

The 50 Most
Soul-stirring Proses in the World

世界上最优美的 50篇散文

(美) 海伦·凯勒等著 曲英姿译

英汉双语
典藏版

百年时光历练出的优美文字
世界文学史上最美妙的华章

世界上最美丽的英文



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The 50 Most Soul-stirring Prose in the World
50篇散文

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鲁迅在《怎么写》中指出：“散文的体裁，其实是大可以随便的。”冰心在《谈散文》中说：“散文比较自由。”正是由于具有“形散神不散”的不拘一格的表现方式，散文才成为古今中外无论山野村夫抑或达官显贵的最爱。本书精选了世界上最优美的 50 篇散文，其文笔清新隽永，语言优美凝练，构思别具匠心，感情深厚真挚。希望精彩的文字会给你带来精彩的生活。

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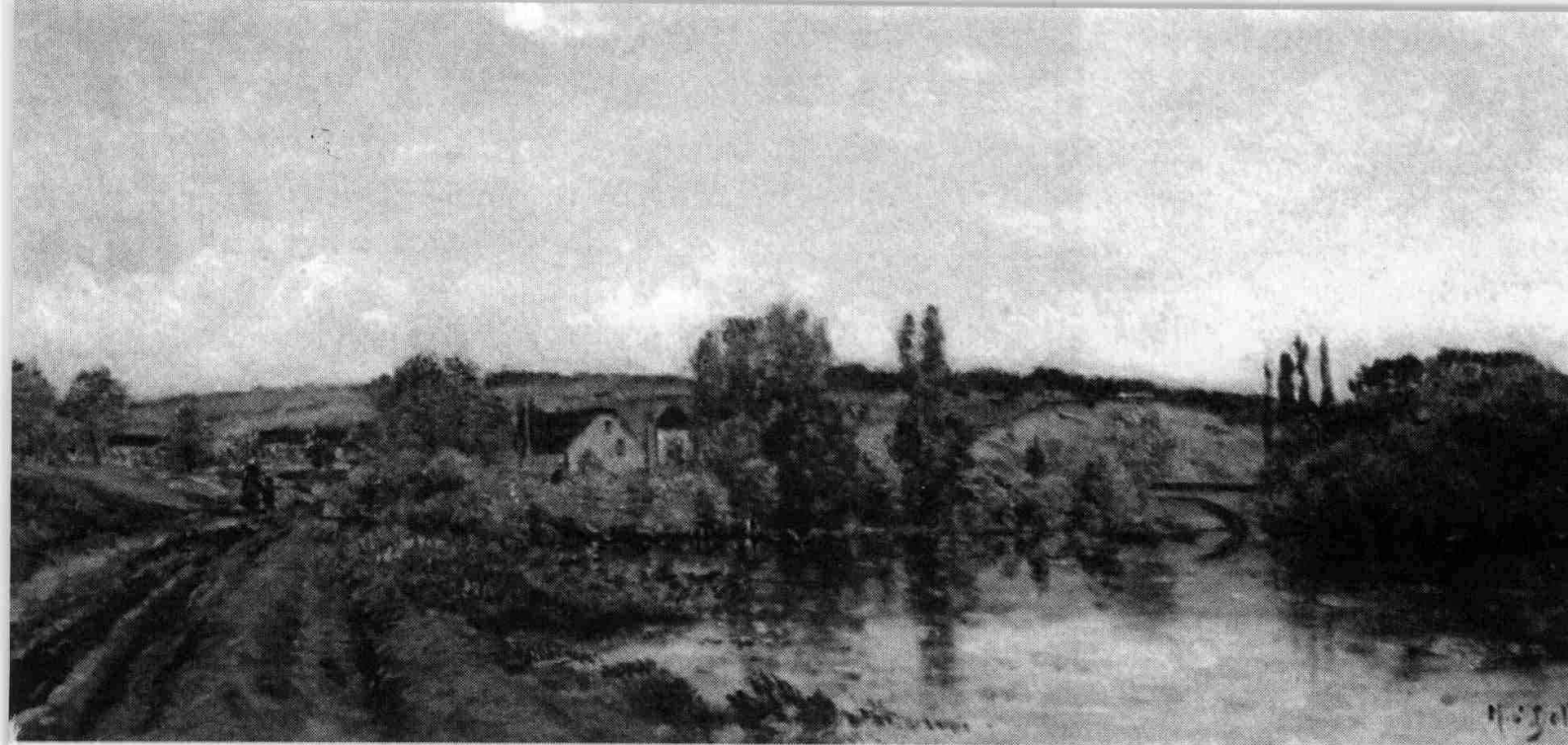
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前 言

PREFACE

世界上最优美的散文是哪一篇?世界上最感人的书信是谁写的?世界上最美丽的风景在哪里?一个个问题牵动我们的思绪,勾起我们的遐思。我们的心底泛起层层波澜,我们幻想着陶醉于自然美景中的惬意,我们心灵深处的清泉为它而流淌——“世界上最美丽的英文”。

我们无法一睹原作者的尊容,可是他们笔尖下的情诗依旧散发着馨香,他们讲台上的演讲仍然萦绕在我们耳畔,他们亲切的话语在信纸上娓娓道来,他们楚楚生情的语言滋养着我们的灵魂,他们展示给我们的梦幻旖旎的风景令我们身心舒畅。

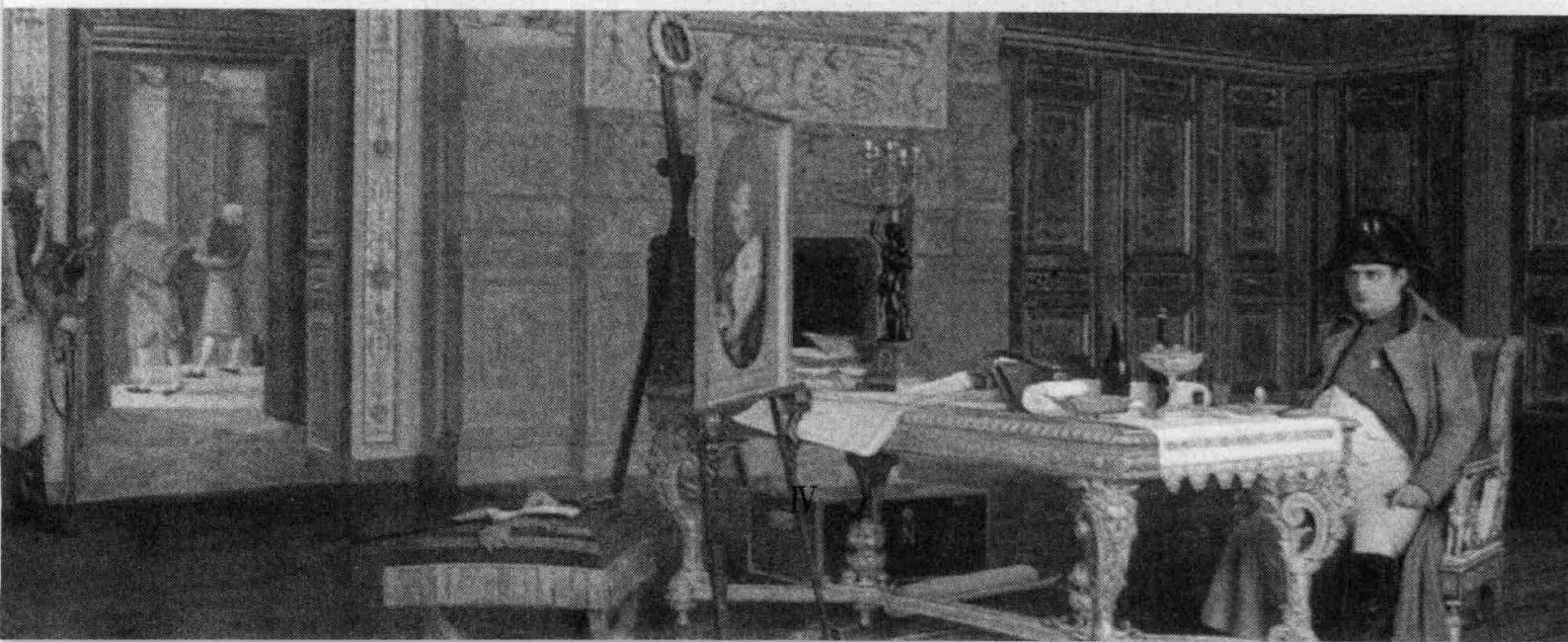
“世界上最美丽的英文”系列共8本,囊括了散文、诗歌、书信和演讲词等各种体裁,以满足不同读者的阅读口味。散文取材广泛,融合了记叙、说明、抒情、议论、描写等丰富多彩的表达方式,如同五彩斑斓的风景画,惹人喜爱,让人陶醉。诗歌融合了多种抒情方式,语言高度凝练,思想内容集中,想象丰富,集节奏感和韵律美于一身。书信以真实情感为核心,或抒情,或议论,或叙述,都是围绕作者的心灵体验和感悟而展开,亲切感人。演讲词语言绚丽多彩,既具美感,又催人奋进。

“世界上最美丽的英文”系列中各分册的文章皆选自外国名篇，并配有中文译文。英文原汁原味，中文凝聚着中国的文化韵味。二者思想境界相同而语言风格各具风采。不同的民族和地域都有自己独特的文化渊源、文化底蕴、文化精髓以及文化传统。西方文学是世界文学的一部分，也是世界文坛上一颗耀眼的明珠，与东方文学遥相媲美。

和东方文化的重精神性相比，西方文化更重物质性。因此，无论是议论、抒情，还是描写，西方文学都更加贴近现实物质世界，语言直白却又不失诙谐幽默，艺术表现形式直接而又不乏韵味。

无论是古代的还是现代的，无论是名人的大作还是普通人的小感触，它们都要么歌颂伟大的爱情，要么描写自然景观，要么催人奋进，要么赞颂生命，或悲凉或激昂，或扣人心弦或发人深思；它们都向我们展示了一种美——容貌的美、心灵的美、爱情的美、精神的美、生命的美、自然的美……大自然把美赐予我们，文学把这种美表现出来。唯有敞开心扉，才能让这种美流入我们的心田，滋润我们的生命。纵然年华易逝，但只要有美，生命的魅力就会像陈年佳酿一样，历久弥香。

考虑到广大读者的理解和欣赏需要，我们为部分分册适当增加了作者简介、作品赏析、背景赏析以及单词解析等，以便帮助读者更好地阅读和学习，做到学有所获。



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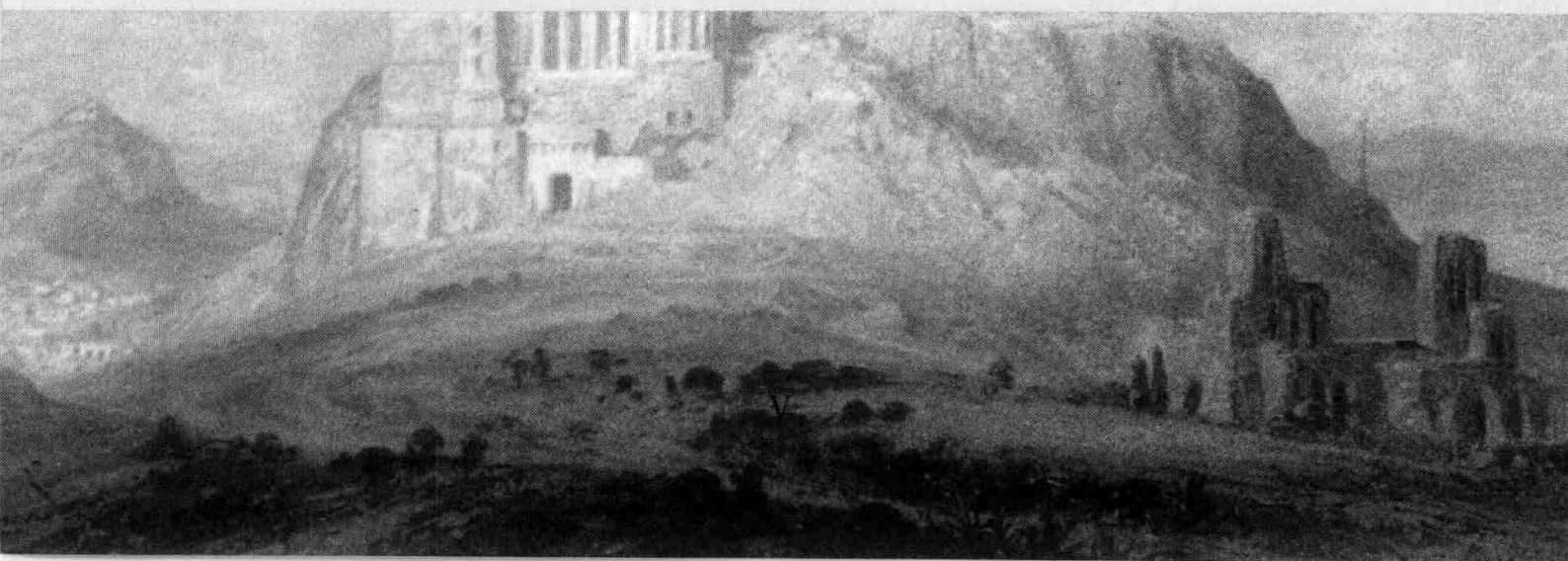
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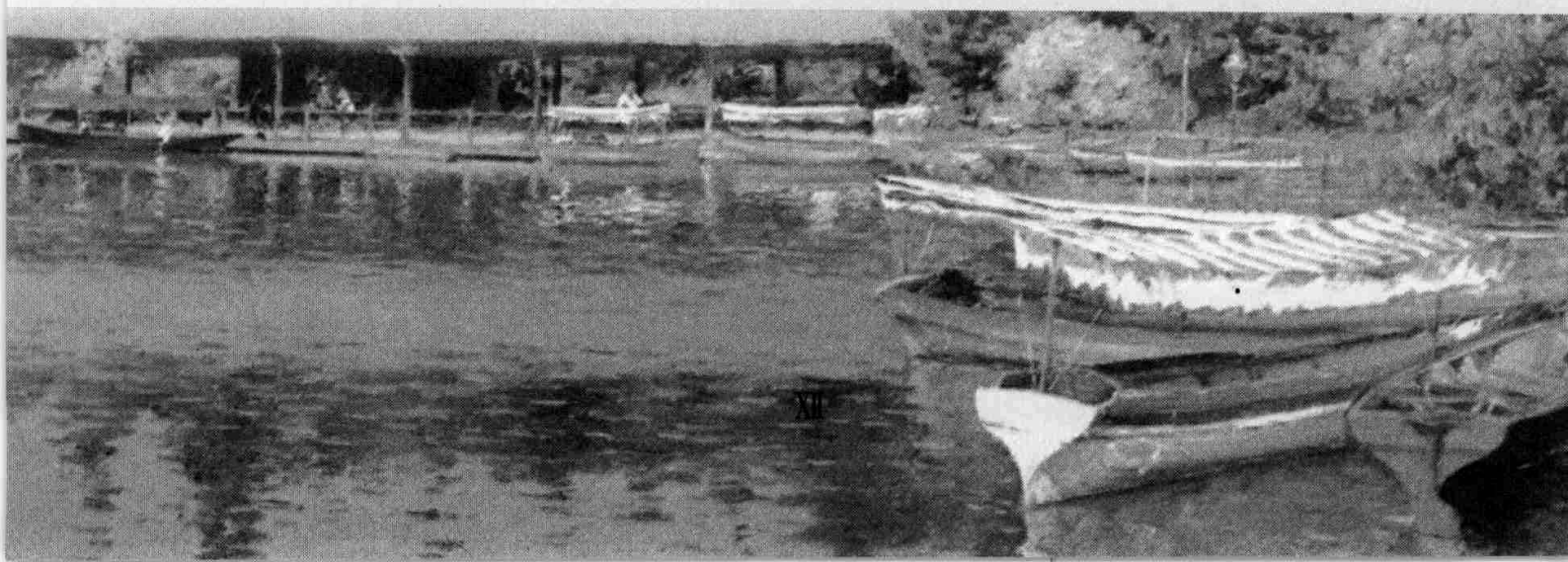
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Part 1

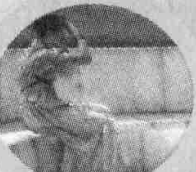
The Road to Success

我相信,个人拥有至高无上的价值,拥有生存、自由与追求幸福的权利。

我相信,每一项权利都必然包含着一种责任,每一个机会都必然包含着一种义务,每一次获得都必然包含着一种职责。

我相信,法律是为人而制,人却并非为法律而生;政府是人民的仆人,而非人民的主人。

我相信,不论是脑力或体力劳动,都拥有尊严;世界不会让人不劳而获,但会给人一次谋生的机会。



第一卷

成功之路

Three Days to See

Helen Keller

作者简介

海伦·凯勒 (Helen Keller, 1880—1968), 美国盲聋哑女作家和残障教育家。她自强不息, 凭借惊人的毅力掌握了英文、法文、德文、拉丁文和希腊文五种文字, 并走遍美国和世界其他地区, 为盲人学校募集资金, 把自己的一生献给了盲人福利和教育事业。她赢得了世界各国人民的赞扬, 并得到许多国家政府的嘉奖。

All of us have read thrilling stories in which the hero had only a limited and specified time to live. Sometimes it was as long as a year; sometimes as short as twenty-four hours. But always we were interested in discovering just how the doomed man chose to spend his last days or his last hours. I speak, of course, of free men who have a choice, not condemned criminals whose sphere of activities is strictly delimited.

Such stories set us thinking, wondering what we should do under similar circumstances. What associations should we crowd into those last hours as mortal beings? What happiness should we find in reviewing the past, what regrets?

Sometimes I have thought it would be an excellent rule to live each day as if we should die tomorrow. Such an attitude would emphasize sharply the values

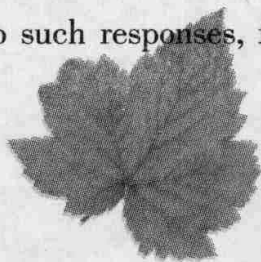
of life. We should live each day with a gentleness, a vigor, and a keenness of appreciation which are often lost when time stretches before us in the constant panorama of more days and months and years to come. There are those, of course, who would adopt the epicurean motto of "eat, drink, and be merry", most people would be chastened by the certainty of impending death.

Most of us take life for granted. We know that one day we must die, but usually we picture that day as far in the future. When we are in buoyant health, death is all but unimaginable. We seldom think of it. The days stretch out in an endless vista. So we go about our petty tasks, hardly aware of our listless attitude towards life.

The same lethargy, I am afraid, characterizes the use of our faculties and senses. Only the deaf appreciate hearing, only the blind realize the manifold blessings that lie in sight. Particularly does this observation apply to those who have lost sight and hearing in adult life. But those who have never suffered impairment of sight or hearing seldom make the fullest use of these blessed faculties. Their eyes and ears take in all sights and sounds hazily, without concentration, and with little appreciation. It is the same old story of not being grateful for what we have until we lose it, of not conscious of health until we are ill.

I have often thought it would be a blessing if each human being were stricken blind and deaf for a few days at some time during his early adult life. Darkness would make him more appreciative of sight; silence would teach him the joys of sound.

Now and then I have tested my seeing friends to discover what they see. Recently I was visited by a very good friend who had just returned from a long walk in the woods, and I asked her what she had observed. "Nothing in particular," she replied. I might have been incredulous had I not been accustomed to such responses, for long ago I became convinced that the seeing see little.



How was it possible, I asked myself, to walk for an hour through the woods and see nothing worthy of note? I who cannot see find hundreds of things to interest me through mere touch. I feel the delicate symmetry of a leaf. I pass my hands lovingly about the smooth skin of a silver birch, or the rough shaggy bark of a pine. In spring I touch the branches of trees hopefully in search of a bud, the first sign of awakening Nature after her winter's sleep. I feel the delightful, velvety texture of a flower, and discover its remarkable convolutions; and something of the miracle of Nature is revealed to me. Occasionally, if I am very fortunate, I place my hand gently in a small tree and feel the happy quiver of a bird in full song. I am delighted to have cool waters of a brook rush through my open fingers. To me a lush carpet of pine needles or spongy grass is more welcome than the most luxurious Persian rug. To me the pageant of seasons is a thrilling and unending drama, the action of which streams through my finger tips. At times my heart cries out with longing to see all these things. If I can get so much pleasure from mere touch, how much more beauty must be revealed by sight. Yet, those who have eyes apparently see little. The panorama of color and action which fills the world is taken for granted. It is human, perhaps, to appreciate little that which we have to long for that which we have not, but it is a great pity that in the world of light the gift of sight is used only as mere convenience rather than as a means of adding fullness to life.

Oh, the things that I should see if I had the power of sight for three days!





假如给我三天光明

(美)海伦·凯勒

我们经常会读到这样一些感人至深的故事：文中的主人公将于不久离开人世，他们剩余的时间，长则一年，短则一天。我们总是急于知道这个不幸的人会怎么度过他最后的人生时光。当然，我指的是那些能自由做出选择的人，而不是那些言行受到严格限制的死刑犯。

这类故事往往会引起我们的思考，设想在类似的处境下我们会怎么做。在临终前的几个小时里，我们会联想到什么？对于往事，我们有多少欣慰和懊悔呢？

有时我想，如果我们把每一天都当做生命的最后一天来度过，这将会是一种很好的生活法则。这种生活态度能够让我们意识到生命的价值。每一天，我们都应该以和善的态度、充沛的精力和无比的热情来应对并享受生活，但我们往往认为来日方长而漠视了这些。当然，有些人奉行享乐主义，他们视“吃喝玩乐”为座右铭。然而，绝大多数的人无法摆脱死亡来袭的恐慌。

很多人认为生命是理所当然的。我们知道有一天我们也会死去，但那一天还在遥远的未来，在我们风华正茂时，我们无法想象死亡。我们很少考虑到它，日子一天天过去，永不停息。我们周旋于生活的细枝末节，并没有意识到我们对待生活是冷漠的。

同样，恐怕我们在运用五官时也是心怀冷漠。只有耳聋的人才会意识到听力的重要，只有盲人才能感受到重见光明的幸运。那些成年后才致盲或失明的人，感受会更加深切。然而，那些听力或者视力从未遭受任何损伤的人，却很少充分利用这份天赐的机能。他们眼观四路，耳听八方，却对所见所闻无动于衷，毫不珍惜。这与我们常说的失去才知道珍惜，生病后才知道健康的重要的道理一样。

我经常想，如果每个人在年少时，经历过几天聋瞎的日子无疑是一件幸事。黑暗使他学会珍惜光明；沉寂让他懂得声音的美妙。

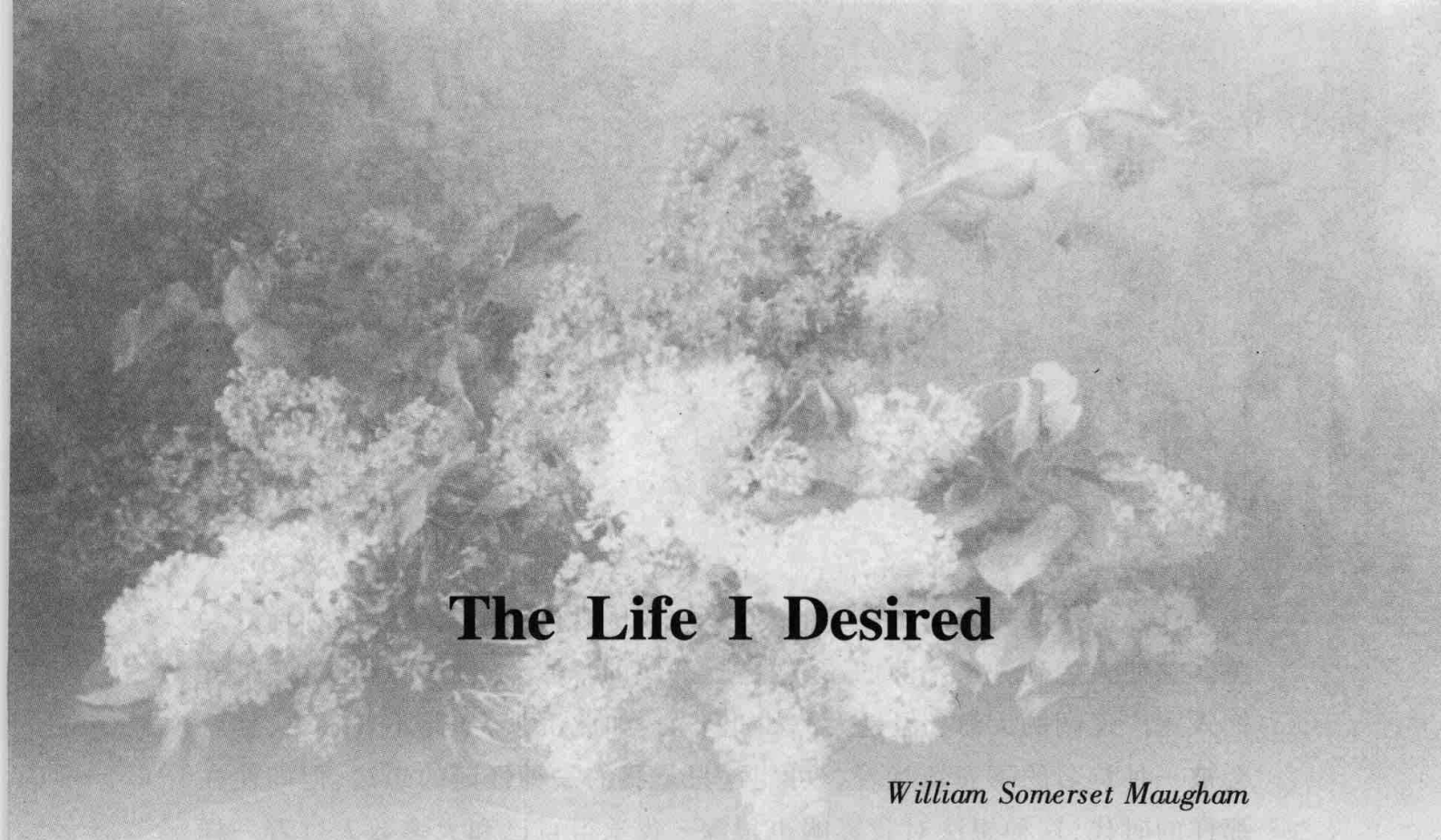
时不时地,我会试探我那些视力正常的朋友,想知道他们看到了什么。最近,一位挚友来看我。她刚刚在一片树林里漫步了很长时间,我问她看到了什么。“没有什么特别的啊,”她这样回答我。如果不是对这类回答习以为常,我是不会轻易相信的。但在很久以前,我就相信:视力正常的人往往看不到什么。

在林中走了一个小时,怎么可能没发现一个值得注意的东西呢?我默默地问自己。作为一个盲人,我仅仅通过触摸就发现了无数有趣的东西。我感受到了树叶的对称美。我用手轻轻抚摸,感受到了白桦树光滑的树皮和松树那粗糙厚重的表皮。春天里,我满怀希望地触摸树枝来寻找新芽,那是大自然在冬天沉睡后醒来的第一道预示。我触摸花朵,感受它令人快乐的、丝绒般的纹理,花瓣卷绕着慢慢绽放。大自然神奇的画卷在我面前展现开来。有时候,我把手轻轻放在一棵小树上,偶尔也会很幸运地感受到小鸟欢歌时快乐的颤动。当清凉的溪水从我舒展的指尖流过,无比的愉悦就在我心头涌现。于我而言,由满地厚厚的松针铺就的地毯或是松软的草坪比奢华的波斯地毯更令我着迷。在我看来,四季更替的景色如同一幕动人心弦、永不完结的戏剧,剧中人物的动作在我指间活跃。带着对光明的渴求,我的心不停地在呐喊。仅仅通过触摸,我就能够获得如此多的快乐,那么光明展现给我的事物,将会是何等的美妙啊。可惜的是,那些拥有光明的人却看得很少。他们视世界的缤纷多彩和生机盎然为理所当然。不懂得珍惜已有的,对未得到的东西却汲汲以求。这也许是人的天性,然而,在光明的世界里只把视觉看做一种便利的工具,而不是生活的添色剂,是一件多么悲哀的事情啊。

噢,假如给我三天光明,我将会看到多少事物啊!

简评

三天之后,假如你会失去光明,亲爱的朋友,在这光明仅存的三天里,你会做些什么呢?我们很少去思索这类问题,因为我们大多数人,都视我们所拥有的为理所当然。一旦真正失去了心爱的东西,才会后悔当初没有珍惜它。在这篇散文中,海伦·凯勒以一个身残志坚的柔弱女子的视角,满怀深情地娓娓道出了自己作为一个盲人的切实感受和美好愿望。告诫身体健全的人们应珍惜生命,珍惜造物主赐予的一切。



The Life I Desired

William Somerset Maugham

作者简介

威廉·萨姆塞特·毛姆(William Somerset Maugham, 1874—1965), 英国小说家、剧作家, 是二十世纪最受读者欢迎的作家之一。代表作有选集《毛姆作品选》, 长篇小说《人生的枷锁》和《月亮和六便士》。毛姆的语言生动自然, 幽默俏皮, 使人感到清新有力。

That must be the story of innumerable couples, and the pattern of life it offers has a homely grace. It reminds you of a placid rivulet, meandering smoothly through green pastures and shaded by pleasant trees, till at last it falls into the vasty sea, but the sea is so calm, so silent, so indifferent, that you are troubled suddenly by a vague uneasiness. Perhaps it is only by a kink in my nature, strong in me even in those days, that I felt in such an existence, the share of the great majority, something amiss. I recognized its social value. I saw its ordered happiness, but a fever in my blood asked for a wilder course. There seemed to me something alarming in such easy delights. In my heart was a desire to live more dangerously. I was not unprepared for jagged rocks and treacherous shoals if I could only have change—change and the excitement of the unforeseen.

我所追求的生活

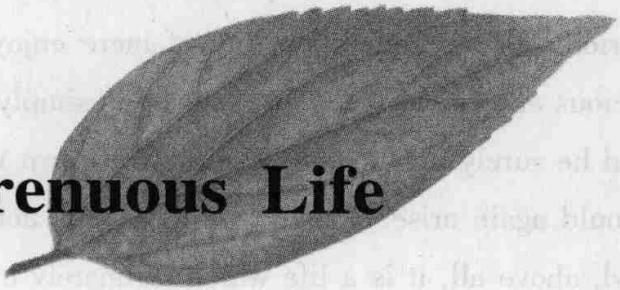
(英)威廉·萨姆塞特·毛姆

这必定是世间无数对夫妻的真实写照,这种生活模式给人一种恬静之美。它使人想到一条平静的溪流,穿越鲜绿的草原,淹没在绿树丛中,最终汇入宽广辽阔的大海;但是大海如此平静,如此沉默,如此不言不语,你就会被一种莫名的不安烦扰着。可能这只是我的一种怪诞的想法,但即使在那样的时代,这种想法对我影响也很深:我觉得自己和大多数人过着一样的生活,总带有某种欠缺。我认同这种生活的社会价值,我看到了遵守秩序得到的幸福。但是流淌于我血液中的冲动催促着我去开始一段桀骜不驯的旅程。这种安逸,暗藏了一种令我惶恐不安的因素。我的内心在渴求一种更加刺激的生活。如果生活中还能有变迁,还能有不可预知的刺激,我愿意攀登怪石嶙峋的山崖,奔赴险象环生的海滩。

简评

作品以其对人性敏锐深刻的洞察、睿智活泼的语言、旖旎的异国情调赢得了广泛的赞誉。在这篇散文中,毛姆以细腻的笔触,道出了自己对生活的感悟,以及追求一种独特生活模式,不拘囿于世俗生活的美好情怀。





The Strenuous Life

Theodore Roosevelt

作者简介

西奥多·罗斯福(Theodore Roosevelt, 1858—1919), 美国第 26 任总统、作家、探险家和军事家, 毕业于哈佛大学, 曾发表《勤奋地生活》演说, 旨在针对 19 世纪末美国骄奢淫逸、贪图享乐之风, 籍此文以遏制当时的腐败现象。本文《艰辛人生》也反映了他这种反对怠惰安逸的人生态度, 崇尚奋斗的人生思想。

A life of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual.

We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune.

But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period, not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, even though perhaps not of vicious enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer of the earth's surface, and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat.





艰辛人生

(美)西奥多·罗斯福

怠惰安逸的生活,由于缺少追寻伟大事物的愿望或能力而导致的悠闲,对国家和个人都没有价值。

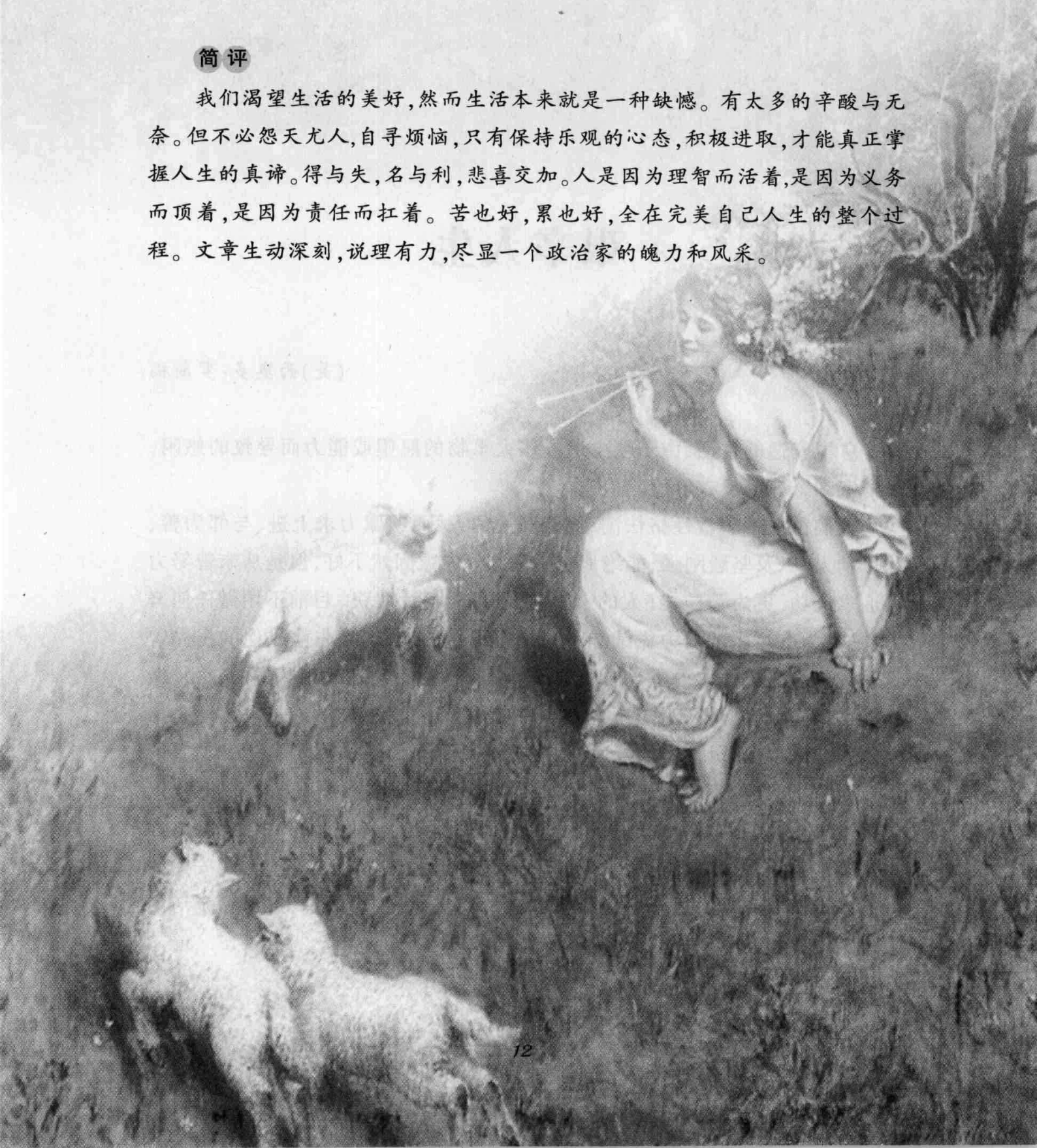
人们往往不欣赏性格怯懦、痴迷安逸的人,而钦佩力求上进、与邻为善、乐于助人,以及坚毅刚强、能绝地求生的人。失败固然不好,但是从未曾努力去追求成功,更为糟糕。在人的一生中,不可能不劳而获。目前不用做任何努力,是因为有过去的努力做铺垫。一个人不必去工作,除非他或他的祖先曾经通过努力的工作取得了丰厚的收入。如果他能正确地运用此类的自由,做些种类不同但实际的工作,不论是当一名作家还是将军,不论是政客还是探险家,他都没有辜负自己的好运。

但是,如果他不将这段无需从事实际工作的自由时期用于准备,而仅仅是用于享乐,哪怕这种享乐并不邪恶,他就只是地球表面上的一个累赘。如果需要从事工作的时期再度出现的话,他肯定无法在同僚之中立足。安逸的生活毕竟不是一种令人满意的生活状态。而且,最主要的是,过那种生活的人肯定没有担当重任的能力。

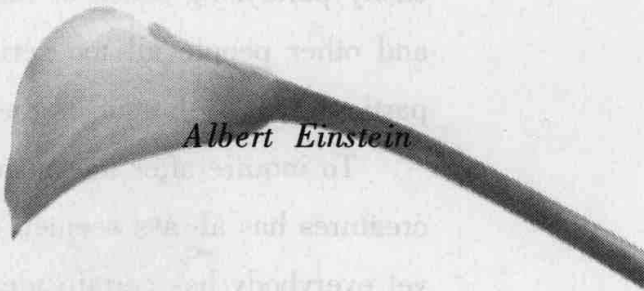
这种情形,对个人如此,对国家也同样适用。那些说一个幸福的国家就是没有历史的国家的言论全是卑鄙的谎言。得天独厚的优越感来自一个国家光荣的历史。冒险去从事伟大的事业并赢得光荣的胜利,尽管其中也有失败,也远胜于沦落为平庸之辈,因为他们生活在既无得意之欢也无失意之痛的灰暗中。

简评

我们渴望生活的美好,然而生活本来就是一种缺憾。有太多的辛酸与无奈。但不必怨天尤人,自寻烦恼,只有保持乐观的心态,积极进取,才能真正掌握人生的真谛。得与失,名与利,悲喜交加。人是因为理智而活着,是因为义务而顶着,是因为责任而扛着。苦也好,累也好,全在完美自己人生的整个过程。文章生动深刻,说理有力,尽显一个政治家的魄力和风采。



The World As I See It



Albert Einstein

作者简介

阿尔伯特·爱因斯坦 (Albert Einstein, 1879—1955), 举世闻名的德裔美籍科学家, 犹太人, 现代物理学的开创者和奠基人, 相对论、“质能关系”的提出者, “决定论量子力学诠释”的捍卫者 (振动的粒子)——不掷骰子的上帝。1999年12月26日, 爱因斯坦被美国《时代》周刊评选为“世纪伟人”。

How strange is the lot of us mortals! Each of us is here for a brief sojourn; for what purpose he knows not, though he sometimes thinks he senses it. But without deeper reflection one knows from daily life that one exists for other people—first of all for those upon whose smiles and well-being our own happiness is wholly dependent; and then for the many, unknown to us, to whose destinies we are bound by the ties of sympathy. A hundred times every day I remind myself that my inner and outer life are based on the labors of other men, living and dead, and that I must exert myself in order to give in the same measure as I have received and am still receiving. I am strongly drawn to a frugal life and am often oppressively aware that I am engrossing an undue amount of the labor of my fellow men. I regard class distinctions as unjustified and, in the last resort, based on force. I also believe that a simple and unassuming life is good for everybody, physically and mentally. I do not at all believe in human freedom in the philosophical sense. Everybody acts not only under external compulsion but also in accordance with inner necessity. Schopenhauer's saying, “A man can do what he wants, but not want what he

wants," has been a very real inspiration to me since my youth; it has been a continual consolation in the face of life's hardships, my own and others, and an unflinching well-spring of tolerance. This realization mercifully mitigates the easily paralyzing sense of responsibility and prevents us from taking ourselves and other people all too seriously; it is conducive to a view of life which, in particular, gives humor its due.

To inquire after the meaning or object of one's own existence or that of all creatures has always seemed absurd to me from an objective point of view. And yet everybody has certain ideals which determine the direction of his endeavors and his judgments. In this sense I have never looked upon ease and happiness as ends in themselves—this ethical basis I call the ideal of a pigsty. The ideals which have lighted my way, and time after time have given me new courage to face life cheerfully, have been Kindness, Beauty, and Truth. Without the sense of kinship with men of like mind, without the occupation with the objective world, the eternally unattainable in the field of art and scientific endeavors, life would have seemed to me empty. The trite objects of human efforts—possessions, outward success, luxury—have always seemed to me contemptible.

My passionate sense of social justice and social responsibility has always contrasted oddly with my pronounced lack of need for direct contact with other human beings and human communities. I am truly a "lone traveler" and have never belonged to my country, my home, my friend, or even my immediate family, with my whole heart; in the face of all these ties, I have never lost a sense of distance and a need for solitude feelings which increase with the years. One becomes sharply aware, but without regret, of the limits of mutual understanding and consonance with other people. No doubt, such a person loses some of his innocence and unconcern; on the other hand, he is largely independent, of the opinions, habits, and judgments of his fellows and avoids the temptation to build his inner equilibrium upon such insecure foundations.

My political ideal is democracy. Let every man be respected as an individual and no man idolized. It is an irony of fate that I myself have been the recipient of excessive admiration and reverence from my fellow being, through

no fault, and no merit, of my own. The cause of this may well be the desire, unattainable for many, to understand the few ideas to which I have with my feeble powers attained through ceaseless struggle. I am quite aware that it is necessary for the achievement of the objective of an organization that one man should do the thinking and directing and generally bear the responsibility. But the led must not be coerced; they must be able to choose their leader. An autocratic system of coercion, in my opinion, soon degenerates. For force always attracts men of low morality, and I believe it to be an invariable rule that tyrants of genius are succeeded by scoundrels. For this reason I have always been passionately opposed to systems such as we see in Italy and Russia today. The thing that has brought discredit upon the form of democracy as it exists in Europe today is not to be laid to the door of the democratic principle as such, but to the lack of stability of governments and to the impersonal character of the electoral system. I believe that in this respect the United States of America have found the right way. They have a responsible president who is elected for a sufficient long period and has sufficient powers to be really responsible. What I value, on the other hand, in the German political system is the more extensive provision that it makes for the individual in case of illness or need. The really valuable thing in the pageant of human life seems to me not the political state, but the creative, sentient individual, the personality; it alone creates the noble and the sublime, while the herd as such remains dull in thought and dull in feeling.

This topic brings me to that worst outcrop of herd life, the military system, which I abhor. That a man can take pleasure in marching in fours to the strains of a band is enough to make me despise him. He has only been given his big brain by mistake; unprotected spinal marrow was all he needed. This plague spot of civilization ought to be abolished with all possible speed. Heroism on command, senseless violence, and all the loathsome nonsense that goes by the name of patriotism—how passionately I hate them! How vile and despicable seems war to me! I would rather be hacked in pieces than take part in such an abominable business. My opinion of the human race is high enough that I

believe this bogey would have disappeared long ago, had the sound sense of the peoples not been systematically corrupted by commercial and political interests acting through the schools and the press.

The most beautiful experience we can have is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion which stands at the cradle of true art and true science. Whoever does not know it and can no longer wonder, no longer marvel, is as good as dead, and his eyes are dimmed. It was the experience of mystery—even if mixed with fear—that engendered religion. A knowledge of the existence of something we cannot penetrate, our perceptions of the profoundest reason and the most radiant beauty, which only in their most primitive forms are accessible to our minds—it is this knowledge and this emotion that constitute true religiosity; in this sense, and in this alone, I am a deeply religious man. I can not conceive of a God who rewards and punishes his creatures, or has a will of the kind that we experience in ourselves. Neither can I nor would I want to conceive of an individual that survives his physical death; let feeble souls, from fear of absurd egoism, cherish such thoughts. I am satisfied with the mystery of the eternity of life and with the awareness and a glimpse of the marvelous structure of the existing world, together with the devoted striving to comprehend a portion, be it ever so tiny, of the Reason that manifests itself in nature.



我的世界观

(美)阿尔伯特·爱因斯坦

凡人的命运多么奇特啊！我们每个人都是这世界上一个过客；为什么而生，却说不清道不明，尽管有时候好像有所感悟。但是，无需深思熟虑，通过日常生活我们就可以明白：人是为别人而生的——首先是为这样一些人，他们的喜悦和健康左右着我们的幸福；其次是为许多不为我们所认识的人，通过同情的纽带，他们的命运同我们密切结合在一起。每天，我会上百次的提醒自己：我的精神生活和物质生活都是以别人，无论生者或死者的劳动为基础的，我必须如数奉还我所领受了的和至今还在领受着的东西。我十分向往俭朴的生活，并且时常为自己占用了同胞过多劳动成就而焦躁不安。在我看来，阶级的区分是不合理的，它最终所凭借的还是暴力。我也相信，简单淳朴的生活，无论在身体上还是在精神上，对每个人都是有好处的。

我完全不相信人类会享有那种哲学意义上的自由。每一个人，其行为不仅受着外界的制约，还必须与内在的需求协调一致。叔本华说：“人虽然能够做他所想做的，但不能要他所想要的。”从青年时代起，这句格言就给了我真正的启示；在我自己和别人的生活面临困难的时候，它总是使我们得到安慰，它是宽容持续不断的源泉。这种体会，可以满怀善意地帮我们减轻那种使人容易气馁的责任感，也可以防止我们过于严肃地对待自己和别人；它铸就了一种人生观，特别的是，它赋予了幽默应有的地位。

客观地说，我总觉得要探寻一个人或其他生物生存的意义或目标，是十分荒谬的。确实，每个人都有一些理想，这些理想决定着他努力和判断的方向。在这个意义上，安逸和享乐从来不是我生活的目的——我把这种伦理基础叫做猪圈理想。是善、美和真，照亮了我前行的道路，给予了我一次次面对生活的勇气。在我看来，要是没有志同道合者之间的亲切感情，要不是全神贯注于客观世界——那个在艺术和科学工作领域里永远达不到的境界，那

么在我看来,生活就会是空虚的。我总觉得,人们所努力追求的财产、虚荣、奢侈的生活,都是俗不可耐、卑鄙至极的。

我有很强的社会正义感和社会责任感,但我又明显地缺乏与别人和社会直接接触的需求,这两者总是形成古怪的对照。我实在是一个“独行侠”,我未曾全心全意地属于我的国家、我的家庭、我的朋友甚至我的至亲;在所有这些关系面前,我总是感觉到要保持一定距离而且需要坚守孤独——而这种感受现在越来越强烈。人们会清楚地发觉:同别人的相互了解和协调一致是有限度的,但这不值得惋惜。无疑,在某种程度上,这样的人会失去他的天真无邪和无忧无虑的心境;但另一方面,他却能够在很大程度上不为别人的意见、习惯和判断所左右,更重要的是,他还能够抵制那种把他的内心平衡建立在这样一些不可靠的事物之上的诱惑。

民主政体是我的政治理想。让每一个人都作为个人而受到尊重,不让任何人成为被崇拜的偶像。可笑的是,无论我是对是错,我自己一直受到同代人的过分赞扬和尊敬。大概是因为人们有一种愿望——想理解我微尽绵力,反复斗争所获得的少数几个观念。而很多人并未实现这种愿望。我完全明白,一个组织要实现它的目的,就必须有一个人去思考,去指挥并且担负起全部责任来。但是被领导的人不应当受到强迫,他们必须能够选择自己的领袖。在我看来,强迫的专制制度很快就会腐化堕落。因为暴力所招引来的总是一些品德低劣的人,而且我相信一条千古不易的规律:天才的暴君总是由无赖来继承的。正因为这样,我总强烈地反对意大利和俄国现行的制度。欧洲今天所存在的情况,已使得民主形式受到怀疑,这不能归咎于民主原则本身,而是由于政府的不稳定以及选举制度中与个人无关的因素。我相信美国在这方面已经找到了正确的道路。他们选出了一个拥有足够长任期、充分权利、能真正履行职责的总统。另一方面,我所看重的是德国政治制度为救济患病或贫困的人作出了广泛的规定。在丰富多彩的人生舞台上,我觉得真正可贵的,不是政治上的国家,而是有创造性的、有感情的人,是人格;只有个人才能创造出高尚和卓越的东西,而群众无论在思想上还是在感觉上,总是迟钝的。

讲到这里,我想起了群众生活中最坏的一种表现,那就是我所深恶痛绝的军事制度。一个人能够随着军乐队在四列纵队里洋洋得意地行进,单凭这一点就足以使我对他鄙夷不屑。他之所以长了一个大脑,完全是造物主的失

误;他只需要骨髓就够了。这种文明的祸根应当尽快加以消灭。任人支配的英雄主义、冷酷无情的暴行,以及打着爱国主义旗号所进行的一切可恶的胡闹,都使我厌恶不已!战争是多么卑鄙、下流!我宁愿被千刀万剐,也不愿参与这种可恶的勾当。尽管如此,我还是十分崇尚人类的,我相信,人民的健康感情如果没有遭到那些利用学校和报纸而起作用的商业和政治利益的蓄意败坏,战争这个妖魔早就该魂飞魄散了。

奥秘的经验是我们所能拥有的最美好的经验。它是坚守在真正艺术和真正科学发源地上的基本感情。谁要是体验不到它,不再有好奇心,不再有惊讶的感觉,那他就无异于行尸走肉,他的眼睛便是混浊不清的。就是这样奥秘的经验——即使掺杂着恐惧——产生了宗教。我们认识到有某种为我们所不能洞察的东西存在,感觉到那种只能以其最原始的形式接近我们的心灵的最深奥的理性和最灿烂的美——正是这种认识 and 情感构成了真正的宗教感情;而且只有在这个意义上,我才是一个具有深挚的宗教感情的人。我无法想象存在这样一个上帝,它会赏罚自己的创造物,会具有同我们一样的那种意志。我不能也不愿去想象一个人肉体死亡以后生命还能延续;让那些软弱的灵魂,在恐惧或者可笑的唯我论中,去鼓吹这种思想吧!我只求满足于生命永恒的奥秘,满足于觉察现存世界的神奇结构,窥见它的一鳞半爪,并且以诚挚的努力去领悟在自然界中显示出来的理性的那一部分。如果真能这样,即使只领悟其极小的那一部分,我也就如愿以偿了。

简评

阿尔伯特·爱因斯坦不单是伟大的科学家,其思想的伟大之处也令人肃然起敬。他在追问人生的意义中,展现了自己的社会责任感、政治理想和孜孜不倦的科学追求。他的世界观,客观现实、明确清晰、高远伟大,值得我们思考和学习。





If I Rest, I Rust

Orison Marden

作者简介

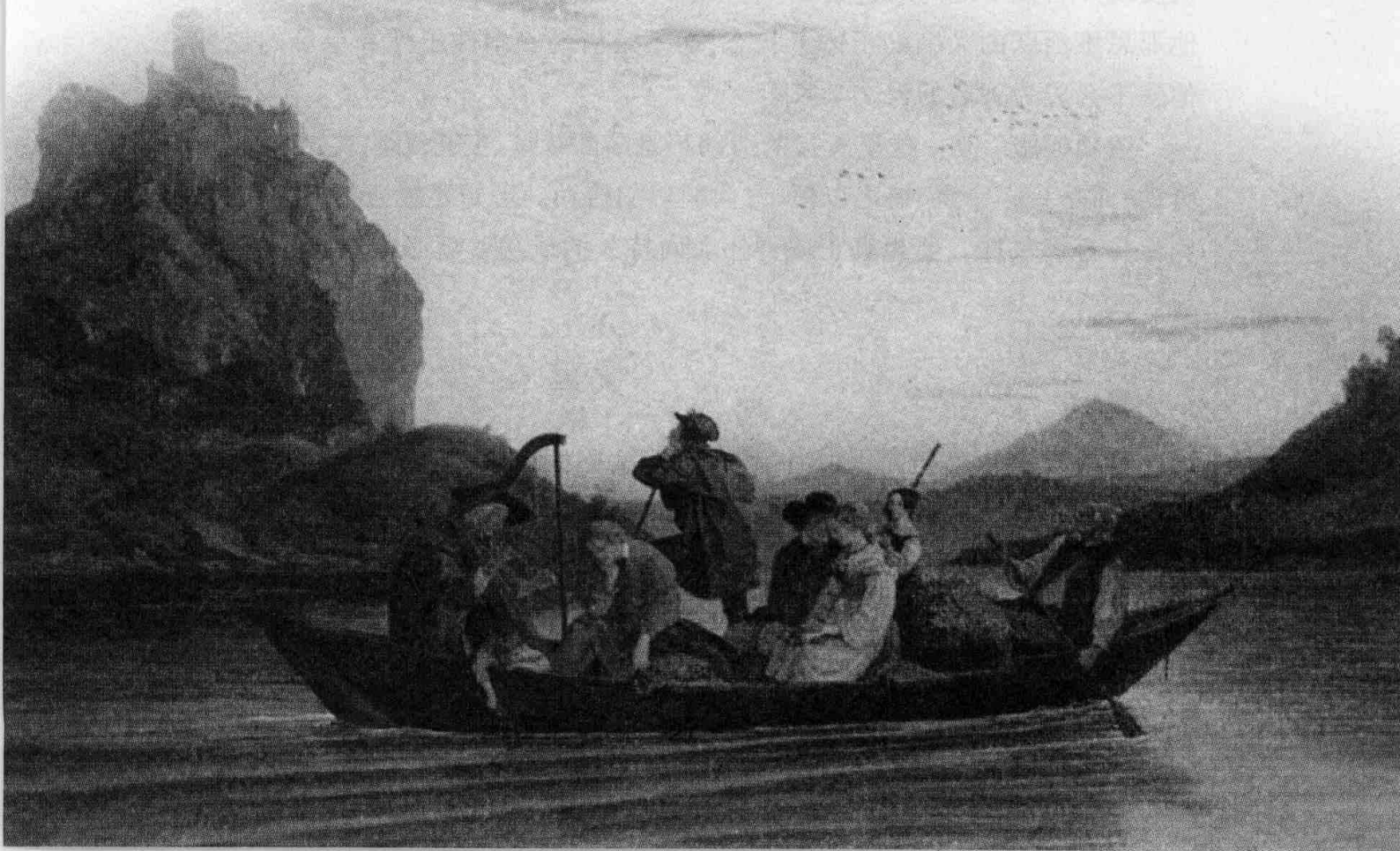
奥里森·马登(Orison Marden, 1848—1924), 博士, 被公认为美国成功学的奠基人和最伟大的成功励志导师、成功学之父。他创办了《成功》杂志。如今《成功》杂志在美国无人不晓, 通过创造性地传播成功学改变了无数美国人的命运, 致力于马登尚未完成的事业: 把个人成功学传授给每一个想出人头地的年轻人。

The significant inscription found on an old key—"If I rest, I rust"—would be an excellent motto for those who are afflicted with the slightest taint of idleness. Even the most industrious person might adopt it with advantage to serve as a reminder that, if one allows his faculties to rest, like the iron in the unused key, they will soon show signs of rust and, ultimately, cannot do the work required of them.

Those who would attain the heights reached and kept by great men must keep their faculties polished by constant use, so that they may unlock the doors of knowledge, the gates that guard the entrances to the professions, to science, art, literature, agriculture—every department of human endeavor.

Industry keeps bright the key that opens the treasury of achievement. If Hugh Miller, after toiling all day in a quarry, had devoted his evenings to rest and recreation, he would never have become a famous geologist. The celebrated mathematician, Edmund Stone, would never have published a mathematical dictionary, never have found the key to science of mathematics, if he had given his spare moments to idleness, had the little Scotch lad, Ferguson, allowed the busy brain to go to sleep while he tended sheep on the hillside instead of calculating the position of the stars by a string of beads, he would never have become a famous astronomer.

Labor vanquishes all—not inconstant, spasmodic, or ill-directed labor; but faithful, unrelenting, daily effort toward a well-directed purpose. Just as truly as eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, so is eternal industry the price of noble and enduring success.





如果我休息,我就会生锈

(美)奥里森·马登

“如果我休息,我就会生锈”,这是在一把旧钥匙上发现的一则意义深远的铭文。这句话,可以作为那些懒散而烦恼的人的座右铭。甚至最为勤勉的人也以此作为警示:如果一个人有才能而不用,那些才能就会很快生锈,就像废弃钥匙上的铁一样,最终,无法完成自己的工作。

那些想取得伟人所获得并保持成就的人,必须不断运用自身才能,来开启知识的大门,即那些通往人类努力探求的各个领域的大门,它们包括各种职业,以及科学、艺术、文学、农业等。

勤奋使开启成功宝库的钥匙保持光亮。如果休·米勒在采石场劳作一天后,把晚上的时光用来休息消遣的话,他就不会成为名垂青史的地质学家。著名数学家爱德蒙·斯通如果闲暇时无所事事,就不会出版数学词典,更不谈发现开启数学之门的钥匙了。苏格兰青年弗格森在山坡上放羊时,如果让他那思维活跃的大脑处于休息状态,而不是借助一串珠子计算星星的位置,他就不会成为著名的天文学家。

劳动征服一切。这里所指的劳动不是断断续续、变化无常或方向偏差的劳动,而是一心一意、持之以恒、方向明确的劳动。正如要想拥有自由就要时刻保持警惕一样,要想真正取得伟大而持久的成功,就必须坚持不懈地努力。

简评

人的大脑越用越灵,长久不思考的大脑会像生锈的钉子一样,失去其应有的作用。古今中外,大凡有作为的名人志士,无一不是勤奋思考,努力工作的典范。一个人的才能只有通过不断的工作才可以得到充分的体现和提升。懒惰的人是悲哀的,他们就如同生锈的钉子,没有任何意义和价值。



El Dorado

Robert Louis Stevenson

作者简介

罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森(Robert Louis Stevenson, 1850—1894), 英国苏格兰随笔作家、诗人、小说家、游记作家、新浪漫主义代表。史蒂文森的作品题材繁多, 构思精巧, 其探险小说和惊险小说更是富有独创性和戏剧性力量, 其代表作有《金银岛》、《化身博士》、《诱拐》、《一个孩子的诗园》等。

It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world...where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto and dispatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irretrievably into the bag which contains us. And it would seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of man's contentious life. And yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is

prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have.

There is only one wish realizable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining. A strange picture we make on our way to our chimaeras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, traveling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.

黄金国

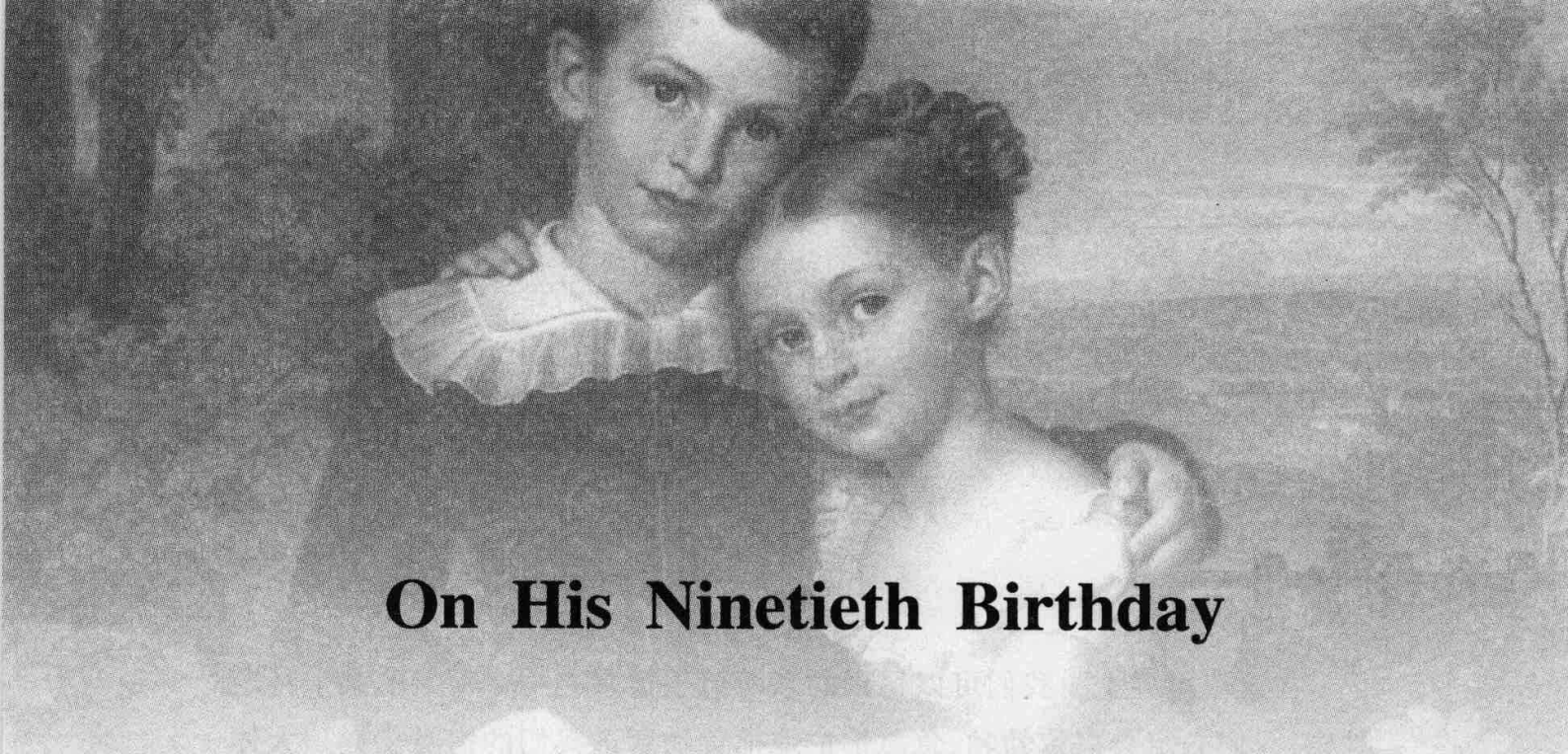
(英)罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森

在这个世界上,我们可以得到的东西似乎很多……在每天的某个特定时刻,我们必定会兴致勃勃、急急忙忙地把食物塞进我们的肉身皮囊。大体一看,能拿多少就拿多少,似乎是人类哗嚷生命的目标之一。然而,对精神层面而言,这只是一种假象。生活幸福时,我们就像处在往上的阶梯上,一级接着一级永无止境地上升。前进时,地平线不断变换,尽管我们生活在小小的地球上,琐事缠身,寿命只有短短几十年,我们仍怀有愿望,即使它像星辰一样遥不可及,直到生命终止,这种愿望才会消失。真正的幸福,不在于如何结束,而在于如何开始;不在于拥有什么,而在于想要什么。

在这个世界上,一定会实现的愿望只有一个,一定会获得的东西只有一样,那就是死亡。死有百态,但没有一个人能告诉我们死亡究竟值不值得。我们勇往直前,追求想像中的目标,不愿稍作休息,看起来就像永不疲惫的大胆开拓者。事实上,我们不可能达到目标,甚至目标可能根本就不存在。即使我们活了数百年,拥有了神力,也会发现自己离所想达到的目标还有很长一段距离。哦,人劳碌的双手啊!哦,人不知疲倦的双脚啊!走呀走的,却不知道该走向何方!不久,你觉得自己很快就能到达某个辉煌的巅峰,它就在前方不远处,在夕阳余晖的映射下,你看到了黄金国的尖塔。你正处在无比的幸福之中,因为满怀希望地前进,更胜于到达目的地。只有奋斗,才是真正的成功!

简评

幸福、成功、快乐……这些美好的字眼,蕴含了人类无限的期待和向往。人生在世,短短几十年,人们为得到幸福和成功,辗转忙碌,疲于奔命,却很少有人能真正领悟到幸福的滋味和成功的喜悦。其实,真正的幸福,不在于拥有什么,而在于想要什么;真正的成功,是永无止境的奋斗。只有知道自己想要什么,并保持追求的人,才可能拥有属于自己的黄金国。



On His Ninetieth Birthday

Oliver Wendell Holmes

作者简介

奥利佛·文德尔·荷默斯(Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1841—1935), 以“大反对家”而著称。1902年, 瑟奥多·罗斯福总统任命他为美国最高法院陪审法官。他任此职直到 91 岁。

In this symposium, better is it to only sit in silence. To express one's feelings as the end draws near is too intimate a task.

That I would mention only one thought that comes to me as a listener-in: the riders in a race do not stop short when they reach the goal, there is a little finishing canter before coming to a standstill, there is time to hear the kind voice of friends, and to say to oneself, "The work is done." But just as one says that, the answer comes: "The race is over but the work never is done while the power to work remains. The canter that brings you to a standstill need not be only to coming to rest; it cannot be while you still live. But to live is to function, that is all there is in living."

And so I end with a line from a Latin poet who uttered the message more than fifteen hundred years ago: "Death plucks my ear and says, 'live—I am coming.'"

当 90 岁生日来临时

(美) 奥利佛·文德尔·荷默斯

此刻,在这个研讨会上,沉默是金。在行将就木之时,要表达个人感受并非易事。

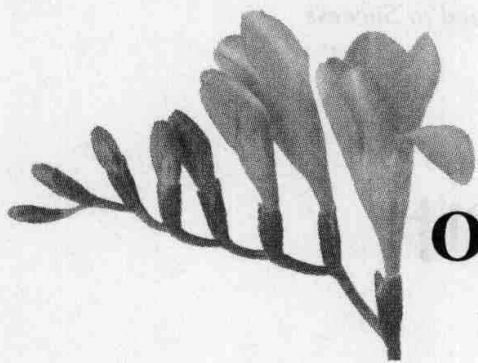
我现在只想谈谈我作为一名听众的想法。骑手们并非一到终点就马上止步,在站稳之前他还会继续缓步向前。在这段时间内,他会倾听朋友的欢呼,并告诉自己行程结束了。但正像有人说的:比赛结束了,结果出来了,但只要工作的能力尚在,任务就永远没有完结的时刻。慢步缓冲并不意味着止步不前,只要生命尚存便不能如此。活着就要有所作为,这就是生命的真谛。

最后谨以 1500 多年前的一位拉丁诗人说过的话与诸位共勉:死神不至,生命不息。

简评

该文是奥利佛·文德尔·荷默斯在电台为他庆祝 90 寿辰而举办的讨论会上的发言。文中,作者把工作比做赛马,生动形象地阐明了这样的观点:工作是人生的重要组成部分,一个人即使获得了很大的成功也不能停止工作。人活着就要有所作为,这就是生命的真谛。





Our Family Creed

John Rockefeller, Jr.

作者简介

小约翰·洛克菲勒(John Rockefeller, Jr., 1874—1960), 美国著名慈善家、洛克菲勒家族的重要人物。他是标准石油公司创办人、亿万富翁约翰·洛克菲勒唯一的儿子和继承人, 也是著名的洛克菲勒五兄弟的父亲。

They are the principles on which my wife and I have tried to bring up my family. They are the principles in which my father believed, and by which he governed his life. They are the principles, many of them, which I learned at my mother's knee.

They point the way to usefulness and happiness in life, to courage and peace in death.

If they mean to you what they mean to me, they may perhaps be helpful also to our sons for their guidance and inspiration.

Let me state them:

I believe in the supreme worth of the individual and his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

I believe that every right implies a responsibility; every opportunity, an obligation; every possession, a duty.

I believe that the law was made for the man, but not man for the law. The government is the servant of the people, but not their master.

I believe in the dignity of the labor, whether with head or hand. That the world owns no man a living, but that it owns every man an opportunity to make a living.

I believe that thrift is essential to well-ordered living and economy is a prime requisite of sound financial structure, whether in government, business or personal affairs.

I believe that truth and justice are fundamental to an enduring social order.

I believe in the sacredness of a promise, that a man's word should be as good as his bond, that character—not wealth, power and position—is of supreme worth.

I believe that the rendering of useful service is the common duty of mankind, that only in the purifying fire of sacrifice is the dross of selfishness consumed and the greatness of the human soul set free.

I believe in an all-wise and all-loving God named by whatever name, and that the individual's highest fulfillment, greatest happiness and widest usefulness are to be found in living in harmony with his will.

I believe that love is the greatest thing in the world, that it alone can overcome hate, that right can and will triumph over might.

These are the principles, however formulated, for which all good men and women throughout the world, irrespective of race or creed, education, social position or occupation, are standing, and for which many of them are suffering and dying.

These are the principles upon which alone a new world recognizing the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God can be established.





家族信条

(美)小约翰·洛克菲勒

这些是我和我太太在教育子女时所努力遵从的信条。这些是我父亲深信不疑并奉为人生玉律的信条。这些信条中的很大部分是我在母亲的膝下秉承而来的。

这些信条告诉人们如何既快乐又有作为地活着，也告诉人们如何勇敢而安详地面对死亡。

如果它们对你的意义正如对我的一样，那么也许它们可以有效地指导和鼓舞我们的儿女们。

让我说出这些信条：

我相信，个人拥有至高无上的价值，拥有生存、自由与追求幸福的权利。

我相信，每一项权利都必然包含着一种责任；每一个机会都必然包含着一种义务；每一次获得都必然包含着一种职责。

我相信，法律是为人而制，人却并非为法律而生；政府是人民的仆人，而非人民的主人。

我相信，不论是脑力或体力劳动，都拥有尊严；世界不会让人不劳而获，但会给人一次谋生的机会。

我相信，不论在政府、企业或个人事务中，勤俭节约和井然有序生活是良好财务状况的首要要求。

我相信，真理与正义是保证社会长治久安的基础。

我相信，诺言是神圣的，一句承诺应该如同契约一般有效；这种品质——而非财富、权势或地位——具有至高无上的价值。

我相信，有效地服务社会是人类共同的责任；只有在自我牺牲的炼火中，自私的渣滓才会被焚为灰烬，人类灵魂中的伟大情操才会显现。

我相信，有一位无所不知和大慈大悲的上帝存在——尽管人们对他的

称呼各不相同；而个人最高的成就、最大的幸福以及最大的作用都在符合上帝意旨的生活中才能找到。

我相信，世界上最伟大的事物就是爱；只有爱能够战胜仇恨；公理能够而且必将击败强权。

无论怎样表达，这些就是全世界所有善男信女——不分种族、信仰、教育、社会地位或职业——所共同坚持的信条，而且正是为了这些信条，他们中许多人正在饱受煎熬或濒临死亡。

只有凭借这些信条，人类才能建立起人人如手足、上帝如慈父的新世界。

简评

本文为1941年7月8日联合服务组织广播节目的一部分。文中积极乐观的人生信仰，循循善诱的处事方式，豪放大气的生活态度，在战争烽火和法西斯势力肆虐之时产生了积极的影响。我们今天读起来，也会为文中的信念所深深折服。



社會各界要批評的大概是起碼兩個方面：第一，經濟發展，第二，國際關係。

興寧縣中學和中國青年報

輪胎專公 品牌製品類值發升巨 製品銷路率加大神製 界商 司港供

对盛德法联必且而

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想這由父執成輩生，出有那人人結立個絕大美人。——<http://www.foxit.com.cn/>

05/01/01

Figure 1

郵政特准掛號 認爲新聞紙類 中華民國三十一年四月十四日核准掛號

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計開中文書名、書目、冊數、分類號、附註、日期、地點、姓名、職業、地址、電話、郵政信箱、備註等項。

参考文献

Part 2

Food for Thought

快乐的视野并不拘囿于周围的事物。只不过当你不快乐的时候,思想也会倾向苦恼,你的眼界随之会被这堵心灵之墙给阻断。只有当你快乐了,才能冲破这堵墙。

快乐了,眼界也开阔了,所有的一切——人们、思想、情感、压力——都融进了一个更开阔的境地,一切都是这么美好。快乐是智慧的开端。



第二卷
凡人睿智

Love Your Life

Henry David Thoreau

作者简介

亨利·大卫·梭罗 (Henry David Thoreau, 1817—1862), 19 世纪美国最具有世界影响力的作家、哲学家。他强调亲近自然、学习自然、热爱自然, 追求“简单些, 再简单些”的质朴生活, 提倡短暂人生因思想丰盈而臻于完美。

However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finder will find faults in paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poor house. The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the alms-house as brightly as from the rich man's abode; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring. I do not see but a quiet mind may live as contentedly there, and have as cheering thoughts, as in a palace. The town's poor seem to me often to live the most independent lives of any. Maybe they are simply great enough to receive without misgiving. Most think that they are above being supported by the town; but it often happens that they are not above supporting themselves by dishonest means, which should be more disreputable. Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage. Do not trouble yourself much to get new things, whether clothes or friends. Turn the old, return to them. Things do not change, we change. Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts.



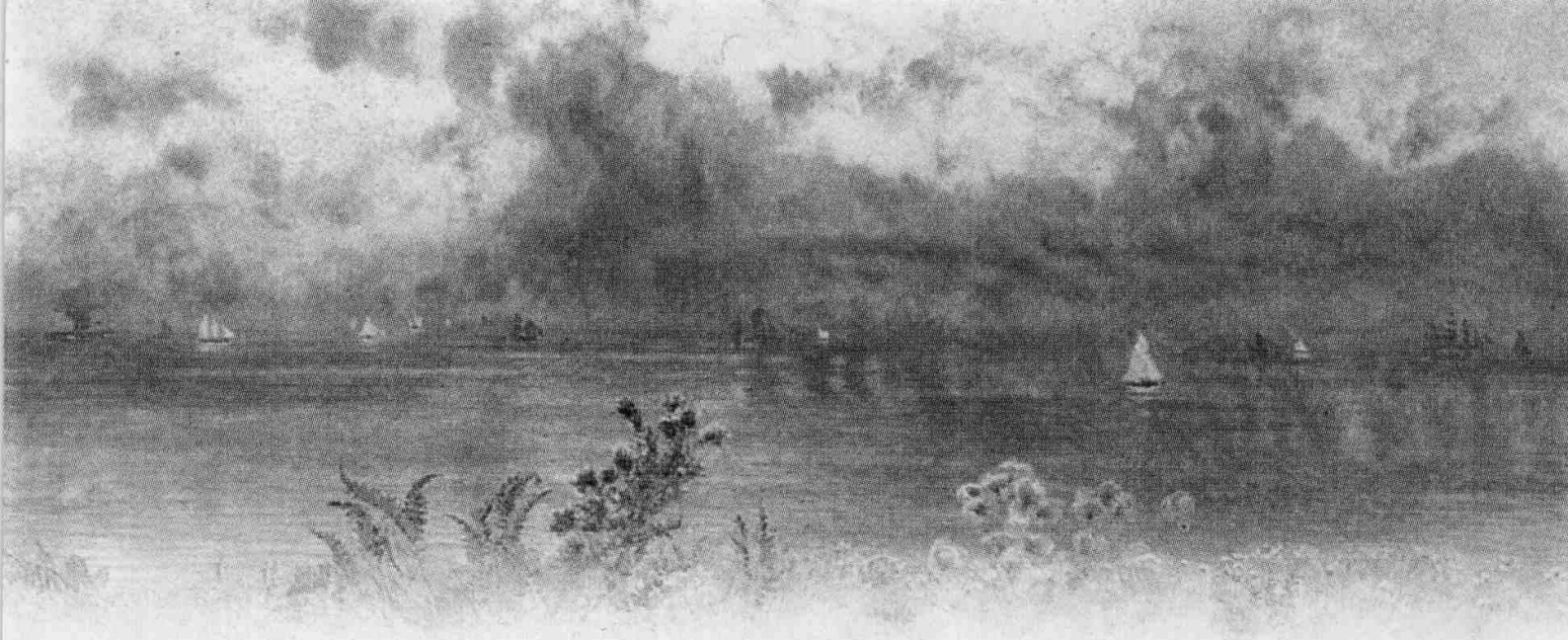
热爱生活

(美)亨利·大卫·梭罗

无论你的生活有多卑贱,面对生活并且好好生活吧。不要逃避它,不要咒骂它。它不像你所设想的那样不堪。在你最富有的时候,倒是感觉最穷。爱吹毛求疵的人就算到了天堂也会找到缺陷。热爱生活吧,无论它有多么贫穷。在一所贫穷的小屋子里,你也同样可以感到愉快、兴奋和荣耀。夕阳反射在简陋的小屋子上,其光亮与落在富户人家窗上的毫无二致;门前的积雪,在早春里开始融化。我知道,一个心无杂念的人,在什么地方都会像置身于皇宫,心满意足而拥有愉悦的思想。在我看来,城镇中的穷人往往过着一种最独立的生活。他们无比伟大,足以接受这种荣誉。大多数人以为他们无需城镇的支持,他们超然物外;事实上,他们往往利用不正当的手段来营生,他们并不体面,也无法超脱。视贫穷如园中之木,像圣人那样去栽培它吧。不要让自己被新的事物,无论是新朋友还是新衣服所烦扰。回到旧事物那里去。万物不变,变化着的是我们自己。你的衣服可以卖掉,但是你的思想要得以永存。

简评

在这篇散文中,梭罗诠释了自己简单而充实的生活理想,几百年来,影响并激励了无数美国人与海外读者。在当今这个竞争激烈的社会里,金钱、地位与无止无休的欲望吞噬着我们,心理障碍,尤其是抑郁症、狂躁症等心理疾患,在人们特别是青少年中日益增多。我们是不是应该,在疲惫的追逐之后,静下心来问问自己是否热爱生活?该怎样热爱生活?



The Smile

Antoine de Saint-Exupery

作者简介

安东尼·圣艾修伯里(Antoine de Saint-Exupery, 1900—1944), 法国作家, 也是著名飞行员。他的代表作《小王子》是很多人所熟悉并喜欢的童话故事。

“I was sure that I was to be killed. I became terribly nervous. I fumbled in my pockets to see if there were any cigarettes, which had escaped their search. I found one and because of my shaking hands, I could barely get it to my lips. But I had no matches, they had taken those.

“I looked through the bars at my jailer. He did not make eye contact with me. I called out to him ‘Have you got a light?’ He looked at me, shrugged and came over to light my cigarette.

“As he came close and lit the match, his eyes inadvertently locked with mine. At that moment, I smiled. I don’t know why I did that. Perhaps it was nervousness; perhaps it was because, when you get very close, one to another, it is very hard not to smile. In any case, I smiled. In that instant, it was as though a spark jumped across the gap between our two hearts, our two human souls. I

know he didn't want to, but my smile leaped through the bars and generated a smile on his lips, too. He lit my cigarette but stayed near, looking at me directly in the eyes and continuing to smile.

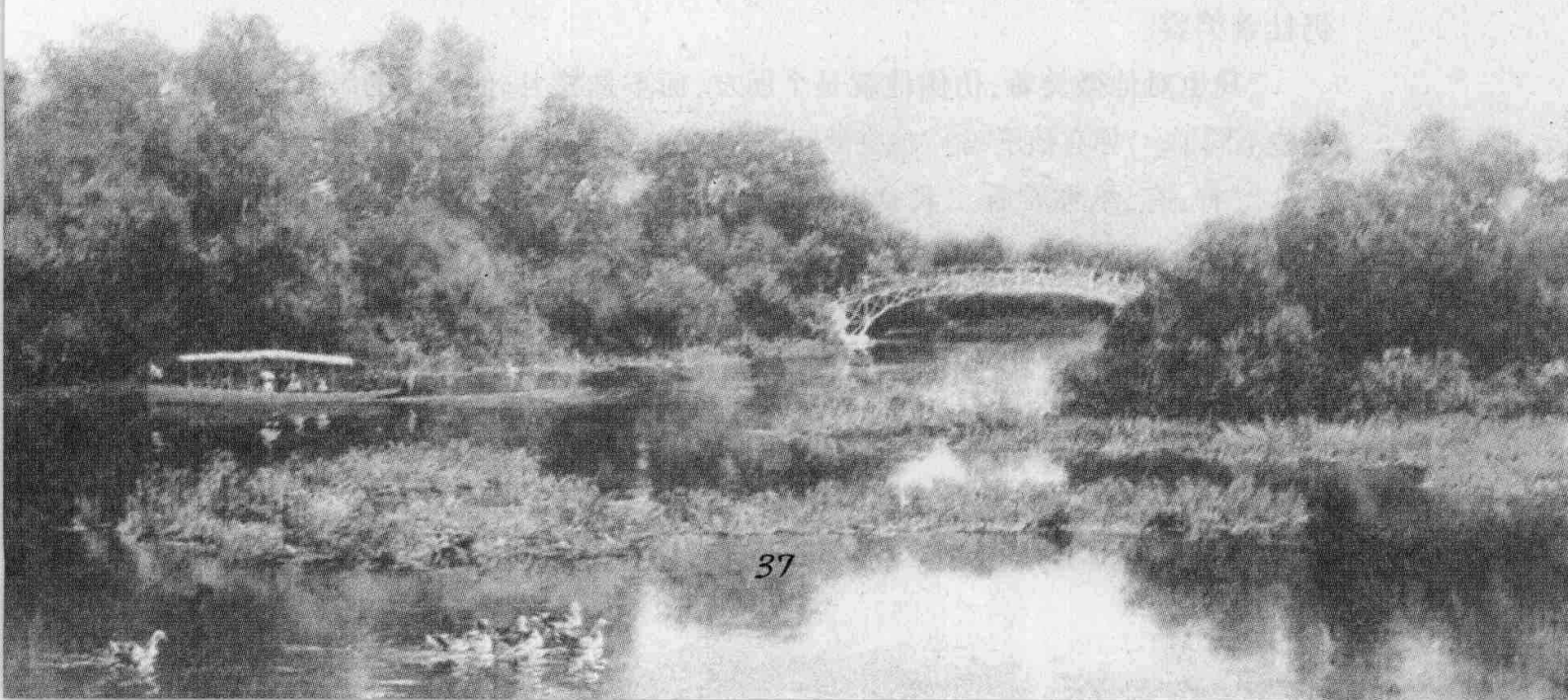
"I kept smiling at him, now aware of him as a person and not just a jailer. And his looking at me seemed to have a new dimension too. 'Do you have kids?' he asked.

"'Yes, here, here.' I took out my wallet and nervously fumbled for the pictures of my family. He, too, took out the pictures of his niños and began to talk about his plans and hopes for them. My eyes filled with tears. I said that I feared that I'd never see my family again, never have the chance to see them grow up. Tears came to his eyes, too.

"Suddenly, without another word, he unlocked my cell and silently led me out. Out of the jail, quietly and by back routes, out of the town. There, at the edge of town, he released me. And without another word, he turned back toward the town.

"My life was saved by a smile."

Yes, the smile — the unaffected, unplanned, natural connection between people. I really believe that if that part of you and that part of me could recognize each other, we wouldn't be enemies. We couldn't have hate or envy or fear.





微笑

(法)安东尼·圣艾修伯里

“在确信自己必死无疑后,我陷入了深深的恐慌。翻遍了全身的口袋,我终于找到了一支没被他们搜走的香烟。我的双手哆嗦着,几乎无法将烟放进嘴里。不巧的是火柴也在搜身时被没收了。

“我透过铁栏望着外面的警卫,他并没有意识到我在看他。‘能跟你借个火吗?’我对着他说。他看了看我,耸耸肩,然后走了过来,要帮我点燃香烟。

“当他给我点火时,我们的眼光无意中相遇了,我就冲着他笑了一下。我不知道自己为什么会笑,可能是试图掩饰自己的过度紧张,也可能是因为在离一个人很近时,很难不对他微笑。无论是出于什么原因,我冲他笑了。就在这一瞬间,这抹微笑如同火花般,穿越了两颗心的隔阂,将两个灵魂紧紧联系到了一起。受到了我的感染,他的嘴角也开始出现笑容,虽然他原本并无此意。点完火后,他并没有急着离开,而是在离我更近的地方盯着我看,脸上仍挂着笑容。

“我也对他微笑着,仿佛他就是个朋友,而不是警卫。他看我的眼神也变得有些不同了。‘你有孩子吗?’他突然问道。

“‘有,有,给你看看。’我拿出了皮夹,手忙脚乱地掏出了那张全家福。他也掏出了他的那张全家福照片,并且开始谈论他对家人的期望与计划。我的眼中不由得充满了泪水,我告诉他我害怕再也见不到家人,再也没机会看孩

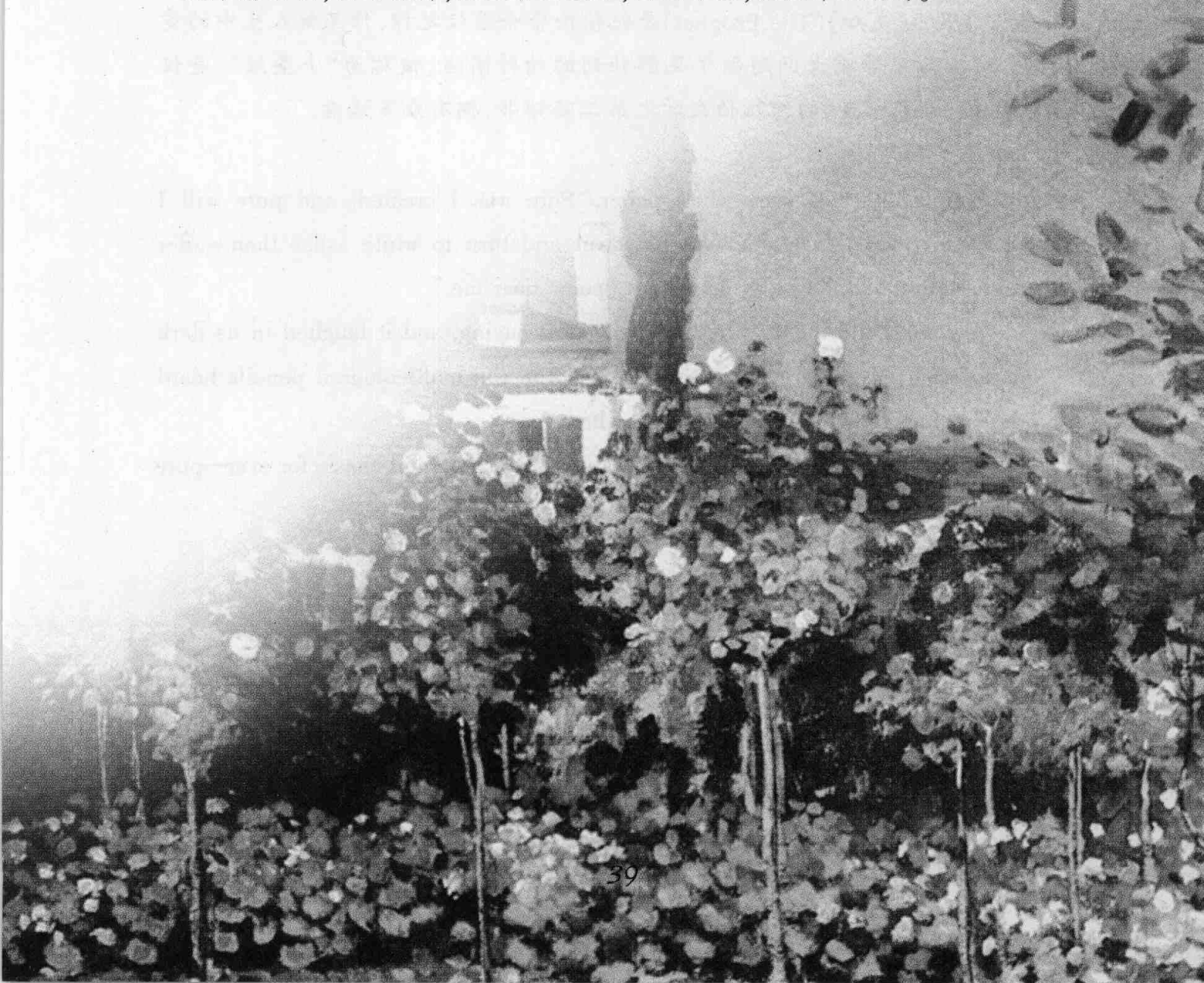
子们一点点长大了。他听了也不由得潸然泪下。突然间,他果断地打开了牢门,悄悄地带我离开了。接着,他带我从小路逃离了监狱,出了小镇,就在小镇的边上,他放了我。之后一句话没说,转身离开了。

“微笑挽救了我的性命。”

的确,微笑是人与人之间最真诚最自然的沟通方式。我坚信,如果我们每个人都能将心比心,以诚相待,世间就不会有结怨成仇的憾事,而恨意、妒忌和恐惧也将无立足之地。

简评

安东尼·圣艾修伯里在第二次世界大战中对抗纳粹时被击落身亡。他根据生活经验写了这篇精彩的故事《微笑》。微笑是一种沟通,微笑是一种帮助,微笑是一种态度,微笑创造和谐。面对困难,微笑含着勇敢;面对挫折,微笑带着自信;面对误解,微笑露出宽容,面对冷漠,微笑洋溢热情。



Said a Sheet of Snow-white Paper

Khalil Gibran

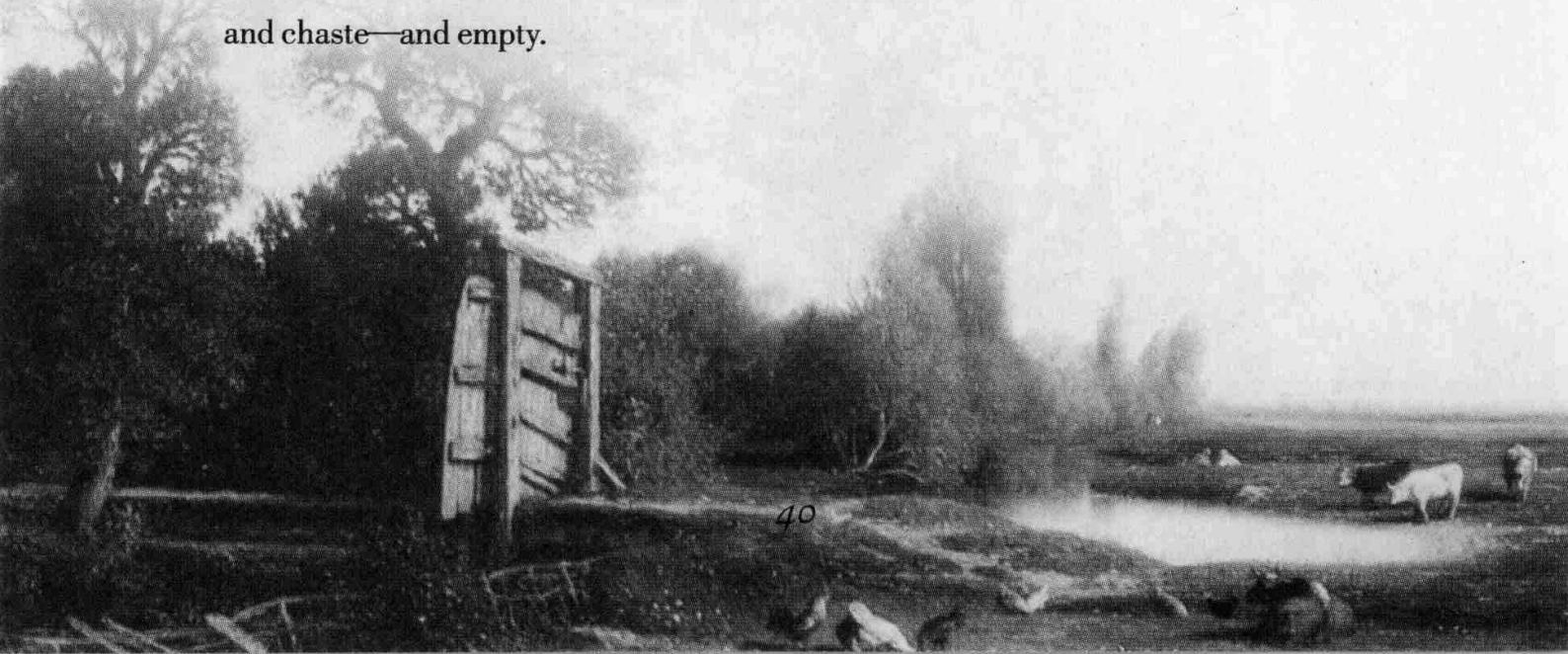
作者简介

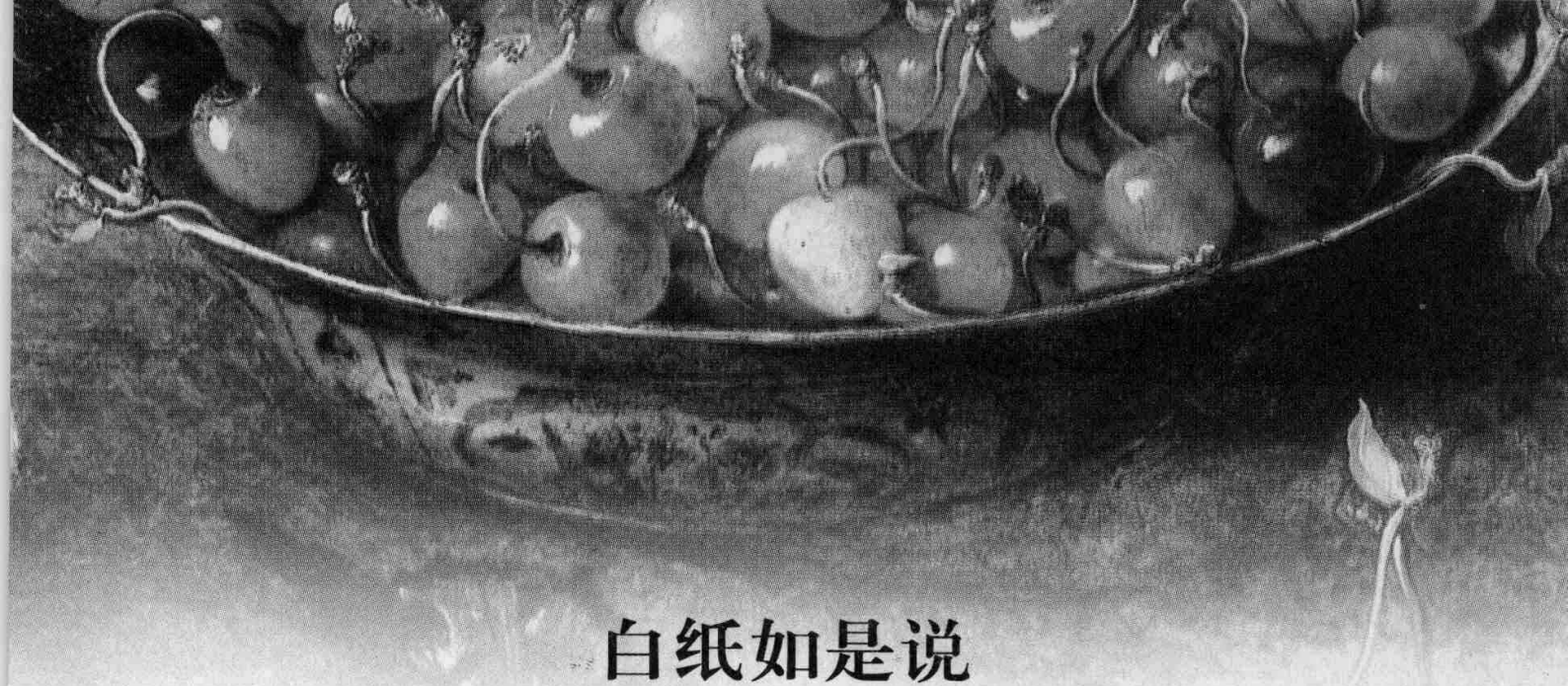
哈利里·纪伯伦(Khalil Gibran, 1883—1931), 黎巴嫩哲理散文大家、小说家、神秘主义诗人、世界级文化名人, 和印度的泰戈尔一样是近代东方文学走向世界的先驱。他自幼受阿拉伯文化和西方文化的熏陶, 吸收两者精华, 并形成了自己的风格。纪伯伦集哲学、文学、艺术于一身, 特别是散文诗方面, 造诣非凡。《先知》(The Prophet)是纪伯伦登峰造极之作, 作品就人生中的爱与美、生与死等重大问题做了见解独到的精辟阐述, 被称为“小圣经”, 是仅次于《一千零一夜》的阿拉伯文学之第二畅销书, 拥有众多读者。

Said a sheet of snow-white paper, “Pure was I created, and pure will I remain for ever. I would rather be burnt and turn to white ashes than suffer darkness to touch me or the unclean to come near me.”

The ink-bottle heard what the paper was saying, and it laughed in its dark heart; but it never dared to approach her. And the multicoloured pencils heard her also, and they too never came near her.

And the snow-white sheet of paper did remain pure and chaste for ever—pure and chaste—and empty.





白纸如是说

(黎)哈利里·纪伯伦

“上天赐予了我纯洁无暇,我要永远珍惜这种恩赐。即使是被焚烧,化为灰烬,也绝不让黑色玷污我,脏物接近我”,一张洁白如雪的纸片这么说。

墨水瓶听了这张白纸的话,黑色的心底发出了一阵笑,从此对白纸敬而远之。彩笔也都听到了白纸的话,不去碰它了。

这张白纸,终于可以永葆自己的洁白和纯净了。它虽然洁白、纯净,却空空如也。

简评

何为纯洁?如何保持纯洁?古人有云:“出淤泥而不染,濯清涟而不妖。”这一种纯洁才是经历过大波大浪,辨得清大是大非的,是真正的入世后傲然出世,是真正的纯洁,是一种智慧,是人生的禅悟,也是纯洁的最高境界。相反,白纸的纯洁,其实是一种简单苍白,与其说是纯洁,不如说是无知清高。



The Handsome and Deformed Leg

Benjamin Franklin

作者简介

本杰明·富兰克林 (Benjamin Franklin, 1706—1790), 资本主义精神最完美的代表, 十八世纪美国最伟大的科学家、著名的政治家、文学家和航海家。他参加并起草了《独立宣言》和美国宪法, 积极主张废除奴隶制度, 深受美国人民的崇敬, 在全世界也享有较高的声誉。他一生最真实的写照是他自己曾说过的一句话“诚实和勤勉, 应该成为自己永久的伴侣”。重要著作有《格言历史》、《富兰克林传》等。

There are two sorts of people in the world, who with equal degrees of health and wealth, and the other comforts of life, become, the one happy and the other miserable. This arises very much from the different views in which they consider things, persons, and events; and the effect of those different views upon their own minds.

In whatever situation men can be placed, they may find conveniences and inconveniences; in whatever company, they may find persons and conversation more or less pleasing; at whatever table, they may meet with meat and drinks of better and worse taste, dishes better and worse dressed; in whatever climate they

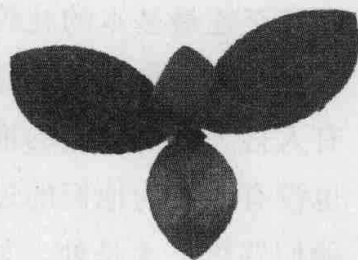
will find good and bad weather; under whatever government, they may find good and bad laws, and good and bad administration of those laws; in every poem or work of genius they may see faults and beauties; in almost every face and every person, they may discover fine features and defects, good and bad qualities.

Under these circumstances, the two sorts of people above mentioned fix their attention; those who are to be happy, on the conveniences of things, the pleasant parts of conversation, the well-dressed dishes, the goodness of the wines, the fine weather; and etc, and enjoy all with cheerfulness. Those who are to be unhappy think and speak only of the contraries. Hence they are continually discontented themselves, and, by their remarks, sour the pleasures of society, offend personally many people, and make themselves everywhere disagreeable. If this turn of mind was founded in nature, such unhappy persons would be the more to be pitied. But as the disposition to criticise, and be disgusted, is perhaps taken up originally by imitation, and is unawares being grown into a habit, which though at present strong may nevertheless be cured when those who have it are convinced of its bad effects on their felicity; I hope this little admonition may be of service to them, and put them on changing a habit, which though in the exercise it is chiefly an act of imagination yet has serious consequences in life, as it brings on real griefs and misfortunes. For as many are offended by, and nobody well loves this sort of people, no one shows them more than the most common civility and respect, and scarcely that; and this frequently puts them out of humour, and draws them into disputes and contentions. If they aim at obtaining some advantage in rank or fortune, nobody wishes them success, or will stir a step, or speak a word, to favour their pretensions. If they incur public censure or disgrace, no one will defend or excuse, and many join to aggravate their misconduct, and tender them completely odious. If these people will not change this bad habit, and condescend to be pleased with what is pleasing, without fretting themselves and others about the contraries, it is good for others to avoid an acquaintance with them; which is always disagreeable, and sometimes very inconvenient, especially

when one finds one's self entangled in their quarrels.

An old philosophical friend of mine was grown, from experience, very cautious in this particular, and carefully avoided any intimacy with such people. He had, like other philosophers, a thermometer to show him the heat of the weather, and a barometer to mark when it was likely to prove good or bad; but, there being no instrument invented to discover, at first sight, this unpleasing disposition in a person, he for that purpose made use of his legs: one of which was remarkably handsome, the other, by some accident, crooked and deformed. If a stranger, at the first interview, regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one, he doubted him. If he spoke of it, but took no notice of the handsome leg, that was sufficient to determine my philosopher to have no further acquaintance with him. Everybody has not this two-legged instrument, but every one with a little attention, may observe signs of that carping, fault-finding disposition, and take the same resolution of avoiding the acquaintance of those infected with it. I therefore advise those critical, querulous, discontented, unhappy people, that if they wish to be respected and loved by others, and happy in themselves they should *leave off looking at the ugly leg*.

美腿与丑腿



(美)本杰明·富兰克林

在我们这个世界上,存在两种人,他们在健康、财富以及生活的各种享乐上大体相同,结果,一种人快乐,另一种人却苦恼。因为他们对物、对人和对事的观点大为迥异,而那些观点对于他们心灵上的影响也就不同,于是产生了对苦乐的不同感受。

人无论处于什么地位,总会遭遇到顺利和不顺利;无论在什么场合,所接触到的人物和谈吐,总有让他愉快的和不愉快的;无论在什么餐桌上,酒肉的味道总有让人觉得可口的和不那么可口的,菜肴也是有好有坏;无论什么地带,他总会遇到有晴有雨的天气;无论他生活在什么政府的统治下,他总会发现它的法律有好的,也有不好的,而法律的实施也有好有坏。天才所写的诗文里,他会发现有优美之处,但也会找到若干瑕疵;差不多每一张脸上,他总可看到优点和缺点,差不多在每一个人身上都找得到长处和短处。

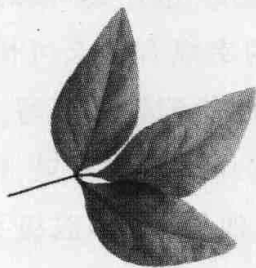
显而易见的是,在这些相同的情形之下,这两种人的注意目标恰好相反。乐观的人所注意的是顺利的际遇、有趣的言谈、精制的菜肴、香甜的美酒、晴朗的天气等等,同时纵情欢乐。而悲观的人的所想和所谈都只是坏的一面,于是他们永远感到闷闷不乐,他们的言论在社交场所总是大煞风景,更有甚者,还会得罪许多人,以致他们到处和别人格格不入。如果这种性情是与生俱来的,这些快快不乐的人倒是值得怜悯。然而,那种吹毛求疵令人厌恶的脾气,也许根本是从模仿而来,于不知不觉中养成了习惯。这种恶习,即使已经到了根深蒂固的程度,也还是可以矫正的,只要悲观的人能够意识到这种恶习对于他们一生的幸福有多么可怕的影响。我希望这一点忠告能够对悲观的人有所帮助,促使他们剔除恶习。这种恶习实际上虽然只是一种态度,一种心理行为,但是它却能造成恶果,带来终生的悲哀与不幸。他们得罪了大家,弄得谁也不喜欢他们,至多以极平常的礼貌和敬意敷衍他们,有

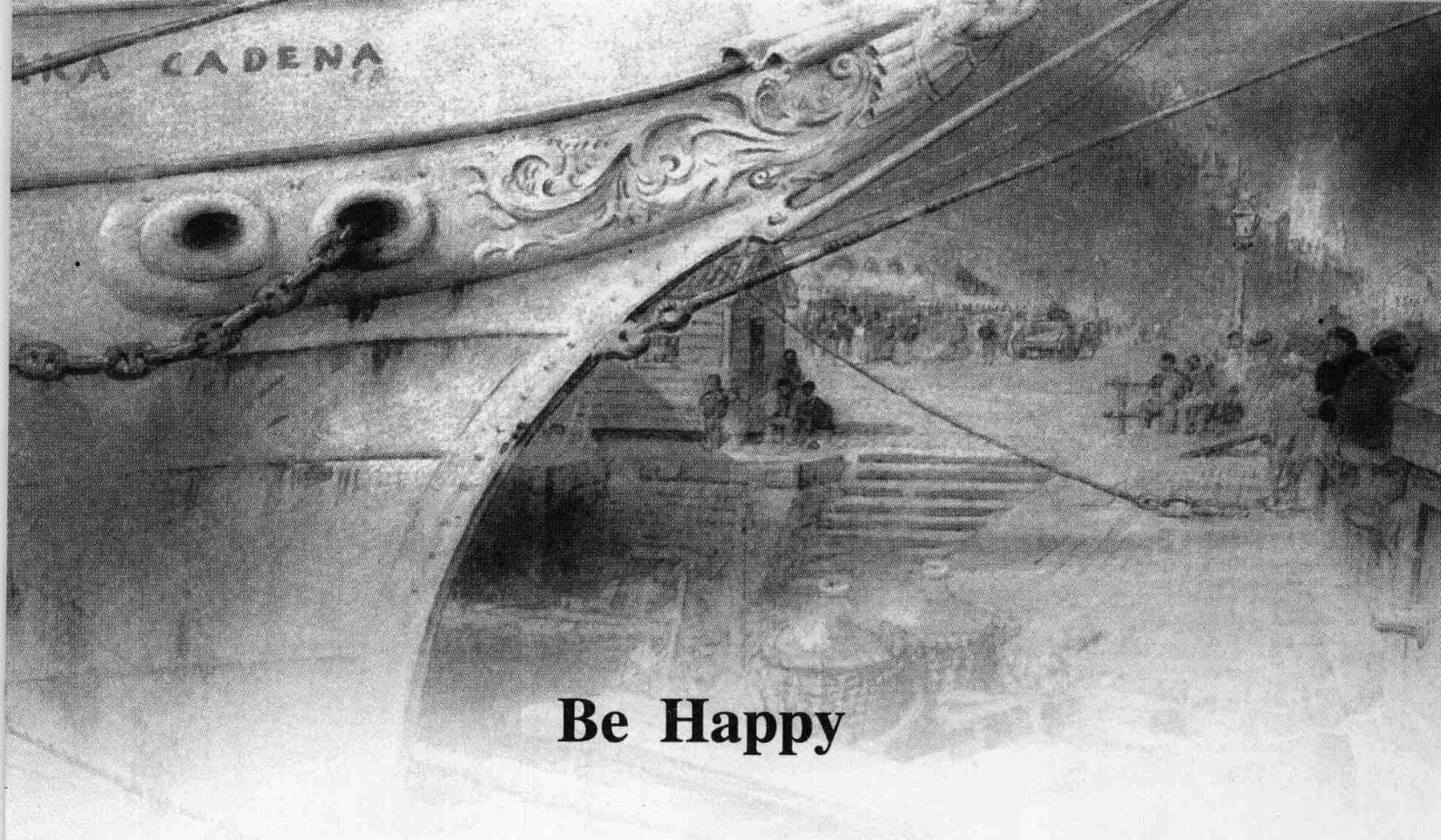
时甚至连最基本的礼貌和敬意都谈不上。他们常常因此怒气冲冲,引起种种是非争端。如果他们想改变地位或增加财富,也不会有人希望他们成功,没有人肯为成全他们的抱负而鼎力相助。如果他们遭受到公众的责难或羞辱,也没有人肯为他们的过失辩护或予以原谅;许多人还要夸大他们的错误,将他们骂得一无是处。如果这些人不愿改掉恶习,不愿意迁就,不喜欢一切别人认为可爱的东西,而总是怨天尤人,自寻烦恼,那么大家就会避免与其交往。因为这种人总是难以和人相处,一旦你发觉自己被牵扯在他们的争吵中,你将会感到极大的烦恼与痛苦。

我有一位老朋友,是研究哲学的。他饱经世故,时时谨慎、事事留神,避免和这种人亲近。像一般哲学家一样,他也备有一支显示气温的寒暑表和一支预示晴雨的气压计。但世界上还没有发明出一种仪器,使人一看便知什么人有这种坏脾气。他于是就利用了他的两条腿:一条腿长得非常好看,另一条却因意外事故而畸形。初次和陌生人见面时,如果此人对他的丑腿比对他的好腿更为注意,他就有所猜忌。如果此人只谈起那条丑腿,漠视那条好腿,这就足以使我的朋友下定决心不再和他交往。这样的“大腿仪器”并非人人都有,但是只要稍微用心,都能看出来那些有吹毛求疵恶劣行迹的人,从而可以决定不和他们交往。因此,我劝告那些性情苛刻、怨愤不平和抑郁寡欢的人:如果希望受人尊敬而怡然自得,那就不能只是去注意人家的丑腿。

简评

《美腿与丑腿》是富兰克林的一篇说理性散文。作者通过对比论证,深入浅出地阐述了现实生活中客观存在的两种人生观,肯定了乐观的人生态度,否定了悲观的人生态度。作者重点分析悲观的人生态度给人带来的危害,告诫那些悲观的人必须改掉自身的恶习。短文写于两百多年前,但今天读来仍能让人感觉到它的现实意义。本文的标题“美腿和丑腿”,巧妙地隐喻了文中提到的乐观和悲观两种人生态度,在一定程度上也代表了作者的感情倾向,强化了说理的力度。





Be Happy

Lloyd Morris

作者简介

洛伊德·莫里斯(Lloyd Morris, 1613—1680), 英国作家, 作品富于机智幽默。

“The days that make us happy make us wise.”

——John Masefield

When I first read this line by England's Poet Laureate, it startled me. What did Masefield mean? Without thinking about it much, I had always assumed that the opposite was true. But his sober assurance was arresting. I could not forget it.

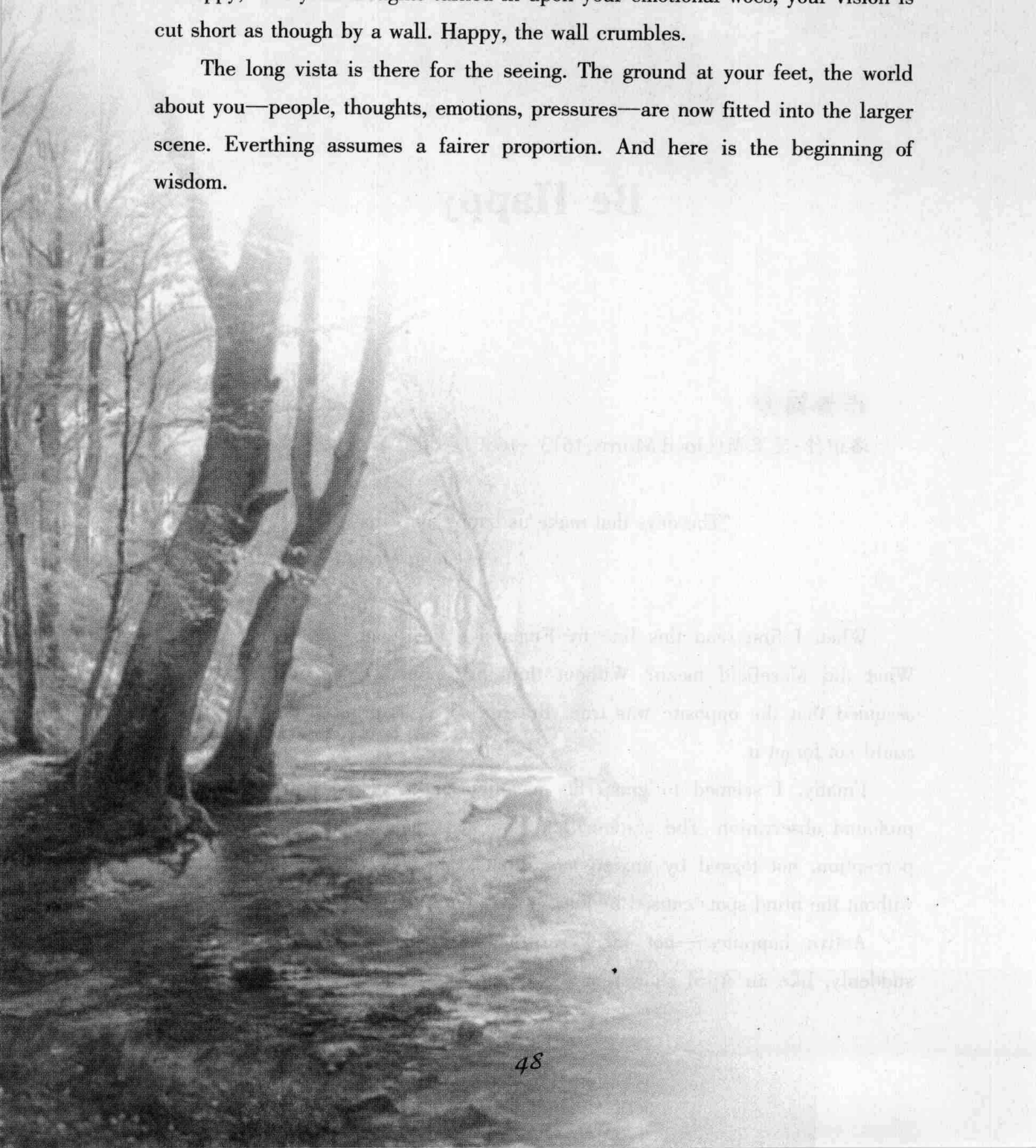
Finally, I seemed to grasp his meaning and realized that here was a profound observation. The wisdom that happiness makes possible lies in clear perception, not fogged by anxiety nor dimmed by despair and boredom, and without the blind spots caused by fear.

Active happiness—not mere satisfaction or contentment—often comes suddenly, like an April shower or the unfolding of a bud. Then you discover

what kind of wisdom has accompanied it. The grass is greener; bird songs are sweeter; the shortcomings of your friends are more understandable and more forgivable. Happiness is like a pair of eyeglasses correcting your spiritual vision.

Nor are the insights of happiness limited to what is near around you. Unhappy, with your thoughts turned in upon your emotional woes, your vision is cut short as though by a wall. Happy, the wall crumbles.

The long vista is there for the seeing. The ground at your feet, the world about you—people, thoughts, emotions, pressures—are now fitted into the larger scene. Everything assumes a fairer proportion. And here is the beginning of wisdom.





快乐吧

(英)洛伊德·莫里斯

第一次读到英国桂冠诗人曼斯斐尔德的这行诗时，我的思绪在一刹那停滞了。它真正的寓意是什么？没有仔细思索，我一直认为它错了，应该倒过来才对。不过诗中流露出的淡定和自信俘虏了我，以至于我至今无法忘记这句诗。

最终，我好像领悟到他的意思，意识到其中蕴含着诗人对生活的观察与思考。快乐带来的智慧存在于清晰的心灵感觉当中，不因忧虑担心而困惑，不因绝望、厌倦而迟钝，不因惶恐而盲目。

跳动的快乐，不仅仅是满足或惬意，通常会突然的到来，犹如四月春雨的轻唱或花蕾的绽放。然后你会发觉智慧已随快乐而来。草儿更绿了，鸟儿的歌声更悦耳了，朋友的缺点也更值得理解和原谅了。快乐如一副眼镜，修正了你精神的视力。

快乐的视野并不拘囿于周围的事物。只不过当你不快乐的时候，思想也会倾向苦恼，你的眼界随之会被这堵心灵之墙给阻断。只有当你快乐了，才能冲破这堵墙。

快乐了，眼界也开阔了，所有的一切——人们、思想、情感、压力——都融进了一个更开阔的境地，一切都是这么美好。快乐是智慧的开端。

简评

本文以演绎的手法论述快乐对人的影响。作者先借 Masfield 的诗引出“快乐”与“智慧”的关系，接着以人在快乐时的种种心理反应，点出快乐的力量。最后，再给以肯定的结论：快乐是智慧的开端。快乐的日子使我们聪明。学会快乐吧！

The Golden Mean

Balthasar Gracian

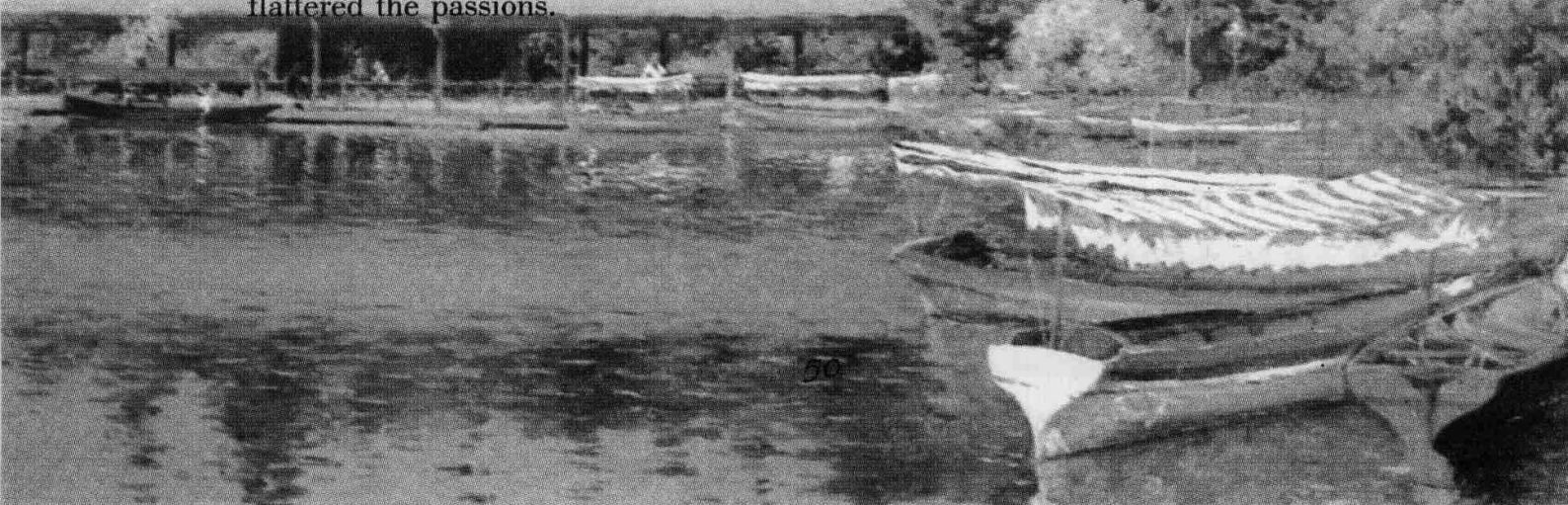
作者简介

巴尔塔沙·葛拉西安(Balthasar Gracian, 1601—1658), 西班牙学者、作家。

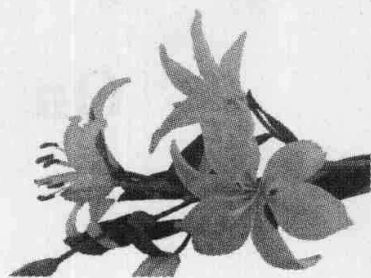
A sage once reduced all virtue to the golden mean. Push right to the extreme and it becomes wrong; press all the juice from an orange and it becomes bitter. Even in enjoyment never go to extremes.

You should learn to seize not by the blade, which cuts, but by the handle, which saves you from harm: especially is this the rule with the doings of your enemies. A wise man gets more use from his enemies than a fool from his friends. Their ill will often levels mountains of difficulties which one would otherwise not face—flattery is more dangerous than hatred because it covers stains which the other causes to be wiped out. The wise will turn ill into a mirror more faithful than kindness, and remove or improve the faults referred to.

Everyone would have excelled in something if he had known his strong point. Notice in what quality you surpass, and take charge of that. In some, judgment excels, in others valor. Most do violence to their natural aptitude and thus attain superiority in nothing. Time disillusion us too late of what first flattered the passions.



中庸之道



(西)巴尔塔沙·葛拉西安

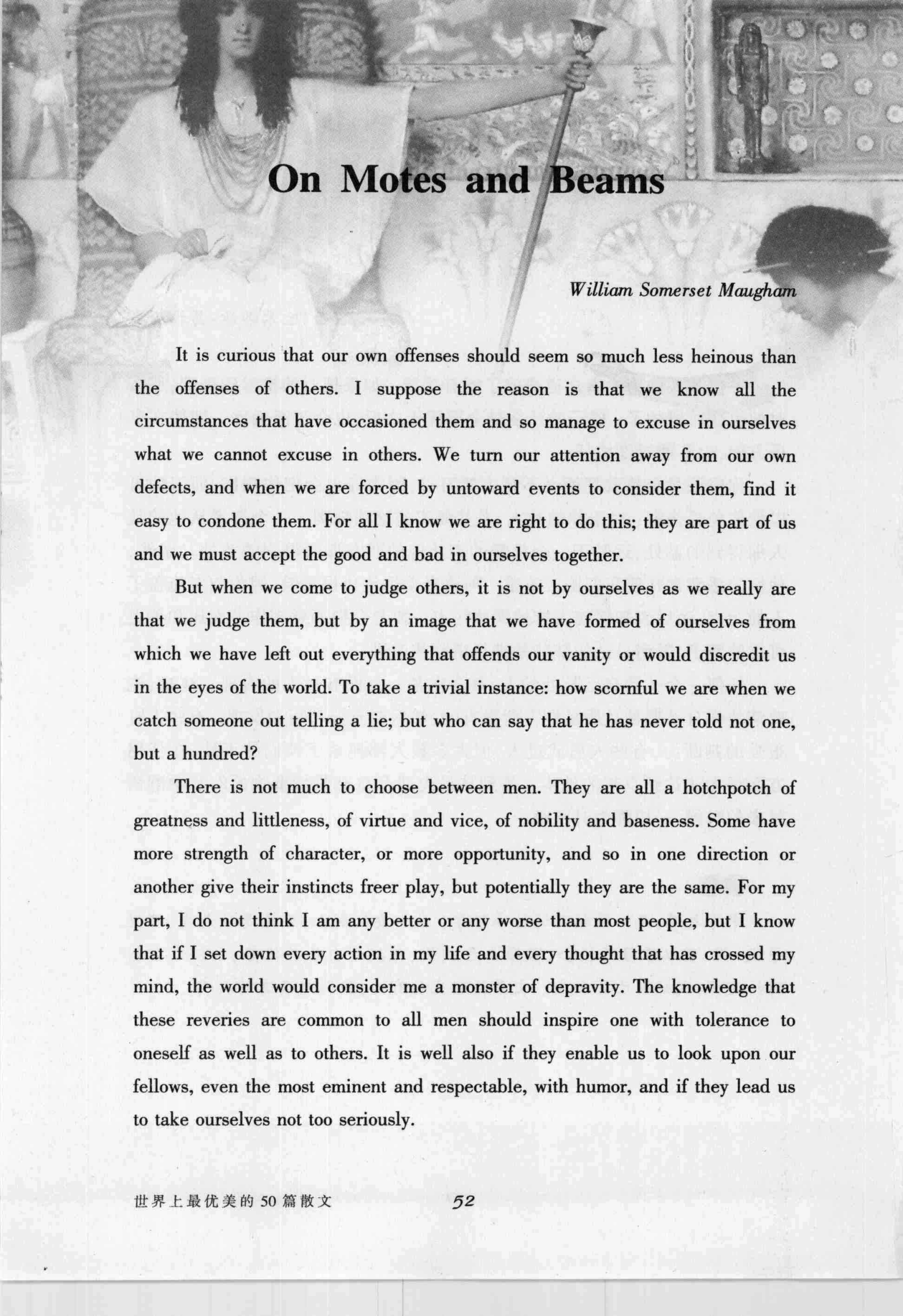
一位圣人认为中庸之道造就了所有美德。如果把对的推崇到极端,那么对的也变成错的了;橘子的汁在被全部榨干之后,也会苦涩无比。即使在享乐方面,也不能过度放任。

你应该学会持着把柄而不是去抓刀刃,因为锋刃会把你割伤,而刀柄可以使你免受伤害;对于你的敌人,尤其要实施这项规则。一个智者从他的敌人那得到的益处,远胜于一个愚蠢的人从他的朋友那所得到的益处。诚然,他们的恶意常常使我们困难重重。阿谀奉承远比仇恨危险,因为前者掩盖了人的污点,而后者却促使人抹掉那些污点。智者会把恶意当作一面比和善更可靠的镜子,看清自己的缺陷并进行消除或改进。

任何一个了解自己长处的人,都会在某一方面有过人的表现。注意,先要清楚你自己哪种品质是别人所没有的,然后要充分利用和发挥。有些人有很强的判断力,有些人勇武过人,但大多数人都扼杀了他们的天性,在任何方面都无法达到卓越的地步。等到从最先迎合自己热情事物的幻梦中醒悟过来的时候,一切都为时已晚。

简评

中庸之道,是一种聪明的处事哲学:我们要从别人,无论是敌是友,那里寻找一切可以学习的机会,激励自己成长,并找到自己的优势,加以充分利用和发挥,成就自己的人生。文章论述生动有力,能引起读者的共鸣。



On Motes and Beams

William Somerset Maugham

It is curious that our own offenses should seem so much less heinous than the offenses of others. I suppose the reason is that we know all the circumstances that have occasioned them and so manage to excuse in ourselves what we cannot excuse in others. We turn our attention away from our own defects, and when we are forced by untoward events to consider them, find it easy to condone them. For all I know we are right to do this; they are part of us and we must accept the good and bad in ourselves together.

But when we come to judge others, it is not by ourselves as we really are that we judge them, but by an image that we have formed of ourselves from which we have left out everything that offends our vanity or would discredit us in the eyes of the world. To take a trivial instance: how scornful we are when we catch someone out telling a lie; but who can say that he has never told not one, but a hundred?

There is not much to choose between men. They are all a hotchpotch of greatness and littleness, of virtue and vice, of nobility and baseness. Some have more strength of character, or more opportunity, and so in one direction or another give their instincts freer play, but potentially they are the same. For my part, I do not think I am any better or any worse than most people, but I know that if I set down every action in my life and every thought that has crossed my mind, the world would consider me a monster of depravity. The knowledge that these reveries are common to all men should inspire one with tolerance to oneself as well as to others. It is well also if they enable us to look upon our fellows, even the most eminent and respectable, with humor, and if they lead us to take ourselves not too seriously.

微尘与栋梁

(英)威廉·萨默塞特·毛姆

与他人的过失相比,我们自身的过失似乎并没有那么可憎,这真是件怪事。我想,造成这种现象的原因是,我们了解导致自己出现过失的一切客观情况,想方设法原谅自己犯下的但从不原谅他人犯下的过错。我们很少关注自身的缺点,即便深陷困境,到了不得不正视它们的时候,我们也会轻易地宽恕自己。在我看来,我们这种做法是正确的,因为缺点是我们自身的一部分,我们必须完全接纳自己,不管好与坏。

但当我们评价他人时,却把自身的因素抛在脑后,完全摒弃了所有在世人眼中会伤害到自己的虚荣或名誉的事物。举一个最简单的例子:当觉察到别人在说谎时,我们会表现出怎样鄙视的神情啊。但是谁敢说自已从未说过谎?也许上百次都不止。

人与人之间的差别并不大。他们都是伟大与渺小、善良与邪恶、高贵与低贱的混合体。有些人天赋极高,再加上机遇较多,因此会在某一领域尽展才华。但是人类的潜质都是相同的,我并不认为自己会比他人更好或更差;但我知道,如果我把生命中每一种行为和每一个掠过心头的想法都记录下来,世人一定会把我当做一个邪恶的怪物。每个人都会有各种奇思妙想,这种认识能够启发我们宽恕自己,也宽恕他人。如果他们使我们可以带着幽默感去欣赏身边的人,甚至是世上最优秀、最令人尊敬的人,且又没有把自己看得过重,那么一定是大有裨益的。

简评

人与人之间的差别并不大。他们都是伟大与渺小、善良与邪恶、高贵与低贱的混合体,就像我们常见的微尘与栋梁。既然每个人都有长处与不足,我们在挑剔别人缺陷的时候,也要正视自己的错误,并勇于改正。用一颗宽容的人去对待别人,因为宽容别人,就是解放自己,还心灵一份纯净,还生活一份轻松。文章清新洗练,具有很强的教育意义。

Sand and Stone

Anonymous

A story tells that two friends were walking through the desert. During some point of the journey they had an argument, and one friend slapped the other one in the face.

The one who got slapped was hurt, but without saying anything, wrote in the sand: "Today my best friend slapped me in the face."

They kept on walking until they found an oasis, where they decided to take a bath. The one, who had been slapped, got stuck in the mire and started drowning, but the friend saved him.

After the friend recovered from the near drowning, he wrote on a stone: "Today my best friend saved my life."

The friend who had slapped and saved his best friend asked him, "After I hurt you, you wrote in the sand and now, you write on a stone, why?"

The other friend replied, "When someone hurts us, we should write it down in sand where winds of forgiveness can erase it away. But, when someone does something good for us, we must engrave it in stone where no wind can ever erase it."

Learn to write your hurts in the sand and to carve your benefits in stone.

沙与石

佚名

两个朋友正在沙漠跋涉前行。在途中,他们发生了一些争执,其中一个狠狠地打了对方一记耳光。

被打的人觉得自己受了伤害,但还是一言不发,只在沙地上写了这么一句话:“我最好的朋友今天打了我一耳光。”

他们继续结伴前行,到一处绿洲时,他们停下来准备洗澡。刚才被打的那个人不小心陷入了泥潭,身体不断往下陷。这时,他的朋友救了他。

“我最好的朋友今天救了我的命”,等他从淹死的边缘苏醒过来时,他在石头上刻下了这么一句话。

先打了他过后又救了他的朋友不解地问:“你把我伤害你的事写在沙里,把我救你的事刻在石头上,为什么呢?”

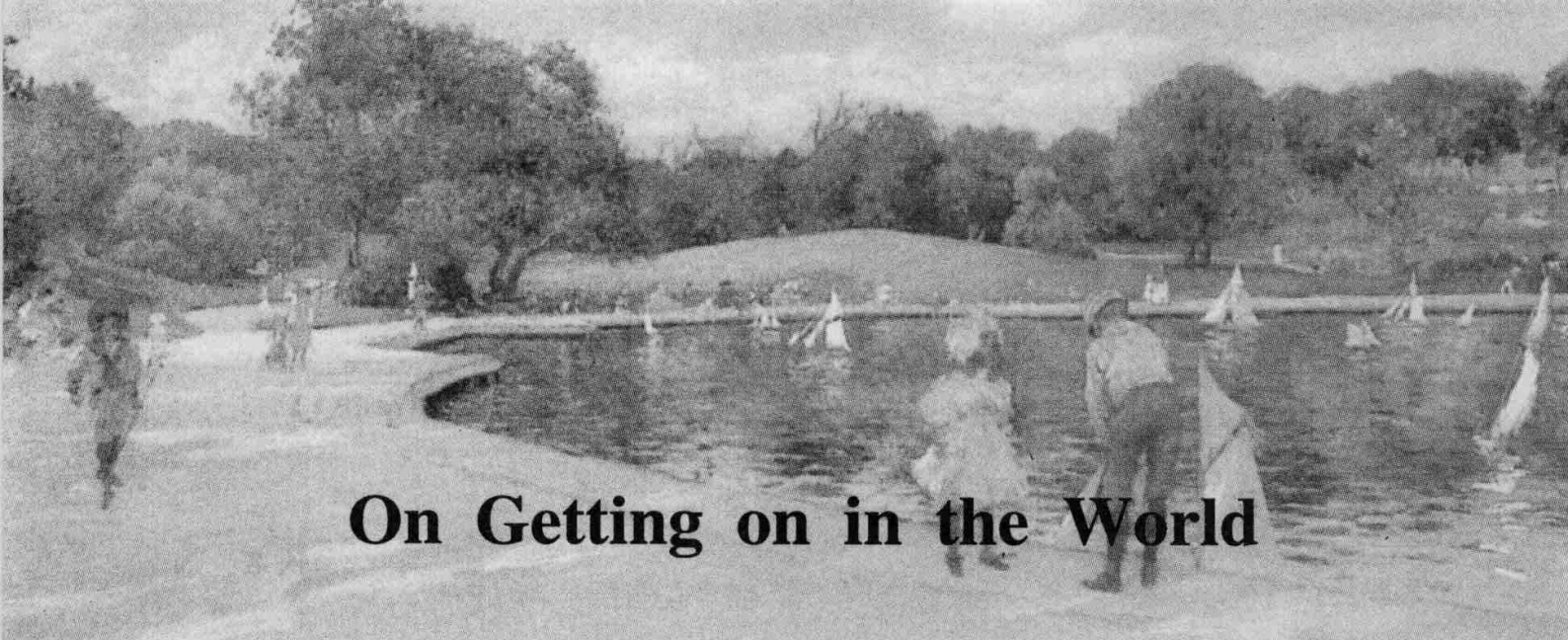
他的朋友回答道:“当有人伤害了我们,我们应该把它写进沙里,宽恕的风会把仇恨抹去;而当有人为我们做了好事,我们应当把它刻在石头上,没有风可以把它吹走。”

学会将你的伤痛写进沙里,将受到的恩惠刻在石上。

简评

人们总是习惯于记住仇恨,忘却恩惠。记住的仇恨越多,心中的愤怒就会越多;忘记的恩惠越多,背负的责难也会越重。如果换一下角度,将仇恨写进沙里,将恩惠刻骨铭心,清风拂过,仇恨不再,永存心间的是满腔感恩之情,世界便会在你眼中异彩纷呈、绚烂无比。



A black and white illustration of a beach scene. In the foreground, several people are on the sand. Some are walking, while others are near the water's edge. In the middle ground, a group of people is gathered near a small boat or structure in the shallow water. The background features a line of trees and a distant shoreline with more sailboats visible on the water.

On Getting on in the World

Jerome Klapka Jerome

作者简介

杰罗姆·克雷克·杰罗姆(Jerome Klapka Jerome, 1859—1927), 英国一流的幽默作家。著有《懒人懒办法》、《三人同舟》等。《论处世》是一篇论人情世态的美文。

A motley throng — a motley throng! Prince and beggar, sinner and saint, but cher and baker and candlestick maker, tinkers and tailors, and ploughboys and sailors — all jostling along together. Here the counsel in his wig and gown, and here the old Jew clothesman under his dingy tiara; here the soldier in his scarlet, and here the undertaker's mute in streaming hat band and worn cotton gloves; here the scholar, fumbling his faded leaves, and here the scented actor, dangling his showy seals. Here the glib politician, crying his legislative panaceas; and here the peripatetic Cheap Jack, holding aloft his quack cures for human ills. Here the sleek capitalist, and there the sinewy labourer; here the man of science, and here the shoe-black; here the poet, and here the water-rate collector; here the cabinet minister, and there the ballet-dancer. Here a red-nosed publican, shouting the praises of his vats; and here a temperance lecturer at fifty pounds a night; here a judge, and there a swindler; here a priest, and there a gambler. Here a jewelled duchess, smiling and gracious; here a thin lodging house keeper, irritable with cooking; and here a wabbling,

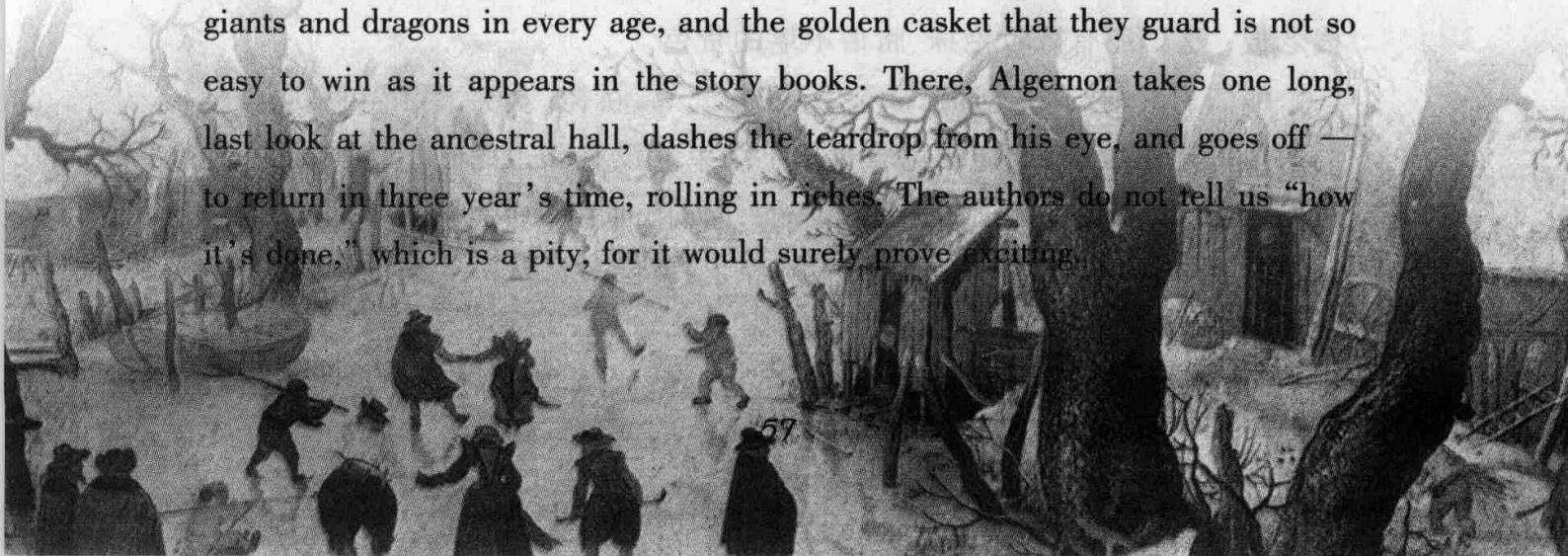
strutting thing, tawdry in paint and finery.

Cheek by cheek, they struggle onward. Screaming, cursing, and praying, laughing, singing, and moaning, they rush past side by side. Their speed never slackens, the race never ends. There is no wayside rest for them, no halt by cooling fountains, no pause beneath green shades. On, on, on — on through the heat and the crowd and the dust — on, or they will be trampled down, and lost — on, with throbbing brain and tottering limbs — on, till the heart grows sick, and the eyes grow blurred, and a gurgling groan tells those behind they may close up another space.

And yet, in spite of the killing pace and the stony track, who, but the sluggard or the dolt, can hold aloof from the course? Who — like the belated traveler that stands watching fairy revels till he snatches and drains the goblin cup, and springs into the whirling circle — can view the mad tumult, and not be drawn into its midst? Not I, for one. I confess to the wayside arbour, the pipe of contentment, and the lotus leaves being altogether unsuitable metaphors. They sounded very nice and philosophical, but I'm afraid I am not the sort of person to sit in arbours, smoking pipes, when there is any fun going on outside. I think I more resemble the Irishman, who, seeing a crowd collecting, sent his little girl out to ask if there was going to be a row — “ ’Cos, if so, father would like to be in it.”

I love the fierce strife. I like to watch it. I like to hear of people getting on in it — battling their way bravely and fairly — that is, not slipping through by luck or trickery. It stirs one's old Saxon fighting blood, like the tales of “knights who fought against fearful odds” thrilled us in our schoolboy days.

And fighting the battle of life is fighting against fearful odds, too. There are giants and dragons in every age, and the golden casket that they guard is not so easy to win as it appears in the story books. There, Algernon takes one long, last look at the ancestral hall, dashes the teardrop from his eye, and goes off — to return in three year's time, rolling in riches. The authors do not tell us “how it's done,” which is a pity, for it would surely prove exciting.





论处世

(英)杰罗姆·克雷克·杰罗姆

纷乱喧嚣的人群啊！王子与乞丐，罪人与圣人，屠夫、面包师和蜡烛商，铁匠和裁缝，农民与水手，所有的人拥挤在一起。这里既有头戴假发、身着礼服的律师，还有头戴肮脏头饰的老年犹太服饰商；这里既有身穿红军装的士兵，还有戴着飘带帽子和旧棉手套的送丧吹鼓手；这里既有行动迟缓的学者，翻阅着那发黄的书页，还有香气四溢的演员，炫耀着华丽的貂皮大衣；既有言辞圆滑的政治家，叫嚣着立法万能，还有流动小贩，高举着他那骗人的治病膏药；这里既有花言巧语的资本家，还有身强力壮的工人；这里既有科学家，还有擦鞋匠；这里既有诗人，还有收水费的人；这里既有内阁部长，还有芭蕾舞演员；这里既有自卖自夸的糟鼻子酒商，还有每晚 50 镑报酬的戒酒宣传者；这里既有法官，还有骗子；这里既有神父，还有赌徒；这里既有珠光宝气的贵夫人，笑容可掬，雍容华贵，又有厌倦了做饭、骨瘦如柴的客栈老板；这里还有浓妆艳抹、庸俗不堪的货色。

他们肩并肩，挣扎向前，掺杂着尖叫、咒骂、祈祷、欢笑、歌唱和哀叹。他们的速度永不放缓，这样的竞争也永不结束。没有路边的歇息，没有阴凉池边的停留，也没有绿荫下的小憩。向前，向前，向前——他们头顶烈日，跟随拥挤的人群，风尘仆仆——向前，一旦停止，就会被淘汰——向前，哪怕筋疲

力尽,路途坎坷——向前,直到呕心沥血、头晕目眩,哼哼的呻吟声告诉后来者时机已到。

然而,尽管人群前进的速度使人心力交瘁,道路坎坷费尽体力,除了懒汉、傻瓜,谁能远离这艰难的竞争呢?谁能置身局外旁观这纷乱喧嚣呢?正像夜行的旅人看着眼前仙子们的欢宴,不由自己地尽情畅饮,移步融入狂舞的人群。我正是这种人。我知道路边有树荫、可口的烟管和甜美的荷叶等比喻都不合适。这些比喻虽然听起来很美好、深刻,但我恐怕我不是那种人——当外界稍微有点趣事出现,我就无法安坐在树荫下吸烟。我想我更像那些爱尔兰人,一看见有人群聚集,便让小女出去打探是否在吵架,“若真是这样,父亲希望去凑些热闹。”

我喜欢激烈的竞争,而且喜欢旁观竞争。我喜欢打探他人的战况,当然竞争靠的是勇敢和公平,而不是侥幸取巧,弄虚作假;它能激起撒克逊人传统的战斗热血,就像传说中“与厄运斗争的骑士”的故事一样让我们童心振奋。

人生的竞争同样是一场同可怕的厄运的斗争。每个时代都有巨人、苍龙之类的伟大之物,它们所守护的黄金不可能像故事书里描写的那样容易获得。在故事里,阿尔杰农最后恋恋不舍地望了一眼祖先的房屋,抹去眼角的泪珠,离家而去;三年后,他竟然获得了滚滚财富。作者没有告诉我们“他是怎样做到的”,这是一个遗憾,因为这段经历肯定是激动人心的。

简评

《论处世》是一篇论人情世态的散文。本文也体现了罗杰姆的文字特点——机智、隽永、简洁、优雅,既幽默泼辣,又细腻哀婉。放肆时嬉笑怒骂,收敛时深情婉转。



Part 3

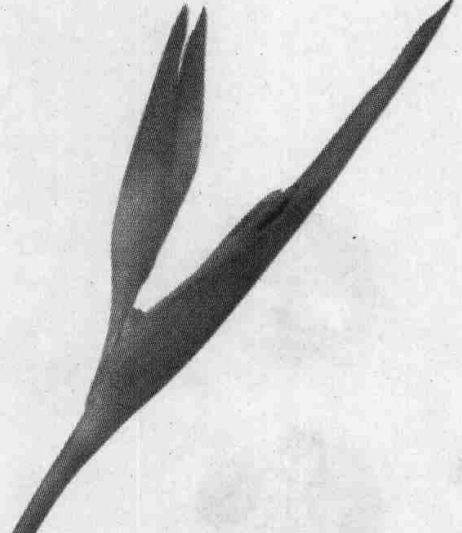
The Sancturn of Spirits

知识是一回事,美德则是另外一回事。善意不一定是良心,优雅不一定是谦让,广博与公正的观点也不一定是信仰。无论多么富有启迪或高深莫测的哲学,也不一定能左右感情,或者成为具有影响力的动机,和导致生动活泼的因素。文科教育是为了造就绅士,而不是为了造就基督教徒或者天主教徒。造就一个绅士是件美好的事:有教养的才智,高雅的情趣,正直、公正而冷静的头脑,高贵而彬彬有礼的举止——这些品质同渊博的学识与生俱来,这也正是大学教育的目的。



第三卷

精神殿堂



True Nobility

Ernest Miller Hemingway

作者简介

欧内斯特·米勒尔·海明威(Ernest Miller Hemingway, 1899—1961), 美国小说家, 1954 年度的诺贝尔文学奖获得者。他的长篇小说《太阳照样升起》(1927)、《永别了, 武器》(1927) 成为表现美国“迷惘的一代”的主要代表作。在艺术上, 他那简约有力的文体和多种现代派手法的出色运用, 在美国文学中曾引起过一场“文学革命”, 许多欧美作家都明显受到了他的影响。

In a calm sea every man is a pilot.

But all sunshine without shade, all pleasure without pain, is not life at all. Take the lot of the happiest—it is a tangled yarn. Bereavements and blessings, one following another, make us sad and blessed by turns. Even death itself makes life more loving. Men come closest to their true selves in the sober moments of life, under the shadows of sorrow and loss.

In the affairs of life or of business, it is not intellect that tells so much as character, not brains so much as heart, not genius so much as self-control, patience, and discipline, regulated by judgment.

I have always believed that the man who has begun to live more seriously within begins to live more simply without. In an age of extravagance and waste, I wish I could show to the world how few the real wants of humanity are.

To regret one's errors to the point of not repeating them is true repentance. There is nothing noble in being superior to some other man. The true nobility is in being superior to your previous self.

真正的高贵

(美)欧内斯特·米勒尔·海明威

风平浪静的大海上,每个人都是领航员。

只有阳光而无阴影,只有欢乐而无痛苦,那就不是完整的人生。以最幸福人的生活为例,他们的命运是一团纠缠在一起的麻线。丧亲之痛和幸福祝愿彼此连接,使我们一会儿伤心,一会儿高兴,甚至死亡本身也会使生命更加可亲。在人生的庄严时刻,在哀痛和伤心的阴影之下,人们与真实的自我最接近。

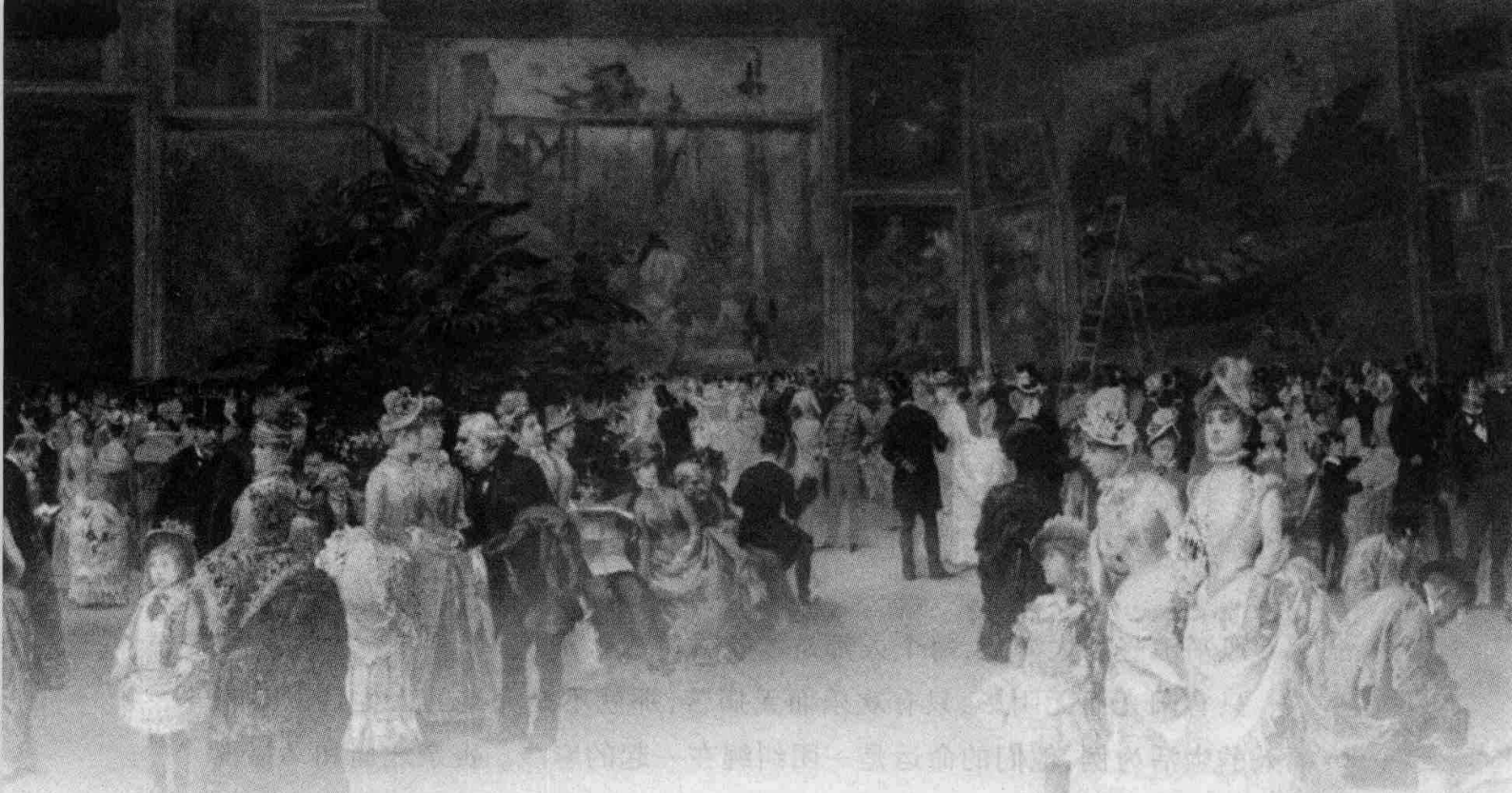
在人生或者事业的各种事物中,性格的作用比才智大得多,头脑的作用不如心情,天资不如由判断力所约束的自制、耐心和规律。

我始终相信,在内心生活得更严肃的人,也会在外表上生活得更朴素。在一个奢华浪费的年代,我希望能向世界证明:人类真正需要的东西是非常少的。

悔恨自己的错误,而且力求不再重蹈覆辙,这才是真正的悔悟。优于别人,并不高贵,真正的高贵应该是优于过去的自我。

简评

高贵并非权力、财富或显赫家世的别名,而是一种内在的思想品质,而非外在装饰的堆砌。它源于天赋,成于锤炼。是什么使一个人真正高贵?不是靠一时的侥幸、运气获得的虚假荣耀,不是靠巧取、豪夺与造假垒起的昧心财富;是靠自己的勤劳与诚实铸起的坚实事业,是靠自己的汗水收获的累累硕果,是靠自己坚毅的韧性、远大的抱负、过人的胆识、乐观的情怀来成就的一个崭新的自己。



True and False Simplicity

Francois Fenelon

作者简介

弗朗索瓦·费奈隆(Francois Fenelon, 1651—1715), 法国著名神学家和作家, 曾任主教。

Simplicity is an uprightness of soul that has no reference to self; it is different from sincerity, and it is a still higher virtue. We see many people who are sincere, without being simple; they only wish to pass for what they are, and they are unwilling to appear what they are not; they are always thinking of themselves, measuring their words, and recalling their thoughts, and reviewing their actions, from the fear that they have done too much or too little. These persons are sincere, but they are not simple; they are not at ease with others, and others are not at ease with them; they are not free, ingenuous, natural; we prefer people who are less correct, less perfect, and who are less artificial. This is the decision of man, and it is the judgment of God, who would not have us so

occupied with ourselves, and thus, as it were, always arranging our features in a mirror.

To be wholly occupied with others, never to look within, is the state of blindness of those who are entirely engrossed by what is present and addressed to their sense; this is the very reverse of simplicity. To be absorbed in self and in whatever engages us, whether we are laboring for our fellow beings or for God—to be wise in our own eyes reserved, and full of ourselves, troubled at the least thing that disturbs our self-complacency, is the opposite extreme. This is false wisdom, which, with all its glory, is but little less absurd than that folly, which pursues only pleasure. The one is intoxicated with all it sees around it; the other with all that it imagines it has within; but it is delirium in both. To be absorbed in the contemplation of our own minds is really worse than to be engrossed by outward things, because it appears like wisdom and yet is not; we do not think of curing it; we pride ourselves upon it; we approve of it; it gives us an unnatural strength; it is a sort of frenzy; we are not conscious of it; we are dying, and we think ourselves in health.

Simplicity consists in a just medium, in which we are neither too much excited, nor too composed. The soul is not carried away by outward things, so that it cannot make all necessary reflections; neither does it make those continual reflections to self, that a jealous sense of its own excellence multiplies to infinity. That freedom of the soul, which looks straight onward in its path, losing no time to reason upon its steps, to study them, or to contemplate those that it has already taken, is true simplicity.



真正的淳朴与虚假的淳朴

(法)弗朗索瓦·费奈隆

淳朴是灵魂中一种正直无私的品质。它不同于真诚,并高于真诚。许多人真挚诚恳,但不淳朴。他们怕遭人误解,唯恐自己的形象受到损害。他们时时关注自己反躬自省,处处斟酌语句、谨慎小心。在待人接物上他们总担心过头,又怕有所不足。这些人心地诚恳,却不淳朴。他们难以同人坦诚相处,别人对他们也小心拘谨。他们的弱点在于不坦率、不随意、不自然。而我们则宁愿同那些谈不上多么正直多么完美,但没有虚情矫饰的人结交相处。这几乎已成为世人的一条准则,上天似乎也以此为标准对人作出判断。上天不希望我们如此对镜整容一般,用太多的心思来审视自身。

但是,完全注意他人而放弃自省亦是一种盲目。出于这种状态的人只全神贯注于眼前事务以及个人的感官感受,而这正是淳朴的反面。下面是两类正好相反的事例:其一是无论效力于同类还是上天,均全身心地忘我投入;另一类是自以为含蓄聪颖,自我意识强烈,而一旦他得意自满的情绪受到外界干扰,便会魂不守舍、心烦意乱。因此,这是虚假的聪明,乍一看冠冕堂皇,实际上与单纯追求享乐的行为同样愚蠢。前者目光短浅,只陶醉于眼前的事物;后者却过分看重自身,陶醉于内心的占有。这两者都充满虚妄。相比而

言,只注重内心的冥思苦想比全神贯注于眼前事物更为有害,因为它貌似聪明而实则愚蠢,而且,它常诱人误入歧途、自以为是,以一孔之见为至上光荣。它使我们受着不自然情绪的支配,让我们陷入一种盲目的狂热,自认体魄强健,实则病人膏肓。

淳朴需要适度,我们身处其中既不能过度激动,亦不过分沉静。我们的灵魂不会因为过于注重外界事物而无暇作必要的内心自审,亦不必时时注重自我,使一心维护个人形象的戒备扩张膨胀。要是我们的灵魂能挣脱羁绊,直视伸展的道路,不将宝贵的时间浪费在权衡脚下的步伐上,或者对已逝的岁月频频回头,那我们就拥有了真正的淳朴。

简评

作者真实的淳朴和虚伪的淳朴进行了详明的对比,不难发现,作者眼中的“真实的淳朴”和中国传统的“中庸之道”——中者天下之正道,庸者天下之定理,不偏之为中,不易之为庸,在某种程度上还有异曲同工之妙。尽管中西方文化的表现形式不同,但归根到底人性是相同的,所追求的生命价值是相同的。本文贯穿着一种“回归真实自我”的意象,文思缜密,说理透彻,引人深思。



On Love

Khalil Gibran

When love beckons to you, follow him, though his ways are hard and steep. And when his wings enfold you, yield to him, though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you. And when he speaks to you believe in him, though his voice may shatter your dreams as the north wind lays waste the garden. For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you. Even as he is for your growth so is he for your pruning. Even as he ascends to your height and caresses your tenderest branches that quiver in the sun, so shall he descend to your roots and shake them in their clinging to the earth.

Like sheaves of corn he gathers you unto himself. He threshes you to make you naked. He sifts you to free you from your husks. He grinds you to whiteness. He kneads you until you are pliant; and then he assigns you to his sacred fire, that you may become sacred bread for God's sacred feast.

All these things shall love do unto you that you may know the secrets of your heart and in that knowledge become a fragment of Life's heart.

But if in your fear you would seek only love's peace and love's pleasure, then it is better for you that you cover your nakedness and pass out of love's threshing-floor into the seasonless world where you shall laugh, but not all of

your laughter, and weep, but not all of your tears.

Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself. Love possesses not nor would it be possessed, for love is sufficient unto love.

When you love you should not say, "God is in my heart," but rather, "I am in the heart of God." And think not you can direct the course of love, for love, if it finds you worthy, directs your course. Love has no other desire but to fulfill itself. But if you love and must needs have desires, let these be your desire:

To melt and be like a running brook that sings its melody to the night.

To know the pain of too much tenderness.

To be wounded by your own understanding of love;

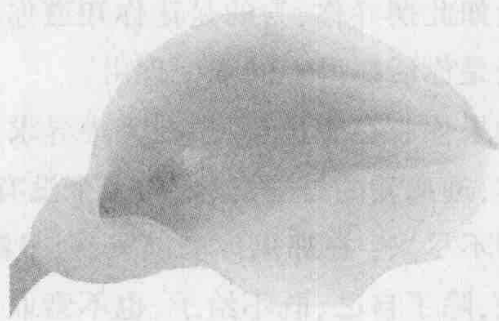
And to bleed willingly and joyfully.

To wake at dawn with a winged heart and give thanks for another day of loving;

To rest at the noon hour and meditate love's ecstasy;

To return home at eventide with gratitude;

And then to sleep with a prayer for the beloved in your heart and a song of praise upon your lips.





论爱

(黎)哈利里·纪伯伦

爱向你示意,就跟她,即使道路崎岖、坡陡路滑。如果爱向你展开双翅,就服从她,即使藏在羽翎中的利剑会伤着你。如果爱对你说什么,只管相信她,即使她的声音惊扰你的美梦,犹如北风将园林吹得花木凋零。爱为你戴上冠冕的同时,也会把你置于十字架上。爱能强壮你的骨骼,同时也要修剪你的枝条。爱能升腾到你无际的至高处,挟弄你那摇曳在阳光里的柔嫩细枝。爱同样能浸入你那伸进泥土的根部,将其动摇。

爱把你抱在怀里,如同抱着一捆麦子。爱把你舂打,以使你赤身裸体。爱把你过筛子,以便筛去外壳。爱把你和成面团,让你变得柔软。爱将你放在她圣殿里的火上,以期让你变成上帝圣筵上的神圣面包。

爱如此摆弄你,为的是让你知道你心中的秘密。依靠这一见识,你才能发现爱是你活在这世上的唯一理由。

如果你心存恐惧,只想在爱中寻求安逸和享受,那么你最好遮盖起自己的裸体,逃离爱的打谷场,走向一个没有季节更替的世界;在那里你可以笑,但笑得不尽兴;在那里你可以哭,但眼泪流不完。

爱,除了自己,既不给予,也不索取。爱,既不占有,也不被任何人占有。因为对爱而言,爱就已经足够。

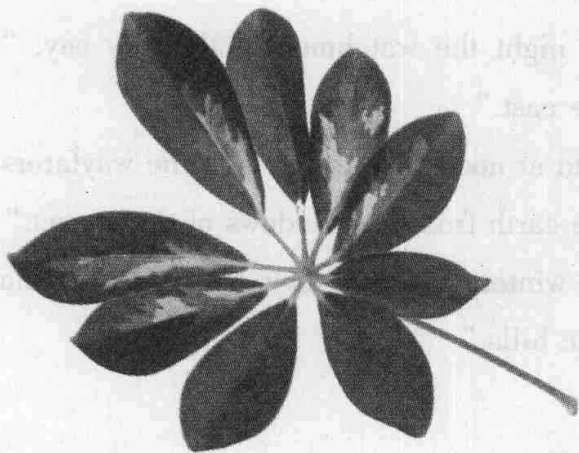
当你爱的时候,你不要说“上帝在我心中”,而要说“我在上帝心中”。你切莫以为自己能够指引爱之行程。爱会引导你,如果发现你值得引导。爱除

了实现自我,别无所求。当你爱时,还要伴随着某些愿望,那就把这些作为你的愿望吧:

融化自己,变得像一条流淌的小溪,对夜色哼唱小曲;
感受过分温柔产生的痛苦;
接受由对爱的了解给你带来的伤害;
心甘情愿地任你的血液流淌;
黎明即起,带着一颗拥有翅膀的心,满怀谢意迎接新的一天爱的来临;
中午小憩,深深沉浸在爱的微醉之中;
黄昏回家,满怀感恩之情;
入睡之时,你的心为你心爱的人祈祷,唇间吟唱着赞美之歌。

简评

本文选自《先知》,阐述了作者对爱的哲理性思考。文中的爱,是广泛意义上的爱,是指对生活的态度。在此作者说明了爱的两重性:爱在你成长的过程中对你进行抚慰,助你成功,但同时需要受尽折磨和痛苦,进行脱胎换骨的改造。要是你受不了这些苦恼,拒绝一切折磨,只要求爱的快乐和宁静,那就不可能有大喜大悲。除了爱,爱无所给予和索取。纪伯伦的作品独具风韵,文笔轻柔凝练,宛如行云流水,词语清新隽秀,寓意深邃。





On Beauty

Kahlil Gibran

Where shall you seek beauty, and how shall you find her unless she herself be your way and your guide? And how shall you speak of her except she be the weaver of your speech?

The aggrieved and the injured say, "Beauty is kind and gentle. Like a young mother half-shy of her own glory she walks among us."

And the passionate say, "Nay, beauty is thing of might and dread. Like the tempest she shakes the earth beneath us and the sky above us."

The tired and the weary say, "Beauty is of whisperings. She speaks in our spirit. Her voice yields to our silences like a faint light that quivers in fear of the shadow."

But the restless say, "We have heard her shouting among the mountains and with her cries came the sound of hoofs, and the beating of wings and the roaring of lions."

At night the watchmen of the city say, "Beauty shall rise with the dawn from the east."

And at noon-time toilers and the wayfarers say, "We have seen her leaning over the earth from the windows of the sunset."

In winter, say the snow-bound, "She shall come with the spring leaping upon the hills."

And in the summer heat the reapers say, "We have seen her dancing with the autumn leaves, and we saw a drift of snow in her hair."

All these things have you said of beauty, yet in truth you speak not of her but of needs unsatisfied, and beauty is not a need but an ecstasy. It is not a mouth thirsting nor an empty hand stretched forth, but rather a heart enflamed and a soul enchanted. It is not the image you would see nor the song you would hear, but rather an image you see though you close your eyes and a song you hear though you shut your ears. It is not the sap within the furrowed bark, nor a wing attached to a claw, but rather a garden forever in bloom and a flock of angels forever in flight.

Beauty is life when life unveils her holy face.



论美

(黎)哈利里·纪伯伦

如果美不出现在你们的旅途中，指引着你们，那么你们如何能够找到她？如果她不是你们话语的编织者，你们怎么能够谈论她呢？

含冤受屈者说：“美即慈爱和温柔。即如那位年轻的母亲，半含娇羞的辉光，遮住容颜，款款行走在我们中间。”

热情洋溢者说：“不，美是强烈而可畏的。即如狂风骤雨般摇撼着我们脚下的大地和头顶的苍穹。”

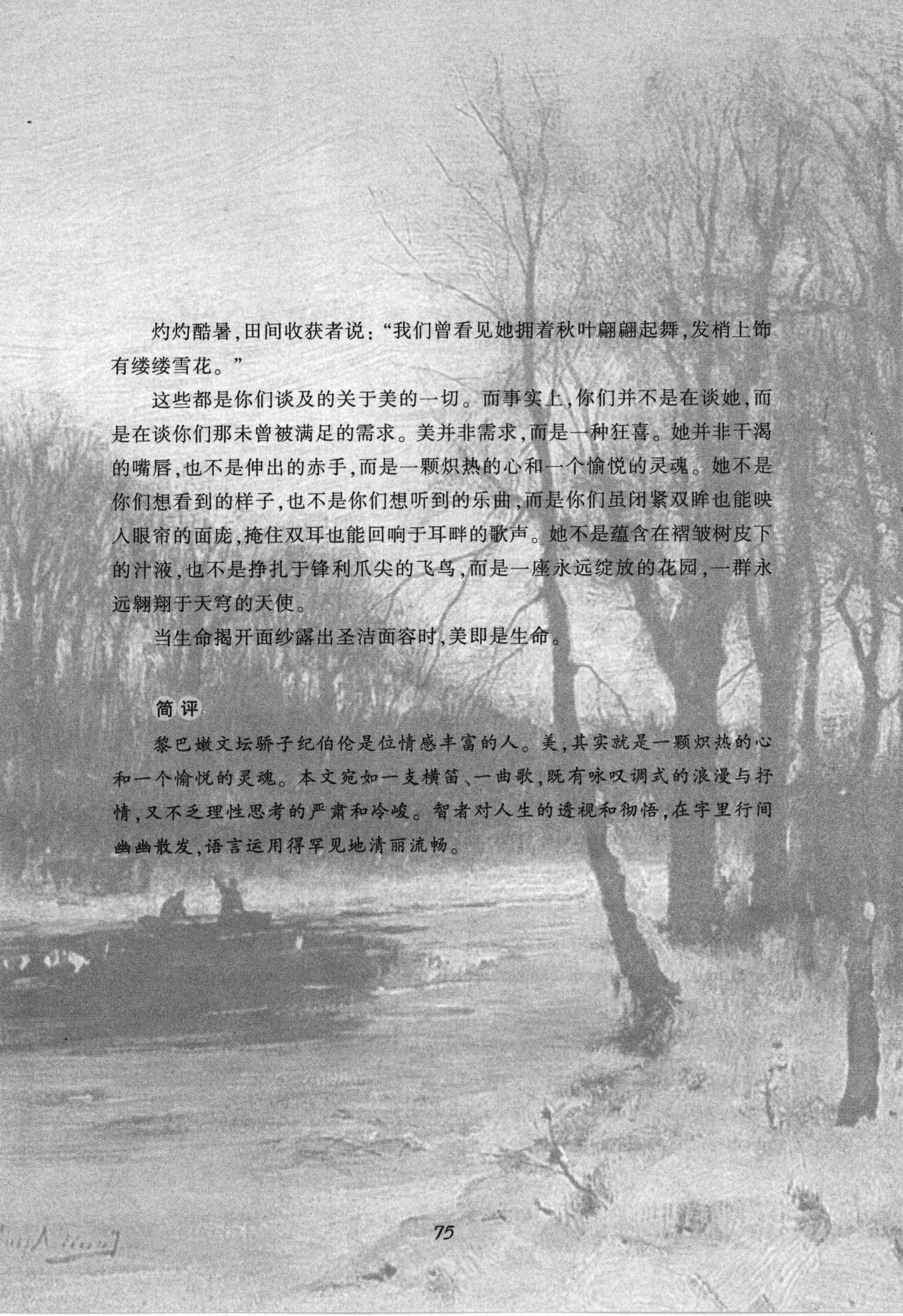
疲惫倦怠者说：“美是柔声软语，在我们内心里呢喃。她的声音在我们的沉静中流转，宛如一缕微光因畏惧阴影而颤动。”

活力充溢者说：“我们曾听见她在群山中呼喊，随之而来的还有兽蹄声，振翅声和狮吼声。”

夜间守城人说：“美与朝霞一同从东方的天际升起。”

炎炎午后，辛苦劳作者和旅行者如是说：“我们曾看见她斜倚在黄昏之窗俯瞰着大地。”

凛凛冬日，困在风雪中的人说：“她伴着春天来，在山岗林野中欢呼雀跃。”



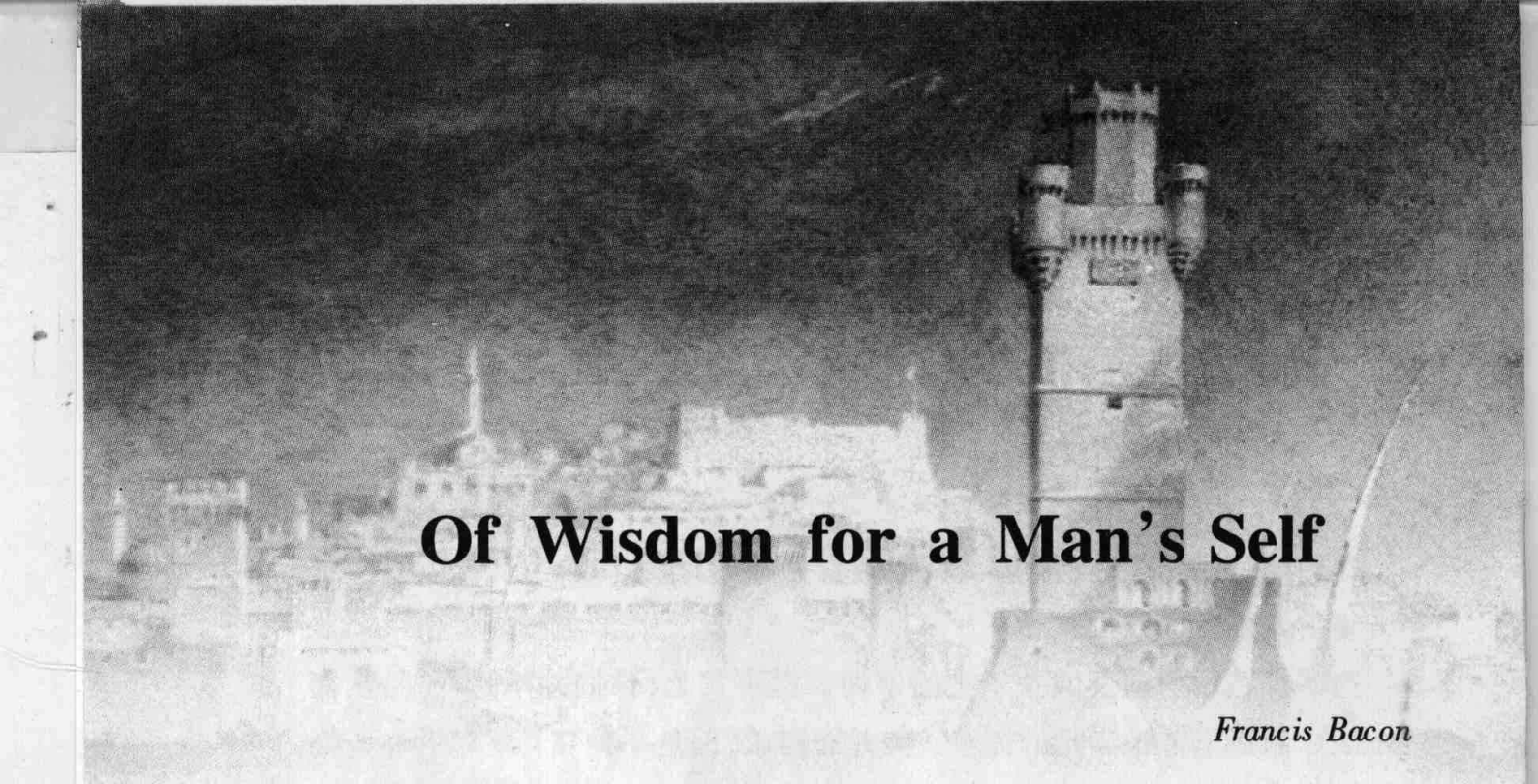
灼灼酷暑,田间收获者说:“我们曾看见她拥着秋叶翩翩起舞,发梢上饰有缕缕雪花。”

这些都是你们谈及的关于美的一切。而事实上,你们并不是在谈她,而是在谈你们那未曾被满足的需求。美并非需求,而是一种狂喜。她并非干渴的嘴唇,也不是伸出的赤手,而是一颗炽热的心和一个愉悦的灵魂。她不是你们想看到的样子,也不是你们想听到的乐曲,而是你们虽闭紧双眸也能映入眼帘的面庞,掩住双耳也能回响于耳畔的歌声。她不是蕴含在褶皱树皮下的汁液,也不是挣扎于锋利爪尖的飞鸟,而是一座永远绽放的花园,一群永远翱翔于天穹的天使。

当生命揭开面纱露出圣洁面容时,美即是生命。

简评

黎巴嫩文坛骄子纪伯伦是位情感丰富的人。美,其实就是一颗炽热的心和一个愉悦的灵魂。本文宛如一支横笛、一曲歌,既有咏叹调式的浪漫与抒情,又不乏理性思考的严肃和冷峻。智者对人生的透视和彻悟,在字里行间幽幽散发,语言运用得罕见地清丽流畅。



Of Wisdom for a Man's Self

Francis Bacon

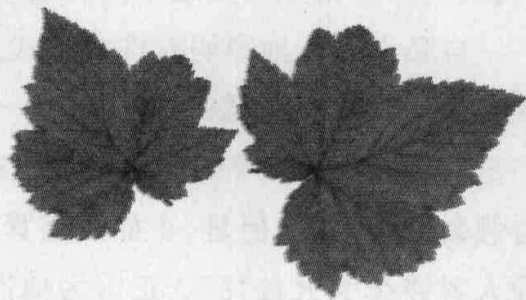
作者简介

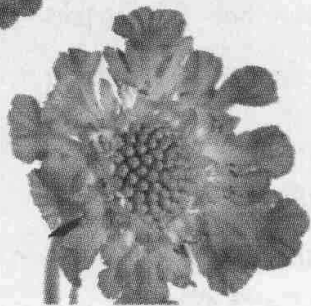
弗朗西斯·培根(Francis Bacon, 1561—1626), 英国哲学家、作家和科学家。他推崇科学、发展科学的进步思想和崇尚知识的进步口号, 一直推动着社会的进步。这位一生追求真理的思想家, 被马克思称为“英国唯物主义和整个现代实验科学的真正始祖”。他在逻辑学、美学、教育学方面也提出许多思想。著有《新工具》、《论说随笔文集》等。后者收入 58 篇随笔, 从各个角度论述广泛的人生问题, 精妙、有哲理, 拥有很多读者。

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing, in an orchard or garden. And certainly, men that are great lovers of themselves, waste the public. Divide with reason; between selflove and society; and be so true to thyself, as thou be not false to others; specially to thy king and country. It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself. It is right earth. For that only stands fast upon his own centre; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens, move upon the centre of another, which they benefit. The referring of all to a man's self is more tolerable in a sovereign prince; because themselves are not only themselves, but their good and evil is at the peril of the public fortune. But it is a desperate evil in a servant to a prince, or a citizen in a republic. For whatsoever affairs pass such a man's hands, he crooketh them to his own ends; which must needs to be often eccentric to the ends of his master or state.

Therefore let princes, or states, choose such servants as have not this mark; except they mean their service should be made but the accessory. That which maketh the effect more pernicious is that all proportion is lost. It were disproportion enough for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's; but yet it is a greater extreme, when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the masters. And yet that is the case of bad officers, treasures, ambassadors, generals, and other false and corrupt servants, which set a bias upon their bowl, of their own petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs. And for the most part, the good such servants receive is after the model of their own fortune; but the hurt they sell for that good is after the model of their master's fortune. And certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set a house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs; and yet these men many times hold credit with their masters, because their study is but to please them and profit themselves; and for either respect they will abandon the good of their affairs.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it falls. It is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him. It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is, that those which (as Cicero says of Pompey) are *sui amantes, sine rivali*, are many times unfortunate. And whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune; whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.





论自私者的聪明

(英) 弗朗西斯·培根

蚂蚁是一种很会为自己打算的聪明动物，但是在一座果园花圃里就是一种有害的动物了。自私的人犹如蚂蚁，他们深深危害着社会。人应该理性地把自谋利益和社会利益区分开来，不能自欺欺人，更不能有欺于君主与国家。就像地球一样，因为只有地球是固定不动的，而与天空密切的一切天体都是围绕着别的天体的中心在运转着，对别的天体也是非常有益的。对于在位的君主而言，以自我为中心情有可原；因为他们并不代表他们本身。但是，这种情况如果发生在君王的仆从或民众身上，则是极端有害的。因为无论何事若经这种人之手，他一定会为一己私利而把那些事扭曲，而这种行为一定常常与国家利益相违背。因而君主或政府应该选择没有这样污点的仆从，除非他们认为所需服务无关紧要。更糟糕的是，一旦让这种自私自利的人得势，他们会将一己之利置于君主国家利益之上，牺牲民众利益。但是，这一切正是腐败的官员、税吏、使节、军官以及其他贪官污吏的所作所为。他们为了装满自己的饭碗，为了自己微小的利益，妒忌甚至毁掉主人的宏图伟业。就大多数情况而言，这种仆从捞到了好处，但他们为捞到那点好处所付出的代价却是祸害他们的君王。这样做当然是极端自私自利者的天性，因为他们会仅仅为了烤熟自己的鸡蛋而引火烧房。然而，这种人却又往往受到他们主人的器重，因为他们擅长取悦于人和谋求私利。不论是为了主人还是自己获利，他们都会抛弃正义之士的利益。

自私者的那种聪明有许多形式，但都是一种极其卑劣的行为。他们的智慧有如鼠辈，在房屋倒塌之前它一定会一走了之；他们的狡猾有如狐狸，他们把费劲挖好洞的獾赶跑，霸占其穴；他们阴险有如鳄鱼，在吃掉其他动物时假装流下眼泪。但是，正如西塞罗在评论庞贝时所说的，“只知自爱却不知爱人者终会引火自焚”。正因为他们一贯损人利己，到头来命运之神定要让

他们成为自我的祭品。而他们原以为，凭他们精明的算盘，早已绑住了命运之神的翅膀。

简评

本文文笔优美、语言凝练、寓意深刻，从多个角度论述了自私者的聪明。纵观现实生活，每一件损人利己的客观行为，追根溯源，都不外是自私的结果。而聪明的自私者，更是让人惶恐不安。所幸的是，自私者的聪明，往往只是引火自焚，自掘其墓。一个心智健全的人，完全可能依靠自身的理智、良心、道德以及外部环境的控制和影响而将自私抑制在合理的范围之内，以达到利己利人的客观效果。





Of Studies

Francis Bacon

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in disclosure; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best, from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affection; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning, by study; and studies themselves, do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them bothers; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books, else distilled books are like common distilled waters,

flashy things.

Reading make a full man; conferece a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know, that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtitle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores*. Nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body, may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the Schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate anther, let him study the lawyer's cases. So every defect of the mind, may have a special receipt.





论读书

(英)弗朗西斯·培根

读书使人心旷神怡,使人妙语如珠,使人才智过人。心旷神怡之感,于独处幽居时感受最为深切;妙语如珠之感,在高谈阔论时最为突出;而才智过人之说,则体现于处世判事之中,一般人虽都有分别处理细事的能力,但论及统筹规划,运筹帷幄,好学深思者必然更胜一筹。读书耗时过多使人懒惰,过于修饰文采是一种矫情,全凭规则条文判断事物则是学究之常态。读书能够弥补天性之不足,经验又能弥补读书之不足。因为人天生的能力就如同自然界的花花草草,需要通过学习来修剪移接。然而书中的知识,如果没有以经验作向导,又会显得空洞而不恰当。有一技之长的人轻视读书,无知者羡慕读书,只有明智的人才会善待读书。但是书本本身并不会告诉人它的用处,用书的智慧,不在书内,而在书外的观察积累。读书时不可存诘难作者之心,不可尽信书上之言,也不可有寻章摘句之举,而应该仔细思考、再三权衡。有些书可以浅尝,有些书可以吞食,但有少数必须慢慢咀嚼消化。也就是说,有些书只需要读取其中的某部分,有些书只需粗略涉猎一下,而有少数书则必须全神贯注、孜孜不倦地读完。书也可以请人代读,取其中的部分作为摘要,但只限于是题材较次或价值不高的书,否则,经提炼过的书就如同被蒸馏过的水,变得平淡无味。

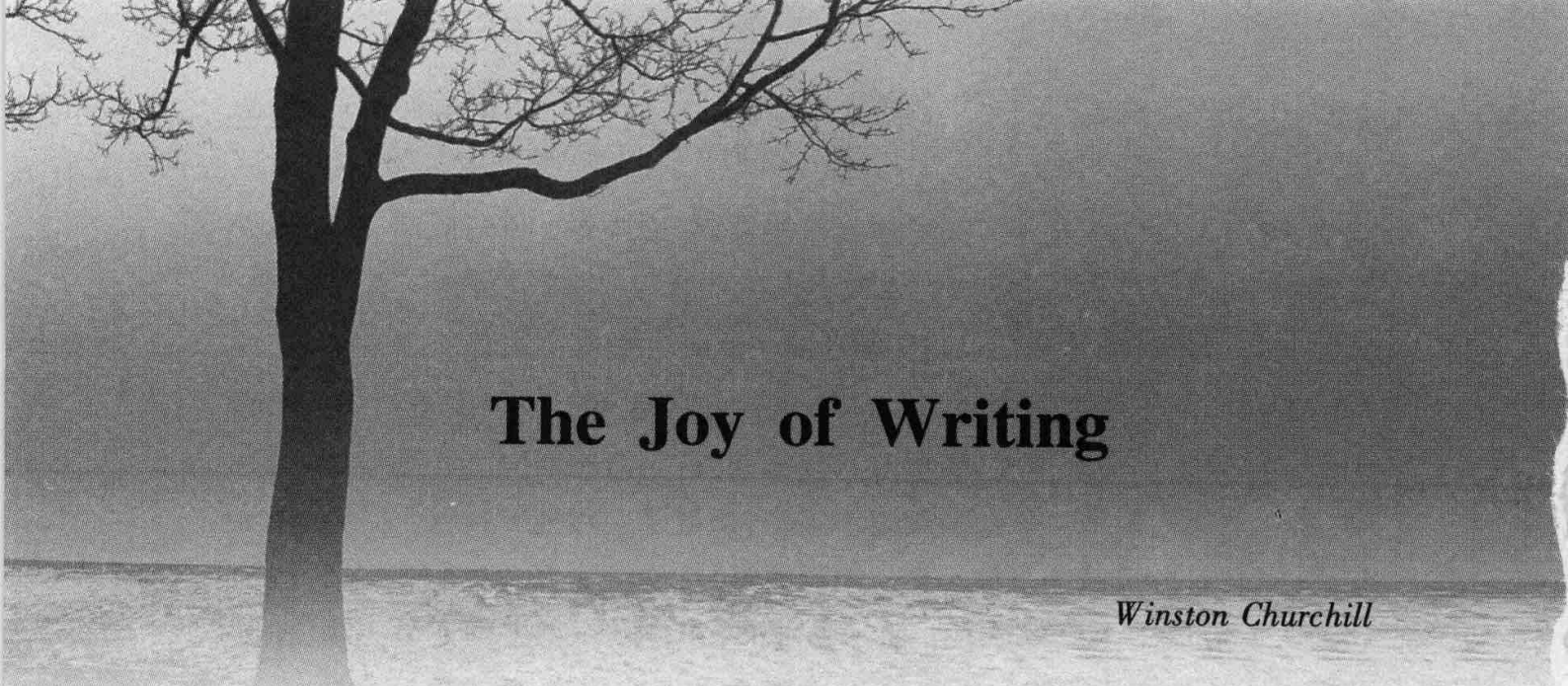
读书使人充实,讨论使人机智,笔记使人准确。因此不常做笔记的人必须有很强的记忆力,不常讨论者须天生聪慧,不常读书者须为人狡猾,脑袋

空空,但看上去满腹经纶。读史使人通晓道理,读诗使人灵巧聪明,数学使人思路缜密,哲学使人思想深刻,伦理使人庄严稳重,逻辑修辞使人能言善辩,所学的东西都有助于我们养成一种性格。人在才智某一方面有所缺欠,都可以借助适当的书来加以弥补。就如同身体上的病,都可以借助适当的运动来调整。保龄球对睾肾有利,射箭对胸肺有利,慢步对肠胃有利,骑术对头脑有利,诸如此类。如果一个人注意力不集中,读数学会对他有益,因为演题须全神贯注,稍有分散就须重演一遍;如不能辨异,读经院哲学对他有帮助,因为这类人都有吹毛求疵的癖性;如不善求同,不善以一物去阐证另一物,律师的案卷会让他有所改善。由此可见,头脑中的所有缺陷,都有医治之法。

简评

千百年来,培根的《论读书》一直激励了无数人。读书可以怡养心性,读书可以增长才情,读书可以完善自身。书分不同的种类,有不同的阅读方法。无论选取哪一种,都大有益处,所以抓紧时间,好好读书吧,亲爱的朋友们。





The Joy of Writing

Winston Churchill

作者简介

温斯顿·丘吉尔(Winston Churchill, 1874—1965), 英国传记作家、历史学家、政治家。丘吉尔一生虽主要从事政治活动, 但他的历史著述和传记文学写作也成就卓著。1953年, “由于他在描述历史与传记方面之造诣, 同时由于他那捍卫崇高的人的价值的辉煌演说”, 获得诺贝尔文学奖。瑞典学院把他比作“具有西塞罗文才的凯撒大帝”(《颁奖辞》)。

The fortunate people in the world—the only really fortunate people in the world, in my mind, are those whose work is also their pleasure. The class is not a large one, not nearly so large as it is often represented to be; and authors are perhaps one of the most important elements in its composition. They enjoy in this respect at least a real harmony of life. To my mind, to be able to make your work your pleasure is the one class distinction in the world worth striving for; and I do not wonder that others are inclined to envy those happy human beings who find their livelihood in the gay effusions of their fancy, to whom every hour of labour is an hour of enjoyment, to whom repose—however necessary—is a tiresome interlude, and even a holiday almost deprivation. Whether a man writes well or ill, has much to say or little, if he cares about writing at all, he will appreciate the pleasures of composition. To sit at one's table on a sunny morning, with four clear hours of uninterrupted security, plenty of nice white paper, and a Squeezer pen—that is true happiness. The complete absorption of the mind upon an agreeable occupation—what more is

there than that to desire? What does it matter what happens outside? The House of Commons may do what it likes, and so may the House of Lords. The heathen may rage furiously in every part of the globe. The bottom may be knocked clean out of the American market. Consols may fall and suffragettes may rise. Never mind, for four hours, at any rate, we will withdraw ourselves from a common, ill-governed, and disorderly world, and with the key of fancy unlock that cupboard where all the good things of the infinite are put away.

And speaking of freedom, is not the author free, as few men are free? Is he not secure, as few men are secure? The tools of his industry are so common and so cheap that they have almost ceased to have commercial value. He needs no bulky pile of raw material, no elaborate apparatus, no service of men or animals. He is dependent for his occupation upon no one but himself, and nothing outside him that matters. He is the sovereign of an empire, self-supporting, self-contained. No one can sequester his estates. No one can deprive him of his stock in trade; no one can force him to exercise his faculty against his will; no one can prevent him exercising it as he chooses. The pen is the great liberator of men and nations. No chains can bind, no poverty can choke, no tariff can restrict the free play of his mind, and even the "Times" Book Club can only exert a moderately depressing influence upon his rewards. Whether his work is good or bad, so long as he does his best he is happy. I often fortify myself amid the uncertainties and vexations of political life by believing that I possess a line of retreat into a peaceful and fertile country where no rascal can pursue and where one need never be dull or idle or even wholly without power. It is then, indeed, that I feel devoutly thankful to have been born fond of writing. It is then, indeed, that I feel grateful to all the brave and generous spirits who, in every age and in every land, have fought to establish the now unquestioned freedom of the pen.

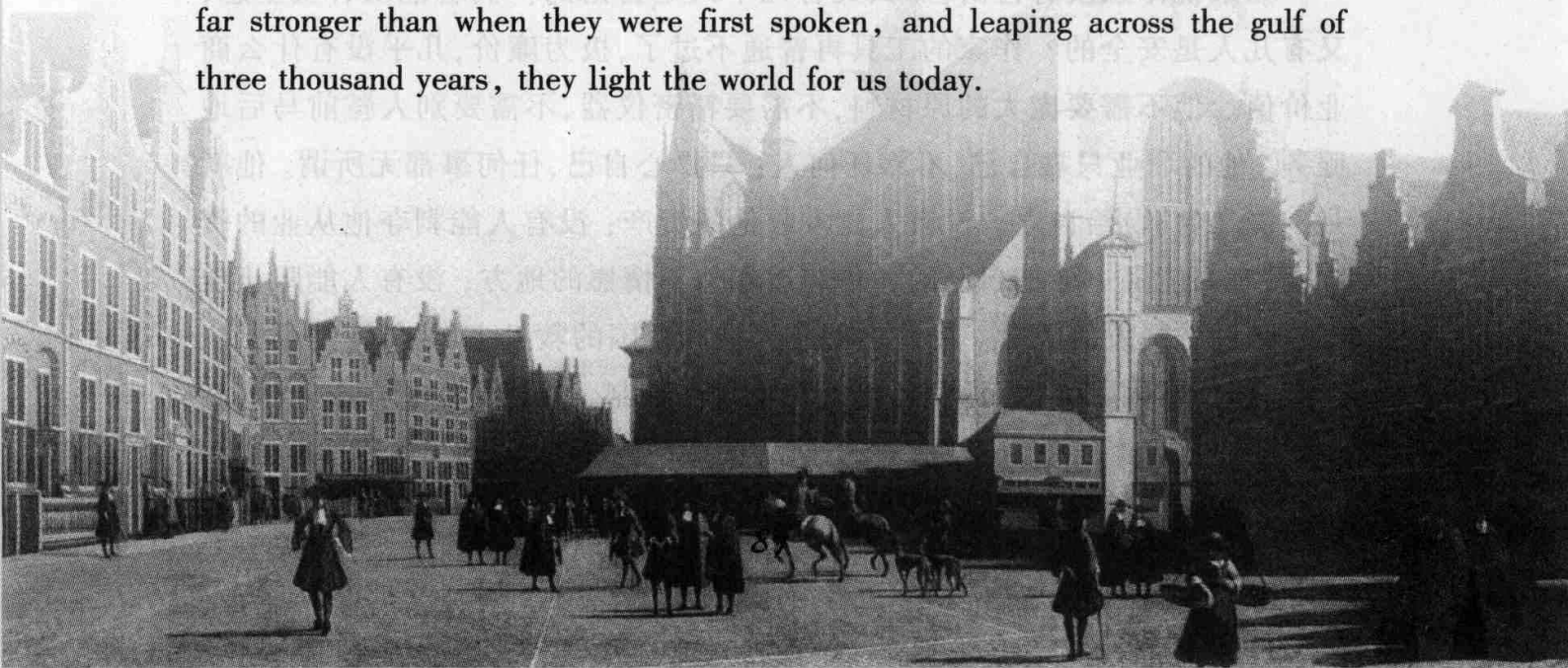
And what a noble medium the English language is. It is not possible to write a page without experiencing positive pleasure at the richness and variety, the flexibility and the profoundness of our mother tongue. If an English writer cannot say what he has to say in English, and in simple English, depend upon

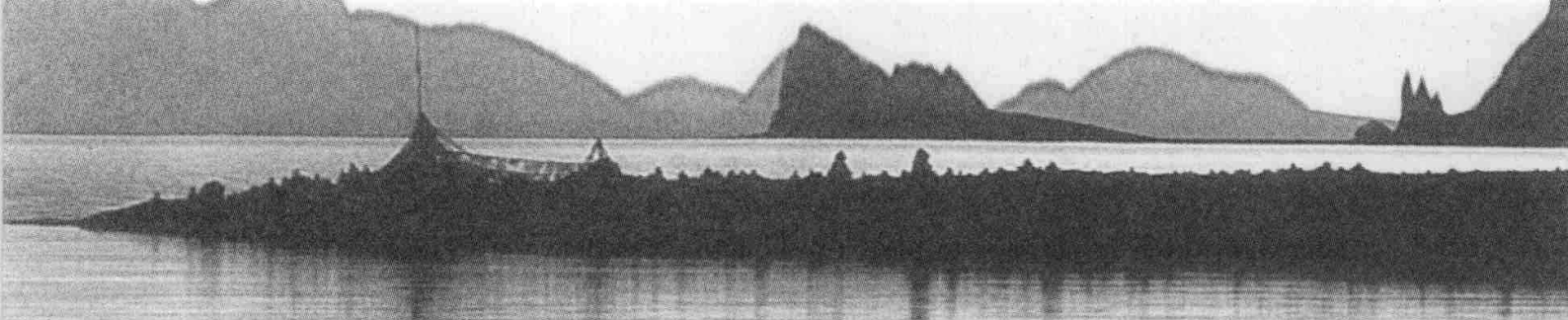
it, it is probably not worth saying. What a pity it is that English is not more generally studied. I am not going to attack classical education. No one who has the slightest pretension to literary tastes can be insensible to the attraction of Greece and Rome. But I confess our present educational system excites in my mind grave misgivings. I cannot believe that a system is good, or even reasonable, which thrusts upon reluctant and uncomprehending multitudes treasures which can only be appreciated by the privileged and gifted few. To the vast majority of boys who attend our public schools a classical education is from beginning to end one long useless, meaningless rigmarole. If I am told that classless are the best preparation for the study of English, I reply that by far the greater number of students finish their education while this preparatory stage is still incomplete and without deriving any of the benefits which are promised as its result.

And even of those who, without being great scholars, attain a certain general acquaintance with the ancient writers, can it really be said that they have also obtained the mastery of English? How many young gentlemen there are from the universities and public schools who can turn a Latin verse with a facility which would make the old Romans squirm in their tombs. How few there are who can construct a few good sentences, or still less a few good paragraphs of plain, correct, and straight forward English. Now, I am a great admirer of the Greeks, although, of course, I have to depend upon what others tell me about them, and I would like to see our educationists imitate in one respect, at least, the Greek example. How is it that the Greeks made their language the most graceful and compendious mode of expression ever known among men? Did they spend all their time studying the languages which had preceded theirs? Did they explore with tireless persistency the ancient root dialects of the vanished world? Not at all. They studied Greek. They studied their own language. They loved it, they cherished it, they adorned it, they expanded it, and that is why it survives a model and delight to all posterity. Surely we, whose mother tongue has already won for itself such an unequalled empire over the modern world, can learn this lesson at least from the ancient Greeks and bestow a little care and some proportion of the years of education to the study of

a language which is perhaps to play a predominant part in the future progress of mankind.

Let us remember the author can always do his best. There is no excuse for him. The great cricketer may be out of form. The general may on the day of decisive battle have a bad toothache or a bad army. The admiral may be seasick—as a sufferer I reflect with satisfaction upon that contingency. Caruso may be afflicted with catarrh, or Hackenschmidt with influenza. As for an orator, it is not enough for him to be able to think well and truly. He must think quickly. Speed is vital to him. Spontaneity is more than ever the hallmark of good speaking. All these varied forces of activity require from the performer the command of the best that is in him at a particular moment which may be fixed by circumstances utterly beyond his control. It is not so with the author. He need never appear in public until he is ready. He can always realize the best that is in him. He is not dependent upon his best moment in any one day. He may group together the best moments of twenty days. There is no excuse for him if he does not do his best. Great is his opportunity; great also his responsibility. Someone—I forget who—has said, “Words are the only things which last for ever.” That is, to my mind, always a wonderful thought. The most durable structures raised in stone by the strength of man, the mightiest monuments of his power, crumble into dust, while the words spoken with fleeting breath, the passing expression of the unstable fancies of his mind, endure not as echoes of the past, not as mere archaeological curiosities or venerable relics, but with a force and life as new and strong, and sometimes far stronger than when they were first spoken, and leaping across the gulf of three thousand years, they light the world for us today.





写作的乐趣

(英)温斯顿·丘吉尔

在我看来,世上幸运的人——唯一真正幸运的人,是那些以工作为乐的人。这类人并不多,起码不如人们常说的那么多;并且,作家也许是其中最重要的组成部分之一。从幸运这个角度来说,他们至少享受着生活中真正的和谐之乐。我觉得,以工作为乐是人们值得为之奋斗的一种崇高荣誉:别人会羡慕这些幸福的人,这也不足为奇,因为他们在快乐的激情里找到了生活的方式。对他们而言,工作一小时,也就是享受一小时;休息——甭管多么有必要——都是让人厌烦的插曲,甚至连休假也差不多是一种损失。一个人写得好坏与否,写得或多或少,如果他喜爱写作的话,就会享受其中谋篇布局的乐趣。在一个阳光明媚的清晨,伏案写作,不受任何人打扰地坐上四个小时,加上有足够的上好白纸,还有一支“挤压式”妙笔——这才是真正的幸福。能有一份愉快的职业让人全身心地投入——此愿足矣!管它外面发生什么事!下院尽管做想干的一切,上院也可随意。异教徒或许在世界各个角落怒火汹汹;美国市场大可一泻千里,证券下跌;女权运动兴起——所有这些都别管,无论怎样,我们有四个小时可以逃脱这无趣病态、专制混乱的尘世,用想像的钥匙开启藏有大千世界所有宝物的橱柜。

如果说作家没有自由,那么又有几个人是自由的?倘若他没有安全感,又有几人是安全的?作家的工具再普通不过了,极为廉价,几乎没有什么商业价值。他不需要庞大的原材料,不需要精密仪器,不需要别人鞍前马后地服务。他的职业只靠自己,不靠任何人;只操心自己,任何事都无所谓。他就是一国之君,自给自立。没有人能没收他的资产;没有人能剥夺他从业的资本;没有人能强迫他把自己的才华施展在他不情愿的地方;没有人能阻止他按自己的选择发挥天赋。他的笔就是人类和各国的救世主,任何束缚都无法禁锢,任何贫困都无法阻挡,任何关税也无法限制。他任凭思想自由驰骋,甚

至“泰晤士图书俱乐部”也只能对他的收获有节制地施加打击。只要尽力而为了,不管作品的结果是好是坏,他都会觉得很开心。我总相信在风云变幻、令人头疼的政治生涯中,有一条通向宁静富饶之地的退路。那是任何无赖都到达不了的地方,那是人们哪怕没有权势也永远不会感到失败的沮丧、也永远不会空虚无聊的地方。的确,在那时,我虔诚地感谢自己生来就爱好写作;在那时,我无比感激每个时代、每片疆土上的所有勇士,是他们作出的斗争确立了现在写作无可争议的自由。

英语是一种多么高尚的语言!我们每写下一页,都沉浸在母语的柔韧灵活、博大精深为我们带来的不容置疑的喜悦中。如果一位英国作家,不能用练达的英语说出他必须说的话,那么那句话或许不值得说。倘若没有深入研究英语,那是何等的憾事!我不是要攻击古典教育,凡是自信对文学有点鉴赏力的人,都不可能漠视希腊文和罗马文。但我得承认,我深深地忧虑我国目前的教育制度。我难以相信这个制度是好的,甚至是合理的,因为它把只有少数特权人物和天才才能欣赏的东西,展示在不情愿接受又大惑不解的大众面前。对大多数公学的学生来说,古典教育始终都是些冗长无用和没有什么意义的陈词滥调。如果有人告诉我,古典课程是学习英语的最好准备,那我就回答说,迄今为止,大多数学生完成学业,然而这个准备阶段仍然未完成,也没有收获任何预期的优势。

那些无缘成为大学者而又对古代作家有所了解的人,难道可以说他们已经掌握英语了吗?那些从大学和公学毕业的年轻人,有几人能把一段拉丁诗文娴熟地写下来,足以让坟墓中的古罗马人为之动情!而能够写出几行妙语连珠的人就更少了,更不用说用英语简洁练达地写出几个精彩的段落!不过,我倒是非常羡慕古希腊人——当然我得听别人讲述他们的情形——我很乐意见到我们的教育家至少能在一个方面效仿古希腊人。古希腊人如何运用自己的语言,使之成为人类迄今所知最高雅、最简练的表达方式呢?他们是否用了毕生的时间学习在此之前的语言?他们是否不知疲倦地潜心研究某个已不复存在的世界里的原始方言了?根本没有!他们只学习希腊语。他们学习自己的语言。他们热爱它、珍惜它、修饰它、拓展它,因此,它才能得以延续,其楷模和乐趣供所有后人享用。毫无疑问,对我们来说,既然英语已经为自己在现代世界里赢得了这般举世无双的地位,我们至少能从古希腊人那里吸取些训导,在多年的教育中稍微操点心,抽空去学习一种也许在人

类未来发展中起到主导作用的语言。

让我们记住了，作家永远可以发挥最大的作用。他找不出任何托辞不这样做。板球明星也许会发挥失常；将军在决战之日也许会牙疼，也许他的部队很糟糕；舰队司令也可能会晕船——作为晕船者我满意地想到了那意外。卡鲁索可能会得黏膜炎，哈肯施米特也会得流感。对于一位演说家来说，仅仅是想得好和想得正确是不够的，他还得脑筋转得快。速度至关重要，随机应变越来越成为优秀演说家的标志。所有这些活动都需要行动者在一个特定的时刻全心全意地付出，而无法掌控的各种事态也许决定着这一时刻。作家的情况就不一样。他可以等到一切准备就绪时再出场。他永远可以把最大潜能发挥出来。他并不依赖于自己在某一天的最佳时刻，因为他可以把二十天的最佳时刻攒起来。他没有理由不尽最大的努力。等待他的机会很多，赋予他的责任也很重大。有人说过这样的话——我忘了是谁说的——“言语是唯一恒久的东西”。我以为这永远是绝妙的思想。人类用石块垒起的如此坚固的大厦，是人类力量最伟大的结晶，也可能会夷为平地，而那一闪而过的言辞，那思绪飞扬时即逝的表达却延续了下来，但它不是历史的回音，不是纯粹的建筑奇迹或令人肃然起敬的遗迹，但力量依旧强大，生命依旧鲜活，有时候远比当初说出来的时候更加坚强有力，穿越三千年的时光隧道，为现在的我们照亮了世界。

简评

丘吉尔极具雄辩之才，撰文警句迭出，被公认为出类拔萃的大演说家。在该文中，他指出了写作的乐趣，足以怡情，足以长才，足以高谈阔论……然而，写作的真正乐趣在于彰显一个作家的社会职责。曹丕曾说“文章乃经国之大业，不朽之盛事。”这足以证明著书立说的不朽功德。作家的政见、理念，治国方略或为人处世之道，都会在最大限度上有益于社会的发展进步。



Knowledge and Virtue

John Henry Newman

作者简介

约翰·亨利·纽曼(John Henry Newman, 1801—1890), 英国著名高等教育思想家。

Knowledge is one thing, virtue is another. Good sense is not conscience, refinement is not humility, nor is largeness and justness of view faith. Philosophy, however enlightened, however profound, gives no command over the passions, no influential motives, no vivifying principles. Liberal Education makes not the Christian, not the Catholic, but the gentleman. It is well to be a gentleman, it is well to have a cultivated intellect, a delicate taste, a candid, equitable, dispassionate mind, a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life—these are the connatural qualities of a large knowledge, they are the objects of a University. I am advocating, I shall illustrate and insist upon them. But still, I repeat, they are no guarantee for sanctity or even for conscientiousness, they may attach to the man of the world, to the profligate, to the heartless, pleasant, alas, and attractive as he shows when decked, out in them. Taken by themselves, they do but seem to be what they are not, they look like virtue at a distance, but they are detected by close observers, and on the long run, and hence it is that they are popularly accused of pretense and hypocrisy, not, I repeat, from their own fault, but because their professors and their admirers persist in taking them for what they are not, and are officious in arrogating for them a praise to which they have no claim. Quarry the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk, then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of man.



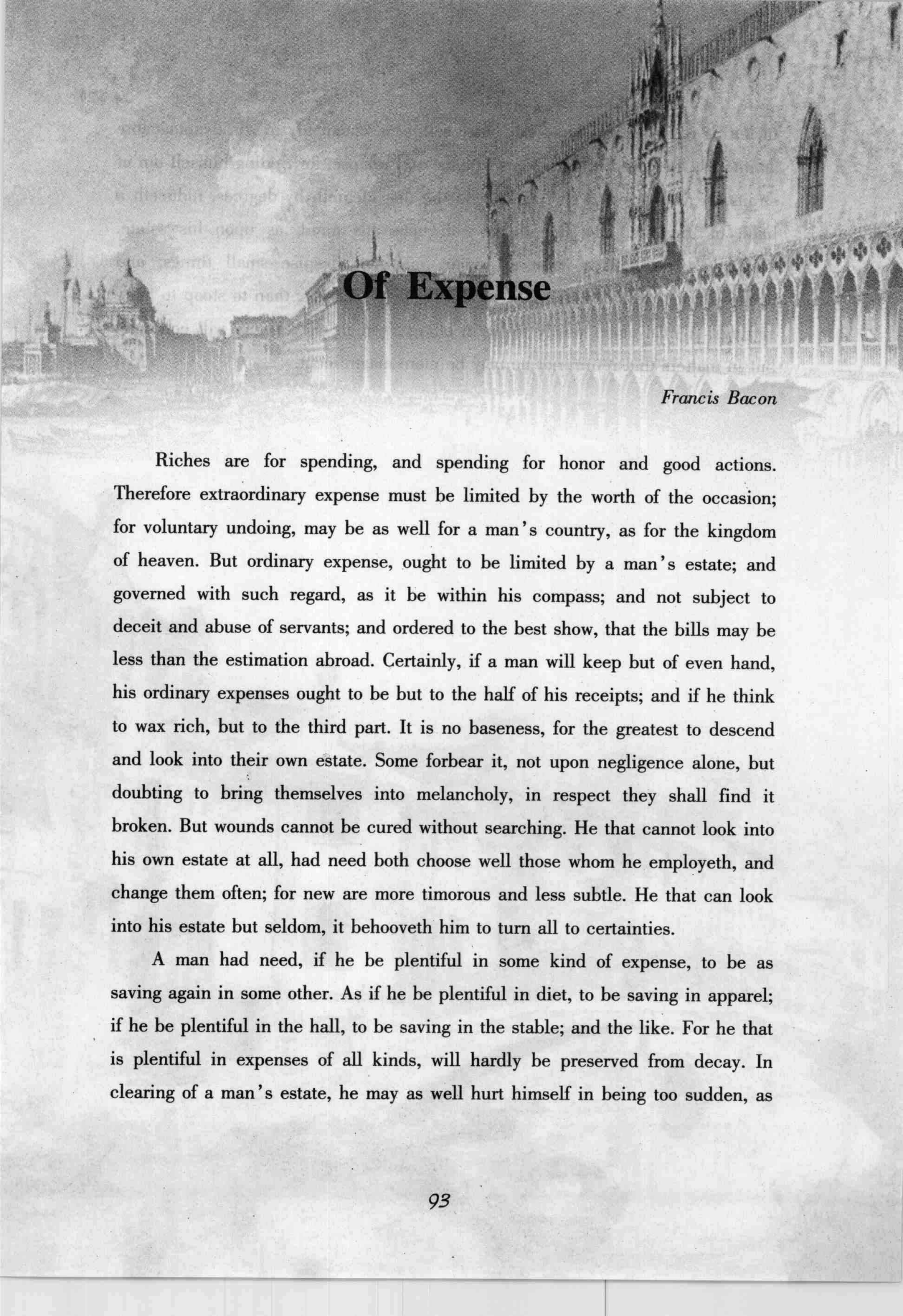
知识与美德

(英)约翰·亨利·纽曼

知识是一回事,美德则是另外一回事。善意不一定是良心,优雅不一定是谦让,广博与公正的观点也不一定是信仰。无论多么富有启迪或高深莫测的哲学,也不一定能左右感情或者成为具有影响力的动机和导致生动活泼的因素。文科教育是为了造就绅士,而不是为了造就基督教徒或者天主教徒。造就一个绅士是件美好的事。有教养的才智,高雅的情趣,正直公正而冷静的头脑,高贵而彬彬有礼的举止——这些品质同渊博的学识与生俱来,这也正是大学教育的目的。我倡导这些,并加以阐释和坚持。不过我还要说的是,它们仍然不能确保圣洁或保证诚实。它们可以附庸于世故的俗人,附庸于玩世不恭的浪子。唉,当他们用它伪装起来时,就更增加了他们外在的冷静、快活和魅力。就其本身而言,它们似乎已经面目全非,已成为一种只可远观的道德,但经过长久的观察后,他们会显现出其真相。于是人们开始责难它们,指责它们虚假和伪善。但我想强调的是,它们自身是清白无辜的,是教授及其崇拜者们一味地把它们弄得面目全非,而且还殷勤地献上一些言过其实的赞叹。如果说用剃刀能开采花岗岩,用丝线能系住船只,那么你就可以希望能用人的知识和理性这样美妙而优雅的东西去对抗那些庞然大物——人类的情感与高傲。

简评

美德是一个人应该具备的优点,知识是一个人人生的航标。知识与美德并俱,会成就一个优秀人才。遗憾的是,有知识的人不一定有美德,有美德的人不一定有知识。作为一个现代人,一个现代的读书人,我们有责任和义务让自己在增长才识的同时,提升内在的美德。



Of Expense

Francis Bacon

Riches are for spending, and spending for honor and good actions. Therefore extraordinary expense must be limited by the worth of the occasion; for voluntary undoing, may be as well for a man's country, as for the kingdom of heaven. But ordinary expense, ought to be limited by a man's estate; and governed with such regard, as it be within his compass; and not subject to deceit and abuse of servants; and ordered to the best show, that the bills may be less than the estimation abroad. Certainly, if a man will keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts; and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part. It is no baseness, for the greatest to descend and look into their own estate. Some forbear it, not upon negligence alone, but doubting to bring themselves into melancholy, in respect they shall find it broken. But wounds cannot be cured without searching. He that cannot look into his own estate at all, had need both choose well those whom he employeth, and change them often; for new are more timorous and less subtle. He that can look into his estate but seldom, it behooveth him to turn all to certainties.

A man had need, if he be plentiful in some kind of expense, to be as saving again in some other. As if he be plentiful in diet, to be saving in apparel; if he be plentiful in the hall, to be saving in the stable; and the like. For he that is plentiful in expenses of all kinds, will hardly be preserved from decay. In clearing of a man's estate, he may as well hurt himself in being too sudden, as

in letting it run on too long. For hasty selling is commonly as disadvantageable as interest. Besides, he that clears at once will relapse; for finding himself out of straits, he will revert to his custom: but he that cleareth by degrees, induceth a habit of frugality, and gaineth as well upon his mind, as upon his estate. Certainly, who hath a state to repair, may not despise small things; and commonly it is less dishonorable, to abridge petty charges, than to stoop to petty gettings. A man ought warily to begin charges which once begun will continue; but in matters that return not he may be more magnificent.





论消费

(英)弗朗西斯·培根

财富是用来消费的,而消费是为了获取荣耀和良好的品行。因此特别的消费当以其起因之值为限;为了自己的国家心甘情愿地慷慨解囊,和为了天国献出一切同样得当。但是普通的消费则以个人的财产为限;并且要管理得当,消费不要超出收入;还要谨防家仆的欺骗与滥用;还要仔细权衡,使实际支出低于预算支出。毫无疑问,假如一个人仅仅要收支平衡,不至贫困的话,那么日常消费应控制在收入的一半以下;若是他要变得富有的话,那么日常消费就应该在收入的三分之一以下。即使大人物躬身检点自己的财产也无伤大雅。有些人不肯这么做,不单是对财产的漫不经心,也因为害怕盘点家财时发现业已破产而烦恼不已。但是如果不找出问题的症结,就永远得不到解决。完全不会理财的人,务必要用人得当,还得常常更换他们;因为新人更谨小慎微,也更细心敏锐。会理财但不常理财者,就应该严格规定所有收支的数额。

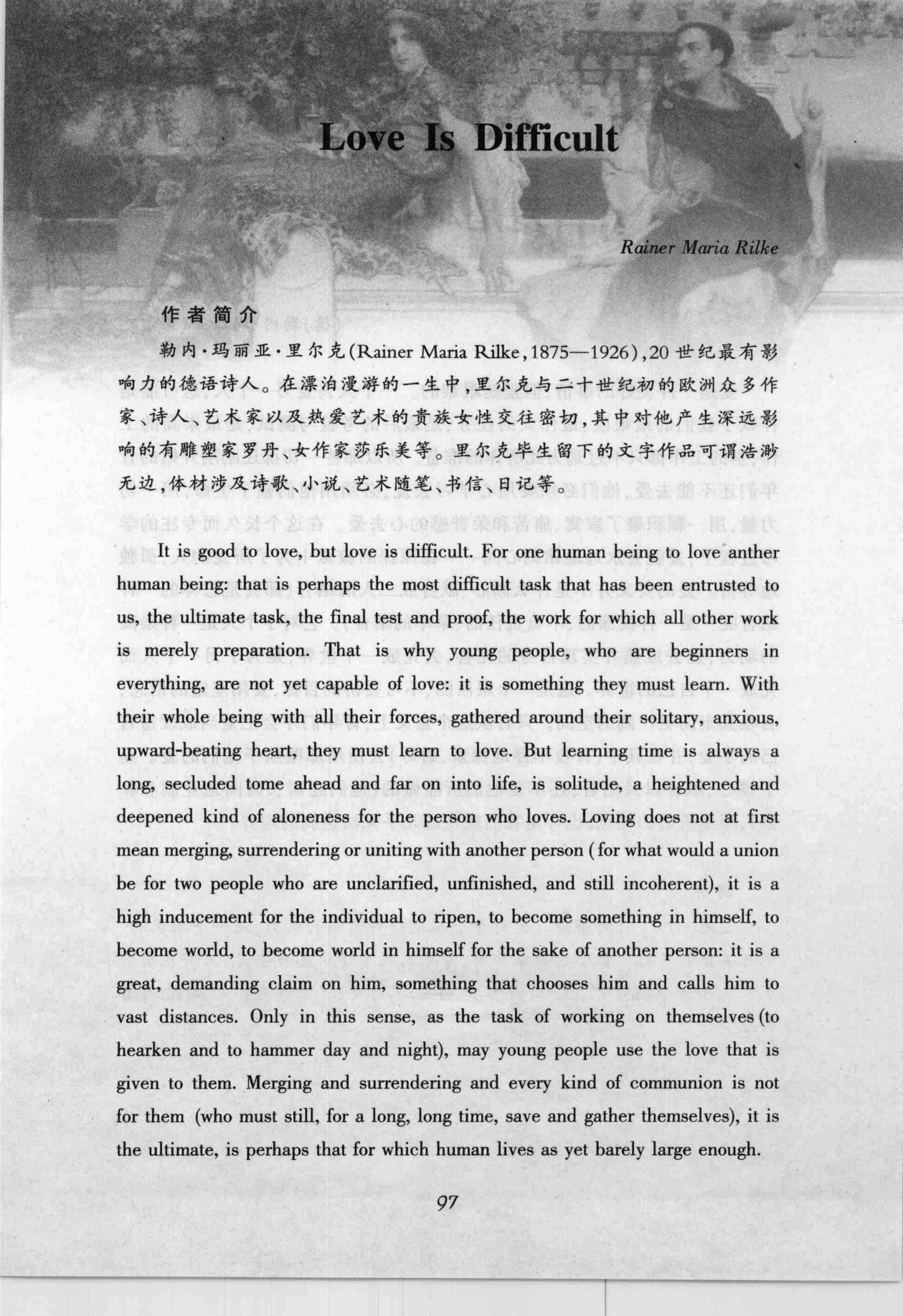
一个人如果在某一项上花费多,则他必须要在别的用度上节省。如果他在吃喝上爱花钱,那么他就应当在穿戴上节省;要是他在住所上爱花钱,他就应当在马厩上节省,诸如此类。因为那种在每项消费上都大手大脚的人,



难免坠入财务困境。一个人在清偿债务时，如果操之过急一次付讫与拖欠太久不能偿还一样是自讨苦吃。因为急于出售和孳生利息同样不利。而且，一次性还清债务的人会再次借债的：因为他一旦发现自己没有债务的困难时，就会故态重演。但一点点地还清债务，能让人养成节俭的习惯：既有利于保持心态，也有利于保存财产。当然，若要恢复财产，就不能忽略细节；而且，一般而言，卑躬屈膝地谋取小利还不如紧缩零星开支来得体面。如果某些支出一开始就永无止境，就不要贸然承担；不过，对于一次性支出的事物，大度一些也无妨。

简评

如何对待财产？这是每个人都要面对或必须面对的问题。本文中，培根给出了相当有益的建议。既有如何开源，又有如何节流，既有如何花费，又有如何还债，这些无疑是极佳的生活指南。接受这些建议吧，你会发现，无须挥霍，无须吝啬，生活也能怡然自得。



Love Is Difficult

Rainer Maria Rilke

作者简介

勒内·玛丽亚·里尔克(Rainer Maria Rilke, 1875—1926), 20 世纪最有影响力的德语诗人。在漂泊漫游的一生中, 里尔克与二十世纪初的欧洲众多作家、诗人、艺术家以及热爱艺术的贵族女性交往密切, 其中对他产生深远影响的有雕塑家罗丹、女作家莎乐美等。里尔克毕生留下的文字作品可谓浩渺无边, 题材涉及诗歌、小说、艺术随笔、书信、日记等。

It is good to love, but love is difficult. For one human being to love another human being: that is perhaps the most difficult task that has been entrusted to us, the ultimate task, the final test and proof, the work for which all other work is merely preparation. That is why young people, who are beginners in everything, are not yet capable of love: it is something they must learn. With their whole being with all their forces, gathered around their solitary, anxious, upward-beating heart, they must learn to love. But learning time is always a long, secluded time ahead and far on into life, is solitude, a heightened and deepened kind of aloneness for the person who loves. Loving does not at first mean merging, surrendering or uniting with another person (for what would a union be for two people who are unclarified, unfinished, and still incoherent), it is a high inducement for the individual to ripen, to become something in himself, to become world, to become world in himself for the sake of another person: it is a great, demanding claim on him, something that chooses him and calls him to vast distances. Only in this sense, as the task of working on themselves (to hearken and to hammer day and night), may young people use the love that is given to them. Merging and surrendering and every kind of communion is not for them (who must still, for a long, long time, save and gather themselves), it is the ultimate, is perhaps that for which human lives as yet barely large enough.

爱是艰难的

(德)勒内·玛丽亚·里尔克

爱是一件美好的事情,但爱是艰难的。一个人去爱另一个人,这可能是神赋予我们的最艰巨、最伟大的任务,是最后的考验与测试,是最崇高的工作,别的工作都只不过是为此所作的准备。所以那些一切都还刚刚开始的青年们还不能去爱,他们必须要用心学习去爱,必须用他们整个生命,用一切力量,用一颗积聚了寂寞、痛苦和荣誉感的心去爱。在这个长久而专注的学习过程中,爱就会永远地铭刻心间——在深深的寂寞中为了所爱的人,孤独地等待。爱的要义并不是什么倾心、献身或二人的结合(那会是怎样的一种结合呢?是一种糊涂的、不负责任的、草率的结合)。它对于个人是一种崇高的动力,是去成熟并实现自身的完善,去完成一个世界,是为了另一个人而完成一个自己的世界。这是一个艰巨的、不可妥协的目标,要用坚定的信念,召唤其走向更广阔的空间。只有从这个意义上,青年们才会把爱当成改造自己的学业,并在其中(日夜不停地探索、磨炼)去使用那些给予他们的爱。至于倾心、献身以及结合,还不是他们所能做的(他们还需长时间地克制和积累),那是最后的终点,也许是我们现在还几乎无法达到的境界。

简评

爱是一件美好的事情。爱对于个人是一种崇高的动力,是一个艰巨的、不可妥协的目标。但爱也是艰难的,青年人还不懂得怎样去爱,只有在历经了长久而专注的学习、探索、磨炼后,才能逐渐成长,才能懂得爱,才能好好去爱。

Part 4

The Eternal Youth

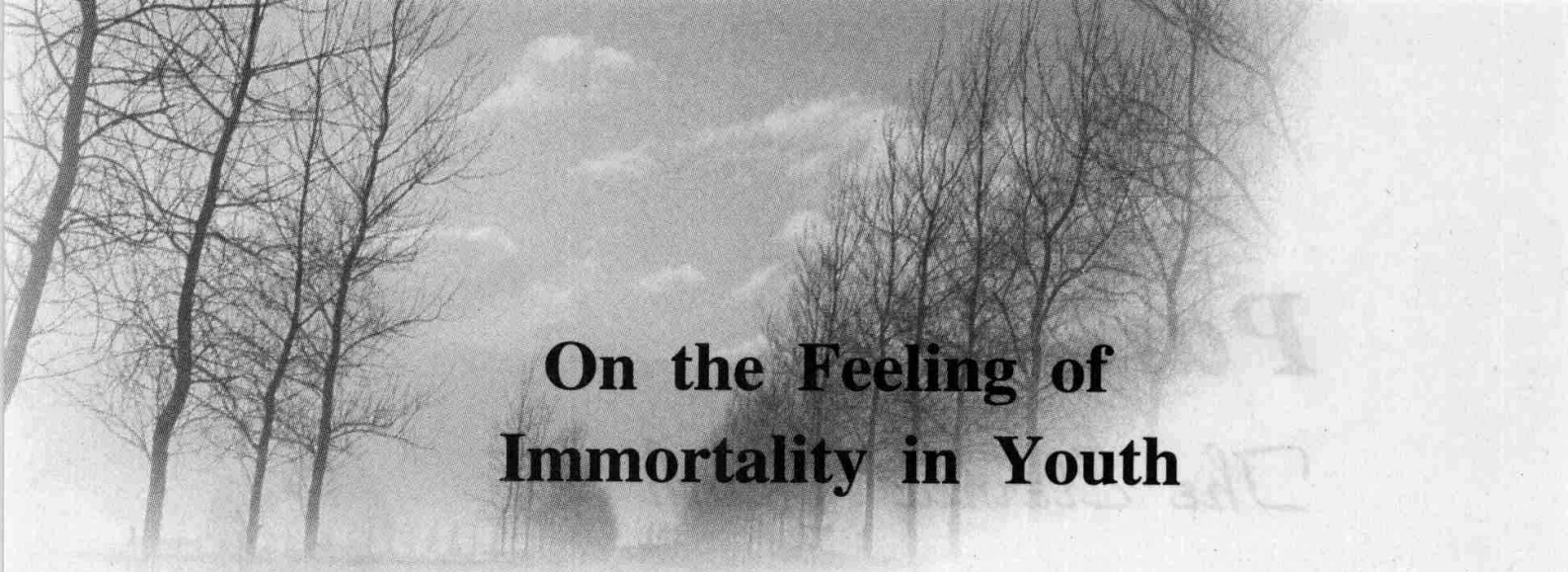


无论是处于垂暮之年、还是风华正茂,每个人心中都能感知到生命的欢欣、奇迹的诱惑以及儿童般的好奇。

每个人心中都有一架天线。只要愿意从天上人间接收到美好、希望、鼓舞、勇气和力量的信号,青春就必然不会远逝。

第四卷

青春无悔



On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth

William Hazlitt

作者简介

威廉·赫兹里特 (William Hazlitt, 1778—1830), 英国著名的散文家兼画家。

No young man believes he shall ever die. It was a saying of my brother's, and a fine one. There is a feeling of Eternity in youth, which makes us amend for everything. To be young is to be as one of the Immortals. One half of time indeed is flown—the other half remains in—store for us with all its countless treasures; for there is no line drawn, and we see no limit to our hopes and wishes. We make the coming age our own—

“The vast, the unbounded prospect lies before us.”

Death, old age, are words without a meaning, that pass by us like the idea air which we regard not. Others may have undergone, or may still undergo them—we “bear a charmed life”, which laughs to scorn all such idle fancies. As, in setting out on delightful journey, we strain our eager sight forward,

“Bidding the lovely scenes at distance hail,”

and see no end to prospect after prospect, new objects presenting

themselves as we advance, so in the outset of life, we see no end to our desires nor to the opportunities of gratifying them. We have as yet found no obstacle, no disposition to flag; and it seems that we can go on so forever. We look round in a new world, full of life, and motion, and ceaseless progress; and feel in ourselves all the vigor and spirit to keep pace with it, and do not foresee from any present symptoms how we shall be left behind in the natural course of things, decline into old age, and drop into the grave. It is the simplicity, and as it were abstractedness of our feelings in youth, that (so to speak) identifies us with nature, and (our experience being slight and our passions strong) deludes us into a belief of being immortal like it. Our short-lives connexion with existence we fondly flatter ourselves, is an indissoluble and lasting union—a honeymoon that knows neither coldness, jar, nor separation. As infants smile and sleep, we are rocked in the cradle of our wayward fancies, and lulled into security by the roar of the universe around us—we quaff the cup of life with eager haste without draining it, instead of which it only overflows the more—objects press around us, filling the mind with their magnitude and with the strong of desires that wait upon them, so that we have no room for the thoughts of death.



有感于青春常在

(英)威廉·赫兹里特

年轻人坚信自己不会死。这句话是我兄弟的口头禅，算的上是一句箴言。青春总给人一种永生之感，让我们能修补一切。每个年轻人都好比是一尊永生的神明。诚然，生命的一半已经消逝，但另一半，蕴藏着无尽财富的另一半还在继续。因为它从未被涉足，我们对它抱有无尽的希望和幻想。我们能让未来的时代完全属于我们自己——展现在我们眼前的是无限辽阔的远景。

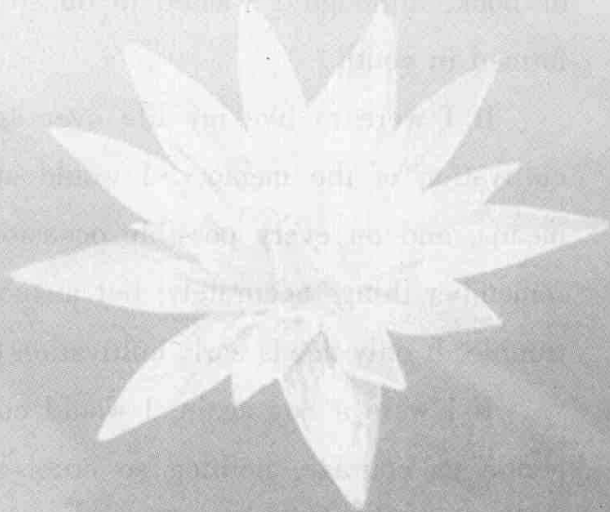
死亡、老年，这类词句对我们而言毫无意义，都是空话，全然不被我们所注意。别人也许经历过这些事或者仍可能再遭受这些事。“在神灵庇护下度日”，我们对诸如此类的愚蠢幻想嗤之以鼻。刚刚踏上愉快的旅程，我们极目远眺——朝着前方的美景欢呼呐喊！

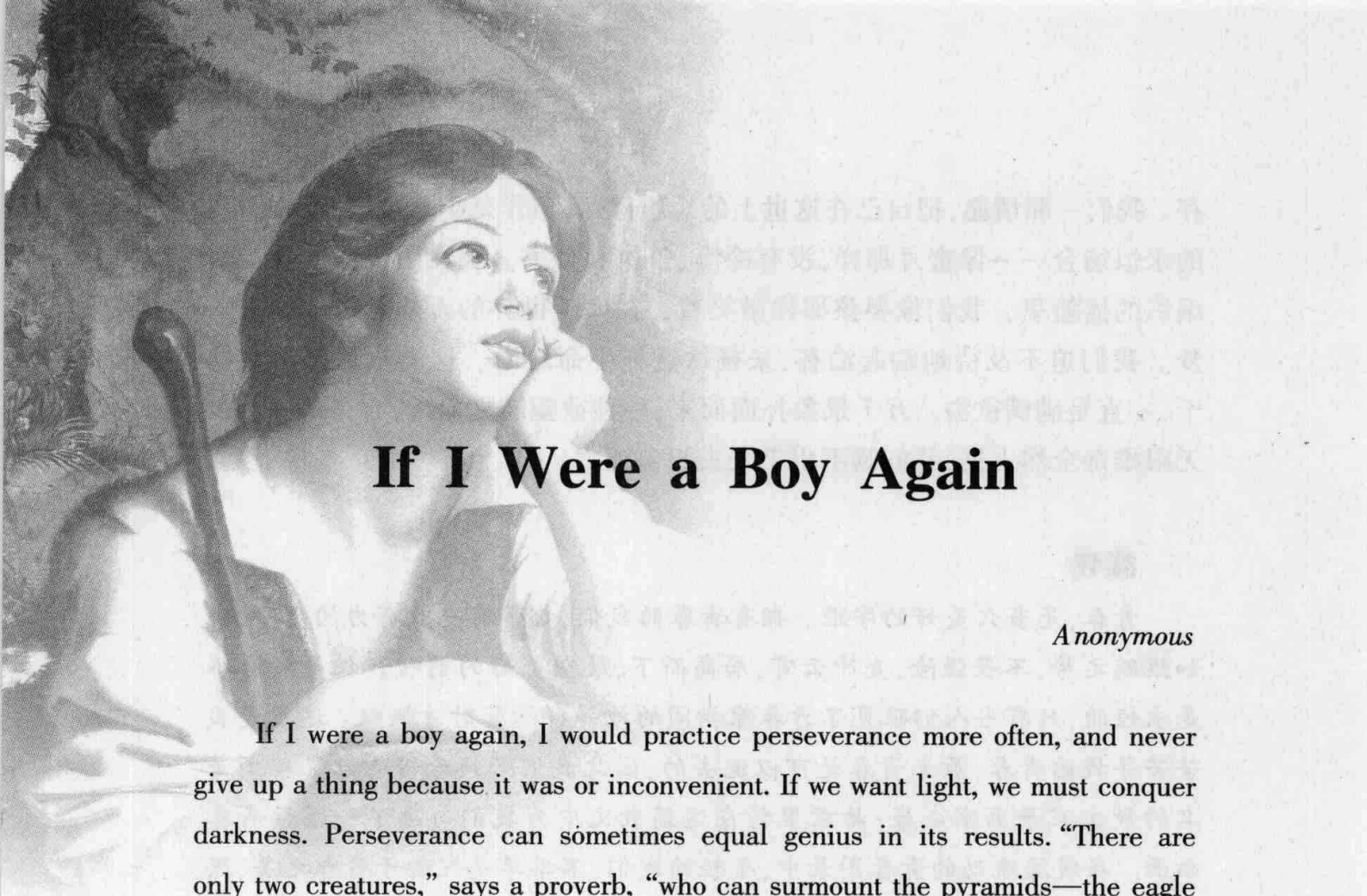
此时，无尽风光绵延不绝，新鲜景致在前行中又层出不穷。因此，站在生活的开端，我们能听任自己的兴趣随意驰骋，给它们任何可以满足的机会。至今为止，我们还没有遇到过什么挫折，也没有感觉到疲惫，看起来我们还可以继续往前走，直到永远。我们进入了一个新世界——生机勃勃，变化万千，日新月异；我们神清气爽，心旷神怡，感觉自己可与日月齐驱。眼前的风景，没有任何迹象可以给我们证明：我们会顺随一种自然的规律渐渐落伍，慢慢衰老，终老坟墓。我们天真单纯，我们妄自尊大，我们将自己与大自然画上等号。由于阅历浅薄、年少气盛，我们甚至以为自己可以像大自然那样永

存。我们一厢情愿,把自己在这世上的短暂停留,当作是牢不可破,千古不变的永恒结合——像蜜月那样,没有冷漠、争执和分离。躺在用自己倔强梦幻编织的摇篮里,我们像婴孩那样微笑着,在大千世界的万籁之声中安然入梦。我们迫不及待地端起酒杯,来畅饮这杯生命之酒。这酒永远都不会饮干,一直是满满欲溢。万千景象扑面而来,种种欲望随之而生,心在那一刻被无限雄奇全然占据,我们腾不出工夫去想象死亡。

简评

青春,是多么美好的字眼。拥有青春的我们,都带有一双有力的翅膀,犹如鲲鹏之势,不畏强险,直冲云霄,居高而下,展望美好的前程。但是青春不是永恒的,只有当人们眼见了青春像指间的沙一样滑落时才慨叹:这就是我苦苦寻找的青春,原来青春是可以逝去的,因此我们必须珍惜青春。英国著名的散文家兼画家威廉·赫兹里特在这篇散文中为我们勾画了一幅幅青春画面。在缓缓流动的青春图景中,年轻的我们,不单单是沉醉于青春之美,思索的大门也在不经意中缓缓开启。





If I Were a Boy Again

Anonymous

If I were a boy again, I would practice perseverance more often, and never give up a thing because it was or inconvenient. If we want light, we must conquer darkness. Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results. "There are only two creatures," says a proverb, "who can surmount the pyramids—the eagle and the snail."

If I were a boy again, I would school myself into a habit of attention; I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that a good skater never tries to skate in two directions at once.

The habit of attention becomes part of our life, if we began early enough. I often hear grown up people say "I could not fix my attention on the sermon or book, although I wished to do so", and the reason is, the habit was not formed in youth.

If I were to live my life over again, I would pay more attention to the cultivation of the memory. I would strengthen that faculty by every possible means, and on every possible occasion. It takes a little hard work at first to remember things accurately; but memory soon helps itself, and gives very little trouble. It only needs early cultivation to become a power.

If I were a boy again, I would cultivate courage. "Nothing is so mild and gentle as courage, nothing so cruel and pitiless as cowardice," says a wise author.

We too often borrow trouble, and anticipate that may never appear. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear." Dangers will arise in any career, but presence of mind will often conquer the worst of them. Be prepared for any fate, and there is no harm to be feared.

If I were a boy again, I would look on the cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror: if you smile upon it, it smiles back upon you; but if you frown and look doubtful on it, you will get a similar look in return.

Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but of all that come in contact with it. "Who shuts love out, in turn shall be shut out from love."

If I were a boy again, I would school myself to say no more often. I might write pages on the importance of learning very early in life to gain that point where a young boy can stand erect, and decline doing an unworthy act because it is unworthy.

If I were a boy again, I would demand of myself more courtesy towards my companions and friends, and indeed towards strangers as well. The smallest courtesies along the rough roads of life are like the little birds that sing to us all winter long, and make that season of ice and snow more endurable. Finally, instead of trying hard to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, I would still try harder to make others happy.





假如我又回到了童年

佚名

假如我又回到了童年,我要有意识地锻炼自己的毅力,认认真真完成每一件事,而不会因为事情艰难或者麻烦而半途而废。若要看到光明,我首先必须征服黑暗。毅力在某种程度上等同于天才,有一句俗语:“只有两种生物——鹰和蜗牛,能登上金字塔之巅。”

假如我又回到了童年,我要努力学会专心致志;心无旁骛地做好手头的每一件事,而绝没有任何东西能让我分心。优秀的滑冰选手从来就不会试图同时滑向两个不同的方向,这种现象我会铭记在心。

如果我们在年少时就养成了这种专心致志的习惯,它就会成为我们生命的一部分。一些成年人常常会说:“我应该集中注意力听一场布道或者读一本书,但要做到却很难。”究其原因,就是年轻时没有养成这种专心的习惯。

假如我的生命能够重来一次,我会更加注意培养注意力。我要竭尽所能,采取一切可能的办法,随时随地努力提高记忆力。在开始阶段,要准确无误地记住一些东西的确要付出一些努力。但是不久之后,记忆本身会发挥作用,使记忆变成一桩简单的事情。如果早期得到了培养,记忆会自觉变成一种才能。

假如我又回到了童年,我会培养自己的勇气。某位睿智的作家曾经说过:“世间万物,没有什么比勇气更温文尔雅,也没有什么比胆怯更残忍无情”。

我们常常会陷入庸人自扰、杞人忧天的困境中。殊不知,“害怕祸害比祸害本身更可怕”。危险无处不在,但镇定沉着的内心能够克服最严重的危险。

对一切祸福做好应对的准备,那就没有什么灾难能吓倒我。

假如我又回到了童年,我要时刻保持乐观。生活就像一面镜子:你朝它笑,它也会以微笑来回馈你;如果你紧锁双眉、向它投去怀疑的目光,它将会报之于你同样的目光。

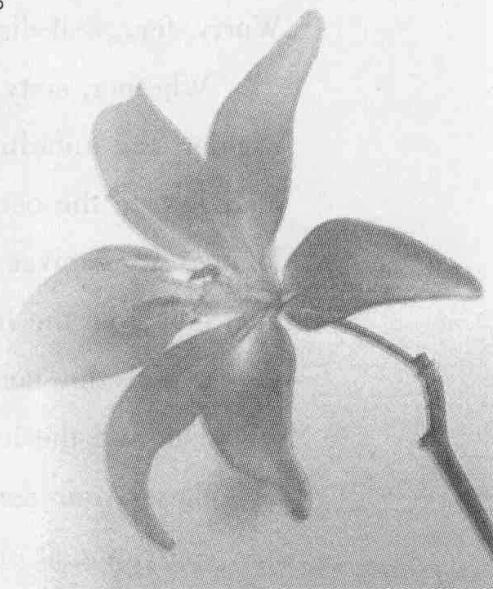
发自内心的欢乐不仅可以温暖欢乐者自己的心,还会传之于任何与之接触者的内心。“谁将爱拒之门外,也将会被爱拒之门外。”

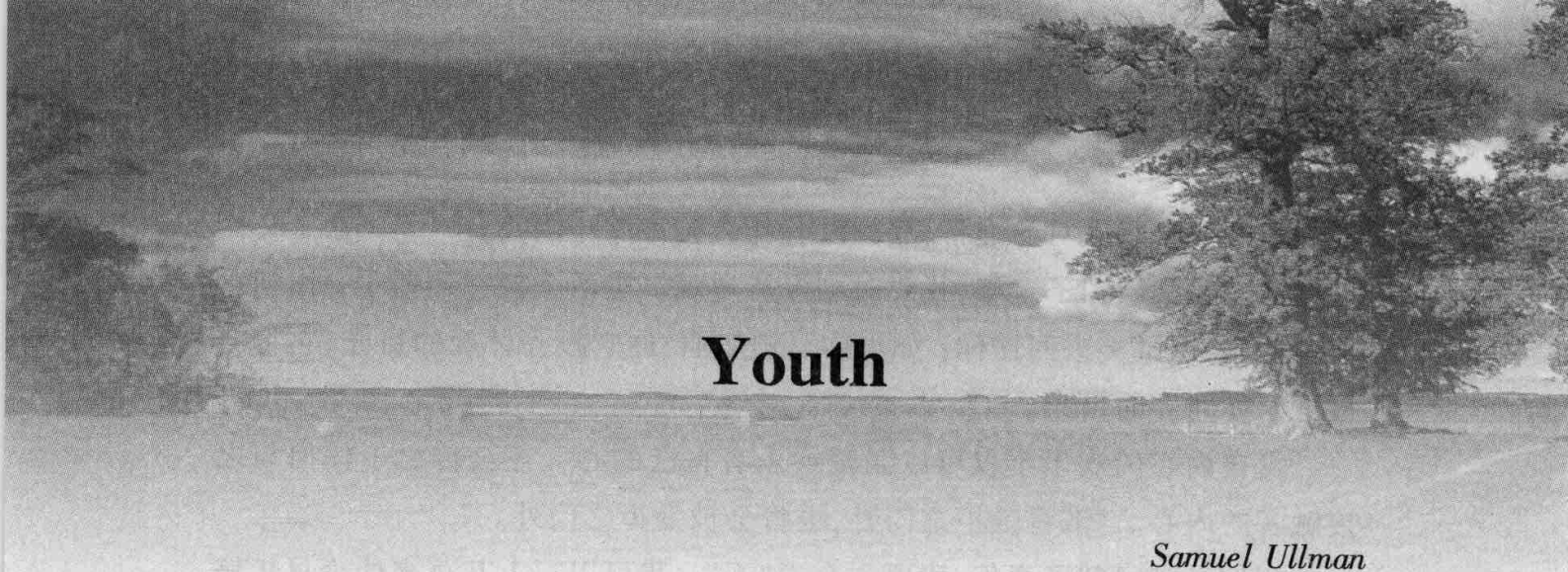
假如我又回到了童年,我要学会说“不”。我可以写上几页来谈论早年培养这一点的重要性:一个少年要能顶天立地,拒绝做不该做的事,因为有些事根本就不值得去做。

假如我又回到了童年,我就要求自己对伙伴对朋友以礼相待,对陌生人也会如此。最细小的礼节,为我们坎坷的人生之路增添了无限生机,就如同在漫长的冬天为我们歌唱的小鸟,那歌声使得冰天雪地的寒冬不再那么难以忍受。最后,假如我又回到了童年,我不会再把为自己谋求幸福看成是人生的唯一目标;相反地,我要更努力地为他人争取幸福。

简评

散文行云流水般地娓娓诉说,带领读者进入了一个熟悉又陌生的世界——我们的童年时代。每个人都有过童年,童年似一杯浓浓的咖啡,暖到心窝;童年似一杯淡淡的茶,让人回味;童年似暴风雨的彩虹,五颜六色。然而,时钟只能前进,不可能倒退。童年已经过去,只有回忆起那点点滴滴的事,只有积累更多的经验,人生的道路才能走得更远更宽。





Youth

Samuel Ullman

作者简介

塞缪尔·乌尔曼(Samuel Ullman, 1840—1924), 美籍犹太人。他虽以教育家和社会活动家而闻名于世, 但在文学创作方面也很有才华。

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind; it is not a matter of rosy cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a matter of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of sixty more than a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old merely by a number of years. We grow old by deserting our ideals.

Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, fear, self-distrust bows the heart and turns the spring back to dust.

Whether, sixty or sixteen, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the unfailing childlike appetite of what's next and the joy of the game of living. In the center of your heart and my heart there is a wireless station: so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage and power from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young.

When the aerials are down, and your spirit is covered with snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at twenty, but as long as your aerials are up, to catch waves of optimism, there is hope you may die young at eighty.

青春

(美)塞缪尔·乌尔曼

青春不是转瞬即逝的年华,而是一种怡然自得的心境;青春不是玫瑰色的面颊,鲜红的双唇,柔美的双膝;而是深沉的意志,丰富的想象,炽热的情感;青春是涓涓流动的生命清泉。

青春势不可挡,勇气压倒怯懦,进取超越苟安。如此气魄,较之如二十多岁的青年男子,在六十多岁的男子中更为常见。年岁的增加,并不意味着老年的到来。只有当理想被丢弃时,暮年才会随之而来。

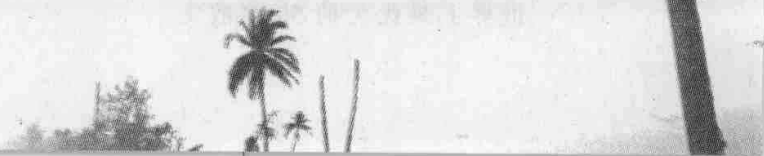
岁月的锋刀利剑只能在肌肤上留下深深的印痕,却唯独热情的丧失能伤及灵魂;苦闷、惶恐、悲观扭曲了我们的灵魂,让它走进了荒芜的春天。

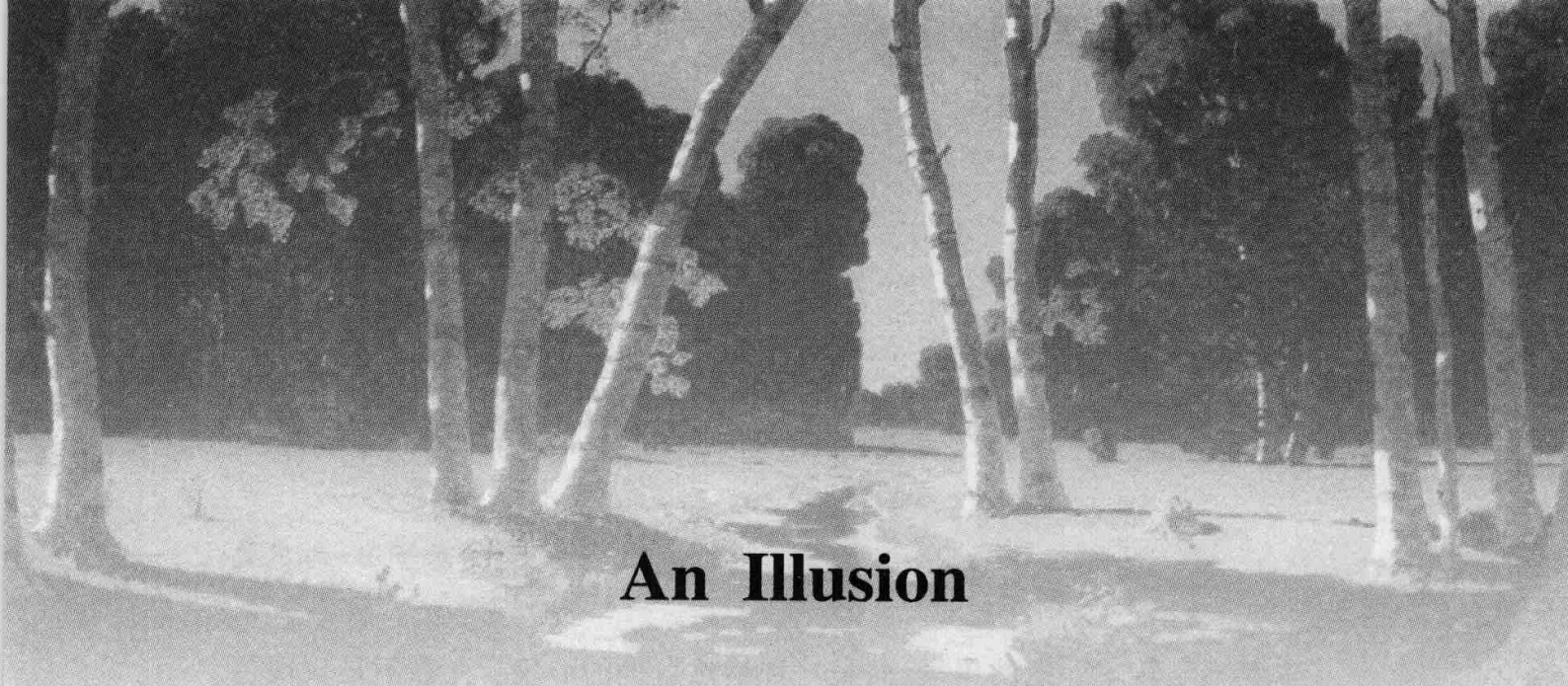
无论是处于垂暮之年,还是风华正茂,每个人心中都能感知到生命的欢欣、奇迹的诱惑以及孩童般的好奇。每个人心中都有一架天线,只要愿意从天上人间接收到美好、希望、鼓舞、勇气和力量的信号,青春就必然不会远逝。

一旦天线落下,灵魂必被冰雪覆盖,愤世嫉俗、颓废堕落接踵而来,即使是年方二十,也等同于步入老年;然而,在八十岁高龄告别尘寰时,仍然有望感觉年轻,前提是能扶起天线,不断去捕捉乐观的电波。

简评

青春是什么?我们很难用言语来阐述它。在塞缪尔·乌尔曼笔下,青春与年岁无关,是一种心态,一种积极向上锐意进取的心态,它属于任何有梦想有追求的人。的确,日出日落,沉沉浮浮,时光如白驹过隙般的短暂,面对现实的生活,我们无法改变也无法挽回那些逝去的青春时光。那就让我们保持一颗年轻的心,充满信心,放飞心情,尽情歌唱,痛快闯荡。





An Illusion

William Somerset Maugham

It is an illusion that youth is happy, an illusion of those who have lost it; but the young know they are wretched, for they are full of the ruthless ideals which have been instilled into them, and each time they come in contact with the real they are bruised and wounded. It looks as if they were victims of a conspiracy; for the books they read, ideal by the necessity of selection, and the conversation of their elders, who look back upon the past through a rosy haze of forgetfulness, prepare them for an unreal life.

They must discover for themselves that all they have read and all they have been told are lies, lies, lies; and each discovery is another nail driven into the body on the cross of life. The strange thing is that each one who has gone through that bitter disillusionment add to it in his turn, unconsciously, by the power within him which is stronger than himself.

错觉

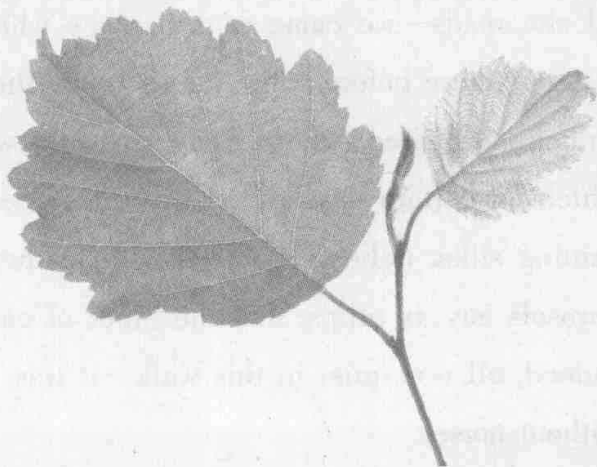
(英)威廉·萨姆塞特·毛姆

那些失去了青春的人经常认为青春是快乐的。殊不知,这只是一种错觉。年轻人不觉得自己是快乐的,他们脑子里灌满了不切实际的想法。一旦接触现实,他们都会碰得头破血流,伤痕累累。他们似乎是某种阴谋的受害者:那些为他们精挑细选的书,那些长辈们谈论的因时光流逝而极具虚幻色彩的陈年旧事,都向年轻人展现了一种不真实的生活图景。

他们必须自己去发现,所有他们读到的、被告知的,都是谎言、谎言、谎言。每一次,这样的发现都会像另一根钉子一样钉入他们那已经被束缚在生活十字架上的身体。奇怪的是,每个曾经经历过这种错觉折磨的人,在向比他年轻的人诠释青春时,都会受控于一种来自内心且强于自身的力量,让他们不由自主地给他人增添这种错觉。

简评

在选文中,毛姆指出认为青春是快乐的,是那些失去了青春的人的一种错觉。实际上青春充满了陷阱和欺骗。但无论如何,走过青春的人,总会满怀美好的感情去回味。错觉也好,真实也好,青春对每个人只有一次,值得每个人去好好珍惜。





Childhood

Charlotte Bronte

作者简介

夏洛特·勃朗特 (C. Bronte, 1816—1855), 英国文学史上最负盛名的三姊妹作家之一。她自幼酷爱文学, 并不停地练习写作, 最终以《简·爱》赢得世界声誉。

It was in the cold weather which follows the shortest day that we first came to England. I was a little child at the time—perhaps four years old, or between that and five. The sea voyage is well remembered by me; the milky greenness of the waves, the curl of the foam, the dark meeting of December sea and sky, the glinting sea birds and passing ships, made each an imprint on my vision which I yet retain—worn but not obliterated.

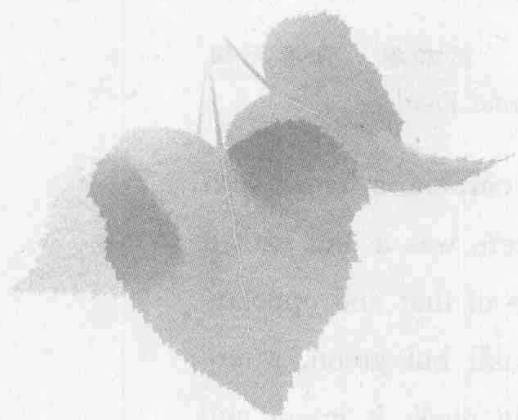
Whence did we come? Where had we lived? What occasioned this voyage? Memory puzzles herself to reply to these questions. She reflects with finger raised to her lips and eyes bent on the pavement. She turns to her chronicle and searches its faded pages where the records are so pale, brief, and broken: this is all she reads—we came from a place where the buildings were numerous and stately, where before white house fronts there are roses here and there are trees straight as spires, where there was one walk broad and endlessly long, down which on certain days rolled two tides one of people on foot, brightly clad with shining silks, delicate bonnets with feathers and roses, scarves fluttering, little parasols gay as tulips; and the other of carriages rolling along rapid and quiet. Indeed, all was quiet in this walk—it was a mysterious place, full of people but without noise.

We had lived in a house with slippery floors and no carpets; a house with many mirrors and many windows. In this house I know there was a hall with a door of red and violet glass, glowing brilliant in the shade of that end opposite the entrance. The bright portal opened into a garden, small but green, where there was turf, many flowers, and one tree. What chiefly made it green and filled it with leaf was the curtain of vines concealing the high walls—vines I know they were, because I remember both the grapes and the curled tendrils.

With whom did we live? To this question I can only reply—with my father; and of him I have twenty reminiscences, but they are all scant and fragmentary. My father—papa, as I called him—was the origin of all the punishments I had in those early days. I had an unreasonable wish to be always with him; and to this end, whenever the nurse who had charge of me turned her back, I was apt to escape from the nursery and seek the study. Then I was caught, shaken, and sometimes whipped, which I well deserved.

Whether my father knew how much I prized his presence I cannot pronounce. He was much engaged all day, frequently out, and when at home other gentlemen were with him; but it often happened of an evening that he would suddenly enter the nursery, come up to me as I sat in my little chair, stand a moment looking down at me, and as I held up my arms, full of pleasure, he would stoop, lift me, take me to his heart and say, "Polly may come downstairs now and be papa's little visitress."

Papa had a wonderfully interesting style of conversation, intelligible to my childish brain, delightful to my childish heart. He charmed while he taught me. I think he had a quick, fiery temper: his brain was indeed gentle for me, but not always for others. I remember him both hasty and stern, but never with me. I never irritated him, never feared to do so. How I liked to strike his dark face with my hands, to stand on his knees and comb his hair, to rest my head against his shoulder and thus fall asleep!



童年

(英)夏洛特·勃朗特

当我们第一次踏入到英格兰的时候,正是严冬时候,最短的白昼即将来临。那时候的我还是个孩子——可能是4岁,也许在4岁至5岁之间。那次海上航行我仍然记忆犹新;那乳白色的海浪荡漾伴随着泡沫,阴沉沉的十一月的海色与天光的融和,一闪而过的海鸟和航行的船只,这一切历历在目——虽然经过岁月的打磨,但仍令人难忘。

我们来自哪里?我们曾生活在什么地方?又是什么事件促成了这次旅行?模糊的记忆使她说不清楚这些问题。她在人行道上低着头,把手指举到唇边和额头上思考着。打开她的年历,在发黄的纸张中翻看那苍白、整洁、支离破碎的记录:她读到的只有这些——我们来自这样一个地方,那里有着雄伟壮观的高楼,在白色的房屋前,到处是挺拔如塔楼的树木。那里有条平坦的、走不到尽头的大道。在这条道路上,卷起两股潮流——一股是步行者的潮流:穿着艳丽的丝绸衣裳,戴着插有羽毛和玫瑰花的帽子,披巾飘舞着,小阳伞像郁金香一样赏心悦目;另一股是轻松的、静悄悄的马车的潮流。实际上,在那条马路上一切都是静悄悄的——那是一个神奇的地方,到处都是人,但并不喧闹。

我们的房间是一个地板光滑、没有铺地毯的房间,而且这栋房子里面有许多面镜子和窗户。在这幢房子里,我清楚地记得有一个大厅,在门上嵌着紫红色的玻璃,它那斑斓的反光照映在门对面的阴影中。出了这道明亮的通道口,就可以看见一个精巧的绿色花园,在那里有草坪,有许多鲜花和一棵大树。花园变得葱绿、四处都是绿叶主要是拜高高围墙上的葡萄藤所赐——我明白那是葡萄藤,因为那一串串葡萄和弯弯曲曲的藤蔓给我留下了深刻的印象。

谁跟我们生活在一起？我回答这个问题只能是——我与我父亲。对于他的事，我能记起一二十件，但大都支离破碎。我的父亲——当时的我叫他爸爸——这是我童年时代所受到的一切惩罚的缘由。我总是不合情理地希望经常跟他待在一起。为了做到这一点，每当负责照看我的保姆转过身去时，我就会悄悄地溜出育儿室去找他的书房。然后我就会被抓住，被摇晃着身子，有时还要挨揍，那都是我应得的。

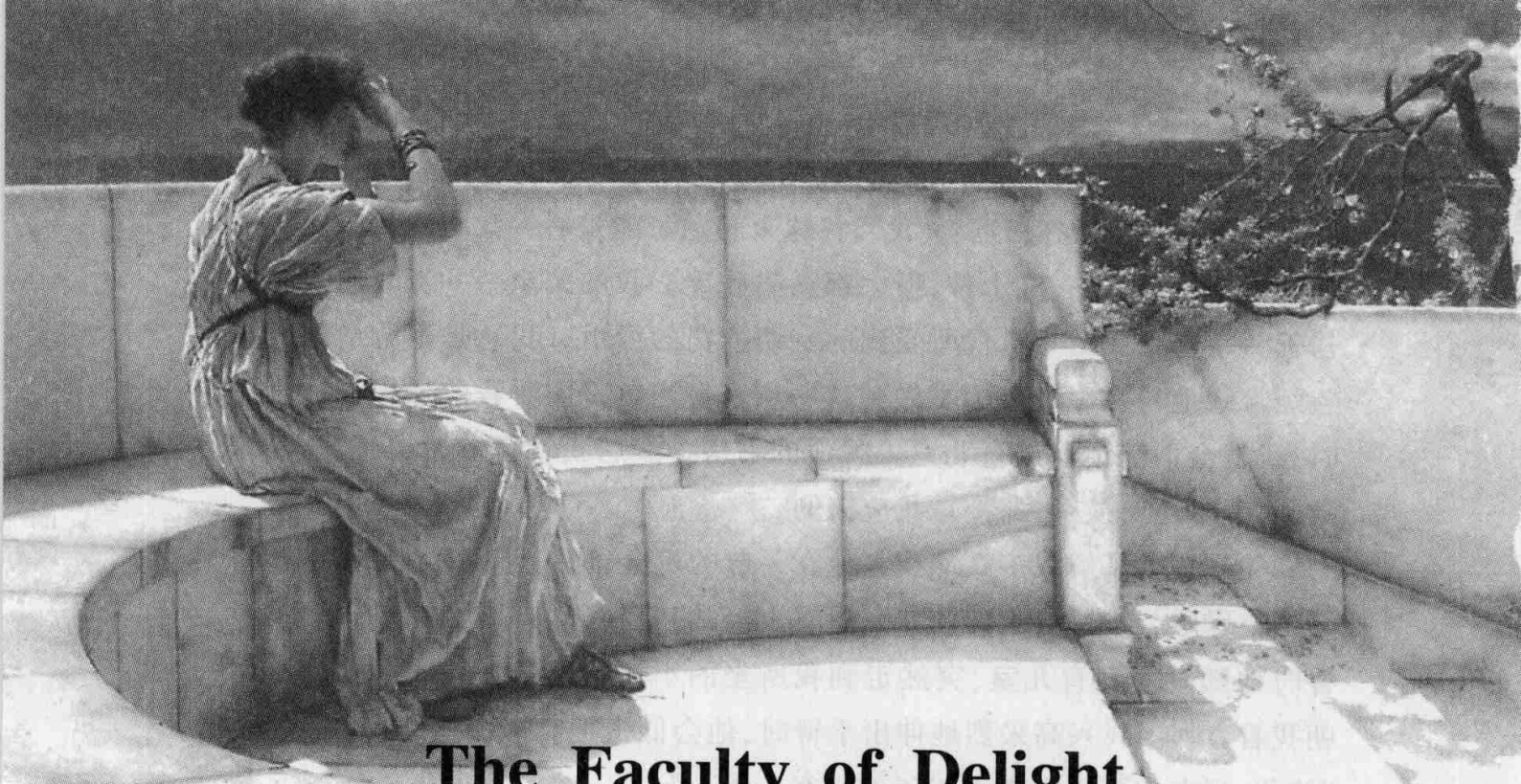
父亲是否了解我多么珍视与他在一起的机会，这一点我不敢断言。他每天忙忙碌碌，常常外出，即使在家里时也经常和别的乡绅待在一起。不过，黄昏时他随时会到育儿室，突然走到我所坐的小椅子边，站上一会儿，他眼睛朝我看着。当我兴高采烈地伸出手臂时，他会低头把我抱在他的胸口，说道：“波莉，现在你可以下楼做爸爸的小客人了。”

父亲的谈话方式十分有意思。它很容易使我幼稚的头脑有所明了，让我天真的心灵感到兴奋。爸爸的魅力在于教育我的时候。我觉得他的性子有点急，对我却是很友好，但对别人并不总是这样。我记得他既性急又严厉，但我却从不这样。我从不惹他发怒，也从不担心他会生气。我多么想用我的小手拍拍他黝黑的面孔，站在他身边，梳理他的头发，或者把头靠在他的怀里呼呼地睡上一觉啊！

简评

本篇散文文笔精简、优美。作者讲述了对童年的一些记忆及儿时的感受。亲爱的读者，现在的您是否也在回忆儿时的感受呢？





The Faculty of Delight

Charles Edward Montague

作者简介

查理斯·爱德华·蒙塔格(Charles Edward Montague, 1867—1928), 英国新闻记者, 同时也以善写小说和散文著称。

Among the mind's powers is one that comes of itself to many children and artists. It need not be lost, to the end of his days, by any one who has ever had it. This is the power of taking delight in a thing, or rather in anything, everything, not as a means to some other end, but just because it is what it is, as the lover dotes on whatever may be the traits of the beloved object. A child in the full health of his mind will put his hand flat on the summer turf, feel it, and give a little shiver of private glee at the elastic firmness of the globe. He is not thinking how well it will do for some game or to feed sheep upon. That would be the way of the wooer whose mind runs on his mistress's money. The child's is sheer affection, the true ecstatic sense of the thing's inherent characteristics. No matter what the things may be, no matter what they are good

or no good for, there they are, each with a thrilling unique look and feel of its own, like a face; the iron astringently cool under its paint, the painted wood familiarly warmer, the clod crumbling enchantingly down in the hands, with its little dry smell of the sun and of hot nettles; each common thing a personality marked by delicious differences.

The joy of an Adam new to the garden and just looking round is brought by the normal child to the things that he does as well as those that he sees. To be suffered to do some plain work with the real spade used by mankind can give him a mystical exaltation: to come home with his legs, as the French say, reentering his body from the fatigue of helping the gardener to weed beds sends him to sleep in the glow of a beatitude that is an end in itself ...





喜悦的能力

(英)查理斯·爱德华·蒙塔格

在心智的各种能力中,有一种专属于小孩和艺术家。一旦拥有这样的能力,就终生不会失去。这种能力是对一事物,甚至对每件事物都感到喜悦的能力。之所以喜悦,并不是因为那件事物是达到其他目的的手段,只是因为这件事物本身的存在,就像爱人溺爱着每个具有爱的痕迹的事物。一个心智健康的的孩子也许会将手平放在夏日的草地上,抚摸着它,他觉得坚实的大地也有点弹性,因而打心眼里感到欣喜。他并没有想到这草地对于人们玩游戏或用来放羊会有多大好处;如果是这样的话,这会和一个追求者只想着情妇钱财的恶劣行径没什么两样。他拥有的是纯粹的欢愉,不是对事物内在特性感到真心的心醉神迷。不管是什么事物,不管是对他们有什么有用还是没用,每件事物都展现出令人兴奋且独特的样子和感觉,就像一张张脸。油漆下面冰凉的钢铁,温暖可亲的彩色木料,拿在手中一揉就碎的令人着迷的土块,微含日晒与荨麻的干燥气味;各种普通的事物都有着可爱的差异,因而都显现了其独特的性格。

初到伊甸园时,亚当左右张望,充满喜悦。这正是一个正常的儿童在做什么或看什么时感到的欣喜之情。如果让他拿起人们常用的铲子去做点普通的劳动,那他肯定会感到一种神秘的喜悦。经过一番辛苦的劳动,他帮助园丁把花园里的杂草除了,然后两只脚像缩进身体里似的走了回来,正如法国人说的那样,他会在一片纯粹的喜悦之光的照耀下酣然入梦……

简评

同样过一种生活,有的人快乐,有的人痛苦,有的人充满感恩,有的人怨天尤人。原因不在别的,只在于这个人是否具有发现生活中细小喜悦的能力。细小的喜悦不能从根本上改变我们的人生,却能调节我们的心情。要发现它,首先要懂得过滤内心的杂质,要拥有如同儿童般的心境和特性。

Part 5

Man and Nature

太阳最后终于从远处的山林间上升。在阳光照耀下,空中的冰霜开始融化,隐隐之中似乎有铙钹声。铙钹每响一次,阳光的威力就增加一些;时间很快从黎明变成早晨,早晨也一逝而过,很快地将西面远处的山头,镀了一层金色。我们踏着粉状的干雪匆匆前进。这时的天气变得暖和起来,像十月小阳春似的温暖。假如我们能调整我们的生活,和大自然更好地配合,我们也许就无须畏惧寒暑之侵,而是同草木走兽一样,将大自然当做我们的保姆和良友。这样它将永远眷顾着我们。



The Ephemera

Benjamin Franklin

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and stayed some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues. My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to me discourse of these little creatures; but as they, in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a cousin, the other a *moscheto*; in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I; you are certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old gray-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some for that opinion, since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon for, by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labor in amassing honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy! What political struggles have been engaged in for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! For in politics what can laws do without morals? Our present race of ephemera will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched. And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! Art is long, and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name they say I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? And what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world its whole Moulin Joly, shall come to an end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemerae, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever amiable *Brillante*.



蜉蝣 ——人生的一个象征

(美)本杰明·富兰克林

亲爱的朋友,上次在芍丽磨坊举行园游会时,良辰美景,风雅仕女,我们度过了愉快的一天。可是你可曾注意到,在散步的时候,我曾经在路上停留了一会,落在大家后面。因为有人指给我们看了,那些蜉蝣,也就是苍蝇一类的小昆虫的残尸。据说,它们的寿命很短,一天之内,生生死死好几代就过去了。正巧,在一片树叶上面,我发现了一群这种小虫。它们似乎正在讨论什么东西——你知道我是善知虫语的;你们美妙的语言我学来学去,始终收效甚微,就是因为我研究虫语用心过度了。我竖起耳朵用心地听这些虫儿的交谈,可是虫虽小,心却很大,开起口来,都是三四个一起来的,因此听来很不清楚。但从偶尔获得的只言片语中,得知他们正在热烈讨论两位外国音乐家——蚋先生和蚊先生的优劣。它们讨论得非常热烈,它们似乎忘记了生命的短促,好像很有把握可以活满一个月。你们多快乐呀,我这么想,你们竟有闲情逸致在这里讨论外国音乐的优劣,说明你们的政府一定贤明公正、宽仁待民,你们没有什么可抱怨的,你们也不会有党派斗争。我转过头来,把注意力集中在一只白发苍苍的老蜉蝣上,它独自在一片树叶上自言自语。我觉得十分有趣,就把它笔录下来。我已领受了好朋友的深情厚意,并为她那清风明月的风度和妙音雅奏倾心不已。这一段笔记,只为博她一笑,以作报答。

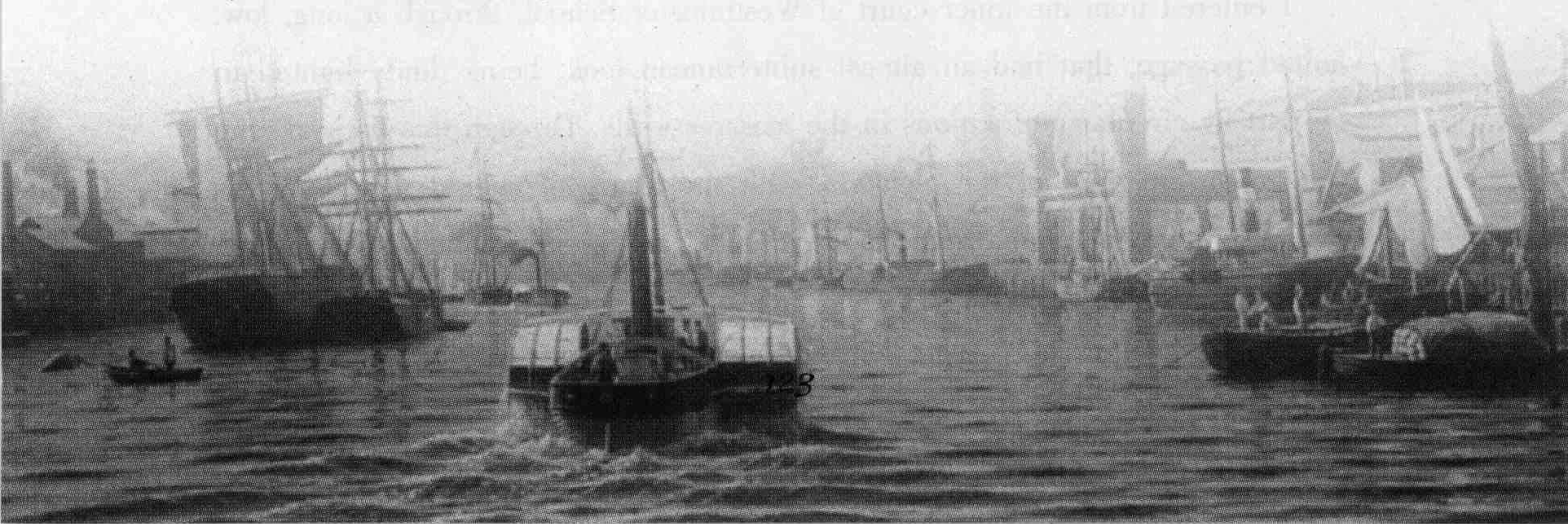
“据说”,老蜉蝣说道,“我们的哲人,在很久很久以前,以为我们这个宇宙——芍丽磨坊,其寿命不会超过十八小时。我想这话很有道理,因为自然界的一切都以太阳为生,但在我的一生中,太阳一直在自东往西地移动,就在我的这一生,很明显,它已经落得很低,快要沉到我们地球尽头的海洋里

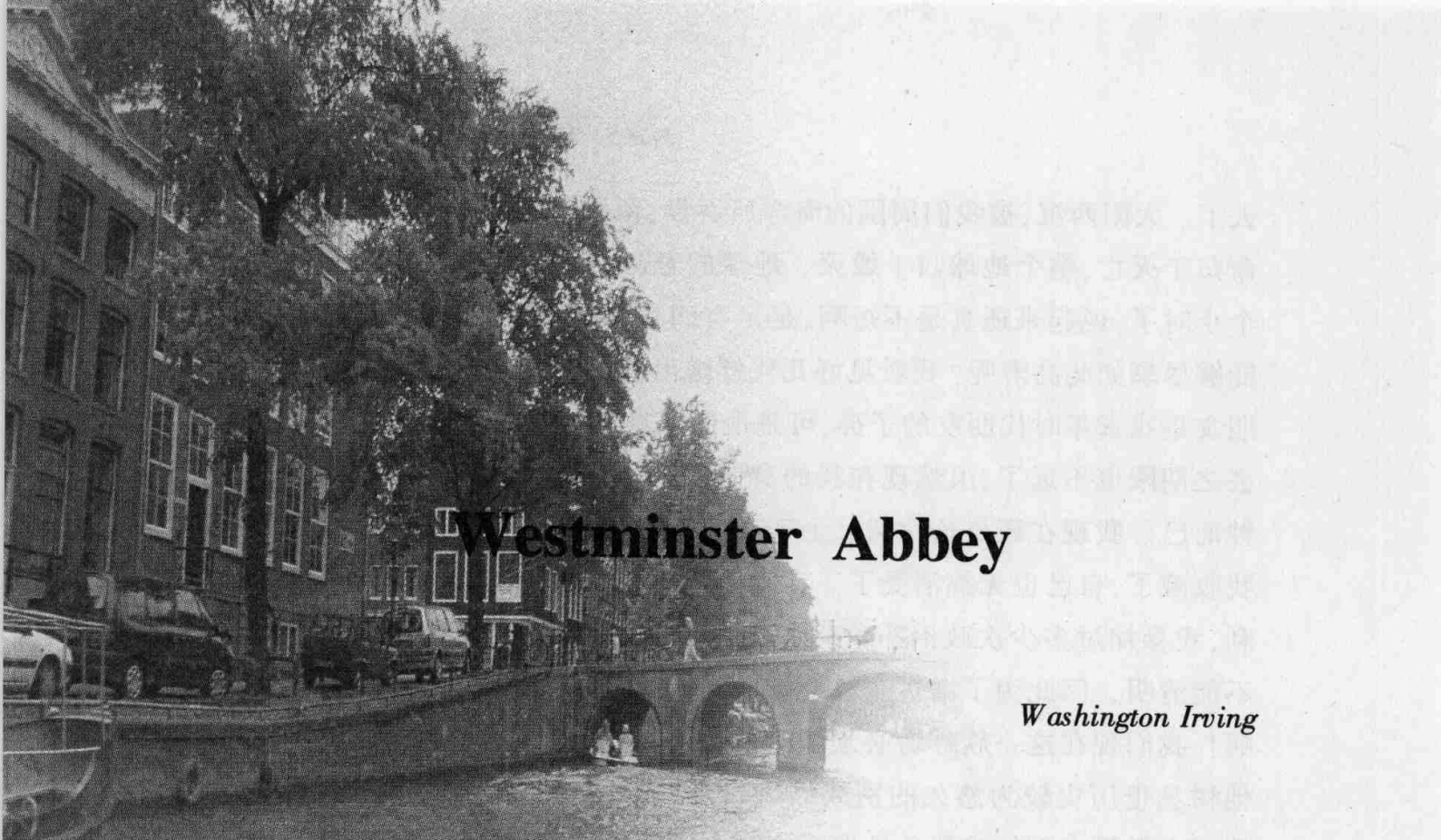
去了。太阳西沉,被我们周围的海洋所吞没,留给世界一片寒冷黑暗,一切生命归于灭亡,整个地球归于毁灭。地球的寿命一共十八小时,我已经活了七个小时了,说起来还真是不短啊,足足有四百二十分钟呢!我们之间有几个能够尽享如此高寿呢?我看见好几代蜉蝣出生、长大,最后又死去。我现在的的朋友是我青年时代朋友的子孙,可是他们本身,哎,现在是都已故去了。我大去之期限也不远了,虽然现在我的身体依然健康,但顶多也只能再活七八分钟而已。我现在还是这片树叶上辛辛苦苦地搜集蜜露,可是这有什么用呢?我收藏了,自己也无福消受了。在我的一生中,为了我们这树丛里同胞的福利,我参加过多少次政治斗争啊;可是只有法律而没有道德配合,政治仍旧不能清明,因此为了增进全体蜉蝣同胞的智慧,我又研究过多少哲学问题啊!我们现在这一族蜉蝣必须随时戒慎警惕,否则一不小心,就会变得像其他树丛里历史较为悠久的别族蜉蝣一样,顷刻之间,走入万劫不复的境地。我们在哲学方面的成就又是多么的渺小!呜呼,生命有限而知识无限。我的朋友常常都来安慰我,说我有生之年,尽享荣耀,身后之名,必可流传千古。可是蜉蝣已死,身后之名还有什么用呢?何况十八个小时之后,整个芍丽磨坊都将毁灭,世界末日已至,还有什么历史可言?”

我劳碌追逐一生,没有什么乐趣,只有想起这世间万物,不论人虫,如果能够长寿并且为公众谋取利益,这足以自我告慰;再听听蜉蝣小姐和蜉蝣太太们的高谈阔论,或者偶而从可爱的白夫人那里得到嫣然一笑,或者清歌一曲,我在暮年也就心满意足了。

简评

本文以物喻理,指出在有生之年,人们应该多做些于己有益于人有利的的事,而不应该去追逐那些虚幻的名声地位。生命何其之短,唯有活得精彩充实,才不枉此生。文章生动亲切,在一种聆听故事的氛围里,使人于不知不觉中陷入了深深的思索。





Westminster Abbey

Washington Irving

作者简介

华盛顿·欧文 (Washington Irving, 1783—1859), 美国历史上第一位享有国际声誉的作家。他出身于富商家庭, 曾任美国驻伦敦使馆秘书和美国驻西班牙公使。华盛顿·欧文向往田园生活和古代遗风, 最爱写随笔和短篇小说, 其主要作品的大部分题材来自欧洲。主要作品有《纽约外史》、《见闻杂记》。

On one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of Autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and, as I passed its threshold, seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster School, through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown, moving along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a spectre from

one of the neighboring tombs. The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation.

The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The gray walls are discolored by damp, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads, and other funereal emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorned the key-stones have lost their leafy beauty; every thing bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters; beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the centre, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendor. From between the arcades, the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud; and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.



西敏寺

(美)华盛顿·欧文

在一个暗淡沉郁的晚秋时节,我在西敏寺踟蹰独行了几个小时。适时,晨曦和暮色交织在一起,给岁末平添了一丝阴郁的气息,古老的寺庙巍然屹立,悲壮宏伟,和阴沉沉的天气相得益彰。跨进大门,一如跨入了远古时代,便沉醉于往昔之中了。

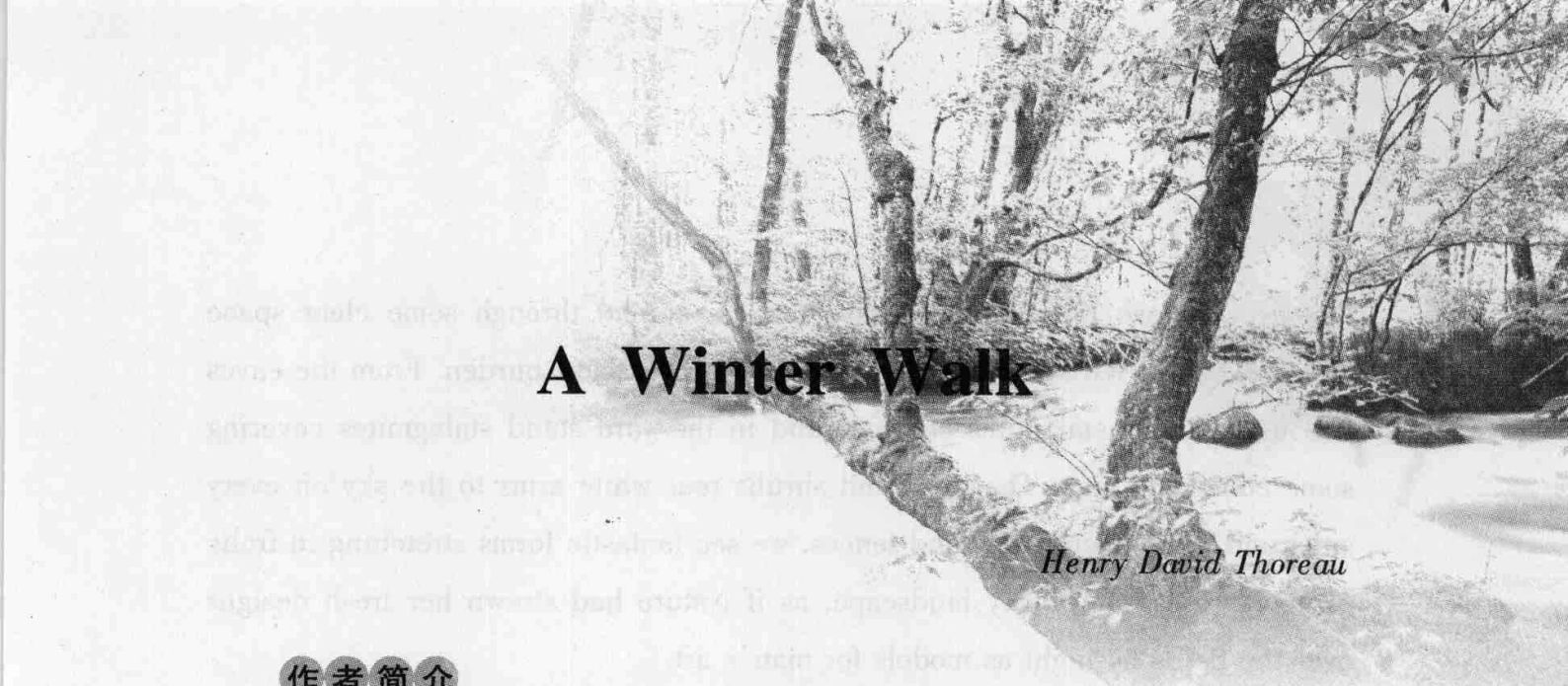
穿过一条幽长、低矮的弧顶长廊,我进入了西敏学校的内廷。暗淡的光线从厚壁的穿孔射入长廊,幽幽然似在隧道里行走。虽然光线暗淡,但远望回廊的尽头,依稀可见一个香火道人,似刚从邻近坟墓里爬出来的鬼魂,沿着长廊的阴影踽踽独行。穿越古寺庙遗址就进入了大寺,两旁景色分外凄凉,心情也就更加凄凉了。

回廊依旧有几分远古的宁静和静谧之气。灰色的墙壁,已被长年累月的湿气褪尽了光彩变得斑斑驳驳、破旧不堪。墙上长出了一层苍白的苔藓,不但盖住了碑文,也使得故人的头像和陪葬物品模糊难辨。弧顶布满雕刻的花纹,可是斧凿的痕迹也已模糊。拱心石上用作装饰的玫瑰花,也已失去当年的风采。每样东西都可以看出年久衰败之象,可是即使处在颓朽之中,依然不乏赏心悦目之处。

一道带有秋意的黄色阳光,正从回廊环绕的广场上空倾泻下来,照耀着庭中央一块稀疏的草坪,也给弧顶长廊的一角披上了一层黯淡的金装。于层层拱廊之中仰望天空,或瞥见一抹蓝云,或瞅见一丝游云,还有那耸入云霄的耀眼金色尖塔,也巍然在目。

简评

作者慢行于西敏寺中,所见之物,所触之景,无不含情带意,意蕴深厚,引人感慨。文章自然流畅,表情达意,无不引人共鸣,心也得到洗涤,慢慢归于沉静。



A Winter Walk

Henry David Thoreau

作者简介

亨利·大卫·梭罗(Henry David Thoreau, 1817—1862),美国散文家。生于马萨诸塞州的康谷城。根据在瓦尔登湖畔独居时的观察和沉思写出了经典之作《瓦尔登湖》。

The wind has gently murmured through the blinds, or puffed with feathery softness against the windows, and occasionally sighed like a summer zephyr lifting the leaves along, the livelong night. The meadow-mouse has slept in his snug gallery in the sod, the owl has sat in a hollow tree in the depth of the swamp, the rabbit, the squirrel, and the fox have all been housed. The watch-dog has lain quiet on the hearth, and the cattle have stood silent in their stalls. The earth itself has slept, as it were its first, not its last sleep, save when some street-sign or wood-house door has faintly creaked upon its hinge, cheering forlorn nature at her midnight work, —the only sound awake twixt Venus and Mars, advertising us of a remote inward warmth, a divine cheer and fellowship, where gods are met together, but where it is very bleak for men to stand. But while the earth has slumbered, all the air has been alive with feathery flakes descending, as if some northern Ceres reigned, showering her silvery grain over all the fields.

We sleep, and at length awake to the still reality of a winter morning. The snow lies warm as cotton or down upon the window-sill; the broadened sash and frosted panes admit a dim and private light, which enhances the snug cheer within. The stillness of the morning is impressive. The floor creaks under our



feet as we move toward the window to look abroad through some clear space over the fields. We see the roofs stand under their snow burden. From the eaves and fences hang stalactites of snow, and in the yard stand stalagmites covering some concealed core. The trees and shrubs rear white arms to the sky on every side; and where were walls and fences, we see fantastic forms stretching in frolic gambols across the dusky landscape, as if Nature had strewn her fresh designs over the fields by night as models for man's art.

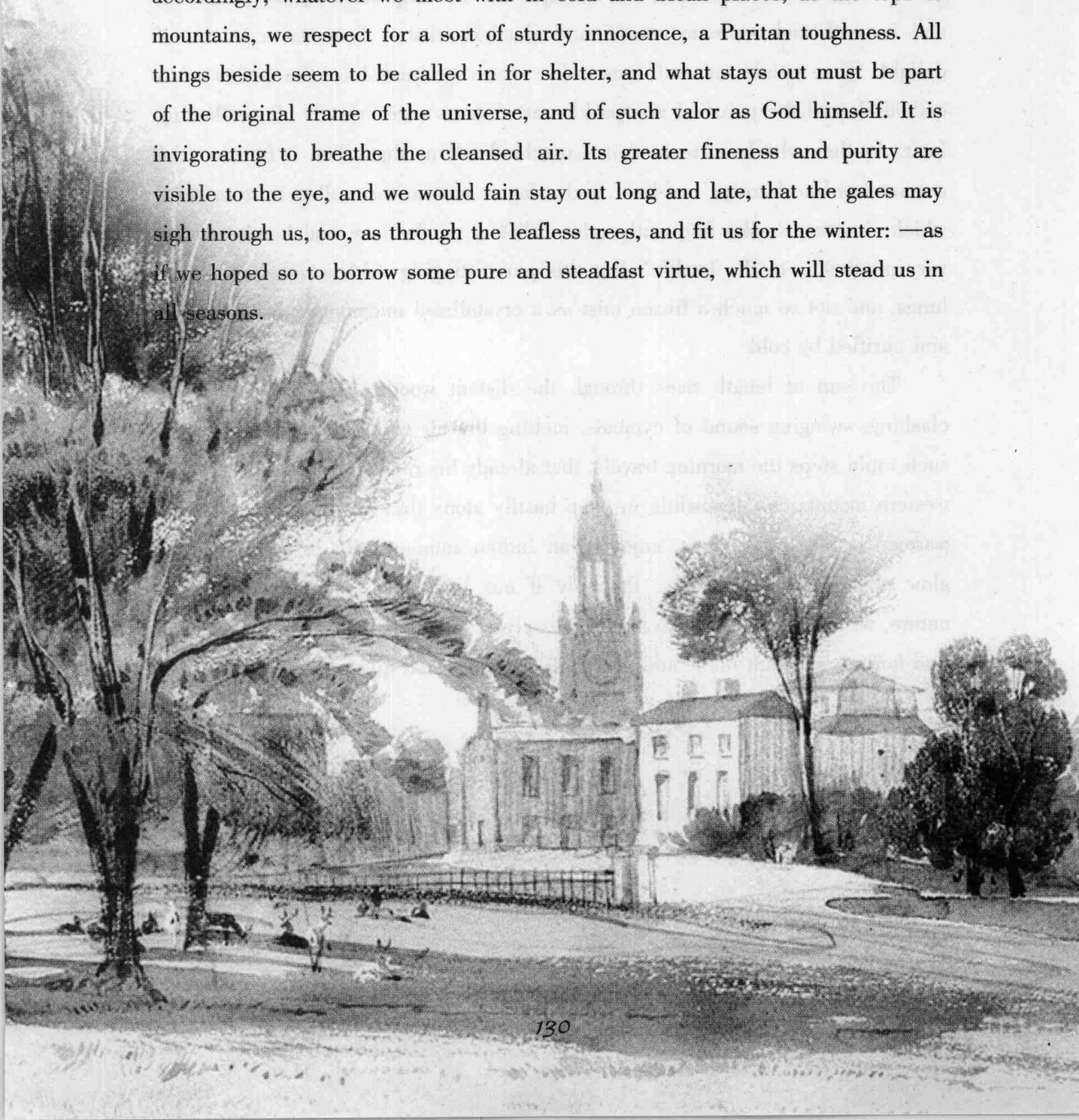
Silently we unlatch the door, letting the drift fall in, and step abroad to face the cutting air. Already the stars have lost some of their sparkle, and a dull, leaden mist skirts the horizon. A lurid brazen light in the east proclaims the approach of day, while the western landscape is dim and spectral still, and clothed in a sombre Tartarian light, like the shadowy realms. They are Infernal sounds only that you hear, —the crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs, the chopping of wood, the lowing of kine, all seem to come from Pluto's barnyard and beyond the Styx; —not for any melancholy they suggest, but their twilight bustle is too solemn and mysterious for earth. The recent tracks of the fox or otter, in the yard, remind us that each hour of the night is crowded with events, and the primeval nature is still working and making tracks in the snow. Opening the gate, we tread briskly along the lone country road, crunching the dry and crisped snow under our feet, or aroused by the sharp, clear creak of the wood-sled, just starting for the distant market, from the early farmer's door, where it has lain the summer long, dreaming amid the chips and stubble; while far through the drifts and powdered windows we see the farmer's early candle, like a paled star, emitting a lonely beam, as if some severe virtue were at its matins there. And one by one the smokes begin to ascend from the chimneys amid the trees and snows.

We hear the sound of wood-chopping at the farmers' doors, far over the frozen earth, the baying of the house-dog, and the distant clarion of the cock. Though the thin and frosty air conveys only the finer particles of sound to our

ears, with short and sweet vibrations, as the waves subside soonest on the purest and lightest liquids, in which gross substances sink to the bottom. They come clear and bell-like, and from a greater distance in the horizon, as if there were fewer impediments than in summer to make them faint and ragged. The ground is sonorous, like seasoned wood, and even the ordinary rural sounds are melodious, and the jingling of the ice on the trees is sweet and liquid. There is the least possible moisture in the atmosphere, all being dried up or congealed, and it is of such extreme tenuity and elasticity that it becomes a source of delight. The withdrawn and tense sky seems groined like the aisles of a cathedral, and the polished air sparkles as if there were crystals of ice floating in it. As they who have resided in Greenland tell us that when it freezes "the sea smokes like burning turf-land, and a fog or mist arises, called frost-smoke," which "cutting smoke frequently raises blisters on the face and hands, and is very pernicious to the health." But this pure, stinging cold is an elixir to the lungs, and not so much a frozen mist as a crystallized midsummer haze, refined and purified by cold.

The sun at length rises through the distant woods, as if with the faint clashing, swinging sound of cymbals, melting the air with his beams, and with such rapid steps the morning travels, that already his rays are gilding the distant western mountains. Meanwhile we step hastily along through the powdery snow, warmed by an inward heat, enjoying an Indian summer still, in the increased glow of thought and feeling. Probably if our lives were more conformed to nature, we should not need to defend ourselves against her heats and colds, but find her our constant nurse and friend, as do plants and quadrupeds.

The wonderful purity of nature at this season is a most pleasing fact. Every decayed stump and moss-grown stone and rail, and the dead leaves of autumn, are concealed by a clean napkin of snow. In the bare fields and tinkling woods, see what virtue survives. In the coldest and bleakest places, the warmest charities still maintain a foothold. A cold and searching wind drives away all contagion, and nothing can withstand it but what has a virtue in it, and accordingly, whatever we meet with in cold and bleak places, as the tops of mountains, we respect for a sort of sturdy innocence, a Puritan toughness. All things beside seem to be called in for shelter, and what stays out must be part of the original frame of the universe, and of such valor as God himself. It is invigorating to breathe the cleansed air. Its greater fineness and purity are visible to the eye, and we would fain stay out long and late, that the gales may sigh through us, too, as through the leafless trees, and fit us for the winter: —as if we hoped so to borrow some pure and steadfast virtue, which will stead us in all seasons.



冬日漫步



(美)亨利·大卫·梭罗

微风缓缓地吹着百叶窗,吹在窗上,非常温柔,像羽毛似的;偶尔也会发出几声叹息,听起来像夏日漫漫长夜里的风轻抚着树叶的声音。在铺着草皮的地下,田鼠正在地洞里呼呼大睡,猫头鹰则在沼泽地深处的一个空心树里蹲着,兔子、松鼠、狐狸都待在家里。看门的狗静静地躺在暖炉旁,牛羊在栏圈里悄无声息。连大地都在沉睡——但这不是寿终正寝,而是忙碌一年后第一次美美地睡上一觉。夜已经深了,大自然在忙碌着,只有街上一些招牌或小木屋的门轴不时嘎吱嘎吱地响着,给沉寂的大自然来一点慰藉。也只有这些还在预示着茫茫宇宙中,在金星与火星之间,天地万物中还有一些清醒的声音。我们想起了看似遥远却也许近在心中的“温暖的感觉”,还有那些只有天神们在相聚时才能感受到的——一种神圣的鼓舞和难得的交情,而这些对于凡人则是不胜苍凉的。大地此刻在酣睡,可是空气还很活跃,鹅毛大雪漫天飞舞,好像是一个北方的五谷女神,正在把她的银种子撒在我们的田野上。

我们也进入梦乡,等到醒来时,恰是冬季的早晨。世界静悄悄的,雪下了厚厚的一层。窗棂上像铺了柔软的棉花或羽绒;窗格子显得宽了些,玻璃上爬满了冰纹,看起来黯淡而神秘,使家里变得更加温馨舒适。早晨的寂静真令人难忘。我们踏着吱吱作响的地板来到窗口前,站在一块没有结冰的地方,眺望田野。屋顶被皑皑白雪覆盖着,雪冻成的冰条挂屋檐下和栅栏上;院子里的雪柱像竹笋一样立着,雪柱里有没有藏着什么东西,就无从知晓了。树木和灌木向四面八方伸展着它们白色的枝干;原来是墙壁和篱笆的地方,形态更加奇妙,在昏暗的大地上,它们向左右延伸,似乎在跳跃,仿佛一夜的工夫,大自然就重新设计了一幅田野美景,供人类的艺术家来临摹。

我们静静地拨去门闩,让飞雪飘进屋里;走出门外,寒风如刀割般迎面

扑来。星星有点黯淡无光,地平线上笼罩了一层深色沉重的薄雾。东方露出一片耀眼的古铜色光彩,预示着天就要亮了;可是西边的景物,还是很模糊,一片昏暗,无声无息,似乎是笼罩着地狱之光;鬼影扑现,好像是非人间。耳边的声音也有点阴气森森——鸡鸣犬吠,木柴断裂的声音,牛群低沉的叫声——这一切好像来自冥河彼岸冥王星的农场;倒不是这些声音本身特别凄凉,只是天还没有亮,所以听起来很肃穆很神秘,不像是来自于人间。院子里、雪地上,狐狸所留下的印迹清晰可见,这些提醒我们:即使是在冬夜最寂静的时候,自然界的生物也在时时刻刻活动着,并在雪地里留下足迹。打开大门,我们迈着轻快的脚步,踏上偏僻的乡村小路,雪很干很脆,踩上去发出吱吱的响声;早起的农夫,驾着雪橇,到远处的市场上去赶集。这辆雪橇整个夏天都闲置在农夫的门口,如今稻梗做伴,可算是有了用武之地。它尖锐、清晰、刺耳的声音,真能让早起赶路的人头脑清醒。透过堆满积雪的农舍,我们看见农夫早早地把蜡烛点亮了,就像一颗孤寂的星星,散发着稀落的光,宛如某种朴素的美德在作晨祷。接着,烟囱里冒出的炊烟在树丛和雪堆里缭绕升起。

我们能听见农夫劈砍柴火的声音,大地冰封,不时有鸡鸣狗叫传来;稀薄而干寒的空气,只能把那些尖锐的声音传入我们的耳朵,那些声音听起来短促悦耳;凡是清醇轻盈的液体,稍有波动也很快停止,因为里面的晶体硬块很快沉到底部。声音从地平线的远处传来,像钟声一样清晰响亮,冬天的空气清新,不像夏天那样混合着许多杂质,因而声音听起来不像夏天那样刺耳模糊。在冰封的土地上,声音犹如敲击坚硬的木块那样洪亮,甚至是乡村里最平凡的声响,都听起来美妙动听,树上的冰条,互相撞击,听起来像铃声一样悦耳,乐在其中。空气里几乎没有水分,水蒸气不是干化,就是凝固成霜了。空气十分稀薄而且似乎还带弹性,人呼吸进去顿感心旷神怡。天空似乎被绷紧了,往后移动,从下向上望,感觉像置身于大教堂中,头上是一块块连在一起的弧形屋顶。空气被过滤得纯粹明净,好像有冰晶沉浮在中间,正如格陵兰的居民告诉我们的,当那里结冰的时候,“海就冒烟,像大火爆发的威力;而且伴有雾气升腾,称为烟雾;这烟雾能让人的手和脸起疱肿胀,危害人体。”但是我们这里的空气,虽然冰寒刺骨,但是质地清纯,可以滋养心肺,提神醒脑。我们不会把它当作冻霜,而会把它看作仲夏雾气的结晶,经过严寒的凝结,变得更加清纯了。

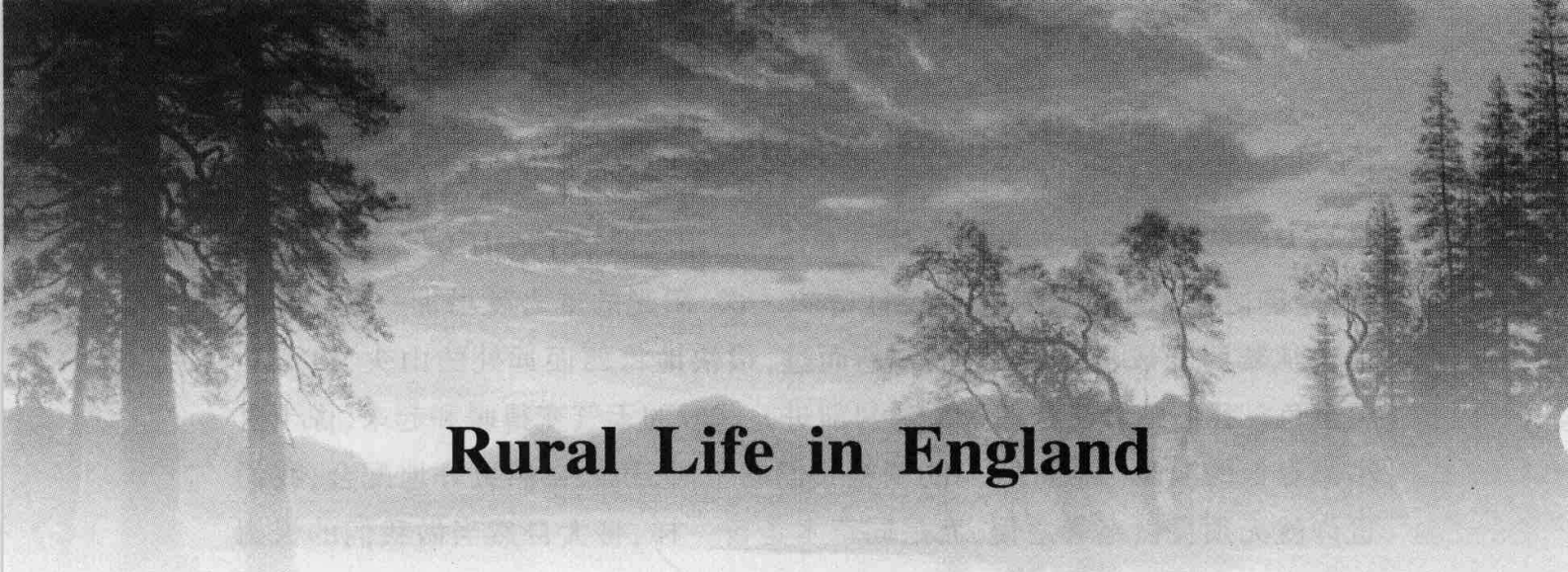
太阳最后终于从远处的山林间上升。在阳光照耀下,空中的冰霜开始融化,隐隐之中似乎有铙钹声。铙钹每响一次,阳光的威力就增加一些;时间很快从黎明变成早晨,早晨也一逝而过,很快地将西面远处的山头,镀了一层金色。我们踏着粉状的干雪匆匆前进。这时的天气变得暖和起来,像十月小阳春似的温暖。假如我们能调整我们的生活,和大自然更好地配合,我们也许就无须畏惧寒暑之侵,而是同草木走兽一样,将大自然当做我们的保姆和良友。这样,它将永远眷顾着我们。

这个季节的大自然,显得特别纯洁,我们为此感到欣喜不已。残树枯木、苔痕斑斑的石头和栏杆、秋天的落叶,现在都被大雪淹没,就像是一块干净的手巾覆盖在上面。寒风无孔不入、席卷一切,凡是不能坚贞自守的,都无法幸免;因此凡是在寒冷荒僻的地方,如在高山之顶,我们所能见到的东西都是值得尊敬的,因为它们有一种坚毅朴实的品性——一种清教徒式的坚忍。在别的東西都寻求隐蔽保护去时,能傲然独立于风雪之中者,一定是天地之灵秀,是自然界骨气的体现,具有天神般的勇敢。经过洗涤的空气,使人神清气爽。肉眼能看出空气是否清亮纯洁;我们愿意整天转在户外直到天黑才回家,我们希望朔风吹过我们的身体,如同它吹过光秃秃的大树那般。这样我们就更能适应寒冬的气候。我们希望借此能从大自然借来一点力量,因为它纯洁坚定,一年四季都于我们有益。

简评

梭罗的名篇,让人感受到英语之美。炎炎夏日也难以阻隔他为你创造的冬日宁静。可能是名字里有“冬”字的缘故,文章能引人动容沉思。虽然在有些地方似乎与那令人沉醉的白色世界无缘。冬天,特别适合独处,特别适合思考,因为你能分明地听到万物蓄势待发的动力,内敛而顽强的动力。梭罗也选择了在冬天独处和思考。不要被满版的生词吓住,你将在冬日的宁静中收获哲思与美。





Rural Life in England

Washington Irving

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing. The brook, taught to wind in natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake—the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters; while some rustic temple, or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape.

The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water;—all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading

yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favorite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country, has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy that descends to the lowest class. The very laborer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice; the pot of flowers in the window; the holly, providently planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside; all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.



英格兰的乡村生活

(美)华盛顿·欧文

论及壮观,没有什么地方的风景比得上英格兰的公园。在这里,大片的草地延展开来,如同在纸上撒泼生动的绿意,周围簇拥着一丛丛大树,树下积聚着大片大片落叶;漫山遍野的丛林及树林间的空地,记录了鹿群静静走过的脚印,野兔一跃而起然后躲藏起来的痕迹,或者那些野鸡突然扇开翅膀的瞬间。小溪蜿蜒曲折地缓缓流着,延伸汇入明镜般的湖泊中。就是这湖泊,照映着微微颤动的树木,落叶飘荡在湖心,鲑鱼在清澈的河水里悠然自得地游来游去;古朴的庙宇、木质的雕像在岁月的流逝中潮湿生苔,有了一股与世隔绝、古典神圣的韵味。

这只是公园的一角;我最欣赏的是英格兰人的创造才能;他们能把自己的中产阶级生活装饰得朴实无华。一块贫瘠的土地,依着英格兰人的品味、明辨美丑的眼光、探寻事物的能力,在脑海中首先规划了一幅明丽的风景图,然后把它变成了一个小小的天堂。

这一方贫瘠的土地在英格兰人手下成了可爱之地,同时由艺术所创造出来的效果依然真实自然、不落痕迹。一些树木的保护和培育,另外一些树木的精心修剪,四散的花儿,柔嫩而优雅的落叶,绿色斜坡上天鹅绒似的草皮,半遮半掩的远处蓝银交映的水光:一切都是精心设计的,那是一份默默无言而又无处不在的耕耘,就像一位画家完成心爱的画时那种充满魔力的触摸。

在这个国家的乡村经济中,乡绅居所那种独特的富有且精巧优雅的品味已经延伸传承至最底层。那些劳动者,即使只拥有茅草屋和狭长空地,也都重视他们的房屋装饰。那整齐的树篱、草地、门前的小块空地,由小花铺就的暖和的小盒子,靠着墙整齐地长成了一条直线木格子,还悬挂着花蕾的树木,窗台上一钵钵的花儿,恰到好处地装点着屋子的冬青树,掩饰了冬的寂寞萧条,投来了夏的绿意,振奋了围炉而坐的人们:所有这些,都预示着这种品味所带来的影响,它从高层富贵阶级而来,直至最底层大众的心中。就像诗人们所吟咏的那样,如果爱神让游览民舍愉悦,那么英格兰村民的居所无疑是最佳之选。

简评

华盛顿·欧文的散文散发出一种清新脱俗的韵味,简单高雅引人入胜。作者满怀的热情和感慨,细致入微的观察描写,为我们勾勒出了一幅绝妙的英格兰乡村图,带我们进入了一个祥和而又脱俗的世界。



First Snow

John Boynton Priestley

作者简介

约翰·波因顿·普里斯特利 (John Boynton Priestley, 1894—1984), 英国剧作家、小说家、批评家。他创作的散文题材文泛, 文笔幽默隽永, 富有个性。

Mr. Robert Lynd once remarked of Jane Austen's characters: "They are people in whose lives a slight fall of snow is an event." Even at the risk of appearing to this witty and genial critic as another Mr. Woodhouse, I must insist that last night's fall of snow here was an event. I was nearly as excited about it this morning as the children, whom I found all peering through the nursery window at the magic outside and chattering as excitedly as if Christmas had suddenly come round again. The fact is, however, that the snow was as strange and enchanting to me as it was to them. It is the first fall we have had here this winter, and last year I was out of the country, broiling in the tropics, during the snowy season, so that it really does seem an age since I saw the ground so fantastically carpeted. It was while I was away last year that I met the three young girls from British Guiana who had just returned from their first visit to England. The two things that had impressed them most were the endless crowds of people in the London street, all strangers (they emphasized this, for they had spent all their lives in a little town where everybody knows everybody,) and the

snow-covered landscape they awoke to one morning when they were staying somewhere in Somerset. They were so thrilled and delighted that they flung away any pretence of being demure young ladies and rushed out of the house to run to and fro across the glittering white expanses, happily scattering footmarks on the untrodden surface, just as the children did in the garden this morning.

The first fall of snow is not only an event but it is a magical event. You go to bed in one kind of world and wake up to find yourself in another quite different, and if this is not enchantment, then where is it to be found? The very stealth, the eerie quietness, of the thing makes it more magical. If all the snow fell at once in one shattering crash, awakening us in the middle of the night the event would be robbed of its wonder. But it flutters down, soundless, hour after hour while we are asleep. Outside the closed curtains of the bedroom a vast transformation scene is taking place, just as if a myriad elves and brownies were at work, and we turn and yawn and stretch and know nothing about it. And then, what an extraordinary change it is! It is as if the house you are in had been dropped down in another continent. Even the inside, which has not been touched, seems different, every room appearing smaller and cosier, just as if some power were trying to turn it into a woodcutter's hut or sung log-cabin. Outside, where the garden was yesterday, there is now a white and glistening level, and the village beyond is no longer your own familiar cluster of roofs but a village in an old German fairy-tale. You would not be surprised to learn that all the people there, the spectacled postmistress, the cobbler, the retired school master, and the rest, had suffered a change too and had become queer elvish beings, purveyors of invisible caps and magic shoes. You yourselves do not feel quite the same people you were yesterday. How could you when so much has been changed? There is curious stir, a little shiver of excitement, troubling the house, not unlike the feeling there is abroad when a journey has to be made. The children, of course, are all excitement but even the adults hang about and talk to one another longer than usual before settling down to the day's work. Nobody can resist the windows. It is like being on board a ship.

When I got up this morning the world was a chilled hollow of dead white

and faint blues. The light that came through the windows was very queer, and it contrived to make the familiar business of splashing and shaving and brushing and dressing very queer too. Then the sun came out, and by the time I had sat down to breakfast it was shining bravely and flushing the snow with delicate pinks. The dining room window had been transformed into a lovely Japanese print. The little plum tree outside, with the faintly flushed snow lining its boughs and artfully disposed along its trunk, stood in full sunlight. An hour or two later everything was a cold glitter of white and blue. The world had completely changed again. The little Japanese prints had all vanished. I looked out of my study window, over the garden, the meadow, to the low hills beyond, and the ground was one long glare, the sky was steely, and all the trees so many black and sinister shapes. There was indeed something curiously sinister about the whole prospect. It was as if our kindly countryside, close to the very heart of England, had been turned into a cruel steppe. At any moment, it seemed, a body of horsemen might be seen breaking out from the black copse, so many instruments of tyranny might be heard and some distant patch of snow be reddened. It was that kind of landscape.

Now it had changed again. The glare has gone and not touch of the sinister remains. But the snow is falling heavily, in great soft flakes, so that you can hardly see across the shallow valley, and the roofs are thick and the trees all bending, and the weathercock of the village church, still to be seen through the grey loaded air, has become some creature out of Hans Andersen. From my study, which is apart from the house and faces it, I can see the children flattening their noses against the nursery window and there is running through my head a jangle of rhyme I used to repeat when I was a child and flattened my nose against the cold window watching the falling snow:

Snow, snow faster;

White alabaster!

Killing geese in Scotland,

Sending feathers here!





初雪

(英) 约翰·波因顿·普里斯特利

罗伯特·林德曾用这样一番话来谈论简·奥斯汀笔下的人物：“他们是那种能把一场小雪当作一件天大的事来对待的人。”我不惮被这位幽默亲切的批评家当作另一个伍德豪斯先生的危险，坚持认为昨晚这儿的降雪是一件大事。今天早上因为这场雪，我和孩子们一样兴奋。我发现他们全都透过育儿室的窗子盯着外面那不可思议的世界喋喋不休，兴奋不已，就像圣诞节突然再次来临一样。就像我一样，他们也觉得下雪奇妙迷人。这是今年冬天我们这儿的第一场雪。去年的这个时候，我在国外，正在受着热带的蒸烤，因此，确实似乎有一段时间没有看到地面如此奇妙地覆上一层雪白的地毯了。去年出国时我遇到了3个女孩，她们是英属圭那亚人，第一次参观伦敦刚回来。旅途中，有两件事给她们留下了深刻的印象，一是伦敦街道上人流源源不断，但都是陌生人，她们强调这点，因为她们一直生活在一个人人彼此相识的小镇里。二是她们逗留在萨姆塞特某地时，一天早晨醒来看到的被白雪覆盖着的景色。她们兴奋高兴，抛开一贯持有的娴静淑女之态，冲出屋去，来回奔跑于闪闪发光的宽阔的白雪地上，就像孩子们今天早上在花园里做的一样，快乐地在没人踩过的地面上散布脚印。

第一场雪不仅是一件大事，还是一件神奇的事。上床睡觉之前，世界依然如故，醒来后，却进入了另一个完全不同的世界。要是这还不叫魔力，那魔力该如何定义呢？雪，极度隐秘、古怪无声，使它更加迷人。如果所有的雪一起落下，发出破碎的撞击声，把我们从深夜里惊醒，那么下雪就无神奇可言

了。可是它趁我们熟睡时,一个小时接一个小时无声地飘落下来,紧闭的卧室外,景色正在发生巨变,就像无数的精灵和仙童在忙活,而我们在翻身、打呵欠、伸展四肢时却对此一无所知。然后,多么非凡的变化啊!仿佛你所在的屋子掉到了另一块陆地上。甚至屋内,虽然没有雪花飘落,似乎也不一样了,每个房间显得更小更舒适了,好像有些力量要设法把它变成伐木工的小屋或会唱歌的木屋。屋外,花园成了白茫茫、亮晶晶的一片;远处的村庄已成了古老德国童话中的村庄,也不是你所熟悉的簇簇屋顶了。如果听到那儿所有的人,邮局戴眼镜的女局长、补鞋匠、退休校长以及其他人都变了,变成了古怪的小精灵似的人,戴着看不见的帽子和穿着魔法鞋,你也丝毫不会奇怪,甚至你自己也觉得不是昨天的那个你了。这么多的事物都变了,你又怎能不变呢?屋子里弥漫着一阵古怪的激动和点令人颤动的兴奋,这种感觉就像要去国外旅行一样。诚然,孩子们全都兴奋不已,可是大人们呢,他们在工作安定下来之前,彼此间的交谈都比往常长了些。就像在船上一样,谁也不能抗拒窗子的魅力。

早上起床时,整个世界变成了一个雪白微蓝的寒冷洞穴。光线透过窗子传过来,感觉有些奇怪,日常事务,诸如喷水、刮胡子、刷牙和穿衣服之类的也显得极其怪异。不久太阳出来了,灿烂的阳光,给雪染上了一层淡淡的粉红。我坐下吃早餐时,餐厅的窗子变成了可爱的日本式图片。窗外的小李树,伫立于暖暖的阳光中,树枝布满了淡红的雪树干也被巧妙地装点着。过了一两个小时后,每一样东西都散发着冷冷的蓝白色的光。世界又一次完全变了,小小的日本式图片全部消失了。透过书房的窗子往外看,目光穿过花园、草地,直至远处低低的山丘,长长的地面发着耀眼的光芒,天空却呈现出钢铁一般的颜色,而所有的树看上去全都阴暗恐怖。整个景色里确实具有几分古怪的凶险,仿佛附近紧挨着英格兰舒适的乡下变成了西伯利亚无情的大草原。似乎,在任何时候,都有一队骑着马的人穿破黑色灌木丛飞奔而来,种种暴行不绝于耳,远处的雪被鲜血浸染——就是这样的情形。

不久景色又变了:炫目的光芒不见了,所有的凶险也荡然无存。可是雪下大了,在片片巨大柔软的雪花里,你几乎看不到那浅浅的山谷。屋顶厚重起来了,树木也都弯曲了。透过灰白的密密麻麻的天空,乡村教堂的风标依稀可见,却已变成安徒生童话中的一些人物。在书房里,我可以看到对面屋里的孩子把鼻子平贴在育儿室的窗子上,脑中突然闪过过去常常背诵的

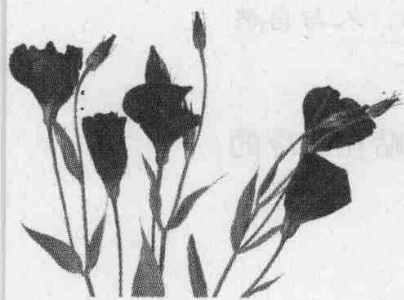
一段韵文。那时我也是个孩子,也喜欢在下雪的日子里把鼻子平贴在冰冷的窗子上往外看:

冬令时节雪飘飘,
洁白轻舞似石膏,
疑是鹅逝苏格兰,
鹅毛疾飞漫天飘。

简评

作者以欢快的口吻,细腻的描绘和用心的感悟,为我们勾勒出了一副初雪图。初雪,给人的感觉是神秘奇异,不断变幻的;初雪,总让我们回想起年少时,躲在温暖舒适的家里,把鼻子平贴在冰冷的窗子上往外看雪的乐趣。多么富有童趣的风景,多么值得回味的岁月,多么值得珍惜的初雪。





The Song of the River

William Somerset Maugham

You hear it all along the river. You hear it, loud and strong, from the rowers as they urge the junk with its high stern, the mast lashed alongside, down the swift running stream. You hear it from the trackers, a more breathless chant, as they pull desperately against the current, half a dozen of them perhaps if they are taking up wupan, a couple of hundred if they are hauling a splendid junk, its square sail set, over a rapid. On the junk, a man stands amidships beating a drum incessantly to guide their efforts, and they pull with all their strength, like men possessed, bent double; and sometimes in the extremity of their travail they crawl on the ground, on all fours, like the beasts of the field. They strain, strain fiercely, against the pitiless might of the stream. The leader goes up and down the line and when he sees one who is not putting all his will into the task he brings down his split bamboo on the naked back. Each one must do his utmost or the labour of all is vain. And still they sing a vehement, eager chant, the chant of the turbulent waters. I do not know words can describe what there is in it of effort. It serves to express the straining heart, the breaking muscles, and at the same time the indomitable spirit of man which overcomes the pitiless force of nature. Though the rope may part and the great junk swing back, in the end the rapid will be passed; and at the close of the weary day there is the hearty meal...

But the most agonizing song is the song of the coolies who bring the great bales from the junk up the steep steps to the town wall. Up and down they go, endlessly, and endless as their toil rises their rhythmic cry. He, aw—ah, oh. They are barefoot and naked to the waist. The sweat pours down their faces and their song is a groan of pain. It is a sigh of despair. It is heart-rending. It is hardly human. It is the cry of souls in infinite distress, only just musical, and that last note is the ultimate sob of humanity. Life is too hard, too cruel, and this is the final despairing protest. That is the song of the river.



河之歌

(英)威廉·萨姆塞特·毛姆

沿河上下都可以听见那歌声。响亮而有力,那是船夫们在喊号子,他们划着木船顺流而下,船尾高高翘起,桅杆系在船边。也可能听到较为急促的号子,那是纤夫拉纤逆流而上。如果拉的是小木船,也许只要五六个人;如果拉的是扬着横帆要过急滩的大船,就要二百来人。一个汉子站在船中央不停地击鼓助威,引导他们用劲。于是他们使出全部力量,像着了魔似的,大幅度地加倍弯腰,力量用到极限时就像田里的牲口那样,全身趴在地上,匍匐前进。他们使劲,拼命使劲,对抗着水流无情的威力。领头的在纤绳前后跑来跑去,见到有人没有全力以赴,就将竹板打在他裸露着的背上。每个人都必须竭尽全力,否则就要前功尽弃。就这样他们还是唱着号子,激昂热切的、汹涌澎湃的河水号子。我无法用词语来阐明其中所包括的拼搏,它表现的是绷紧的心弦、几乎要断裂的筋肉和人类克服无情自然力时的顽强精神。虽然绳子可能扯断,大船可能倒退,但最终险滩必将通过,在筋疲力尽的一天结束时可以痛快地吃上一顿饱饭……

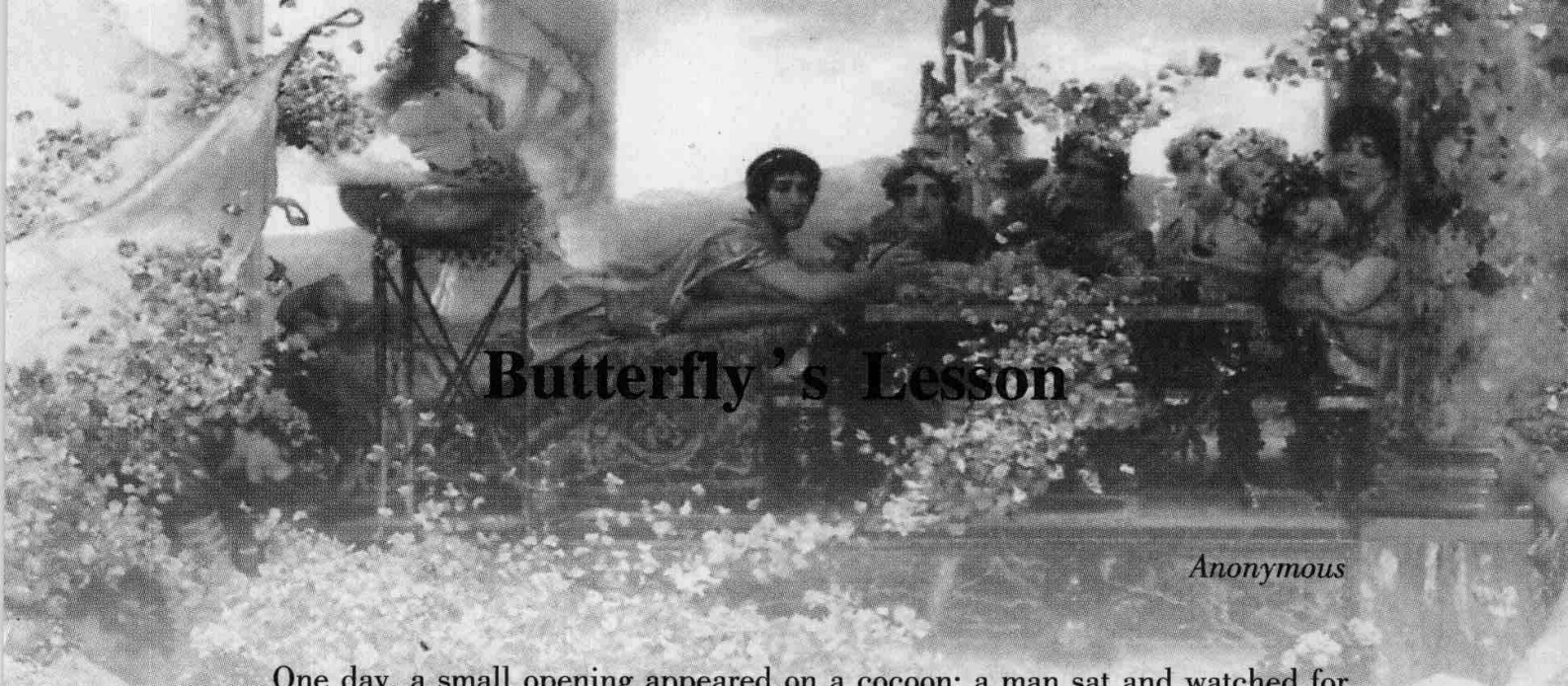
然而最令人心酸的却是苦力的歌,他们背负着船上卸下的大包,沿着陡坡爬上城墙。他们不停地上上下下,在无尽的劳动中响起有节奏的喊声:嗨,呦——嗨,嗨。他们赤着脚,光着背,汗水沿着脸颊大滴大滴滚落下来。不断地从脸上流下。他们的歌是痛苦的呻吟、失望的叹息,不像人的声音,听起来令人心碎。它是灵魂在无尽悲戚中和着音乐节奏的呐喊。那终了的一声简直

就是在为人性泯灭而低泣。生活太艰难、太残酷,这喊声正是最后绝望的抗议。这就是河之歌。

简评

本文是一篇写景抒情的散文。毛姆在文中写了江上听到的几种劳动人民的歌声。虽然这已是半个世纪前旧中国的情况,但文章情景交融,读来仍然亲切感人。毛姆的可贵之处就在于,他不是居高临下地同情,而且以一种平等的精神,加以赞美。一方面是值得同情的非人劳动,另一方面又是值得赞美的顽强精神:两者水乳交融地结合在一起。他强烈的情感和理性,在想象中结合起来,把思想情感推向了高潮,显示了比一般人道主义者更为深沉的本色。





Butterfly's Lesson

Anonymous

One day, a small opening appeared on a cocoon; a man sat and watched for the butterfly for several hours as it struggled to force its body through that little hole.

But, it seems to stop making any progress. It appeared as if it had gotten as far as it could and it could not go any further. So the man decided to help the butterfly, he took a pair of scissors and opened the cocoon.

The butterfly then emerged easily. But it had a withered body, it was tiny and shriveled wings. The man continued to watch because he expected that, at any moment, the wings would open, enlarge and expand, to be able to support the butterfly's body. In fact, the butterfly spent the rest of its life crawling around with a withered body and shriveled wings. It never was able to fly. What the man, in his kindness and his good will did not understand was that the restricting cocoon and the struggle required for the butterfly to get through the tiny opening, were the way of forcing fluid from the body of the butterfly into its wings, so that it would be ready for flight once it achieved its freedom from the cocoon.

Sometimes, struggles are exactly what we need in our life. "I received nothing I wanted... But I received everything I needed." Live life without fear, confront all obstacles and evince that you can overcome them.

蝴蝶的教训

佚名

一天,有个蚕茧上破了个洞。一个人坐在旁边观看,他发现几个小时中,蝴蝶一直试图从那个小洞里挤出自己的身体。

但是,蝴蝶似乎放弃了努力,好像再也无能为力了。旁边这个人决定帮助它,他拿来剪刀,剪开了蚕茧。

蝴蝶轻而易举地出来了,可是它的身体却皱缩了,翅膀也枯萎了。这个人继续观察,他希望在某个时刻,蝴蝶的翅膀能舒展开来,继而变大,直到可以支撑起它的整个身躯。但是,蝴蝶只是拖着它那皱缩的身体和枯萎的翅膀爬着,不可能飞起来了。这个人虽然一片好意,但他不明白,蝴蝶破茧而出的艰苦挣扎是一个必然阶段,正是这个过程,可以让蝴蝶的翅膀成形,为它离开茧后的飞行作准备。

有时候,艰苦挣扎是我们生命里不可缺少的。“我没有得到我想要的,但我得到了我需要的。”直面你所遇到的任何困难,无所畏惧地活着吧!

简评

对于蝴蝶,茧是阻碍,是捆绑,是难以挣脱的桎梏,而只有在经过撕心裂肺的疼痛之后,毛毛虫才能变为美丽的蝴蝶。这正如我们的生活,充满艰辛,充满挫折,人们只有在这样的遭遇中苦苦挣扎,永不放弃,才能重塑全新的自我,悟出人生的真理。要坚信:阳光总在风雨后,拼搏后才有收获。

Part 6

The Essence of Life

有三种简单却又无比强烈的激情左右着我的一生：对爱的渴望、对知识的求索和对人类苦难的无尽怜悯。这些激情像飓风一样无处不在，反复无常地吹拂着我，穿过深重的苦海，直达绝望的彼岸。



第六卷
原味人生

Self-awareness

Virginia Woolf

作者简介

弗吉尼亚·伍尔夫(Virginia Woolf, 1882—1941), 女, 英国现代著名的小说家、评论家和散文家。

The man who is aware of himself is henceforth independent; and he is never bored, and life is only too short, and he is steeped through and through with profound yet temperate happiness. He alone lives, while other people, slaves of ceremony, let life slip past time in a kind of dream. Once conform, once do what other people do finer than they do it, and a lethargy steals over all the finer nerves and faculties of the soul. He becomes all outer show and inward emptiness; dull, callous, and indifferent.



自我意识

(英)弗吉尼亚·伍尔夫

人只有意识到自我才能走上独立之路；他永不疲倦，生命何其短暂，他完完全全沉浸在深厚而适度的幸福之中。他独立生活，不像别人那样成了礼仪规则的奴隶，听任生命在醉生梦死中悄然流逝。人一旦循规蹈矩，一旦人云亦云，其灵魂中一切灵敏的神经和官能就会变得呆滞。这样他就外表光鲜，而灵魂空空；迟钝、木然、冷漠已经占据了他。

简评

自我意识是认识外界客观事物的条件，是人的自觉性、自控力的前提，对自我教育有推动作用；自我意识是改造自身主观因素的途径，它使人能不断地自我监督、自我修养、自我完善。自我意识影响着人的道德判断和个性的形成，尤其对个性倾向性的形成更为重要。在这则选段中，弗吉尼亚·吴尔夫以细腻的笔触阐明了自我意识的重要性。

A Better Tomorrow

Herbert Clark Hoover

作者简介

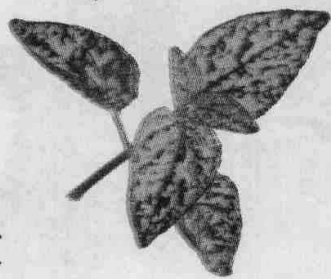
赫伯特·克拉克·胡佛(Herbert Clark Hoover, 1874—1964), 生于爱阿华州, 在俄勒冈州长大, 毕业于斯坦福大学, 美国第 31 任总统。退休后, 他著书立说, 著作颇丰。

People often wonder why historians go to so much trouble to preserve millions of books, documents and records of the past. Why do we have libraries? What good are these documents and the history books? Why do we record and save the actions of men, the negotiations of statesmen and the campaigns of armies?

Because, sometimes, the voice of experience can cause us to stop, look and listen. And because, sometimes, past records, correctly interpreted, can give us warning of what to do and what not to do.

If we are ever to create enduring peace, we must seek origins in human experience and in record of human idealism. From the story of the fortitude, courage and devotion of men and women, we create the inspirations of youth. From stories of the Christian martyrs, right down to Budapest's heroic martyrs of today, history records the suffering, the self-denial, the devotion and the heroic deeds of men. Surely from these records there can come help to mankind in our confusions and perplexities, and in our yearning for peace.

The supreme purpose of history is a better world. History gives a warning to those who would promote war. History brings inspiration to those who seek peace. In short, history helps us learn. Yesterday's records can keep us from repeating yesterday's mistakes. And from the piece of mosaic assembled by historians come the great murals which represent the progress of mankind.



创造更美好的明天

(美)赫伯特·克拉克·胡佛

人们常常好奇,为什么历史学家要费尽周折地保存过去的大量书籍、文献和记录。为什么我们要有图书馆呢?这些文献和历史书籍又有什么好处呢?为什么我们要记录和保存人类的行为、政治家的商议以及军事行动呢?

因为有时候,经验的声音能促使我们停下脚步、观望和聆听。并且有时候,过去的记录如果被正确地加以解释,可以警示我们:哪些事情该做,哪些事情不能做。

如果我们想要创造持久和平,我们必须要从人类经验以及人类理想的记录中寻根溯源。从人们的坚毅、勇敢和奉献的故事中,我们创造了青春的灵感。从远古基督教殉道者的故事到近代布达佩斯勇士的传奇,历史记载着人类的所有苦难、自我否定、奉献和英勇行为。当然,这些记录一定会对正处在困惑混乱状态并期待和平的人大有裨益。

历史的最终目的是要创造更美好的明天。历史为那些宣扬战争的人敲响警钟,为那些寻找和平的人带来启迪。简而言之,历史帮助我们学习。昨日的记录防止我们重蹈覆辙。而历史学家收集的这些镶嵌艺术品逐渐成为代表人类进步的伟大壁画。

简评

“以史为鉴”,“读史明智”都在强调着历史对现实,对个人、对民族、对人类的启示和帮助。人们如果能从历史中不断汲取力量、不断思考、不断创新、不断反省时,就能创造更美好的明天。本文用简洁精练的语句,阐述了历史的重要性,主旨明确,发人深省。



Three Passions I Have Lived for

Bertrand Russell

作者简介

勃特兰·罗素(Bertrand Russell, 1872—1970), 英国声誉卓著、影响深远的哲学家、数学家、逻辑学家和散文家。主要著作有《数学原理》、《哲学大纲》、《教育与美好生活》、《罗素自传》三卷本。

Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither and thither, in a wayward course over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair.

I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy—ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of my life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought it, next, because it relieves loneliness—that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness looks over the rim of the world into the cold unfathomable lifeless abyss. I have sought it, finally, because in the union of love I have seen, in a mystic miniature, the prefiguring vision of the heaven that saints and poets have imagined. This is what I sought, and though it might seem too good for human life, this is what—at last—I have found.

With equal passion I have sought knowledge. I have wished to understand the hearts of men. I have wished to know why the stars shine... A little of this, but not much, I have achieved.

Love and knowledge, so far as they were possible, led upward toward the heavens. But always pity brought me back to earth. Echoes of cries of pain reverberate in my heart. Children in famine, victims tortured by oppressors, helpless old people a hated burden to their sons, and the whole world of loneliness, poverty, and pain make a mockery of what human life should be. I long to alleviate the evil, but I cannot, and I too suffer.

This has been my life. I have found it worth living, and would gladly live it again if the chance were offered me.





三种激情

(英)勃特兰·罗素

有三种简单却又无比强烈的激情左右着我的一生：对爱的渴望、对知识的求索和对人类苦难的无尽怜悯。这些激情像飓风一样无处不在，反复无常地吹拂着我，穿过深重的苦海，直达绝望的彼岸。

我寻找爱，首先是因为它使人心醉神迷，这种心醉是如此的美妙，使我愿意舍弃我的一生去换取几个小时的欣喜；我寻找爱，还因为它能消除孤独之感，因为在可怕的孤独中，我那颤抖的灵魂将从世界的边缘看到冰冷、无底、死寂的深渊；我寻找爱，还因为在爱的交融中，能让我看见圣贤和诗人们描述的神秘而又具体的天堂之景。这就是我所寻找的，虽然它们对我的人生来说似乎太过美妙，但最终我还是找到了。

我以同样的激情探索知识。我希望能够通过通过对知识的理解来洞察人类的心灵；能够通过所学知识明白群星为何而闪烁……可以说，我在一定程度上达到了这个心愿。

爱和知识，用他们的力量把人类引向天堂。但是，同情却总把人又拽回到尘世中来。痛苦的呼喊声回荡在我的心。饥饿中的孩子、受压迫的难民、无助的老人，还有这充满了孤独、贫穷和痛苦的整个世界，都是对人类所憧憬的美好生活无情的嘲弄。我渴望能够减少邪恶，但是我无能为力，而且我也难逃它的折磨。

这就是我的生活，它值得我来人世走一遭，如果再给我一次机会，我会很高兴地再活一次。

简评

《三种激情》是选自《勃特兰·罗素自传》的一篇优秀散文。它既是作者心灵的抒发,也是生命体验的总结。正如他在该文中所表述的,他对社会和人生的种种问题都极感兴趣。强烈的社会责任感和对人类前途命运的深切关注是罗素精神活动的重要方面。他对爱的渴望、对知识的追求和对人类苦难的同情,其目的在于探求如何使人类摆脱愚昧和迷信,获得健全的理智和良好的生存环境,也就是如何获得自由与幸福。本篇散文似乎信手拈来,但却耐人寻味。充满激情,充满感慨,充满智慧,情文并茂,逻辑性和感染力极强。





Beyond My Solitude

Khalil Gibran

Beyond my solitude is another solitude, and to him who dwells therein my aloneness is a crowded market place and my silence a confusion of sounds.

Too young am I and too restless to seek that above solitude. The voices of yonder valley still hold my ears and its shadows bar my way and I cannot go.

Beyond these hills is a grove of enchantment and to him who dwells therein my peace is but a whirlwind and my enchantment an illusion.

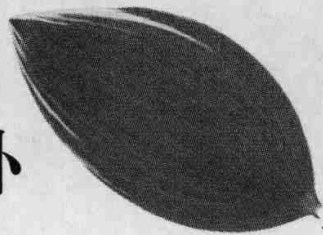
Too young am I and too riotous to seek that sacred grove. The taste of blood is clinging in my mouth, and the bow and the arrows of my fathers yet linger in my hand and I cannot go.

Beyond this burdened self lives my freer self; and to him my dreams are a battle fought in twilight and my desires the rattling of bones.

Too young am I and too outraged to be my freer self.

And how shall I become my freer self unless I slay my burdened selves, or unless all men become free?

How shall the eagle in me soar against the sun until my fledglings leave the nest which I with my own beak have built for them?



在我的孤独之外

(黎)哈利里·纪伯伦

在我的孤独之外,还有另一种孤独。对于具有那种孤独的人来说,我的孤独是喧嚣的闹市,我的沉默是嘈杂的噪音。

我过于年轻而枉尊自大,始终未寻找到更高的孤独;回荡在耳际的,是远处山谷的回声,挡住我的去路让我无法前行的,是那山谷的倒影。

在那群山背后,有一处秀美的丛林;对于丛林中的一切来说,我的平和如同一阵疾风,我的秀美,也只是一种幻觉。

我过于年轻而放荡不羁,依旧无心去寻访那神奇的丛林。我的嘴里还弥漫着血腥,先辈的弓箭还紧握在手里,我无法前行。

在这个负重的我之外,有一个自由自在的我;与他相比,我的梦想是落日下的一场混战,我的向往是骨骼的崩裂声。

我过于年轻而愤慨不已,无法成为一个自由的自我。

如果不手刃受羁的自我,或让普天下得到自由,我如何成为一个自由的人呢?

只有雏鸟离开我精心筑起的小巢,我心中的雄鹰才能向着太阳翱翔;只有我的根须在黑冥中枯死,我的叶片才能在风中高飞歌唱。

简评

纪伯伦说过:时间陪着我。时间陪着纪伯伦,纪伯伦陪着我们。一个愿意聆听,一个愿意娓娓而谈。在纪伯伦的孤独之外,有我们的孤独。在我们的孤独之外,还有另一种孤独,证明着其实我们并非孤独。也许,我们一直寻找的,只是一种充实的孤独,它让我们,更为坚定一些放弃,更为执著一些坚持。



On Peace of Mind

Joshua Loth Liebman

作者简介

约书亚·罗斯·李普曼(Joshua Loth Liebman, 1883—1946), 美籍犹太哲学家、文学家, 擅长写作清新隽永的小品文。

“On my head pour only the sweet waters of serenity. Give me the gift of the Untroubled Mind.”

Once, as a young man full of exuberant fancy, I undertook to draw up a catalogue of the acknowledged “goods” of life, as other men sometimes tabulate lists of properties they own or would like to own, I set down my inventory of earthly desirables: health, love, beauty, talent, power, riches, and fame.

When my inventory was completed I proudly showed it to a wise elder who had been the mentor and spiritual model of my youth. Perhaps I was trying to impress him with my precocious wisdom. Anyway, I handed him the list. “This”, I told him confidently, “is the sum of mortal goods. Could a man possess them all, he would be as a god.”

At the corners of my friend’s old eyes, I saw wrinkles of amusement gathering in a patient net. “An excellent list,” he said, pondering it thoughtfully.

“Well digested in content and set down in not-unreasonable order. But it appears, my young friend, that you have omitted the most important element of all. You have forgotten the one ingredient, lacking which each possession becomes a hideous torment.”

“And what,” I asked, peppering my voice with truculence, “is that missing ingredient?”

With a pencil stub he crossed out my entire schedule. Then, having demolished my adolescent dream structure at a single stroke, he wrote down three syllables: peace of mind. “This is the gift that God reserves for His special protégés,” he said.

“Talent and beauty He gives to many. Wealth is commonplace, fame not rare. But peace of mind—that is His final guerdon of approval, the fondest insignia of His love. He bestows it charily. Most men are never blessed with it; others wait all their lives—yes, far into advanced age—for this gift to descend upon them.”





论宁静的心境

(美)约书亚·罗斯·李普曼

在我头上浇灌宁静的甘露,赐予我一份平和的心境。

曾经,当我还是一个踌躇满志的年轻人时,我制订了一份被大家认为是人生“幸福”的目录。像许多会把已拥有和想拥有的财产列成表的人一样,我将自己的所需之物也列成了表:健康、爱情、美丽、才学、权利、财富和名誉。

完成这张表后,我满怀自豪地把它拿给一位睿智的长者看,他曾是我少年时代的良师益友和精神楷模。可能,我是想在他面前显示我的早熟智慧,以此来加深他对我的印象。无论如何,我把单子递给了他,无比自信地说:“这是人类幸福的全部,若一个人拥有了这些,他就过上了神仙的日子了”。

从朋友衰老的眼角,我探视到了感兴趣的皱纹,它们汇成了一张耐心的网。“相当出色,”沉思片刻,他说道,“内容详尽,记录合理。然而,我年轻的朋友,你似乎忽略了一个最重要的因素。它的缺失会让你的每项所得都变成可怕的折磨。”

“什么?”我立即烦躁不安地追问,“我到底遗漏了什么?”

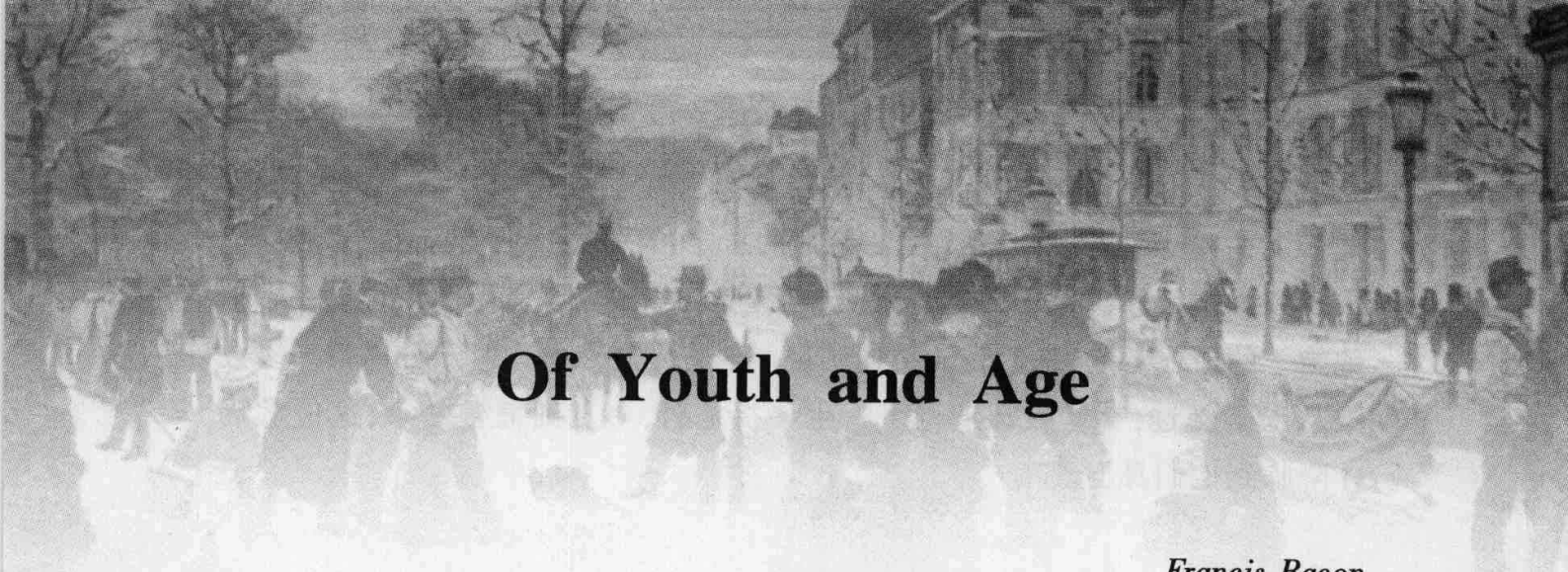
他用铅笔画掉了我的整张表格。在一拳粉碎我的少年美梦之后,他写下

了三个字：心之静。“这是上帝留给他的特定子民的礼物，”他说道，“他赐予大多数人才智和美貌。财富不鲜见，名望也不稀奇，但只有心灵的宁静才是他给予的最终赏赐，是他爱的最佳明证。他将它施予给人时十分谨慎。多数人从未享受过，有些人却期待了一生——是啊，一直到耄耋之年，这份赏赐才降临到他们身上。”

简评

在汲汲营营的现代社会中，一个人能以宁静的心境从容地看天空云卷云舒，看庭前花开花落，看世间人聚人散，这便是一种安详的修养了。这篇《论宁静的心境》不啻有醍醐灌顶之效。作者以主教的身份写下这篇短文，期勉世人明白心灵祥和平静即是生命至宝；权利、财富不过是俗世众人追逐的表面幸福。





Of Youth and Age

Francis Bacon

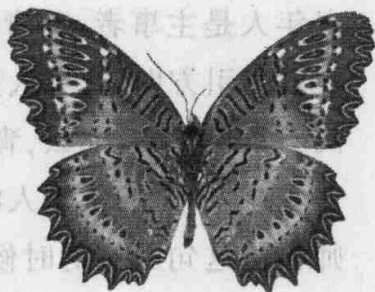
A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he has lost no time. But that happened rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts, as well as in ages.

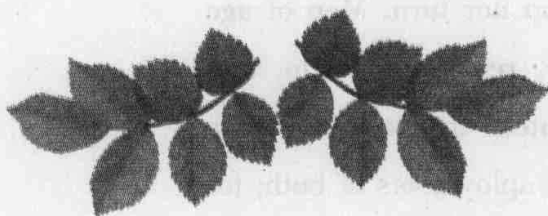
And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old; and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action, till they have passed the meridian of their years; as it was with Julius Caesar and Septimius Severus. Of the latter, of whom it is said, *Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus, pienam* [He passed a youth full of errors, yea of madness]. And yet he was the ablest emperor, almost, of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth. As it is seen in Augustus Caesar, Cosmus Duke of Florence, Gaston de Foix, and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age, is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent, than to judge; fitter for execution, than for counsel; and fitter for new projects, than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things, abuseth them.

The errors of young men, are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men, amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles, which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or

retract them; like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age, may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors; and, lastly, good for extern accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity, youth. But for the moral part, perhaps youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic.

A certain rabbin, upon the text, *Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams*, inferreth that young men, are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision, is a clearer revelation, than a dream. And certainly, the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding, than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some, have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes. These are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned; such as was Hermogenes the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle; who afterwards waxed stupid. A second sort, is of those that have some natural dispositions which have better grace in youth, than in age; such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech; which becomes youth well, but not age: so Tully saith of Hortensius, *Idem manebat, neque idem decebat* [He continued the same, when the same was not becoming]. The third is of such, as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous, more than tract of years can uphold. As was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith in effect, *Ultima primis cedebat* [His last actions were not equal to his first].





论青年与老年

(英)弗朗西斯·培根

一个人假使不曾虚度生活,年岁不大也可表现得成熟老练,只不过这种情况少有发生罢了。深思未必出自风霜,岁月同样可见年轻,可一般的青年毕竟谋划不过长辈,智慧也不及少年老成的同龄人。

但青年的创造性更为丰富,想象力也如泉涌一样奔放灵活,这似乎更得益于神助。天性刚烈、心怀热望、情绪敏感的人不历经中年,行事总是青涩,恺撒和塞维拉斯^①即为例证。关于后者曾有句话说道:“他曾度过一个满是错误的——不,满是疯狂的青春。”然而他差不多是罗马皇帝中最能干的一位。天性平和的人则能于青年时代就把事情做得很好。例如奥古斯都大帝、卡斯曼斯大公、卡斯顿勋爵^②等便是如此。青年擅长创造却缺乏判断,擅长行动却缺乏商讨,擅长革新却缺乏对经验的借鉴。日积月累的经验可以引导他们掌握旧事物,但也会遮盖他们看见新事物的视线。

青年人犯错往往毁坏大局,而老年人的错则是迈步太小或行动太缓。无论谋事还是操行,青年都骛远喜功、基调高、幅度大、好走极端;他们藐视前例,目空一切,革新的勇气绰绰有余,而欠方式和分寸上的考虑,结果反而招致意外的麻烦。他们有如不驯的野马,行事极端而不自知自救,一旦开始犯错,就一泻千里,不可回复。老年人呢,他们顾忌太多、议论过长、宁求安稳、不愿冒险,总是满足于成绩平平而不向往极至的辉煌。毫无疑问,最好是将两者的特点结合。就现在来说,青年和老年可以互相取长补短;就发展来说,老年人是主事者,而青年人可以学习取经;最后就社会来说,老年人以权威之姿指引方向,青年人则能振奋民心、鼓舞士气。但如果从政治上讲,老人的阅历是珍贵的,那么,青年人的纯真则在人性中熠熠闪光。

“你们中的年轻人将见到天国,你们中的老人只能做梦。”有一位犹太经师在讲这句原文的时候曾由此而推论道,青年人是比老年人更接近上帝的,

因为希望总比幻梦切实一些。毫无疑问,世情如酒,越喝越醉人。而年岁大的益处在乎理解的能力而不在乎意志与感情方面的德性。有些人在年岁上有一些早熟的情形,而这种情形的长处会随着时间的消逝。这些人中第一种是有些脆薄的聪明,而这种聪明的锋锐不久就变为迟钝的一类人,例如修辞学家赫摩格尼斯^③,他的著作是非常奥妙的,但是后来他长成一个愚拙的人了。第二是那些具有某种气质,而这种气质较适于青年人而不适于老年人,如流利丰富的言辞。正如西塞罗所批评的赫腾修斯^④:“在他的故我已经不适于他的为人的时候,他还是依然故我。”第三种是起始的时候所作所为过于崇高以至于在后来的年岁中无法继续保持其伟大的。例如西兹阿·阿非利卡即是如此。关于他,历史学家李维曾说道:“他的晚年不及他的初年。”

①尤利·凯撒(前100?—前44),罗马政治家。Severus(前1462—前211),古罗马皇帝,公元前193—前211年在位。

②卡斯曼斯大公,1570年封多斯加纳大公。奥古斯都·凯撒(前61—公元14),为罗马帝国第一任皇帝,大凯撒的侄孙,原名屋大维。统一罗马,为帝政的建立者。奥古斯都意为“至高无上者”,乃其尊号。

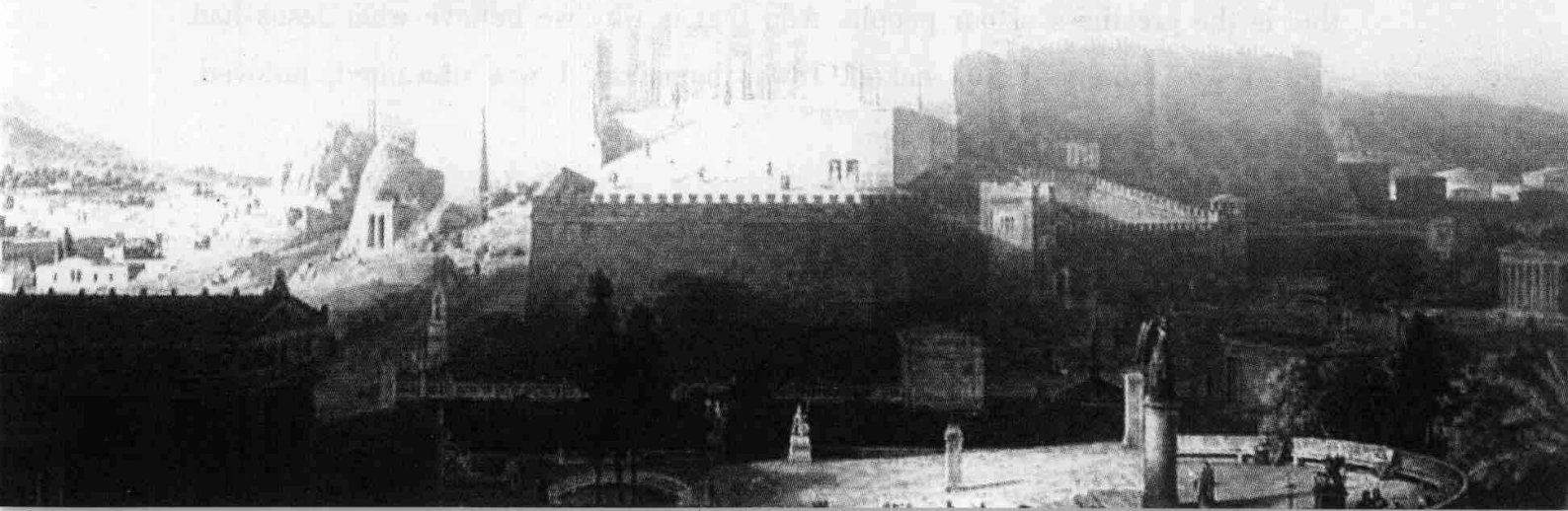
③赫摩格尼斯(161—180),古希腊哲学家。

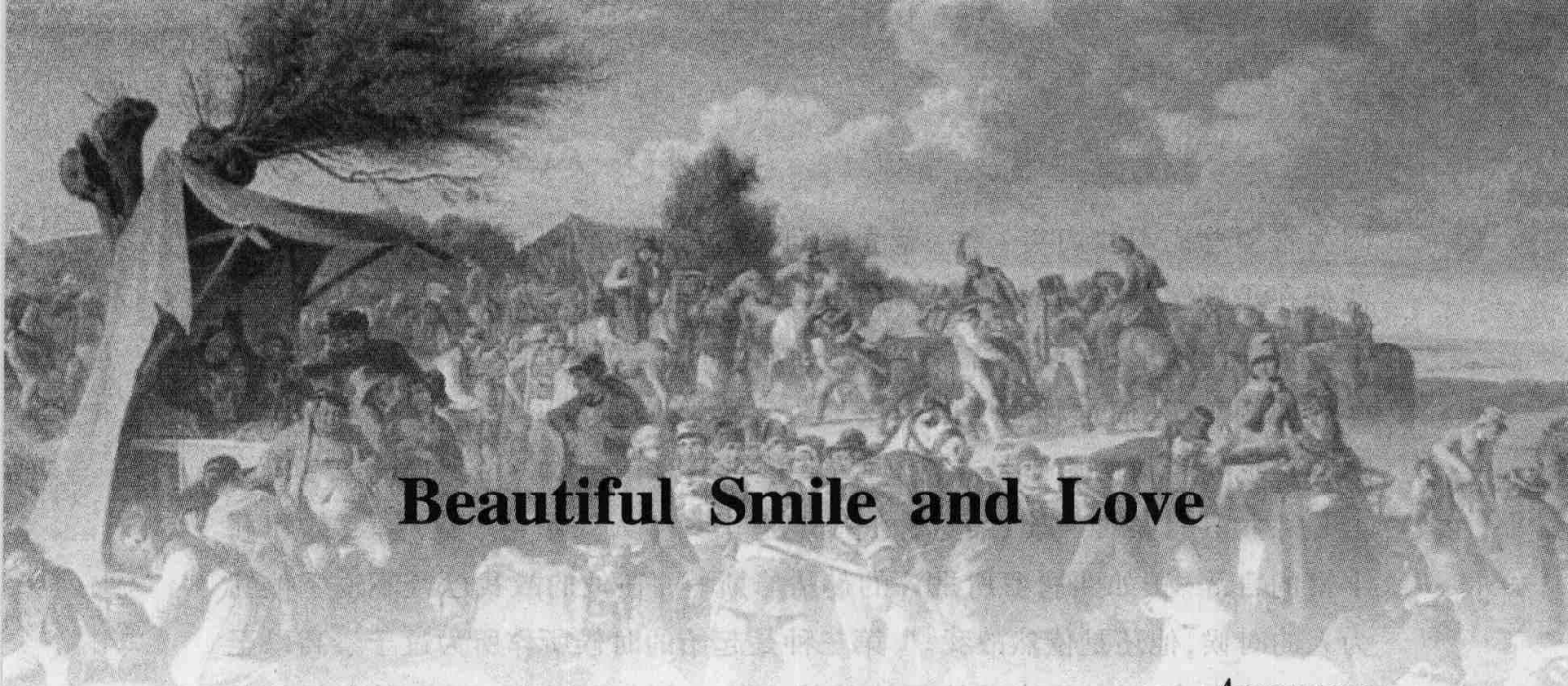
④西塞罗(前106—前43),古罗马政治家、雄辩家和哲学家。赫腾修斯,约与西塞罗同时代的人。

⑤西庇阿·阿非利卡(前236—前184),古罗马名将。

简评

文中通过分析青年和老年的特点,比较了各自的优势和劣势,继而提出把青年的特点与老年的特点在事业上结合在一起,让他们各自的优点来弥补对方的缺点,则必将受益无穷。文章论证有力,列举历史上有名的人物来做例证,具有很强的说服力和教育意义。





Beautiful Smile and Love

Anonymous

The poor are very wonderful people. One evening we went out and we picked up four people from the street. And one of them was in a most terrible condition, and I told the sisters: You take care of the other three. I take care of this one who looked worse. So I did for her all that my love can do. I put her in bed, and there was such a beautiful smile on her face. She took hold of my hand as she said just the words “thank you” and she died. I could not help but examine my conscience before her and I asked what would I say if I was in her place. And my answer was very simple. I would have tried to draw a little attention to myself. I would have said I am hungry, that I am dying, I am cold, I am in pain, or something, but she gave me much more—she gave me her grateful love. And she died with a smile on her face. As did that man whom we picked up from the drain, half eaten with worms, and we brought him to the home. “I have lived like an animal in the street, but I am going to die like an angel, loved and cared for.” And it was so wonderful to see the greatness of that man who could speak like that, who could die like that without blaming anybody, without cursing anybody, without comparing anything. Like an angel—this is the greatness of our people. And that is why we believe what Jesus had said: I was hungry, I was naked, I was homeless, I was unwanted, unloved, uncared for, and you did it to me.

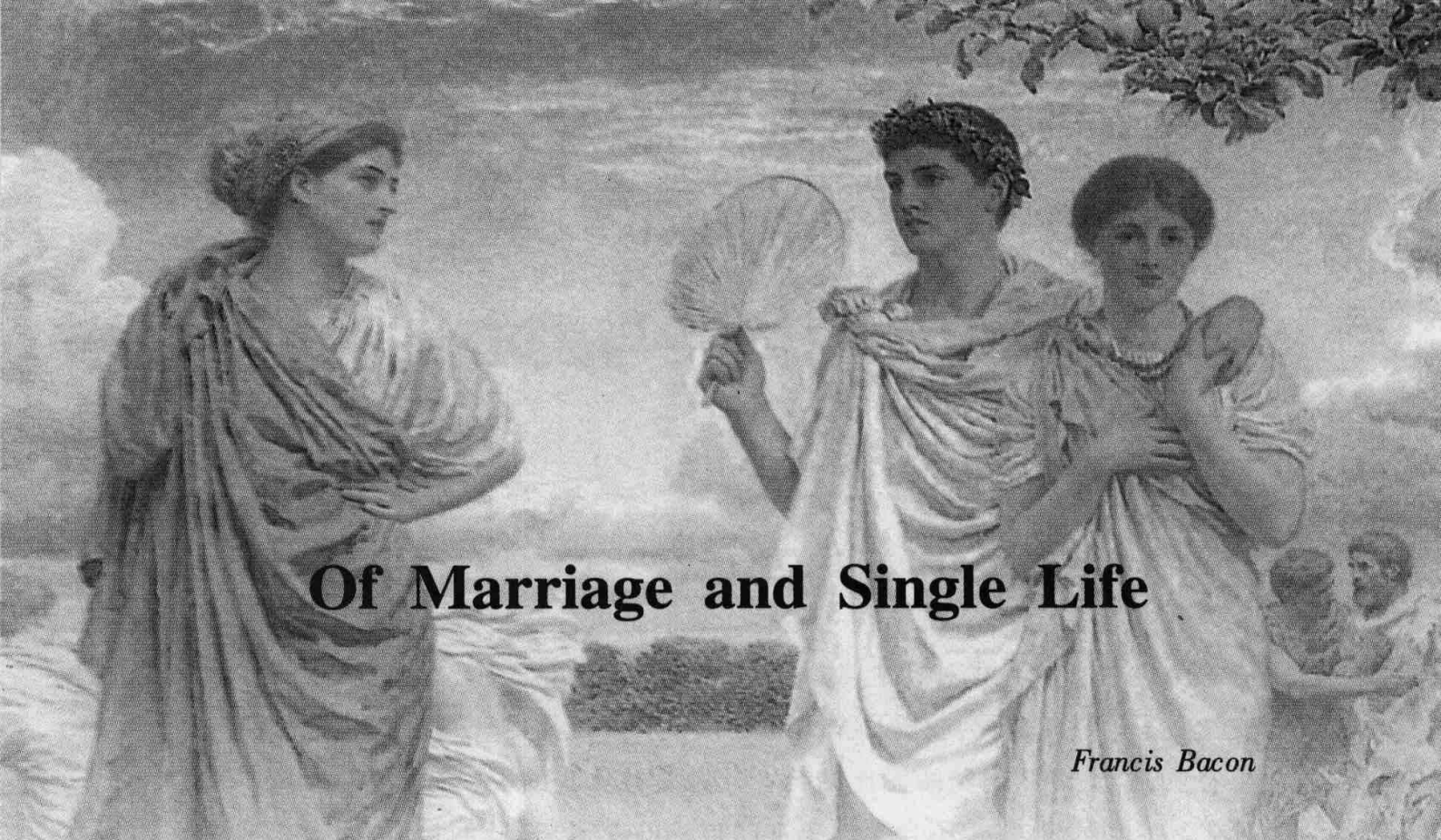
美丽的微笑与爱心

佚名

穷人是非常了不起的。一天晚上,我们出去并从街上带回了四个人,其中一个危在旦夕。我对其他修女说:“你们照料其他三个,这个垂死的人就交给我了。”就这样,我竭尽全力为她做了我所能做的一切。我将她放在床上,她的脸上绽露出美丽无比的笑容。她紧握着我的手,说了句“谢谢您”就死了。在她面前,我情不自禁地审视起自己的良知来。我问自己,如果我是她的话,会说些什么呢?答案很简单,我会尽量引起旁人对我的关注,我会说我饥饿难忍、全身冰凉、奄奄一息、痛苦难受,诸如此类的话。但是她给我的却更令人难忘——她给了我她的感恩之心。她带着甜美的微笑死去。我们从排水道带回的那个男子同样也是如此。我们把他带回家时,他全身几乎都快被虫子吃掉了,“在街上,我一直像动物那样活着,但现在有人关心,有人爱,我将像个天使一样地死去。”他的这一番话,让我深感欣慰,我看到了他的伟大之处。他就那样死去,没有责怪任何人,没有诅咒任何人,无欲无求。就像天使一样——这正是我们人民的伟大之处。因此我们相信耶稣所言,我饥肠辘辘,我衣不蔽体,我无家可归,我不为人所需,不为人所爱,不为人所关心——然而,你却给了我所有。

简评

生活中充满了不幸和厄运,不同的人会有不同的方式和心境去面对。抱怨也好,责骂也罢,都对改变自身的处境毫无益处。学会微笑,学会感恩,在人世的纷纷扰扰中,保持一种坦然的心态,也给别人一份感动的力量。



Of Marriage and Single Life

Francis Bacon

HE that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men; which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times; unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges.

Some there are, who though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences. Nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges. Nay more, there are some foolish rich covetous men, that take a pride in having no children, because they may be thought so much the richer. For perhaps they have heard some talk, *Such an one is a great rich man*, and another except to it, *Yea, but he hath a great charge of children*; as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not

always best subjects; for they are light to run away; and almost all fugitives are of that condition.

A single life doth well with churchmen; for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly in their hortatives put men in mind of their wives and children; and I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base.

Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they may be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hardhearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands, as was said of Ulysses, *vetulam suam praetulit immortalitati* [he preferred his old wife to immortality].

Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds both of chastity and obedience in the wife, if she think her husband wise; which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses. So as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question, when a man should marry,—*A young man not yet, an elder man not at all*. It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husband's kindness when it comes; or that the wives take a pride in their patience. But this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent; for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.



论婚姻和单身生活

(英)弗朗西斯·培根

那些有家室的人,无疑是受到了命运的挟持;因为家庭无论好坏,都是成就伟大事业的障碍。成就大事和作出一番轰轰烈烈事业的无疑都是非婚和无儿无女的人,这些人不管从情感上还是财产上都可献身于公众,相当于已和公众结了婚。但更重要的原因是:那些有孩子的人最关心未来,他们知道孩子们是他们未来的延续。

有一些人,他们过着单身生活,他们也就只考虑自己,认为未来与己无干。不仅如此,有人竟把妻子儿女看做经济负累。更有一些贪婪而愚蠢的富人,会为自己没有孩子而洋洋自得,也许他们相信没有妻子和孩子他们会更富,他们大概听到过这样的议论:“那个人很富有。”另一个人反驳:“富是富,可他有一大堆孩子。”好像孩子会减少那个人的财富。但是,单身生活最大的好处是自由,特别适合于性情孤僻、自鸣得意的人,这些人对任何束缚都异常敏感,对他们来说,腰带和吊袜带都是枷锁和束缚。没结婚的男人可以做最好的朋友、最好的主人、最好的仆人,但绝对不会总是最好的人,因为他们太轻易离开,几乎所有的亡命之徒都是单身。

单身汉适合做教会人员,因为如果仁爱的雨露需要先填满家庭这个池塘的时候,就几乎不能去洒遍整个人类的这片大地了。但他们不适合做法官和警官,因为一旦他们被人左右和腐败,你就会有一个比妻子坏五倍的恶仆。至于士兵,我发现将军们常以妻儿家室之念激励士兵。我还发现那些粗鲁的土耳其士兵为什么恶名远扬,就因为他们素来轻视婚姻。

妻子和儿女是对人性的某种束缚。单身汉可以比已婚人慷慨好多倍,那是因为他们负担较少,可从另一方面来看,他们会更加冷酷和硬心肠(善于

做宗教裁判所人员),因为他们的柔情不能经常被唤醒。严肃的天性辅之以持续不断的习俗引导,通常会产生温情的丈夫,尤利西斯就是其中一位,他抵制了诱惑,保持了对妻子的忠贞。

贞洁的女人常流于骄傲和任性,因为她们容易把贞洁看做资本。不管是贞洁还是顺从,保持这两点的前提是妻子认为丈夫明智;如果她发现丈夫善猜忌,她就不会这么做。妻子是一个男人年轻时的情人,中年时的伴侣,老年时的保姆。一个男人可能会对婚姻颇有微词,但是当他该结婚的时候选择结婚,他会被认为是一个睿智的人,因为他诠释了这样一个问题:一个男人应该在什么时候结婚——年轻时不成熟,老年时不需要。而且常见“赖汉娶好妻”,或许是因为这样的婚姻组合激发了丈夫的柔情,或许是因为妻子在婚姻中保持了一种高傲的忍耐态度。这样的情况通常是好女人不顾亲朋好友的反对,选择了赖汉,然后她们一定会为自己做的傻事吃苦头。

简评

单身是作为成年和成家立业之间的一段短暂的过渡阶段,而婚姻是人走向成熟承担责任的开始。随着人们对婚姻观念的改变,单身已经成为和婚姻可以并存的一种自主选择的生存状态,但即使在如此多元化的时代,绝大多数人依然会选择婚姻,单身是轻松自由的,但婚姻让人生更加完美。



About Leisure

Vernon Lee

作者简介

弗农·李(Vernon Lee, 1856—1935), 英国女作家维奥莱特·佩吉特的笔名。除《随笔集》外, 还有多种小说、游记和文艺批评作品。

How often do we not go into another person's room and say, "Ah! This is a place where one can feel peaceful!" How often do we not long to share the peacefulness of some old house, say in a deserted suburb, with its red fruit wall and its cedar half hiding the windows, or of some convent portico, with glimpses of spalliered orange trees. Meanwhile, in that swept and garnished spacious room, in that house or convent, is no peacefulness to share; barely, perhaps, enough to make life's two ends meet. For we do not see what fills up, chokes and frets the life of others, whereas we are uncomfortably aware of the smallest encumbrance in our own; in these matters we feel quickly enough the mote in our own eye, and do not perceive the beam in our neighbour's.

Leisure requires the evidence of our own feelings, because it is not so much a quality of time as a peculiar state of mind. We speak of *leisure time*, but what we really mean thereby is *time in which we can feel at leisure*. What being at leisure means is more easily felt than defined. It has nothing to do with being idle, or having time on one's hands, although it does involve a certain sense of free space about one, as we shall see anon. There is time and to spare in a lawyer's waiting-room, but there is no leisure, neither do we enjoy this blessing when we have to wait two or three hours at a railway junction. On both these occasions (for persons who can profit thereby to read the papers, to learn a

verb, or to refresh memories of foreign travel, are distinctly abnormal) we do not feel in possession of ourselves. There is something fuming and raging inside us, something which seems to be kicking at our inner bulwarks as we kicked the cushions of a tardy four-wheeler in our childhood.

For Leisure (and the ignorance of this truth is at the bottom of much ennui)—Leisure implies a superabundance not only of time but of the energy needed to spend time pleasantly. And it takes the finest activity to be truly at Leisure. Since Being at Leisure is but a name for being active from an inner impulse instead of a necessity; moving like a dancer or skater for the sake of one's inner rhythm instead of moving, like a ploughman or an errand boy, for the sake of the wages you get for it. Indeed, for this reason, the type of all Leisure is art.

But this is an intricate question, and time, alas! Presses. We must break off this leisurely talk, and betake ourselves each to his business—let us hope not to his treadmill! And, is we do so, the more to enjoy our work if luckily useful, the less to detest it if, alas! As so often in our days, useless; let us invoke the good old greybeard, painted enjoying himself between his lion and his quail in the wide-windowed study; and, wishing for leisure, invoke its patron. Give us spare time, Holy Jerome, and joyful energy to use it. Sancte Hieronymus, ora pro nobis!





论悠闲

(英)弗农·李

我们通常不会在走进别人的房间时便感叹一句：“噢！这真是个让人平和安逸的地方！”我们通常也不会去与他人分享一座古宅的安宁，比如说，在某僻静的郊区，周围墙上缀满鲜红的果实，窗棂在雪松中若隐若现；或者某座修道院的门廊前面，搭着支架的橘树依稀可见。但在那整洁宽敞、精心装饰过的房里，在那座古宅或修道院里，绝无宁静可享，最多只能勉强过日子。这是因为我们看不到别人生活中的苦闷和烦恼，而对自己生活里的些许不如意敏感至极；这些情况，正如我们容不得自己眼里有一粒沙，别人眼里哪怕横一道梁我们也会视而不见、麻木不仁。

悠闲需要我们以切身感受去验证，因为它不只是指所度过的时光，往往指某种特别的心境。我们说的悠闲时光，实际上是指我们感到闲适的时刻。什么是闲适？只可意会，不可言传。这与无所事事或游手好闲无关联，尽管我们不能否认，悠闲确实是一个让人感到自由的空间。在律师的客厅里等候时是空闲的，却无闲适之感；同样，我们在火车站换车时，不得不等上两三个小时，但谁也享受不了那份清闲。这样的场合，能安心读报、学习单词或重温海外游历片断的人是十分罕见的，我们只会烦躁不安，心急如焚，仿佛有什么东西在那儿作祟，就像童年时，我们会不停地用脚去踢那慢腾腾的四轮车上的软垫。

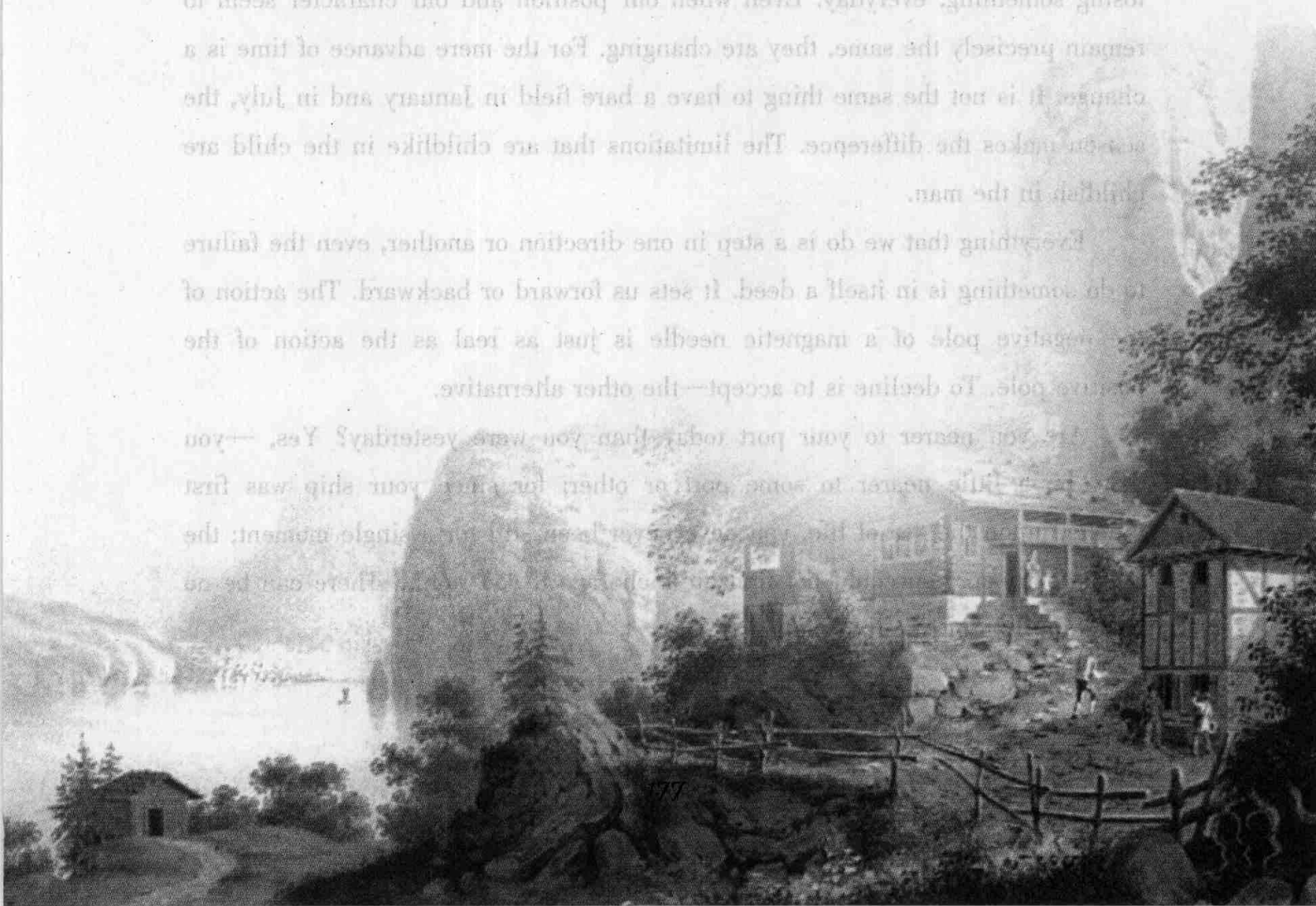
悠闲不仅意味着要有充裕的时间，还意味着要有享受时光的充沛的精力——不懂得这个道理，你只会感到百无聊赖。同时，要真正领略到悠闲的滋味，必须从事优雅得体的活动，因为悠闲是发自内心的积极活跃，而非出于一种必需。像舞蹈家或滑冰者那样合着内在的节奏轻盈移动，而不像农夫或听差那样，为了得到报酬拼命向前冲。实际上，正因如此，一切悠闲皆为艺术。

但这这是一个复杂的问题。时光,唉——转瞬即逝!我们必须结束这番闲谈,各自行动起来才不枉费光阴——但愿不那么令人厌倦!这样,如果碰巧我们的工作很有意义,我们从中越是感到工作的乐趣,就越少尝到无聊的滋味。唉,可惜我们今天的工作常常没有意义。让我们乞求那位好心的白胡子老人吧^①!他在门窗宽敞的书房中逗着他的狮子和小鸟,其乐无穷!请他赐予我们闲暇的时光和快活度日的精力吧。圣者,请为我们祈祷!

① 白胡子老人:指圣杰罗姆(340—420),他曾把《圣经》译成拉丁文,被视为悠闲的保护神。

简评

当今社会,芸芸众生终日忙碌奔波,很少有空闲下来的时间。于是牢骚来了,抱怨多了。然而真正的闲情逸致不在于有足够的时间,而在于内心的优雅淡定。只有心灵平静祥和,才能做到真正的悠然闲适。





We Are on a Journey

Henry van Dyke

作者简介

亨利·凡·戴克(Henry van Dyke, 1852—1933), 美国作家、教育家、演说家和传道士。他在本文中对人在旅途这个观点作了平实而深刻的描述。

Wherever you are, and whoever you maybe, there is one thing in which you and I are just alike at this moment, and in all the moments of our existence. We are not at rest; we are on a journey, our life is a movement, a tendency, a steady, ceaseless progress towards an unseen goal. We are gaining something, or losing something, everyday. Even when our position and our character seem to remain precisely the same, they are changing. For the mere advance of time is a change. It is not the same thing to have a bare field in January and in July, the season makes the difference. The limitations that are childlike in the child are childish in the man.

Everything that we do is a step in one direction or another, even the failure to do something is in itself a deed. It sets us forward or backward. The action of the negative pole of a magnetic needle is just as real as the action of the positive pole. To decline is to accept—the other alternative.

Are you nearer to your port today than you were yesterday? Yes, —you must be a little nearer to some port or other; for since your ship was first lunched upon the sea of life, you have never been still for a single moment; the sea is too deep, you could not find an anchorage if you would. There can be no pause until you come into port.

我们在旅途中

(美)亨利·凡·戴克

无论你身处何地,也无论你是谁,不管是在此时此刻,还是在我们生命中的任何一个瞬间,有一件事对你来说是类似的:我们不是在休息,就是在旅途中。我们的生命是一种运动,一种趋势,是向一个看不见的目标稳步前行。每天,我们都在获得,或失去。尽管我们的位置和性格看起来仿佛跟以前完全相同,但它们事实上也在变化着。因为时光的流逝本身就是一种变化。对于一块荒地来说,在一月和七月是不同的,季节本身带来了差异。能力上的局限性对于孩子来说是一种可爱的品质,但对于大人来说就是一种幼稚的表现。

我们做的每一件事都是朝着一个或另外一个方向前进一步,甚至“没有任何事情”这件事本身也是一种行为,因为它让我们前进或后退。一根磁针阴极的作用与阳极的作用都是一样真实的。拒绝也是一种接受——这些都是二中择一的选择。

你今天比昨天更加接近你的目标了吗?是的——你必须接近某一个港口或者另一个港口。因为自从你的小船从生命的海洋上启航时,你没有哪一刻是静止的。海是如此之深,你想抛锚时却找不到地方;于是你不可能停下来,直到你到达自己的港口。

简评

人每天都在不断变化着,我们的生活是一种运动,一种趋势,是向一个看不见的目标稳步前进。为了达到理想中的目标,没有人能停下来。无论艰难险阻,我们都在旅途中,向着心中理想的圣地迈进。



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