, С. І. Сидоренко**

Lucy Maud Montgomery

# Anne of Green Gables

**Книга для читання англійською мовою**

Технологія роботи з текстом  
і філологічний коментар  
В. В. Євченко і С. І. Сидоренко

3-те видання, виправлене

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Навчальний посібник призначений для студентів спеціальності “Філологія” (рівень володіння мовою – Upper Intermediate – Advanced). Він представляє українському англомовному читачеві оригінальний текст роману “Анна з Грін Гейблз” канадської письменниці Л. Монтгомері, який упродовж століття підкорив серця мільйонів читачів у всьому світі. Запропонована авторами посібника технологія роботи з художнім текстом спрямована на формування усіх основних компонентів комунікативної компетенції: мовного, мовленнєвого, соціокультурного. Основними компонентами структури посібника є передтекстові завдання, оригінальний текст роману з коментарем, блок питань і тестів для перевірки розуміння прочитаного, лексичні і мовні вправи та питання і завдання для обговорення тексту.

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## Передмова

Книга канадської письменниці Люсі Монтгомері “Anne of Green Gables” давно стала класикою американської літератури. Вона постійно перевидається, її цитують поважні автори, її герої живуть на кіно- і телеекранах, Інтернет-сайтах. Роман приваблює теплим гумором, життєвою мудрістю, душевною щирістю головних героїв. Українському читачеві, проте, цей роман мало відомий. Обираючи саме цю книгу, автори посібника намагалися розкрити для українських студентів, англomовної читацької аудиторії літературний, культурологічний і духовно-моральний потенціал цього твору.

Посібник у першу чергу призначений для студентів, що вивчають англійську мову як спеціальність, і може використовуватися як під час аудиторних занять, так і для самостійної роботи. Автори сподіваються, що він також буде корисним усім, хто читає англійською мовою і бажає підвищити свій мовний рівень.

Мета посібника – допомогти читачам максимально розкрити для себе багатий художній та мовний потенціал роману, навчитися сприймати літературний твір в його культурологічному і часовому контексті. Оригінальний текст роману організовано в тринадцять розділів, кожен з яких містить мовні та культурологічні примітки до тексту, список лексичних одиниць, що рекомендуються для вивчення і опрацювання, комплекс вправ, тестів і завдань. Чотирнадцятий розділ є узагальнюючим.

Посібник також містить довідку про автора, покажчик географічних назв і словник назв рослин, що зустрічаються в тексті.

Комплекс вправ, тестів і завдань в кожному розділі складається із чотирьох частин. Це передтекстові питання, метою яких є мотивування читача і підготовка його до проблематики тексту; тестові завдання на розуміння прочитаного; мовні вправи; питання і завдання для обговорення подій, дійових осіб, проблематики роману, авторського стилю.

Під час роботи над текстом роману автори посібника виділили як головні його три специфічні риси, на які повинен зважати читач

для адекватного сприйняття твору – роман був написаний на початку ХХ століття; він написаний канадською письменною мовою; він значною мірою відображає культурологічний контекст молодих років самої письменниці. Тому при підготовці коментарів, лексичних вправ, завдань для обговорення виявилось важливим зробити акцент на стилістичних особливостях лексики, привернути увагу до специфіки американо-канадського варіанта, зробити для читача зрозумілим спектр літературних уподобань самої письменниці, на які вона посилається.

Мовні вправи і завдання є різними за своїм рівнем і спрямованістю. Це вправи на коментування, вибір лексичної одиниці, синонімію, словотворення, знайдення відповідників, вживання применників, кросворд, переклад тощо. Студенти заохочуються до активної роботи з тлумачним словником.

Завдання до обговорення тексту містять питання для дискусії в парах і групах, коментування, характеристику персонажів, питання, що стосуються проблематики роману, особливостей авторського стилю, завдання для розвитку писемного мовлення. Ця група завдань спрямована на розвиток комунікативних навичок студентів і навчання їх основ аналізу художнього тексту. Питання цього розділу стимулюють студентів до висловлення особистого відношення до проблематики роману, його героїв.

Під час роботи з текстом роману, розробки вправ, завдань, коментарів, для тлумачення лексики автори посібника використовували словники: *The Shorter Oxford Dictionary on Historical Principles*. 4th edition, 1985; *Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary of Current English*. Seventh edition. Oxford University Press, 2005; *Cambridge International Dictionary of English*. Cambridge University Press, 1995; *The New Webster's Dictionary of the English Language*. International Edition. 1997; а також *Encyclopedia BRITANNICA CD 2000 Deluxe* і довідкові ресурси глобальної мережі ІНТЕРНЕТ.

Автори будуть вдячні всім, хто працює з цим посібником, за відгуки та пропозиції щодо його змісту і ефективності.

# Lucy Maud Montgomery

## (1874–1942)



Lucy Maud Montgomery, a Canadian romantic novelist, is best known for “Anne of Green Gables” (1908), a charming story of a spirited, unconventional orphan girl who finds a home with an elderly couple. The book is based on the author’s own girlhood experiences and on the rural life and traditions of Prince Edward Island. After the publication of the book, L. M. Montgomery achieved international success with both adults and children.

Lucy Maud Montgomery was born in Canada on November 30, 1874, to 21-year old Clara Macneill Montgomery and 33-year old Hugh John Montgomery, a storekeeper. Maud was born to a long and proud line of ancestors with Scots-Irish-English heritage. She later used the stories of her ancestors in her novels.

In 1876 Maud’s mother died of consumption and the girl was left in the care of her mother’s large family, particularly her grandparents, Alexander and Lucy Woolner Macneill. Maud began writing poetry and keeping a diary at the age of nine.

In 1887 her father remarried a woman named Mary Ann, whom Maud grew to despise. The family settled in Saskatoon. Maud’s stepmother used her as a slave for her step-siblings. In Saskatoon Maud also had her three publications.

In 1891 Maud went back to the island. She spent several months with her Campbell cousins and finished school in Cavendish.

In 1892–93 Maud took a teachers’ training course at Prince of Wales College, in Charlottetown. There she was strongly encouraged to continue

her literary ambitions. In 1894 Maud began teaching at Bideford. She enjoyed teaching there and earned enough money from the job to pay for a year of university. In 1896 she attended Dalhousie University, in Halifax for a year. For the first time she earned money for some of her publications and was greatly encouraged by that. That year was her model for Anne's education at Redmond.

In 1897 Maud taught at Belmont and became secretly engaged to her cousin, Edwin Simpson. That engagement was brought on by the deep depression that she suffered that year. In 1898 she fell deeply in love with the son of the family she was boarding with, Herman Leard. She was torn between the two men. Edwin infuriated her, and the thought of physical contact with him depressed her, yet intellectually he stimulated her. She felt passionately about Herman and was obviously tempted by him, yet was uninspired by his mind. She refused to marry either man. Her grandfather died and she was called home to live with her grandmother, whom she found to be very strict.

In 1903 Maud formed a strong bond with her cousin Frede Campbell, a friendship that would provide comfort to her for many years. She started writing "Anne of Green Gables".

In 1906 she became engaged to Reverend Ewan Macdonald. Although there was no deep love between the two, Maud was encouraged by that light at the end of the tunnel that was her life with her grandmother.

In 1908 "Anne" was published and 19 000 copies were sold in five months. Maud got hundreds of fan letters, including one from Mark Twain, which she kept under her pillow.

In 1911 her grandmother died, giving her freedom to marry Ewan. Maud and Ewan spent their honeymoon in Scotland and England. They moved to Leaksdale, Ontario. Maud's first son, Chester, was born in 1912. Her second son, Hugh Alexander, who was born in 1914, died at birth. A year later Maud gave birth to Stuart.

In 1919 Maud was devastated by the sudden death of Frede Campbell. Ewan suffered a nervous breakdown, believing that he was condemned to hell. Maud was thrown into depression, while trying to hide her husband's sickness from members of his church.

In the meantime Maud continued writing. Her novels and books of poetry were published, among them "Chronicles of Avonlea" (1912), "The



Golden Road” (1913), “Anne of the Island” (1915), “The Watchman and Other Poems” (1916), “Anne’s House of Dreams” (1917), “Rainbow Valley” (1919), “Rilla of Ingleside” (1921), “Emily of New Moon” (1923), “Emily Climbs” (1925), “The Blue Castle” (1926), “Emily’s Quest” (1927), “Magic for Marigold” (1929), “A Tangled Web” (1931), “Pat of Silver Bush” (1933), “Anne of Windy Poplars” (1936), “Jane of Latern Hill” (1937) and others.

Maud was already a famous person. In 1919 “Anne of Green Gables” was made into a film. Maud became a Fellow of the British Royal Society of Arts. In 1927 she was presented to the Prince of Wales, Prince George and the British Prime Minister.

In 1935 the family moved to Journey’s End, in Toronto. Maud was made a Companion of the Order of the British Empire and elected to the Literary and Artistic Institute in France. In 1936 Cavendish was designated a national park as a shrine to “Anne of Green Gables”.

Lucy Maud Montgomery died on 24 April, 1942. She is buried in Cavendish.

In Ukraine the characters of Montgomery’s “Anne of Green Gables” are known chiefly thanks to the video sequel under the same title (“Sullivan Entertainment”, 1985) with Megan Follows, Colleen Dewhurst and Richard Farnsworth.

# Unit I

## Chapters 1–2

### PRE-READING DISCUSSION SECTION

1. Why do people want to adopt children? What are the most common motives behind the decision to adopt a child? Do people adopt children only when they can't have their own children?

2. In your opinion, what age is the best for adoption? Give your reasons.

3. Do you think that adopting a child is a risky step? Why/why not? Where does the risk lie?

4. Do you think adopted children should be told that they were adopted? Why/why not?

5. Do you agree that only a family can make a child happy? What can a family give a child that an orphanage can not?

### CHAPTER I

#### *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 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 well done; she “ran” the Sewing Circle, helped run the Sunday-school<sup>1</sup>, and was the strongest prop of the Church Aid Society<sup>2</sup> and Foreign Missions Auxiliary<sup>3</sup>. Yet with all this Mrs. Rachel found abundant time to sit for hours at her kitchen window, knitting “cotton warp” quilts<sup>4</sup> – 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 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

---

<sup>1</sup> **Sunday school** – недільна школа при церкві.

<sup>2</sup> **Church Aid Society** – На території колишніх британських колоній по всьому світі були засновані товариства, метою яких була місіонерська діяльність і допомога у розвитку власної церковної структури на даній території. Англійська Церква Канади вже у 1893 році мала окрему організацію, хоча формально вона залишалася частиною Англійської церкви Англії до 1959 року.

<sup>3</sup> **Foreign Missions Auxiliary** – філіал місіонерської місії.

<sup>4</sup> **“cotton warp” quilts** – стьобані ковдри на бавовняній основі.

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?

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 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<sup>5</sup>, 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 deprutted, grassy lane bordered with wild rose bushes. "It's no wonder Matthew and Marilla are both a little odd, living away back here by

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<sup>5</sup> **I'm clean puzzled** – Вживання форм прислівників без суфіксу *-ly* характерно для розмовної мови в американському і канадському варіантах. Подібне вживання часто зустрічається в романі.

themselves. Trees aren't much company, though dear knows<sup>6</sup> if they were there'd be enough of them. I'd ruther<sup>7</sup> 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<sup>8</sup>."

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 over as often as she swept her house. One could have eaten a meal off the ground without overbrimming the proverbial peck of dirt<sup>9</sup>.

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 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

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<sup>6</sup> **dear knows** – вигук 'dear' використовується в розмовній мові при висловлюванні емоцій (здивування, роздратованості, жалості тощо), наприклад, Oh dear! Dear me! Фразу 'dear knows' можна перекласти як "Бог свідок!"

<sup>7</sup> **ruther** (просторічне) = rather – написання відображає просторічну вимову персонажу.

<sup>8</sup> **as the Irishman said** – ірландці є дійовими особами багатьох анекдотів, об'єктом жартів і іронії з боку англійців і американців.

<sup>9</sup> **without overbrimming the proverbial peck of dirt** – посилання на відомі приказки "Everyone must eat a peck of dirt before they die" і "A little dirt never hurt anyone"; остання приказка вживається по відношенню до їжі, що впала на підлогу.

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'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 been more astonished. She was actually stricken dumb for five seconds. It was un-supposable 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 Hopeton 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<sup>10</sup>. 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

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<sup>10</sup> 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 – і тільки ти привчиш його до порядку і навчиш чомусь, він уже заходився їхати працювати на заводи, де консервують омарів, чи у Штати.

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. “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<sup>11</sup> 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. 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>12</sup> seemed neither to offend nor to alarm Marilla. She knitted steadily on.

“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

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<sup>11</sup> **Island** – (тут і далі) острів Принца Едуарда (див. A Guide to the Geographical Names Appearing in the Novel в кінці книги).

<sup>12</sup> **Job’s comforting** – Іов – біблейський персонаж, що відрізнявся величезною поборністю і благочестям. За ці свої якості він був нагороджений усіма матеріальними благами і щастям. За згодою Бога Яхве Сатана починає жорстоко випробовувати Іова, щоб дізнатися, наскільки ширим є його благочестя. Але й після втрати багатства, дітей і власного здоров’я Іов не зрікається Яхве. Безмежна віра в Божу милість зробила Іова неперевершеним символом терпіння. Троє друзів Іова приходять до нього, щоб втішити його, але лише серця невинного страждальця своїми несправедливими підозрами. Після закінчення випробувань Іов повертається його багатство, і він у спокої доживає своє життя, оточений рідними і близькими. Вираз “Job’s comforting” стосується людини, яка намагається підбадьорити вас, але насправді досягає протилежного результату.



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 where an orphan asylum child did that and the whole family died in fearful agonies. 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. "I'd never dream of taking a girl to bring up. 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 the news. It would certainly make a sensation second to none, and Mrs. Rachel dearly loved to make a sensation. So she took herself away, somewhat 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, if so be he's ever had a grandfather, which is doubtful. It seems uncanny to think of a child at Green Gables somehow; there's 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 to believe when one looks at them. I wouldn't be in that orphan's shoes for anything. My, but I pity him, that's what."

So said Mrs. Rachel to the wild rose bushes out of the fulness of her heart; but if she could have seen the child who was waiting patiently at

the Bright River station at that very moment her pity would have been still deeper and more profound.

## CHAPTER II

### *Matthew Cuthbert is surprised*

Matthew Cuthbert and the sorrel mare jogged comfortably over the eight miles to Bright River. It was a pretty road, running along between snug farmsteads, with now and again a bit of balsamy fir wood to drive through or a hollow where wild plums hung out their filmy bloom. The air was sweet with the breath of many apple orchards and the meadows sloped away in the distance to horizon mists of pearl and purple; while

“The little birds sang as if it were

The one day of summer in all the year.”<sup>13</sup>

Matthew enjoyed the drive after his own fashion, except during the moments when he met women and had to nod to them – for in Prince Edward island you are supposed to nod to all and sundry you meet on the road whether you know them or not.

Matthew dreaded all women except Marilla and Mrs. Rachel; he had an uncomfortable feeling that the mysterious creatures were secretly laughing at him. He may have been quite right in thinking so, for he was an odd-looking personage, with an ungainly figure and long iron-gray hair that touched his stooping shoulders, and a full, soft brown beard which he had worn ever since he was twenty. In fact, he had looked at twenty very much as he looked at sixty, lacking a little of the grayness.

When he reached Bright River there was no sign of any train; he thought he was too early, so he tied his horse in the yard of the small Bright River hotel and went over to the station house. The long platform was almost deserted; the only living creature in sight being a girl who was sitting on a pile of shingles at the extreme end. Matthew, barely noting that it *was* a girl, sidled past her as quickly as possible without looking at her. Had he looked he could hardly have failed to notice the tense rigidity and expectation of her attitude and expression. She was sitting there

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<sup>13</sup> Рядки з поеми “The Vision of Sir Launfal” американського поета XIX століття Дж. Р. Лоуела (James Lowell).

waiting for something or somebody and, since sitting and waiting was the only thing to do just then, she sat and waited with all her might and main.

Matthew encountered the stationmaster locking up the ticket office preparatory to going home for supper, and asked him if the five-thirty train would soon be along.

“The five-thirty train has been in and gone half an hour ago,” answered that brisk official. “But there was a passenger dropped off for you – a little girl. She’s sitting out there on the shingles. I asked her to go into the ladies’ waiting room, but she informed me gravely that she preferred to stay outside. ‘There was more scope for imagination,’ she said. She’s a case, I should say.”

“I’m not expecting a girl,” said Matthew blankly. “It’s a boy I’ve come for. He should be here. Mrs. Alexander Spencer was to bring him over from Nova Scotia for me.”

The stationmaster whistled.

“Guess there’s some mistake,” he said. “Mrs. Spencer came off the train with that girl and gave her into my charge. Said you and your sister were adopting her from an orphan asylum and that you would be along for her presently. That’s all I know about it – and I haven’t got any more orphans concealed hereabouts.”

“I don’t understand,” said Matthew helplessly, wishing that Marilla was at hand to cope with the situation.

“Well, you’d better question the girl,” said the station-master carelessly. “I dare say she’ll be able to explain – she’s got a tongue of her own, that’s certain. Maybe they were out of boys of the brand you wanted.”

He walked jauntily away, being hungry, and the unfortunate Matthew was left to do that which was harder for him than bearding a lion in its den<sup>14</sup> – walk up to a girl – a strange girl – an orphan girl – and demand of her why she wasn’t a boy. Matthew groaned in spirit as he turned about and shuffled gently down the platform towards her.

She had been watching him ever since he had passed her and she had her eyes on him now. Matthew was not looking at her and would not have seen what she was really like if he had been, but an ordinary observer

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<sup>14</sup> to beard a lion in its den – відвідати важливу особу з метою кинути їй виклик чи домогтися прихильності.

would have seen this: A child of about eleven, garbed in a very short, very tight, very ugly dress of yellowish-gray wincey<sup>15</sup>. She wore a faded brown sailor hat<sup>16</sup> and beneath the hat, extending down her back, were two braids of very thick, decidedly red hair. Her face was small, white and thin, also much freckled; her mouth was large and so were her eyes, which looked green in some lights and moods and gray in others.

So far, the ordinary observer; an extraordinary observer might have seen that the chin was very pointed and pronounced; that the big eyes were full of spirit and vivacity; that the mouth was sweet-lipped and expressive; that the forehead was broad and full; in short, our discerning extraordinary observer might have concluded that no commonplace soul inhabited the body of this stray woman-child of whom shy Matthew Cuthbert was so ludicrously afraid.

Matthew, however, was spared the ordeal of speaking first, for as soon as she concluded that he was coming to her she stood up, grasping with one thin brown hand the handle of a shabby, old-fashioned carpet-bag; the other she held out to him.

“I suppose you are Mr. Matthew Cuthbert of Green Gables?” she said in a peculiarly clear, sweet voice. “I’m very glad to see you. I was beginning to be afraid you weren’t coming for me and I was imagining all the things that might have happened to prevent you. I had made up my mind that if you didn’t come for me to-night I’d go down the track to that big wild cherry-tree at the bend, and climb up into it to stay all night. I wouldn’t be a bit afraid, and it would be lovely to sleep in a wild cherry-tree all white with bloom in the moonshine, don’t you think? You could imagine you were dwelling in marble halls, couldn’t you? And I was quite sure you would come for me in the morning, if you didn’t to-night.”

Matthew had taken the scrawny little hand awkwardly in his; then and there he decided what to do. He could not tell this child with the glowing eyes that there had been a mistake; he would take her home and let Marilla do that. She couldn’t be left at Bright River anyhow, no matter what

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<sup>15</sup> **wincey** – легка напівшерстяна фланель.

<sup>16</sup> **sailor hat** – жіночий солом’яний капелюшок з низькою тулією і вузькими або піднятими полями.

mistake had been made, so all questions and explanations might as well be deferred until he was safely back at Green Gables.

“I’m sorry I was late,” he said shyly. “Come along. The horse is over in the yard. Give me your bag.”

“Oh, I can carry it,” the child responded cheerfully. “It isn’t heavy. I’ve got all my worldly goods in it, but it isn’t heavy. And if it isn’t carried in just a certain way the handle pulls out – so I’d better keep it because I know the exact knack of it. It’s an extremely old carpet-bag. Oh, I’m very glad you’ve come, even if it would have been nice to sleep in a wild cherry-tree. We’ve got to drive a long piece, haven’t we? Mrs. Spencer said it was eight miles. I’m glad because I love driving. Oh, it seems so wonderful that I’m going to live with you and belong to you. I’ve never belonged to anybody – not really. But the asylum was the worst. I’ve only been in it four months, but that was enough. I don’t suppose you ever were an orphan in an asylum, so you can’t possibly understand what it is like. It’s worse than anything you could imagine. Mrs. Spencer said it was wicked of me to talk like that, but I didn’t mean to be wicked. It’s so easy to be wicked without knowing it, isn’t it? They were good, you know – the asylum people. But there is so little scope for the imagination in an asylum – only just in the other orphans. It was pretty interesting to imagine things about them – to imagine that perhaps the girl who sat next to you was really the daughter of a belted earl, who had been stolen away from her parents in her infancy by a cruel nurse who died before she could confess. I used to lie awake at nights and imagine things like that, because I didn’t have time in the day. I guess that’s why I’m so thin – I *am* dreadful thin, ain’t I? There isn’t a pick on my bones<sup>17</sup>. I do love to imagine I’m nice and plump, with dimples in my elbows.”

With this Matthew’s companion stopped talking, partly because she was out of breath and partly because they had reached the buggy. Not another word did she say until they had left the village and were driving down a steep little hill, the road part of which had been cut so deeply into the soft soil, that the banks, fringed with blooming wild cherry-trees and slim white birches, were several feet above their heads.

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<sup>17</sup> **There isn’t a pick on my bones** (розмовне) – Мене і ущипнути немає за що.

The child put out her hand and broke off a branch of wild plum that brushed against the side of the buggy.

“Isn’t that beautiful? What did that tree, leaning out from the bank, all white and lacy, make you think of?” she asked.

“Well now, I dunno<sup>18</sup>,” said Matthew.

“Why, a bride, of course – a bride all in white with a lovely misty veil. I’ve never seen one, but I can imagine what she would look like. I don’t ever expect to be a bride myself. I’m so homely<sup>19</sup> nobody will ever want to marry me – unless it might be a foreign missionary. I suppose a foreign missionary mightn’t be very particular. But I do hope that some day I shall have a white dress. That is my highest ideal of earthly bliss. I just love pretty clothes. And I’ve never had a pretty dress in my life that I can remember – but of course it’s all the more to look forward to, isn’t it? And then I can imagine that I’m dressed gorgeously. This morning when I left the asylum I felt so ashamed because I had to wear this horrid old wincey dress. All the orphans had to wear them, you know. A merchant in Hopeton last winter donated three hundred yards of wincey to the asylum. Some people said it was because he couldn’t sell it, but I’d rather believe that it was out of the kindness of his heart, wouldn’t you? When we got on the train I felt as if everybody must be looking at me and pitying me. But I just went to work and imagined that I had on the most beautiful pale blue silk dress – because when you *are* imagining you might as well imagine something worth while – and a big hat all flowers and nodding plumes, and a gold watch, and kid gloves and boots. I felt cheered up right away and I enjoyed my trip to the Island with all my might. I wasn’t a bit sick coming over in the boat. Neither was Mrs. Spencer although she generally is. She said she hadn’t time to get sick, watching to see that I didn’t fall overboard. She said she never saw the beat of me for prowling about<sup>20</sup>. But if it kept her from being seasick it’s a mercy I did prowl, isn’t it? And I wanted to see everything that was to be seen on that boat, because I didn’t know whether I’d ever have another opportunity. Oh, there are

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<sup>18</sup> **I dunno** (просторічне) = I don’t know – Мова Метью відрізняється відхиленнями від граматичних норм. Це є характерним для просторіччя і діалектів.

<sup>19</sup> **homely** (амер., канад., принизливо) – некрасивий, непоказний (про зовнішність).

<sup>20</sup> **She said she never saw the beat of me for prowling about** (розмовне) – Вона сказала, що ніколи не бачила таку пронозу як я.