Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm and *Anne of Green Gables*: Similarities and Differences

IZAWA Yuko

Abstract

Although you can find quite a variety of similarities in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* and in *Anne of Green Gables*, their impressions are quite different, especially in the descriptions of nature. I try to find out what is behind these differences.

Preface

In "Is 'Anne of Green Gables' an American Import?" Constance Classen discussed that L. M. Montgomery may have borrowed a lot of ideas from *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* when she started writing *Anne of Green Gables* (42-50). However, I never expected to find so many similarities between them. These resemblances you can find range from the important factors such as the main characters, the settings, and the developments of the stories, to such trivial elements as wordings. I was also surprised to realize that there are several similar situations given to nature descriptions than is to be expected. Of course the underlying tones of the stories differ greatly and the whole impressions we get from these are quite different.

In this paper I will compare *Anne of Green Gables* (hereinafter shortened to *Anne*) to *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* (hereinafter shortened to *Rebecca*) and try to find out where they are similar and where they are different and then go further to discuss what gives rise to the differences, especially in the descriptions of nature. I have omitted most of the similarities referred to and explained by Classen.

Plots and Characters

First I will discuss what similarities and differences there are in the plot of the two stories and their main characters.

When these stories start Rebecca and Anne, girls about 11 years of age, are sent to two unmarried people: two sisters in *Rebecca*, and brother and sister in *Anne*. These people are not eager to welcome them. Though the girls are plain-looking, their eyes are full of expressions and attractive; Rebecca's eyes are "carrying such messages, such suggestions, such hints of sleeping power and insight" (*Rebecca* 13), and Anne's eyes are large, "that looked green in some lights and moods and gray in others. […] The big eyes were full of spirit and vivacity. (*Anne* 16)

Both of the girls are very talkative as a chatterbox and while they are on a stagecoach or a buggy to their destination, their home to be, their quick-witted talk overwhelms Mr Cobb into "a feeling that he was being hurried from peak to peak of a mountain range without time to take a good breath in between" (*Rebecca* 15), and Matthew into feeling "a little dizzy" and "as he had once felt in his rash youth when another boy had enticed him on the merry-go-round at a picnic" (*Anne* 20). Furthermore, Mr Cobb is intensely fascinated by Rebecca as "the thought gradually permeated Mr Jeremiah Cobb's slow-moving mind that the bird perched by his side was a bird of very different feather from those to which he was accustomed in his daily drives (*Rebecca* 12). Matthew, too, finds "this freckled witch was very different, and although he found it rather difficult for his slower intelligence to keep up with her brisk mental processes he thought that he 'kind of liked her chatter'" (*Anne* 19).

The people who took them display similar temperaments: Miranda Sawyer is described as "just, conscientious, economical, industrious" (*Rebecca* 31), while Marilla "looked like a woman of narrow experience and rigid conscience, which she was" (*Anne* 10). The differences between Miranda and Jane are depicted as "while Miranda only wondered how they could endure Rebecca, Jane had flashes of inspiration in which she wondered how Rebecca would endure them" (*Rebecca* 34), and the similar difference between Matthew and Marilla is shown in the following dialogue.

> "I should say not. What good would she be to us?"
> "We might be some good to her," said Matthew suddenly and unexpectedly (*Anne* 30).

In this way Matthew resembles Jane, though sometimes Marilla, being a woman, covers Jane, especially with the story with her deceased lover Tom, and her worries over the easily exalted personality of Rebecca.

> The souls by nature pitched too high,
> By suffering plunged too low.

> "That's just the way you look, for all the world as if you did have a lamp burning inside of you," sighed Aunt Jane. "Rebecca! Rebecca! I wish you could take things easier, child; I am fearful for you sometimes" (*Rebecca* 136-137).

Marilla, too, worries about the similar temperament in Anne and tries to teach her to take things calmly. However,

> [f]or Anne to take things calmly would have been to change her nature. All "spirit and fire and dew," as she was, the pleasures and pains of life came to her with trebled intensity. Marilla felt this and was vaguely troubled over it, realizing that the ups and downs of existence would probably bear hardly on this impulsive soul and not sufficiently understanding that the equally great capacity for delight might more than compensate (*Anne* 145).

Here it is worth mentioning that Anne is described as "All spirit and fire and dew," and Rebecca is also described as "a thing of fire and spirit" (*Rebecca* 26).

Rebecca and Anne find intimate girl friends/kindred spirits in their neighborhood: Emma Jane Perkins and Diana Barry. These friends' parents want their daughters to find a friend in the new comers, especially Emma Jane's, who says, "She'll be good comp'ny for our Emma Jane" (*Rebecca* 22). In Diana's case the situations are more complicated. Although Mrs. Barry says, "I'm glad she has the prospect of a playmate —— perhaps it will take her more out-of-doors" (*Anne* 74), Marilla foresees the coming problem and predicts, "perhaps [Diana] will be a playmate for you when she comes home. You'll have to be careful how you behave yourself, though. Mrs. Barry is a very particular woman. She won't let Diana play with any little girl who isn't nice and good" (*Anne* 52).

Both Emma Jane and Diana admire Rebecca and Anne and come to support them in need. They are not talented as the heroines and in *Rebecca* that fact is explicitly expressed like "Dull Emma Jane", while in *Anne* it is rather evasive and left for readers to decide.

Both Rebecca and Anne are told by their teachers as unreasonable punishment to stand with Seesaw Simpson and sit with Gilbert Blythe, the boys they detest most and thus they feel deeply humiliated. However, the teachers differ greatly in their attitudes towards the punished because in *Rebecca* Miss Dearborn later realizes how badly she treated Rebecca and makes a due apology. On the other hand Mr. Philips makes no apology and Anne has to overcome her contempt towards him when her friendship with Diana is totally denied by Mrs. Barry after the tragic tea party. And she has to wait till Miss Stacy comes to take up her position to get enough encouragement to study.

Here we have to pay careful attention to the reasons for their punishment. While Anne was punished because she "was wandering happily in the far end of the grove, waist deep among the bracken, singing softly to herself, with a wreath of rice lilies on her hair as if she were some wild divinity of the shadowy places" (*Anne* 96) and was late for class, Rebecca annoyed her teacher tremendously, frequently asking for a permission to go the bucket to drink water during class because she "had salt mackerel for breakfast" (*Rebecca* 51). Anne is apparently enjoying herself wandering in the school woods alone, away from her bosom friend Diana. Take note of the fact that it happens on Anne's first days of school and in the same chapter she imagines Diana's wedding and starts crying vehemently over their imaginary separation. This mere fact reveals how much Anne cares for nature around her more than for Diana!

There are unpleasant characters who intend to hurt the feelings of others with insulting remarks; Minnie Smellie sings in front of the Simpsons a song about their notorious father and Josie Pye tells Anne, "I told him you were an orphan that the Cuthberts had adopted, and nobody knew very much about what you'd been before that" (*Anne* 223).

When Rebecca returns to the brick house, Aunt Jane speaks on behalf of her sister Miranda her apology to Rebecca, because Miranda with her obstinacy could not speak her heart out when she met Rebecca for the last time.

> "She was a good woman, Rebecca; she had a quick temper and a sharp tongue, but she wanted to do right, and she did it as near as she could. She never said so, but I'm sure she was sorry for every hard word she spoke to you; she didn't take'em back in life, but she acted so't you'd know her feeling when she was gone." (*Rebecca* 277)

And Marilla told Anne:

> "Oh, Anne, I know I've been kind of strict and harsh with you maybe —— but you mustn't think I didn't love you as well as Matthew did, for all that. I want to tell you now when I can. It's never been easy for me to say things out of my heart, but at times like this it's easier. I love you as dear as if you were my own flesh and blood and you've been my joy and comfort ever since you came to Green Gables." (*Anne* 235)

In this way Miranda and Marilla made up with Rebecca and Anne.

Finally, in the end of the story after the deaths of Miranda and Matthew, Rebecca and Anne resolve to keep the house where they spent their girlhood.

Wordings

Next I will just make notes of the wordings and expressions which seem similar:
Both Rebecca and Anne are expecting a long drive: Rebecca says, "I hope we have a long, long ways to go?" (*Rebecca* 11) and Anne says, "We've got to drive a long piece, haven't we?" (*Anne* 17)

Rebecca wants to sit out with Mr Cobb, saying "The stage is so much too big for me, that I rattle round in it till I'm most black and blue (*Rebecca* 10), and Anne shows her arm to Matthew and says, "my arm must be black and blue from the elbow up, for I've pinched myself so many times to-day" (*Anne* 24).

At the end of their drive, "this is the last long hill, and when we get to the top of it we'll see the chimneys of Riverboro in the distance (*Rebecca* 19-20). And in *Anne* "[w]hen they had driven up the further hill and around a corner Matthew said: 'We're pretty near home now. That's Green Gables over ——'" (*Anne* 23-24).

Miranda and Marilla show their contempt and distrust towards the newcomers: Miranda condemns Rebecca, "she probably never see a duster, and she'll be as hard to train into our ways as if she was a heathen" (*Rebecca* 31), and Marilla spits when she finds Anne has never says her prayer, "She's next door to a perfect heathen" (*Anne* 48).

Five Pairs of Nature Descriptions

Lastly I will examine the similar situations concerning the nature descriptions. There are five examples: naming of the places, the view from the window of their own room, the way they take to school, autumn colors of October, and their old haunts.

When Mr Cobb remarks, "I guess it don't make no difference what you call it so long as you know where it is" (*Rebecca* 16), Rebecca indignantly declares, "It does make a difference what you call things" (*Rebecca* 16), and tries to explain what different impressions you can get when you hear "Randal's Farm" from what you get when you hear "Sunnybrook Farm."

> There's a brook, but not a common brook. It has young trees and baby bushes on each side of it, and it's a shallow, chattering little brook, with a white sandy bottom and lots of little shiny pebbles. Whenever there's a bit of sunshine the brook catches it, and it's always full of sparkles the livelong day (*Rebecca* 16-17).

Although her description gives a clear picture of a brook under the sun, it is just a plain explanation and lacks some kind of emotional impact that makes us understand how dear it has

been to her.

On the other hand when Anne tries to find a suitable name for the Avenue,

> "Pretty? Oh, *pretty* doesn't seem the right word to use. Nor beautiful, either. They don't go far enough. Oh, it was wonderful —— wonderful. It's the first thing I ever saw that couldn't be improved upon by imagination. […] But they shouldn't call that lovely place the Avenue. There is no meaning in a name like that" (*Anne* 21-22).

When she hits upon the name "the White Way of Delight," the very rhythm of the name conjures up a vivid image. And we must remember that even though Anne goes through this flowery tunnel only once, the name "the White Way of Delight" makes such an impression in our mind that it remains for a long time. When Anne names things, the names themselves are full of familiar imagery and joy. And it may result from Anne's way of personification of nature, especially of trees, as the following:

> "Isn't that beautiful? What did that tree, leaning out from the bank, all white and lacy, make you think of?" she asked. "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 (*Anne* 17).

Both Rebecca and Anne have a window in their room. However, Rebecca is not interested in what she can see from her window. So its view is simply explained as it "looked out on the back buildings and the barn" (*Rebecca* 36-37). The passages in *Anne* are eloquent:

> It was broad daylight when Anne awoke and sat up in bed, staring confusedly at the window through which a flood of cheery sunshine was pouring and outside of which something white and feathery waved across glimpses of blue sky. […] it was a cherry-tree in full bloom outside of her window. […] Anne dropped on her knees and gazed out into the June morning, her eyes glistening with delight. Oh, wasn't it beautiful? Wasn't it a lovely place? Suppose she wasn't really going to stay here! She would imagine she was. There was scope for imagination here (*Anne* 31-32).

So you can realize the delight Anne finds in what she sees from her window. The rhetorical questions are resonant with her heart beat and make you feel both her admiration and her yearnings to stay at Green Gables. Anne always stands or sits near the window and looks out and enjoys the scenery most of the time, even when she is seriously thinking of her future. The

reason may be, as the titles of the books suggest, that while Anne has no home of her own to recall, Rebecca misses her own home with her dear mother, brothers and sisters. Rebecca has no immediate need to find anything better around the brick house than her family farm. So even when "[s]he sat by the window trying to make some sort of plan, watching the lightning play over the hilltop and the streams of rain chasing each other down the lightning-rod" (*Rebecca* 83), the decision she gets is to return to her home.

Both in *Rebecca* and in *Anne* there is a nature description about the path they take to go to school.

> When the dew was not too heavy and the weather was fair, there was a short-cut through the woods. She turned off the main road, crept through Uncle Josh Woodman's bars, waved away Mrs Carter's cows, trod the short grass of the pasture, with its well-worn path running through gardens of buttercups and whiteweed, and groves of ivory leaves and sweet ferns. She descended a little hill, jumped from stone to stone across a woodland brook, startling the drowsy frogs, who were always winking and blinking in the morning sun. Then came the 'woodsy bit', with her feet pressing the slippery carpet of brown pine-needles; the 'woodsy bit' so full of dewy morning surprises —— fungous growths of brilliant orange and crimson springing up round the stumps of dead trees, beautiful things born in a single night; and now and then, the miracle of a little clump of waxen Indian pipes, seen just quickly enough to be saved from her careless tread. Then she climbed a stile, went through a grassy meadow, slid under another pair of bars, and came out into the road again. […] How delicious it all was! (*Rebecca* 46)

> The way Anne and Diana went to school was a pretty one. Anne thought those walks to and from school with Diana couldn't be improved upon even by imagination. […] Anne, starting out alone in the morning, went down Lovers' Lane as far as the brook. Here Diana met her, and the two little girls went on up the lane under the leafy arch of maples —— "maples are such sociable trees," said Anne; "they're always rustling and whispering to you," —— until they came to a rustic bridge. Then they left the lane and walked through Mr. Barry's back field and past Willowmere. Beyond Willowmere came Violet Vale —— a little green dimple in the shadow of Mr. Andrew Bell's big woods. "Of course there are no violets there now," Anne told Marilla, "but Diana says there are millions of them in spring. Oh, Marilla, can't you just imagine you see them? It actually takes away my breath. I named it Violet Vale. […] Diana named the Birch Path. […] the Birch Path is one of the prettiest places in the world, Marilla." […] Other people besides Anne thought so when they stumbled on it. It was a little narrow, twisting path, winding down over a

long hill straight through Mr. Bell's woods, where the light came down sifted through so many emerald screens that it was as flawless as the heart of a diamond. It was fringed in all its length with slim young birches, white-stemmed and lissom boughed; ferns and starflowers and wild lilies-of-the-valley and scarlet tufts of pigeon berries' grew thickly along it; and always there was a delightful spiciness in the air and music of bird calls and the murmur and laugh of wood winds in the trees overhead. […] Down in the valley the path came out to the main road and then it was just up the spruce hill to the school (*Anne* 88-89).

The road Rebecca takes to school is described as "delicious." You can see how she goes, enjoying her walk, curious and full of energy. She goes through the pasture and a grassy meadow, across a woodland brook and over a little hill. She finds buttercups and whiteweed, and ivory leaves and sweet ferns, and fungi and waxen Indian pipes, and the colors mentioned here are those of fungi; orange and crimson and also of buttercups' yellow and white and brown decaying pine-needles.

The passages in *Anne* describe not only the way itself but are so full of Anne's comments on the new names for the places she loves. Her chatter is so cheerful in tones and full of satisfaction that all work together to make you feel as Anne does. Moreover, the author introduces other people's opinions to re-enforce the whole impression, particularly of Birch Path. The descriptions explain what kind of air is thick around her, the air she breathes, and what she perceives, and what she smells, with her senses, in short, what she enjoys; these descriptions lead the readers to also enjoy the imaginary air.

And while Rebecca meets the cows and "the drowsy frogs, who were always winking and blinking in the morning sun," Anne not only hears "music of bird calls and the murmur and laugh of wood winds in the trees overhead," but also realizes that "maples are always rustling and whispering to you." She smells "a delightful spiciness in the air" and observes "the light came down sifted through so many emerald screens that it was as flawless as the heart of a diamond." Anne uses almost all her senses to appreciate her way to school fully. And the path itself is "twisting" and "winding." The readers are left with their scope of imagination. They are invited to draw a precise picture of the path, picking any similar experience which might resound with her description.

There is quite a long passage on the autumn colors in *Rebecca*.

It was a glorious Indian summer day, which suggested nothing of Thanksgiving, near at hand as it was. It was a rustly day, a scarlet and buff, yellow and carmine, bronze and crimson day. There were still many leaves on the oaks and maples, making a goodly show

of red and brown and gold. The air was like sparkling cider, and every field had its heaps of yellow and russet good things to eat, all ready for the barns, the mills, and the markets. The horse forgot his twenty years, sniffed the sweet bright air, and trotted like a colt; Nokomis Mountain looked blue and clear in the distance; […] A gorgeous leaf blew into the wagon. "Does colour make you sort of dizzy? […] Perhaps dizzy isn't just the right word, but it's nearest. I'd like to eat colour, and drink it, and sleep in it" (*Rebecca* 118–119).

Compared to this the following passage in *Anne* is a rather compact one:

October was a beautiful month at Green Gables, when the birches in the hollow turned as golden as sunshine and the maples behind the orchard were royal crimson and the wild cherry-trees along the lane put on the loveliest shades of dark red and bronzy green, while the fields sunned themselves in aftermaths (*Anne* 101).

Here, the colors referred to in *Rebecca* are scarlet, buff, yellow, carmine, bronze and crimson on "a rustly day." The leaves of "the oaks and maples" are red and brown and gold. And apples are yellow and russet. The variations of color-referring adjectives in *Rebecca* excel those in *Anne* where you can find only four colors: golden, royal crimson, dark red, and bronzy green. And with the comment "The air was like sparkling cider" (*Rebecca* 118) you can feel the fresh air keenly. Yet the colors have no shades and tints to make your imagination work more vividly. Thus when Rebecca exclaims "I'd like to eat colour, and drink it, and sleep in it" (*Rebecca* 119), it is difficult to fully grasp what she intends to convey, while it is easy to draw the picture of Anne, speechless, "revelled in the world of colour about her" (*Anne* 101).

Immediately after she has graduated from Wareham, Rebecca returns to Sunnybrook Farm to help her mother with a fractured knee.

Rebecca walked through all the old playgrounds and favourite haunts of her early childhood […] There was the spot where the Indian pipes grew; the particular bit of marshy ground where the fringed gentians used to be largest and bluest; the rock maple where she found the oriole's nest; the hedge where the field-mice lived; the moss-covered stump where the white toadstools were wont to spring up as if by magic; the hole at the root of the old pine where an ancient and honourable toad made his home. […] The dear little sunny brook […] was sorry company at this season. There was no laughing water sparkling in the sunshine. In summer the merry stream had danced over white pebbles on its way to deep pools, where it could be still and think. Now, like Mira, it was cold and quiet, wrapped in its shroud of snow; but Rebecca knelt by the brink, and, putting her ear to the

> glaze of ice, fancied where it used to be deepest she could hear a faint tinkling sound. It was all right. Sunnybrook would sing again in the spring (*Rebecca* 153-154).

Anne also goes out to visit various places after she returned from Queen's:

> Anne had her good day in the companionship of the outdoor world. […] it was so bright and golden and fair, so free from shadow and so lavish of blossom. Anne spent some of its rich hours in the orchard; she went to the Dryad's Bubble and Willowmere and Violet Vale; […] and finally in the evening she went with Matthew for the cows, through Lovers' Lane to the back pasture. The woods were all gloried through with sunset and the warm splendour of it streamed down through the hill gaps in the west (*Anne* 232).

In these passages, too, *Rebecca* has longer passages than *Anne*. There are specific descriptions about her favorite haunts, with names of plants and animals. Only when the brook is mentioned, we are invited to follow how Rebecca feels inwardly. In *Anne* the place names are firmly associated with their particular images so far, so a mere mention of those names is sufficient enough to bring about their accumulated images and emotions.

I have compared five passages concerning nature descriptions of *Anne of Green Gables* with those of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, and shown that *Anne* has more effective nature descriptions than *Rebecca* does.

Before going over to discuss what makes the difference between *Rebecca* and *Anne*, I would like to quote one natural description in *Rebecca*. I am sure this makes the difference clear.

> while crossing the bridge she was suddenly overcome by the beauty of the river, and leaned over the newly painted rail to feast her eyes on the dashing torrent of the fall. […] The river above the dam was glassy lake, with all the loveliness of blue heaven and green shore reflected in its surface. The fall was a swirling wonder of water, ever pouring itself over and over inexhaustibly in luminous golden gushes, that lost themselves in snowy depths of foam. Sparkling in the sunshine, gleaming under the summer moon, cold and grey beneath a November sky, trickling over the dam in some burning July drought, swollen with turbulent power in some April freshet —— how many young eyes gazed into the mystery and majesty of the falls along that river (*Rebecca* 103-104).

In this passage, Rebecca is immersed in watching the river running into a fall. However, what she is doing is working on a poem, depicting the scene as the metaphor for her and her friend

Emma Jane. Thus she does not fully revel in the beauty of the scenery itself, but finds desirable images in it to represent the souls of her and her friend. For Rebecca the nature turns into an object for her to look and observe while for Anne it is something to share her feelings with, a companion.

Nature for Anne and Montgomery

The following are the two typical descriptions in *Anne of Green Gables*.

> The night was clear and frosty, all ebony of shadow and silver of snowy slope; big stars were shining over the silent fields; here and there the dark pointed firs stood up with snow powdering their branches and the wind whistling through them (*Anne* 118).

In the serenity of the winter night with most of the things in silhouette you can perceive the slightest stirring of the trees. Thus, the night is silent, yet breathing and alive.

> Anne revelled in the drive to the hall, slipping along over the satin-smooth roads with the snow crisping under the runners. There was a magnificent sunset, and the snowy hills and deep blue water of the St. Lawrence Gulf seemed to rim in the splendour like a huge bowl of pearl and sapphire brimmed with wine and fire. Tinkles of sleigh-bells and distant laughter, that seemed like the mirth of wood elves, came from every quarter (*Anne* 126).

Anne immerses herself in the nature itself and enjoys the nature as if it is something to drink like wine. Using metaphors she brews an imaginary wine, somewhat overwhelming and intoxicating.

In this way Montgomery deliberately uses sounds and small movements to indicate the particular quality of the air and night, and tactfully making a subtle choice among the wide variety of adverbs she draws particularly memorable faces of nature.

This attitude towards nature is particularly apparent in her journals. You can see how and what L. M. Montgomery feels in natural surroundings.

> This evening I went for a walk —— all alone but not lonely. I am sometimes lonely in the house or in uncongenial company, but I have never known a moment's loneliness in the woods and fields. I have ripe, rich, rare good company on these twilit rumbles. To-night, in spite of the world's sadness, I was not sad. I felt a conscious inner gladness as if there were in my soul something buoyant and immortal that rose above the decay and death of

the year.

The air was very clear and frosty. There were some wonderful sunset-lakes of crimson and gold among the dark western hills. The fields were gray and quiescent, as if brooding over old joys and folding their arms about baby possibilities that must be kept safe for another spring.

The woods were very silent. The birches and maples were bare and gray, but the firs were greener than ever and the frost had nipped them until the air about them was all resinous with their balsam. There is no sweeter odor than fir balsam on a frosty autumn night.

I went up through Lover's Lane —— not the Lover's Lane of June, lovely with the loneliness of spring and maidenhood but the Lover's Lane of autumn, beautiful with the beauty of a woman who has lived deeply and wept bitter tears and now wears her sorrow like a garment of praise.

A brook laughed to itself down in the hollow. Brooks are always in good spirits. They are always laughing. It is infectious to hear them —— those gay vagabonds of valleys and wildernesses. (Monday Oct. 31. 1904 *Journals* Vol. II 328-9)

The passage above is from an unpublished journal entry. For Montgomery, as it illustrates, "Nature" means the natural world where she could find joy and consolation. Although in winter snow storms made her realize how much she was isolated and alone, most of the time the nature represented by her favorite places provides a consolation for her, as you can see in the following statements in the journal: "I am sometimes lonely in the house or in uncongenial company, but I have never known a moment's loneliness in the woods and fields." (*Journals* Vol. II 267-8) Here she finds her dear friend in the nature. That is why she is able to depict some aspect of the nature as a stable tableau, and it remains in her mind for a long time and enervates her. And this explains what is behind Anne's yearning for beautiful things. Rebecca loves beautiful things and Nature also. Yet she has something that counts more than Nature: human relationships.

In addition to that you can hear an echo of the same journal entry in the Anne's speech on her first morning at Green Gables. "And I can hear the brook laughing all the way up here. Have you ever noticed what cheerful things brooks are? They're always laughing (*Anne* 32)." In this way we can find Anne's comments in Montgomery's journals. That means there at the back of her description of her story is what Montgomery writes in her journals and in that way what she feels towards nature is definitely reflected in her writing.

Conclusion

As a conclusion to this paper, I will refer to another journal entry:

> This August day was a great golden dulcet dream of peace through which the heart of summer I troubled with lazy rhythm. I went far afield in it to gather ferns. I put my lips to the cup of the day and drank deep —— deep —— deep. What a world to be glad of —— and in!
>
> To-night was lovely. An August night, calm, golden, dewless, can be very beautiful. I went for a walk over the hill. On its crest I saw a poem. Two spruces were clasping dark hands over all arc of silvery twilight sky; and right under the arch formed by their boughs was the new moon, like a sickle of red gold. I looked at it —— and thanked God for life in a world where such a sight could be seen. Will there be no new moons in heaven? No twilights? Oh, yes, there must be! (Friday Aug 4, 1905 *Journals* Vol. II 267-8)

This last quote from an unpublished journal entry shows how she reads a beautiful message in Nature with her "beauty-loving eye" firmly fixed on it. And it also explains that to Montgomery Nature herself gives rise to a deep joy inside her, which nourishes and enervates her to support and thus enabled her to live on. And this very joy is always there in her nature descriptions so that her readers find them impressive and convincing. The fact that Nature is to her a kind of kindred friend who never betrays her is the definite and final reason why her nature description is powerful while the nature description in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* lacks that power.

Works Cited:

Classen, Constance. "Is 'Anne of Green Gables' an American Import?" *CCL: Canadian Children's Literature/ Litterature canadienne pour la jeuness* 55 (1989): 42-50

Montgomery, L.M. *Anne of Green Gables*. Ed. Mary Henley Rubio & Elizabeth Waterston. New York: Norton, 2007

————. *Handwritten Journals* in the L.M. Montgomery Collection at the University of Guelph Library

Wiggin, Kate Douglas. *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* A. & C. Black, 1903. London: Penguin, 1985

This paper is based on what I presented at the Ninth Biennale International Conference of L. M. Montgomery, 2010.