

## 5. 家的到来

The Home Coming



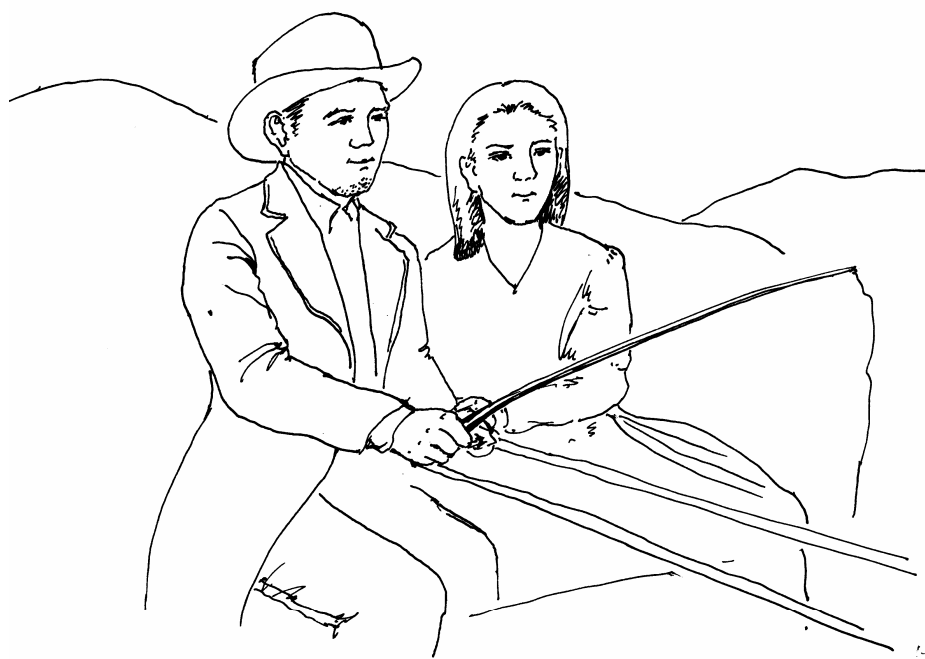
在星光灿烂的夏夜，吉尔伯特和安妮独自享受着驾车前往新家的乐趣。安妮永远不会忘记当马车驶过村庄后的小山，她所目睹的那光辉灿烂的景象。呈现在她面前的四风港，如一面被玫瑰和银子装饰过的巨大的闪亮的镜子，一侧是起伏的沙洲，一侧是高耸的红色悬崖。远处的大海在夕照中沉沉入梦，小渔村正如薄雾中一颗巨大的蛋白石，钟鸣从远方白色小教堂的塔顶传来，与大海的低吟合二为一，如梦般芳香甜蜜。

“哦，太美了，”安妮喃喃低语道，“我会爱上四风港的，吉尔伯特，我们的房子在哪里？”

“现在还看不到，我们并没有很多邻居。”此时他们正沿着海岸线那潮湿、蜿蜒的红色小路前进，他指给她前面一栋漆成艳丽的翠绿色的房子，它及周围的一切都整洁得一丝不苟。那是他们的邻居之一。

这时，安妮看见了一个女孩子正赶着一群雪白的鹅，从右边天鹅绒般的绿色小山顶上下来。女孩也看到了他们，定定地站在那里，神情说不上感兴趣，却仿佛带有模糊的敌意。但安妮从未见到美得如此醒目的人，她那光亮的小麦色发辫令安妮想起了勃朗宁的“黄金绳索”和“华丽的蛇”，而双唇则像她正戴着的血红罂粟一样夺目。

眼中只有他的新娘的吉尔伯特并没有留意到女孩，而安妮也暂时忘记了那有着明亮而愤怒的双眸的人儿。当新家跃入安妮眼帘的时候，它多像一个搁浅在海岸上的奶油色大贝壳啊！暗绿色的树林则如双臂般环抱着它，使之不受好奇或冷漠眼睛的侵犯。小房子的门开着，摇曳的炉火在薄



架车前往新家

暮中闪烁跳跃。

“欢迎回家。”吉尔伯特把安妮抱下马车，在她耳畔低语，两人一起手拉手跨进了他们的梦中小屋。

*D*r. David Blythe had sent his horse and buggy to meet them, and the urchin who had brought it slipped away with a sympathetic grin, leaving them to the delight of driving alone to their new home through the radiant evening.

Anne never forgot the loveliness of the view that broke upon them when they had driven over the hill behind the village. Her new home could not yet be seen; but before her lay Four Winds Harbor like a great, shining mirror of rose and silver. Far down, she saw its entrance between the bar of sand dunes on one side and a steep, high, grim, red sandstone cliff on the other. Beyond the bar the sea, calm and austere, dreamed in the afterlight. The little fishing village, nestled in the cove where the sand-dunes met the harbor shore, looked like a great opal in the haze. The sky over them was like a jewelled cup from which the dusk was pouring; the air was crisp with the compelling tang of the sea, and the whole landscape was infused with the subtleties of a sea evening. A few dim sails drifted along the darkening, fir-clad harbor shores. A bell was ringing from the tower of a little white church on the far side; mellowly and dreamily sweet, the chime floated across the water blent with the moan of the sea. The great revolving light on the cliff at the channel flashed warm and golden against the clear northern sky, a trembling, quivering star of good hope. Far out along the horizon was the crinkled gray ribbon of a passing steamer's smoke.

“Oh, beautiful, beautiful,” murmured Anne. “I shall love Four Winds, Gilbert. Where is our house?”

“We can't see it yet—the belt of birch running up from that little cove hides it. It's about two miles from Glen St. Mary, and there's another mile between it and the light-house. We won't have many neighbors, Anne. There's only one house near us and I don't know who lives in it. Shall you be lonely when I'm away?”

“Not with that light and that loveliness for company. Who lives in that house, Gilbert?”



"I don't know. It doesn't look—exactly—as if the occupants would be kindred spirits, Anne, does it?"

The house was a large, substantial affair, painted such a vivid green that the landscape seemed quite faded by contrast. There was an orchard behind it, and a nicely kept lawn before it, but, somehow, there was a certain bareness about it. Perhaps its neatness was responsible for this; the whole establishment, house, barns, orchard, garden, lawn and lane, was so starkly neat.

"It doesn't seem probable that anyone with that taste in paint could be VERY kindred," acknowledged Anne, "unless it were an accident—like our blue hall. I feel certain there are no children there, at least. It's even neater than the old Copp place on the Tory road, and I never expected to see anything neater than that."

They had not met anybody on the moist, red road that wound along the harbor shore. But just before they came to the belt of birch which hid their home, Anne saw a girl who was driving a flock of snow-white geese along the crest of a velvety green hill on the right. Great, scattered firs grew along it. Between their trunks one saw glimpses of yellow harvest fields, gleams of golden sand-hills, and bits of blue sea. The girl was tall and wore a dress of pale blue print. She walked with a certain springiness of step and erectness of bearing. She and her geese came out of the gate at the foot of the hill as Anne and Gilbert passed. She stood with her hand on the fastening of the gate, and looked steadily at them, with an expression that hardly attained to interest, but did not descend to curiosity. It seemed to Anne, for a fleeting moment, that there was even a veiled hint of hostility in it. But it was the girl's beauty which made Anne give a little gasp—a beauty so marked that it must have attracted attention anywhere. She was hatless, but heavy braids of burnished hair, the hue of ripe wheat, were twisted about her head like a coronet; her eyes were blue and star-like; her figure, in its plain print gown, was magnificent; and her lips were as crimson as the bunch of blood-red poppies she wore at her belt.

"Gilbert, who is the girl we have just passed?" asked Anne, in a low voice.

"I didn't notice any girl," said Gilbert, who had eyes only for his bride.

"She was standing by that gate—no, don't look back. She is still watching us. I never saw such a beautiful face."

“I don’t remember seeing any very handsome girls while I was here. There are some pretty girls up at the Glen, but I hardly think they could be called beautiful.”

“This girl is. You can’t have seen her, or you would remember her. Nobody could forget her. I never saw such a face except in pictures. And her hair! It made me think of Browning’s ‘cord of gold’ and ‘gorgeous snake’!”

“Probably she’s some visitor in Four Winds—likely some one from that big summer hotel over the harbor.”

“She wore a white apron and she was driving geese.”

“She might do that for amusement. Look, Anne—there’s our house.”

Anne looked and forgot for a time the girl with the splendid, resentful eyes. The first glimpse of her new home was a delight to eye and spirit—it looked so like a big, creamy seashell stranded on the harbor shore. The rows of tall Lombardy poplars down its lane stood out in stately, purple silhouette against the sky. Behind it, sheltering its garden from the too keen breath of sea winds, was a cloudy fir wood, in which the winds might make all kinds of weird and haunting music. Like all woods, it seemed to be holding and enfolding secrets in its recesses,—secrets whose charm is only to be won by entering in and patiently seeking. Outwardly, dark green arms keep them inviolate from curious or indifferent eyes.

The night winds were beginning their wild dances beyond the bar and the fishing hamlet across the harbor was gemmed with lights as Anne and Gilbert drove up the poplar lane. The door of the little house opened, and a warm glow of firelight flickered out into the dusk. Gilbert lifted Anne from the buggy and led her into the garden, through the little gate between the ruddy-tipped firs, up the trim, red path to the sandstone step.

“Welcome home,” he whispered, and hand in hand they stepped over the threshold of their house of dreams.