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¹ ⓘ: DailyQuote

✍: Poem of the Day

〽: Beauty of Words

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七月十六日



“ DailyQuote

He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest and acts the best.

思想练达，情操高尚，行为优雅的人是生活地最好的人。

——Samuel Bailey (塞缪尔·贝利)

⌚ Solitude (孤独)

Ella Wheeler Wilcox (埃拉·惠勒·威尔科克斯)

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
For the sad old earth must borrow it's mirth,
But has trouble enough of it's own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,

你欢笑，这世界陪你一起欢笑；
你哭泣，却只能独自黯然神伤。
只因古老而忧伤的大地必须注入欢乐，
它的烦恼已经足够。

你歌唱，山谷将与你合音共曲；
你叹息，空气将其无声埋没。
快乐之声总能引起回声阵阵，
忧虑之音却令其销声匿迹。

你欢喜，人们会与你相随；
你悲伤，人们则会转身离去。
人人都愿分享你全部的快乐，

But they do not need your woe.

但无人需要你的哀伤苦楚。

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

快乐起来吧，你会拥有众多朋友。
若悲伤感怀，你会与他们失之交臂。
没有人会拒绝与你共酌美酒甘露，
然而生活的苦汁你必须独自品尝。

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.

饕餮盛宴，你的厅堂人潮涌动，
时光飞逝，这世界匆匆而过，
成功、给予，是你生活的动力，
然而没有人能够替你离世而去。

There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

因为欢愉的殿堂里，
容得下一节长长的豪华火车，
但我们必须一个接一个地排队，
穿越岁月磨难的狭长隧道而进入。



猴子的故事 (The Story of the Monkey)

梁漱溟 (*Shuzhen liang*)

人类顶大的长处是智慧，但什么是智慧呢？智慧有一个要点，就是要冷静。譬如：正在计算数目，思索道理的时候，如果心里气恼，或喜乐、或悲伤，必致错误或简直不能进行。这是大家都明白的事。却是一般人对于解决社会问题，偏不明此理。他们总是为感情所蔽，而不能静心体察事理，从事理中寻出解决的办法。像是军阀问题，麻木不仁者不去关心；去想这问题的人，便不胜其憎恶排斥之情，不复能分析研究其所从来。那么，想出的办法，就不外是打倒军阀之类了。又如要求国家统一的人，不能分析研究中国陷于不统一的由来，总是急切地要求统一，那么就以武力来统一了。然而打倒军阀者，试问可曾打倒没有呢？以武力求统一者，试问统一了没有呢？

Man's greatest strength is wisdom, but what is wisdom? The key to wisdom is the ability to remain composed. For example, when you are calculating numbers or pondering over problem ,if you are emotionally disturbed by anger, joy or grief, you are bound to make mistakes, or you may not even be able to proceed. This is something everyone understand this. They are always taken over by their emotions and thus are unable to calm down to observe how things work and find solutions to their problems.

我想说一个猴子的故事给大家听。在汤姆孙科学大纲上叙说一个科学家研究动物心理，养着几个猩猩猴子作实验。以一个高的玻璃瓶，拔去木塞，放两粒花生米进去。花生米自然落到瓶底，从玻璃外面可以看见，递给猴子。猴子接过，乱摇许久，偶然摇出花生米来，才得取食。此科学家又放花生米如前，而指教他只须将瓶子一倒转，花生米立刻出来。但是猴子总不理会他的指教，每次总是乱摇，很费力气而不

能必得。此时要研究猴子何以不能领受人的指教呢？没有旁的，只为他两眼看见花生米，一心急切求食，就再无余暇来理解与学习了。要学习，必须他两眼不去看花生米，而移其视线来看人的手势与瓶子的倒转，才行。要转移视线，必须他平下心去，不为食欲冲动所蔽，才行。然而他竟不会也。猴子的智慧的贫乏，就在此等处。

I would like to share with you a story of the monkey. In Thompson's *The Outline of Science* there is a story about a scientist who kept several chimpanzees and monkeys in order to study animal psychology. He took a glass bottle, removed its cork and put two peanuts inside the bottle. Needless to say, the peanuts dropped to the bottom of the bottle and were easily seen from the outside. He then passed the bottle to a monkey, who shook it frantically for a long while and was only able to get the peanuts when they accidentally fell out. The scientist then put some into the bottle again as he had done before and showed the monkey that it only needed to turn the bottle upside down for the peanuts to drop out. But the monkey always ignored his instructions. Each time it just shook the bottle frantically, with great effort but without necessarily achieving the desired result. Now the question is why the monkey was unable to understand the instruction of the scientist. Simply because all its attention was focused on the peanuts.

人们不感觉问题，是麻痹；然为问题所刺激，辄耐不住，亦不行。要将问题放在意识深处，而游心于远，从容以察事理。天下事必能了解他，才能控制他。情急之人何以异于猴子耶？

As it was single-mindedly concentrating on reaching the food, it had no time for understanding and learning. To learn, it must take its eyes off the peanuts and shift its attention to the hand movement of the man and the way the bottle was turned upside down. To shift its attention, it had to calm down and not be taken over by the impulse of its appetite. Yet the monkey was not able to understand this. It is instances like this that reveal the monkey's lack of wisdom. Some people don't sense problems because they are insensitive; yet it is also wrong to be excited by a problem and lose self-control. One cannot control things unless one has understood them first. What difference is there between an impatient human being and monkey?

还要注意：人的心思，每易从其要求之所指而思索办法；观察事理，亦顺着这一条线而观察。于是事理也，办法也，随着主观都有了。其实只是自欺，只是一种自圆其说。智慧的优长或贫乏，待看他真冷静与否。

There is one more thing to note: people tend to seek solutions on the basis of what they need and make observations in the same manner, believing that understanding and solutions will follow their subjective thinking. In fact this is merely self-deception or self-indulgence. The possession or lack of wisdom depends on whether the person involved is really able to calm down and remain detached.

七月十八日



“ DailyQuote

Life, after all, is not as good or as bad as we believe it to be.

人生，并不是意想中的那么好，也不是意想中的那么坏。

——*Guy de Maupassant* (莫泊桑)

.mybatis Oread (山岳女神)

Hilda Doolittle (西尔达·杜丽特尔)

Whirl up, sea—
Whirl your pointed pines,
Splash your great pines,
On our rocks,
Hurl your green over us,
Cover us with your pools of fir.

翻腾的大海——
请高举你粗壮的松林，
拍打我的石岩，
请丢置你的绿意，
再用浩瀚的冷杉林，
倾覆我。

提醒幸福 (Alert to Happiness)

毕淑敏 (*Shumin Bi*)

我们从小就习惯了在提醒中过日子。天气刚有一丝风吹草动，妈妈就说：别忘了多穿衣服；才相识了一个朋友，爸爸就说：小心他是个骗子；取得了一点成功，还没容得乐出声来，所有关切着你的人会一起

说：别骄傲；沉浸欢快中的时候，自己不停地对自己说：千万不可太高兴，苦难也许马上就要降临……我们已经习惯了在提醒中过日子，看得见的恐惧和看不见的恐惧始终像乌鸦盘旋在头顶。

Since we were little, we have been used to going through lives being alerted constantly. At the first sign of a strong wind in the weather, my mother would say: “Don’t forget to put on more clothes.” Shortly after meeting a new friend, my father would say: “Be careful he is a swindler.” Before I could voice my joy after a bit of success, all the people who are concerned about you would say: “Don’t be cocky.” While I am immersed in ecstasy, I would still say to myself repeatedly: “Don’t get too happy. Bad things could descend very soon.” We are used to going through days of being alerted constantly. Apprehensions, both visible and invisible, hover above our heads all the time like crows.

在皓月当空的良宵，提醒会走出来对你说：注意风暴。于是我们忽略了皎洁的月光，急急忙忙做好风暴来临前的一切准备。当我们睁大着眼睛枕戈待旦之时，风暴却像迟归的羊群，不知在哪里徘徊。当我们实在忍受不了等待灾难的煎熬时，我们甚至会恶意地祈盼风暴早些到来。

On a beautiful night under shinning moonlight in the sky, an alert could ring out to you: “Watch for the storm.” So we ignore the shiny moon and hurry to make all preparations for arrival of storm. While we are in wide-eyed high alert for the onslaught, storm could be like a herd of late-returning sheep wandering around somewhere where nobody knows. Sometimes when we could no longer withstand the suspense in waiting for disaster to strike, we may even maliciously wish the storm would come sooner.

风暴终于姗姗地来了。我们怅然发现，所做的准备多半是没有用的。事先能够抵御的风险毕竟有限，世上无法预计的灾难却是无限的。战胜灾难靠的更多的是临门一脚，先前的惴惴不安帮不上忙。

The storm takes its sweet time but finally arrives. Disappointedly we find out over half of our preparations are wasted. After all, risks that can be guarded against in advance are limited in number. Unforeseeable disasters in this world are innumerable. On-the-spot maneuvers are keys to overcoming disasters. Ill-timed worries beforehand won’t help.

当风暴的尾巴终于远去，我们守住零乱的家园，气还没有喘匀，新的提醒又智慧地响起来，我们又开始对未来充满恐惧的期待。

When the tail end of the storm is far gone and we are holding on to our shattered homes, new alerts wisely belt out again before we could recover our breath. Once again full-blown dreads about the future start all over again.

人生总是有灾难。其实大多数人早已练就了对灾难的从容，只是还没有学会灾难间隙的快活。我们太多注重了自己警觉苦难，太忽视提醒幸福。请从此注意幸福！幸福也需要提醒吗？

Disaster is part of life. In fact most people have learned to be accommodating to disasters. What they haven’t learned is how to have fun between disasters. We are paying too much attention to alert ourselves to disasters, and overlook the importance of reminding ourselves of happiness. Please pay attention to happiness from now on! Is it necessary to be reminded of happiness?

提醒注意跌倒……提醒注意路滑……提醒受骗上当……提醒荣辱不惊……先哲们提醒了我们一万零一次，却不提醒我们幸福。

We have been alerted to falling down, slippery road, victimization to scam, and indifference to ups

and downs. Time and time again sages of all eras have alerted us of such mishaps, but they haven't reminded us of happiness.

也许他们认为幸福不提醒也跑不了；也许他们以为好的东西你会珍惜，犯不上谆谆告诫；也许他们太崇尚血与火，觉得幸福无足挂齿。他们总是站在危崖上，指点我们逃离未来的苦难，但避去苦难之后的时间是什么？

Perhaps they think happiness won't run away even though it has not been reminded. Maybe they think you would automatically cherish a good thing and there is no need to be earnestly cautioned about it. Possibly they revere striking things like blood and fire, and happiness is not worthwhile mentioning. They always stand on the edge of a cliff and direct us on how to escape from future disasters. But then do you know what follows after disasters have dissipated?

那就是幸福啊！

That is happiness.

享受幸福是需要学习的，当幸福即将来临的时刻需要提醒。人可以自然而然地学会感官的享乐，却无法天生地掌握幸福的韵律。灵魂的快意同器官的舒适像一对孪生兄弟，时而相傍相依，时而南辕北辙。

Enjoying happiness needs to be learned, and we ought to be alerted when happiness is imminent. People can naturally learn the pleasures of senses, but are innately unable to grasp the rhythm of happiness. Thrill of soul and contentment of organs are like two peas in a pod which often go hand in hand. Other times they are completely different like night and day.

幸福是一种心灵的振颤，它像会倾听音乐的耳朵一样，需要不断地训练。

Happiness is tremor of the soul. Like an ear that is good at listening to music, it has to be trained continuously.

简言之，幸福就是没有痛苦的时刻，它出现的频率并不像我们想象的那样少。

Simply put, happiness is painless at all times, and its occurrence is not as infrequent as we may imagine.

人们常常只是在幸福的金马车已经驶过去很远，捡起地上的金鬃毛说，原来我见过它。

People often would, after the carriage of happiness is long gone, pick up wisps of mane from the ground and say in fact he has seen it before.

人们喜爱回味幸福的标本，却忽略幸福披着露水散发清香的时刻。那时候我们往往步履匆匆，瞻前顾后不知在忙着什么。

In their penchant for reminiscing happiness at its specimen, they overlook happiness at those moments when it is at its best. At those times often we are hurrying somewhere, looking back and forth and getting busy at God-knows-what.

世上有预报台风的，有预报地震的，没有人预报幸福。其实幸福和世界万物一样，有它的征兆。

In this world, there are predictions on typhoons and earthquakes, but nobody predicts happiness. In fact happiness is much the same as all other things on earth in that there are omens about it.

幸福常常是朦胧的，很有节制地向我们喷洒甘霖。你不要总希冀轰轰烈烈的幸福，它多半只是悄悄地扑面而来；你也不要企图把水龙头拧得更大，使幸福很快地流失，而需静静地以平和之心，体验幸福的

真谛。

Happiness often is inconspicuous, and it showers on us in a regulated manner. Don't expect happiness to come in an overwhelming fashion, because mostly it would come in a subtle manner. Also don't turn the faucet of happiness to full blast because it can be exhausted fairly quickly. It is necessary to maintain a calm state of mind in order to appreciate the true essence of happiness.

幸福绝大多数是朴素的，它不会像信号弹似的，在很高的天际闪烁红色的光芒。它披着本色外衣，亲切温暖地包裹起我们。

Happiness in most instances is down-to-earth. It's not like a signal flare which flashes bright red lights high up in the sky. Wearing an inborn-color overcoat, it wraps around us intimately and snugly.

幸福不喜欢喧嚣浮华，常常在暗淡中降临。贫困中相濡以沫的一块糕饼，患难中心心相印的一个眼神，父亲一次粗糙的抚摸，女友一个温馨的字条……这都是千金难买的幸福！像一粒粒缀在旧绸子上的红宝石，在凄凉中愈发熠熠夺目。

A display of rowdiness and glamorization is not favored by happiness, and it descends upon us in a low-key manner. Sharing a meager piece of cake in poverty, exchanging empathetic looks in difficulties, receiving a rough caress from father, and getting a cozy note from girlfriend are all priceless happiness. They are like rubies stitched on old silk fabric in making these dazzling incidents stand out more against a backdrop of desolation.

幸福有时会同我们开一个玩笑，乔装打扮而来，机遇、友情、成功、团圆……它们都酷似幸福，但它们并不等同于幸福。幸福会借了它们的衣裙，袅袅婷婷而来，走得近了，揭去帏幔，才发觉它有钢铁般的内核。幸福有时会很短暂，不像苦难似的笼罩天空。

Sometimes happiness would pull our legs and turn up in disguise. Opportunity, friendship, success, and reunion are happiness look-alikes, but they are not equivalents of happiness. Happiness would borrow their attire and walk over gracefully. When it comes near and takes off its veil, then we would discover it has a steel-like core. Sometimes happiness could be brief, unlike suffering which could be overwhelming as if it were overshadowing the sky.

如果把人生的苦难和幸福分置天平两端，苦难体积庞大，幸福可能只是一块小小的矿石。但指针一定要向幸福这一侧倾斜，因为它有生命的黄金。

If we put life's suffering and happiness on two ends of a scale, then the size of suffering would be a gigantic size and happiness could only be a small piece of mineral rock. However, the indicator would be tilted towards happiness because it contains the gold of life.

幸福有梯形的切面，它可以扩大也可以缩小，就看你是否珍惜。

Happiness has a ladder-shaped plane, and it can be expanded or contracted depending on how well you cherish it.

我们要提高对于幸福的警惕，当它到来的时刻，激情地享受每一分钟。当春天来临的时候，我们要对自己说：这是春天啦！心里就会泛起茸茸的绿意。

We should be on high alert toward happiness. The moment it arrives, we should be all-out in enjoying every minute of it. When spring is here, we must say to ourselves: "This is spring!" Then a

feeling of fluffy green would gush out in our minds.

幸福的时候，我们要对自己说：请记住这一刻！幸福就会长久地伴随我们。那我们岂不是拥有了更多的幸福！

At times of happiness, we should say to ourselves: "Please remember this moment!" Then happiness would stay with us for a very long time, and wouldn't we possess more happiness that way?

所以，丰收的季节，先不要去想可能的灾年，我们还有漫长的冬季来得及考虑这件事。我们要和朋友们跳舞唱歌，渲染喜悦。既然种子已经回报了汗水，我们就有权沉浸幸福，不要管以后的风霜雨雪，让我们先把麦子磨成面粉，烘一个香喷喷的面包。

Therefore during bumper harvest season, we shouldn't think first about last year's disastrous crop. We still have a long winter to ponder over this sort of things. We should play up our bliss by dancing and singing with friends. Since seeds have paid back our sweaty efforts, we have the right to indulge ourselves in happiness. Put all those foul weathers that follow out of our mind. Let's grind wheat into flour and bake an appetizing loaf of bread.

所以，当我们从天涯海角相聚在一起的时候，请不要踌躇片刻后的别离。在今后漫长的岁月里，有无数孤寂的夜晚可以独自品尝愁绪。现在的每一分钟，都让它像纯净的酒精，燃烧成幸福的淡蓝色火焰，不留一丝渣滓。让我们一起举杯，说：我们幸福。

Therefore when we chance upon each other at the most unexpected location in this world, don't brood for a moment over the farewell afterwards. In the lingering years to come, there will be countless lonely nights that you could mull over the taste of gloom all by yourself. Let every minute right now flare up to be blue flames of happiness like unadulterated alcohol that burns out without dregs remaining. Also let's toast together and say: "We are blessed with happiness."

所以，当我们守候在年迈的父母膝下时，哪怕他们鬓发苍苍，哪怕他们垂垂老矣，你都要有勇气对自己说：我很幸福。因为天地无常，总有一天你会失去他们，会无限追悔此刻的时光。

Therefore when we wait around by the feet of our elderly parents, despite their graying and aging, you need to have the courage to say to yourself: "I'm blessed with happiness." Fate is unpredictable, and one day when you lose your parents you will regret the moments right now.

幸福并不与财富、地位、声望、婚姻同步，这只是你心灵的感觉。

Happiness is not in lockstep with wealth, status, reputation and marriage. It is only a feeling in your mind.

所以，当我们一无所有的时候，我们也能够说：我很幸福，因为我们还有健康的身体；当我们不再享有健康的时候，那些最勇敢的人可以依然微笑着说：我很幸福，因为我还有一颗健康的心；甚至当我们连心也不再存在的时候，那些人类最优秀的分子仍旧可以对宇宙大声说：我很幸福，因为我曾经生活过。

Therefore when we have absolutely nothing, we still could say: "I'm blessed with happiness because I still have my health." When we are in ill-health, those bravest souls could still smile and say: "I'm blessed with happiness because I still have a healthy heart." Even when our hearts give out, the most outstanding ones could still say out loud to the universe: "I'm blessed with happiness because I once live a life."

常常提醒自己注意幸福，就像在寒冷的日子里经常看看太阳，心就会不知不觉的暖洋洋亮光光。

Constantly alerting ourselves to pay attention to happiness is like seeing the sun during cold days by means of which we feel warm and bright inside our hearts unwittingly.

七月二十日



“ DailyQuote

Silence in the face of evil is itself evil.

面对邪恶时的沉默不言，本身就是邪恶。

——Dietrich Bonhoeffer (迪特里希·朋霍费尔)

蝉 (To the Cicada)

(唐) 虞世南

Though rising high, you drink but dew,
Yet your voice flows from sparse plane trees.
Far and wide there's none but hears you,
You need no wings of autumn breeze.

垂缕饮清露，
流响出疏桐。
居高声自远，
非是藉秋风。

Walden (瓦尔登湖节选)

Henry David Thoreau

² I have frequently seen a poet withdraw, having enjoyed the most valuable part of a farm, while the crusty farmer supposed that he had got a few wild apples only. Why, the owner does not know it for

²本文节选自瓦尔登湖中「Where I Lived, and What I Lived for」一章，网上找了一圈也没有找到播客里的那个译本，找来的这篇文风比较粗劣，但凑合着也能看☺。

many years when a poet has put his farm in rhyme, the most admirable kind of invisible fence, has fairly impounded it, milked it, skimmed it, and got all the cream, and left the farmer only the skimmed milk.

我时常看到一个诗人，在欣赏了一片田园风景中的最珍贵部分之后，就扬长而去，那些固执的农夫还以为他拿走的仅只是几枚野苹果。诗人却把他的田园押上了韵脚，而且多少年之后，农夫还不知道这回事，这么一道最可羡慕的、肉眼不能见的篱笆已经把它圈了起来，还挤出了它的牛乳，去掉了奶油，把所有的奶油都拿走了，他只把去掉了奶油的奶水留给了农夫。

The real attractions of the Hollowell farm, to me, were: its complete retirement, being, about two miles from the village, half a mile from the nearest neighbor, and separated from the highway by a broad field; its bounding on the river, which the owner said protected it by its fogs from frosts in the spring, though that was nothing to me; the gray color and ruinous state of the house and barn, and the dilapidated fences, which put such an interval between me and the last occupant; the hollow and lichen-covered apple trees, nayed by rabbits, showing what kind of neighbors I should have; but above all, the recollection I had of it from my earliest voyages up the river, when the house was concealed behind a dense grove of red maples, through which I heard the house-dog bark. I was in haste to buy it, before the proprietor finished getting out some rocks, cutting down the hollow apple trees, and grubbing up some young birches which had sprung up in the pasture, or, in short, had made any more of his improvements. To enjoy these advantages I was ready to carry it on; like Atlas, to take the world on my shoulders —I never heard what compensation he received for that —and do all those things which had no other motive or excuse but that I might pay for it and be unmolested in my possession of it; for I knew all the while that it would yield the most abundant crop of the kind I wanted, if I could only afford to let it alone. But it turned out as I have said.

霍乐威尔田园的真正迷人之处，在我看是：它的遁隐之深，离开村子有两英里，离开最近的邻居有半英里，并且有一大片地把它和公路隔开了；它傍着河流，据它的主人说，由于这条河，而升起了雾，春天里就不会再下霜了，这却不在我的心坎上；而且，它的田舍和棚屋带有灰暗而残败的神色，加上零落的篱笆，好似在我和先前的居民之间，隔开了多少岁月；还有那苹果树，树身已空，苔藓满布，兔子咬过，可见得我将会有什么样的邻舍了；但最主要的还是那一度回忆，我早年就曾经溯河而上，那时节，这些屋宇藏在密密的红色枫叶丛中，还记得我曾听到过一头家犬的吠声。我急于将它购买下来，等不及那产业主搬走那些岩石，砍伐掉那些树身已空的苹果树，铲除那些牧场中新近跃起的赤杨幼树，一句话，等不及它的任何收拾了。为了享受前述的那些优点，我决定干一下了；像那阿特拉斯 [1] 一样，把世界放在我肩膀上好啦，——我从没听到过他得了怎样报酬，——我愿意做一切事：简直没有别的动机或任何推托之辞，只等付清了款子，便占有这个田园，再不受他人侵犯就行了；因为我知道我只要让这片田园自生自展，它将要生展出我所企求的最丰美的收获。但后来的结果已见上述。

All that I could say, then, with respect to farming on a large scale —I have always cultivated a garden —was, that I had had my seeds ready. Many think that seeds improve with age. I have no doubt that time discriminates between the good and the bad; and when at last I shall plant, I shall be less likely to be disappointed. But I would say to my fellows, once for all, As long as possible live free and uncommitted. It makes but little difference whether you are committed to a farm or the county jail.

所以，我所说的关于大规模的农事（至今我一直在培育着一座园林），仅仅是我已经预备好了种子。许多人认为年代越久的种子越好。我不怀疑时间是能分别好和坏的，但到最后我真正播种了，我想我大约是不至于会失望的。可是我要告诉我的伙伴们，只说这一次，以后永远不再说了：你们要尽可能长久地生活得自由，生活得并不执著才好。执迷于一座田园，和关在县政府的监狱中，简直没有分别。

Old Cato, whose "De Re Rusticâ" is my "Cultivator," says —and the only translation I have seen makes sheer nonsense of the passage—"When you think of getting a farm turn it thus in your mind, not to buy greedily; nor spare your pains to look at it, and do not think it enough to go round it once. The oftener you go there the more it will please you, if it is good." I think I shall not buy greedily, but go round and round it as long as I live, and be buried in it first, that it may please me the more at last.

老卡托——他的《乡村篇》是我的“启蒙者”，曾经说过——可惜我见到的那本唯一的译本把这一段话译得一塌糊涂，——“当你想要买下一个田园的时候，你宁可在脑中多多地想着它，可决不要贪得无厌地买下它，更不要嫌麻烦而再不去看望它，也别以为绕着它兜了一个圈子就够了。如果这是一个好田园，你去的次数越多你就越喜欢它。”我想我是不会贪得无厌地购买它的，我活多久，就去兜多久的圈子，死了之后，首先要葬在那里。这样才能使我终于更加喜欢它。

The present was my next experiment of this kind, which I purpose to describe more at length, for convenience putting the experience of two years into one. As I have said, I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up.

目前要写的，是我的这一类实验中其次的一个，我打算更详细地描写描写；而为了便利起见，且把这两年的经验归并为一年。我已经说过，我不预备写一首沮丧的颂歌，可是我要像黎明时站在栖木上的金鸡一样，放声啼叫，即使我这样做只不过是为了唤醒我的邻人罢了。

When first I took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence Day, or the Fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for winter, but was merely a defence against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the walls being of rough, weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning, when its timbers were saturated with dew, so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them. To my imagination it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character, reminding me of a certain house on a mountain which I had visited a year before. This was an airy and unplastered cabin, fit to entertain a travelling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments. The winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep over the ridges of mountains, bearing the broken strains, or celestial parts only, of terrestrial music. The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few are the ears that hear it. Olympus is but the outside of the earth everywhere.

我第一天住在森林里，就是说，白天在那里，而且也在那里过夜的那一天，凑巧得很，是一八四五年七月四日，独立日，我的房子没有盖好，过冬还不行，只能勉强避避风雨，没有灰泥墁，没有烟囱，墙壁用的是饱经风雨的粗木板，缝隙很大，所以到晚上很是凉爽。笔直的、砍伐得来的、白色的间柱，新近才

刨得平坦的门户和窗框，使屋子具有清洁和通风的景象，特别在早晨，木料里饱和着露水的时候，总使我幻想到午间大约会有一些甜蜜的树胶从中渗出。这房间在我的想象中，一整天里还将多少保持这个早晨的情调，这使我想起了上一年我曾游览过的一个山顶上的一所房屋。这是一所空气好的、不涂灰泥的房屋，适宜于旅行的神仙在途中居住，那里还适宜于仙女走动，曳裙而过。吹过我的屋脊的风，正如那扫荡山脊而过的风，唱出断断续续的调子来，也许是天上人间的音乐片段。晨风永远在吹，创世纪的诗篇至今还没有中断；可惜听得到它的耳朵太少了。灵山只在大地的外部，处处都是。

七月二十二日



“ DailyQuote

Time cures sorrows and squabbles because we all change, and are no longer the same persons. Neither the offender nor the offended is the same.

时间可以消除忧虑和争吵，因为我们大家都在改变，不再和从前一样，触犯者与被触犯者都不是曾经的那个人了。

——Blaise Pascal (帕斯卡)³

↗ Remember Me When I am Gone Away (若我离去，请把我记起)

⁴ Christina Rossetti (克里丝蒂娜·罗塞蒂)

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.

Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.

若我离去，请把我记起，
当我去往遥远的静谧之地；
那时你再不能把我的手握起，
我也不能转身要走却又迟疑。

请把我记起，当你再不能日复一日
对我描绘我们未来的生活：
只望你记得我，因为你懂得
那时交谈或祈祷都已为时太迟。

³ 帕斯卡出生于 1623 年，1662 年去世。法国数学家、物理学家、哲学家、散文家。

⁴ 取自「小妖精集市」

Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

但若可以，是否暂时把我忘记，
之后再把我想起，请不必忧伤：
因为，如果黑暗和腐朽的地方
能让我曾经的思绪有些许痕迹，
但求你，笑着把我忘却
也好过悲伤地将我记起。

🎵 Moonlight Shadow (月影)

翻唱：Dana Winner (丹娜·云妮)

作词作曲：Mike Oldfield (麦克·欧菲尔德)

¹ The last that ever she saw him
Carried away by a moonlight shadow
He passed on worried and warning
Carried away by a moonlight shadow.
Lost in a river last saturday night
Far away on the other side.
He was caught in the middle of a desperate fight
And she couldn't find how to push through

那是她最后一次见到他
因月之阴影而悄然离去
他消逝于忧虑和警示中
因月之阴影而悄然离去
他沉溺于上周末的河中
在遥远的那边消遁无形
他就这样死于这场决斗中
而她不知道之后该如何度过

The trees that whisper in the evening
Carried away by a moonlight shadow
Sing a song of sorrow and grieving
Carried away by a moonlight shadow
All she saw was a silhouette of a gun
Far away on the other side.
He was shot six times by a man on the run
And she couldn't find how to push through

树林在黄昏时分的低语
因月之阴影而悄然远去
唱一首悲伤的挽歌吧
因月之阴影而悄然远去
她看到的是一只枪的侧影
在遥远的那边慢慢举起
一个逃跑的男人向他开了六枪
而她不知道之后该如何度过

I stay
I pray
I see you in heaven one day

我止步
我祈祷
我看到你在天堂渐渐远去

Four am in the morning
Carried away by a moonlight shadow
I watched your vision forming

凌晨四点钟的时间
因月之阴影而悄然逝去
我仿佛看见你的幻像

Carried away by a moonlight shadow
Star was light in a silvery night
Far away on the other side
Will you come to talk to me this night
But she couldn't find how to push through

I stay
I pray
I see you in heaven one day

Far away on the other side.

Caught in the middle of a hundred and five
The night was heavy but the air was alive
But she couldn't find how to push through

Carried away by a moonlight shadow
Carried away by a moonlight shadow
Far away on the other side.

因月之阴影而悄然逝去
银色的夜里星光熠熠
在遥远的那边静静闪烁
今天晚上你还会回来找我吗?
而她不知道之后该如何度过

我止步
我祈祷
我看到你在天堂渐渐远去

一直到遥远的那边

悲伤的人群伴随着他
夜色凝重而空气仍在流动
而她不知道之后该如何度过

因月之阴影而远去
因月之阴影而远去
一直到遥远的那边

——萧饮寒译

1 最近听了这首歌，感觉与上面的那首诗很相称，空灵与忧伤的感觉

● 养成好习惯 (Cultivating Good Habits)

梁实秋 (*Shiqiu Liang*)

人的天性大致是差不多的，但是在习惯方面却各有不同，习惯是慢慢养成的，在幼小的时候最容易养成，一旦养成之后，要想改变过来却还不很容易。

Men are about the same in human nature, but differ in habit. Habit is formed little by little, and most easily in one's childhood. Once it is formed, it is difficult to break.

例如说：清晨早起是一个好习惯，这也要从小时候养成，很多人从小就贪睡懒觉，一遇假日便要睡到日上三竿还高卧不起，平时也是不肯早起，往往蓬首垢面的就往学校跑，结果还是迟到，这样的人长大之后也常是不知振作，多半不能有什么成就。祖逖闻鸡起舞，那才是志士奋励的榜样。

For example, the good habit of early rising also starts from one's early life. Many people, however, have been in the habit of sleeping late ever since they were kids. They won't get up till late morning on holidays and even oversleep on work days. Children are often late for school though they make a rush even without washing up. Such children, when they grow up, will often lack drive and most probably get nowhere. The story of Zu Ti1 rising at cockcrow to practise swordplay should be a good example for

all men of resolve to learn from.

我们中国人最重礼，因为礼是行为的轨范。礼要从家庭里做起。姑举一例：为子弟者“出必告，反必面”，这一点点对长辈的起码的礼，我们是否已经每日做到了呢？我看有些个孩子们早晨起来对父母视若无睹，晚上回到家来如入无人之境，遇到长辈常常横眉冷目，不屑搭讪。这样的跋扈乖戾之气如果不早早的纠正过来，将来长大到社会服务，必将处处引起摩擦不受欢迎。我们不仅对长辈要恭敬有礼，对任何人都应维持相当的礼貌。

We Chinese set great store by propriety because it is the accepted rules of social behavior. Propriety begins from the family. For example, children should keep their parents informed of their whereabouts. That is the ABC of good manners on the part of children. Yet some children just ignore their parents when they get up in the morning or come back from school. They often pull a long face and refuse to converse when they meet their elders. If they continue to be so cocky and willful without correcting themselves as soon as possible, they will never get along well with other people some days as members of society. We should be polite not only to our elders, but also to all people.

时间即是生命。我们的生命是一分一秒的在消耗着，我们平常不大觉得，细想起来实在值得警惕。我们每天有许多的零碎时间于不知不觉中浪费掉了，我们若能养成一种利用闲暇的习惯，一遇空闲，无论其为多么短暂，都利用之做一点有益身心之事，则积少成多终必有成。

Time is life. Our life is ticking away unnoticed minute by minute and second by second. It is certainly alarming when we come to think of it. Every day we are unconsciously wasting many odd moments. We should acquire the habit of utilizing leisure time, and snatch every odd moment to do whatever is beneficial to our body and mind. That will enable us to achieve good results little by little.

常听人讲过“消遣”二字，最是要不得，好像是时间太多无法打发的样子，其实人生短促极了，哪里会有多余的时间待人“消遣”？陆放翁有句云：「待饭未来还读书。」我知道有人就经常利用这“待饭未来”的时间读了不少的大书。古人所谓「三上之功」，枕上、马上、厕上，虽不足为训，其用意是在劝人不要浪费光阴。

People often talk most improperly about "seeking relaxation" as if they had more than enough time for them to while away. Life is, in fact, extremely short. How can you find so much surplus time for you to fool away? Lu Fangweng says in one of his poems, "*Spend even the pre-meal odd moment in reading.*" As far as I know, many people did snatch the odd moment before a meal to do a lot of reading. Our ancients recommended "*three on's*", that is, doing reading even while you are on a pillow, on a horse or on a nightstool. All that, though impracticable, serves the purpose of advising people not to waste time.

吃苦耐劳是我们这个民族的标志。古圣先贤总是教训我们要能过得俭朴的生活，一个有志的人之能耐得清寒。恶衣恶食，不足为耻，丰衣足食，不足为荣，这在个人之修养上是应有的认识。

Ours is a nation known for industry and self-denial. Frugality has always been the teaching of our ancient sages and wise men. A man of strong will should be able to endure Spartan living conditions. It should not be regarded as a disgrace to live a simple life. Nor should it be regarded as a glory to live a luxurious life. That should be the correct understanding one needs for self-cultivation.

罗马帝国盛时的一位皇帝，Marcus Aurelius，他从小就摒绝一切享受，从来不参观那当时风靡全国

的赛车比武之类的娱乐，终其身成为一位严肃的苦修派的哲学家，而且也建立了不朽的事功。这是很值得钦佩的，我们中国是一个穷的国家，所以我们更应该体念艰难，弃绝一切奢侈，尤其是从外国来的奢侈。从小就养成俭朴的习惯，更要知道物力维艰，竹头木屑，皆宜爱惜。

Marcus Aurelius, emperor of the Roman Empire in its heyday, refused to enjoy all comforts of life from childhood and always kept away from amusements like the chariot race then in vogue and other fighting-skill competitions. He remained a life-long staunch Stoic philosopher and meanwhile distinguished himself by numerous exploits. Ours is a poor country, so it is even more necessary for us to see the tough conditions facing us and renounce all luxuries, especially those coming from abroad. We should build up the habit of leading a thrifty life. We should bear in mind that all material resources are hard to come by and should be treasured, even including their odds and ends.

以上数端不过是偶然拈来，好的习惯千头万绪，“勿以善小而不为”。习惯养成之后，便毫无勉强，临事心平气和，顺理成章。充满良好习惯的生活，才是合于“自然”的生活。

The above points have been picked by me at random. Good habits are too numerous to be dealt with one by one, but none, however, are too small to keep. Habit, once formed, will become your natural and spontaneous behavior. A life full of good habits will be a life conforming with the law of nature.

七月二十五日



“ DailyQuote

Don't forget until too late that the business of life is not business but living.
要尽早地明白，人生的事务不是在于工作，而是在于生活。

——Bertie Charles Forbes (福布斯)

清平乐 · 闲居书付儿辈 (To My Sons)

陈继儒⁵ (Jiru Chen)

Life is complete
With children at your feet;
Just a handful of hay hides your cot.
If land is sterile,
A young calf will surely help a lot.

Teach thy sons to read, too, in spare hours,
Not for fame nor for Mandarin collars.
Brew wine, plant bamboos, water flowers,
Thus a house for generations of scholars.

有儿事足，
一把茅遮屋。
若使薄田耕不熟，
添个新生黄犊。

闲来也教儿孙，
读书不为功名。
种竹，浇花，酿酒；
世家闭户先生。

⁵陈继儒 (1558-1639)，字仲醇，号眉公、麋公，松江府华亭（今上海市松江区）人。明朝文学家、画家。



Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading (读书漫谈) 节选

Charles Lamb⁶

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own.

—Lord Foppington in *the Relapse*

把心思用在读书上，不过是想从别人绞尽脑汁、苦思冥想的结果中找点乐趣。其实，我想，一个有本领、有教养的人，灵机一动，自有奇思妙想联翩而来，这也就够他自己受用的了。

——《旧病复发》中福平顿爵士的台词

An ingenuous acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his lordship, that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

我认识的一位生性伶俐的朋友，听了爵爷这段出色的俏皮话，在惊佩之余，完全放弃了读书；从此他遇事独出心裁，比往日大有长进。我呢，冒着在这方面丢面子的危险，却只好老实承认：我把相当大部分时间用来读书了。我的生活，可以说是在与别人思想的神交中度过的。我情愿让自己淹没在别人的思想之中，除了走路，我便读书，我不会坐在那里空想——自有书本替我去想。

I have no repugnance. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a book. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

在读书方面，我百无禁忌。高雅如夏夫茨伯利，低俗如《魏尔德传》，我都一视同仁。凡是它可以称之为“书”的，我都读。但有些东西，虽具有书的外表，我去不把它们当作书看。

In this catalogue of books which are no books—biblia a-biblia—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards, bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which “no gentleman's library should be without”; the histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

在 biblia -biblia (非书之书) 这一类别里，我列入了《宫廷事例年表》、《礼拜规则》、袖珍笔记本、订成书本模样而背面印字的棋盘、科学论文、日历、《法令大全》、休漠、吉本、洛伯森、毕谛、索姆？钱宁斯等人的著作，以及属于所谓“绅士必备藏书”的那些大部头；还有弗来维？约瑟夫斯（那位有学问的犹太人）的历史著作和巴莱的《道德哲学》。把这些东西除外，我差不多什么书都可以读。我庆幸自己命交好运，得以具有如此广泛而无所不包的兴趣。

⁶查尔斯·兰姆（1775—1834），英国著名散文家和评论家。

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these things in books' clothing perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it is some kind-hearted playbook, then, opening what "seem its leaves", to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of blockheaded Encyclopaedias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of Russia, or Morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymund Lully to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

老实说，每当我看到那些披着书籍外衣的东西高踞在书架之上，我就禁不住怒火中烧，因为这些假圣人篡夺了神龛，侵占了圣堂，却把合法的主人赶得无处存身。从书架上拿下来装订考究、书本模样的一大本，心想这准是一本叫人开心的“大戏考”，可是掀开它那“仿佛书页似的玩意儿”一瞧，却是叫人扫兴的《人口论》。想看看斯梯尔或是法奈尔，找到的都是亚当·史密斯。有时候，我看那些呆头呆脑的百科全书（有的叫“大英”，有的叫“京都”），分门别类，排列齐整，一律用俄罗斯皮或摩洛哥皮装订，然而，相比之下，我那一批对开本的老书却是临风瑟缩，衣不蔽体——我只要能有那些皮子的十分之一，就能把我那些书气派地打扮起来，让派拉塞尔萨斯焕然一新，让雷蒙·拉莱能够在世人眼中恢复本来面目。每当我瞅见那些衣冠楚楚的欺世盗名之徒，我就恨不得把它们身上那些非分的装裹统统扒下来，穿到我那些衣衫褴褛的旧书身上，让它们也好避避寒气。

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of Magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille, or half-binding (with Russia backs ever) is our costume. A Shakespeare, or a Milton (unless the first editions), it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction.

对于一本书来说，结结实实、齐齐整整地装订起来，是必不可少的事情，豪华与否倒在其次。而且，装订之类即使可以不计工本，也不必对各类书籍不加区别，统统加以精装。譬如说，我就不赞成对杂志合订本实行全精装——简装或半精装（用俄罗斯皮），也就足矣。而把一部莎士比亚或是一部弥尔顿（除非是第一版）打扮得花花绿绿，则是一种纨绔子弟习气。

The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's Seasons, again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn, and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves, and worn out appearance, nay, the very odour (beyond Russia), if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old "Circulating Library" Tom Jones, or Vicar of Wakefield! How they speak of the thousand thumbs, that have turned over their pages with delight!—of the lone sempstress, whom they may have cheered (milliner, or harder-working mantua-maker) after her long day's needle-toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethean cup, in spelling out their enchanting contents! Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in?

而且，收藏这样的书，也不能给人带来什么不同凡响之感。说来也怪，由于这些作品本身如此脍炙人口，它们的外表如何并不能使书主感到高兴，也不能让他的占有欲得到什么额外的满足。我以为，汤姆逊的《四季》一书，样子以稍有破损、略带卷边儿为佳。对于一个真正爱读书的人来说，只要他没有因为爱洁成癖而把老交情抛在脑后，当他从“流通图书馆”借来一部旧的《汤姆·琼斯》或是《威克菲牧师传》的时候，那污损的书页、残破的封皮以及书上（除了俄罗斯皮以外）的气味，该是多么富有吸引力呀！它们表明了成百上千读者的拇指曾经带着喜悦的心情翻弄过这些书页，表明了这本书曾经给某个孤独的缝衣女工带来快乐。这位缝衣女工、女帽工或者女装裁缝，在干了长长的一天针线活之后，到了深夜，为了把自己的一肚子哀愁暂时浸入忘川之水，好不容易挤出个把钟头的睡眠时间，一个字一个字拼读出这本书里的迷人的故事。在这种情况下，谁还去苛求这些书页是否干干净净、一尘不染呢？难道我们还会希望书的外表更为完美无缺吗？

七月二十七日



“ DailyQuote

A novel is a mirror walking along a main road.

一部小说犹如一面在大街上走的镜子。

——Stendhal (司汤达)

➥ Song of a Man Who Has Come Through (身经沧海的男人之歌)

D.H. Lawrence

Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through
me!

A fine wind is blowing the new direction of
Time.

If only I let it bear me, carry me, if only it
carry me!

If only I am sensitive, subtle, oh, delicate, a
winged gift!

If only, most lovely of all, I yield myself and
am borrowed

By the fine, fine wind that takes its course
through the chaos of the world Like a fine, an
exquisite chisel, a wedge-blade inserted;

不是我，不是我，是风把我穿透！

柔风送爽，吹动着时光的新方向。

如果让它搭上我，带走我，如果它带走我！

如果我敏感，精巧，哦，纤巧，是长翅膀的礼
物！

如果，最美的是，我屈服于它，

让这美之又美的风带我穿过世间的混乱
如同一把精致的鎌子，鎌头锋利；

If only I am keen and hard like the sheer tip
of a wedge

Driven by invisible blows,

The rock will split, we shall come at the wonder,
we shall find the Hesperides.

Oh, for the wonder that bubbles into my soul,
I would be a good fountain, a good well-head,
Would blur no whisper, spoil no expression.

What is the knocking?

What is the knocking at the door in the night?
It is somebody wants to do us harm.

No, no, it is the three strange angels.

Admit them, admit them

如果我锐利而坚硬如鳌尖

让隐形的风驱动，

岩石会凿开，我们会看到奇迹，发现那金苹果园。

哦，为了这涌进我灵魂里的奇迹，
我要当一束美好的喷泉，美好的源泉，
不掩饰任何呢喃，不浪费任何表达的语言。

哪里来的敲门声？

为什么夜里有敲门声？
是有人要戕害我们。

不，不是，是那三位陌生的天使，
让他们进来，让他们进来。

纸船——寄母亲 (Paper Boats-to Mother)

冰心 (Bing Xin)

Never willing to waste a sheet of paper,
I save and save
Then fold them into small, small boats
And throw them into the sea from my ship.
Some are blown back into the portholes,
Others are stuck on the stern, soaked by
waves,

And I, undiscouraged, keep on folding and
hoping

That one will finally reach its destination.

O Mother, if you ever see a tiny white sail in
your dream,

Don't be startled by its unexpected presence
for

It was folded by your loving daughter to carry
homeward

Across the sea and mountains her love and

我从不肯妄弃一张纸，
总是留着——留着
叠成一只只很小的船儿，
从舟上抛下在海里。
有的被天风吹卷到舟中的窗里，
有的被海浪打湿，沾在船头上。

我仍是不灰心的每天叠着，
总希望有一只能流到我要它到的地方去。
母亲，倘若你梦中看见一只很小的白船儿，
不要惊讶它无端入梦。
这是你至爱的女儿含着泪叠的，万水千山，
求它载着她的爱和悲哀归去。

sorrow.

● 荷叶母亲 (The Motherly Lotus Leaf)

冰心

父亲的朋友送给我们两缸莲花，一缸是红的，一缸是白的，都摆在院子里。

Recently, my father's friend gave us two pots of lotus flowers as a gift, which we then placed in our courtyard. In one pot was a red flower, and in the other, a white one.

八年之久，我没有在院子里看莲花了——但故乡的园院里，却有许多；不但有并蒂的，还有三蒂的，四蒂的，都是红莲。

It was eight years since I had seen a lotus flower in our courtyard, but back in our hometown, our garden was full of them: on a single stalk, there might grow two, three or even four flowers; and all were red in color.

九年前的一个月夜，祖父和我在园里乘凉。祖父笑着和我说：“我们园里最初开三蒂莲的时候，正好我们大家庭中添了你们三个姊妹。大家都欢喜，说是应了花瑞。”

On a moonlit night nine years ago, my grandfather and I sat outdoors enjoying the cool air. He smiled and said to me: “The year when you and your sisters were born into our family, three flowers happened to bloom on a single stalk in the garden. We were full of joy, believing the blooming flowers to be an auspicious sign.”

半夜里听见繁杂的雨声，早起是浓阴的天，我觉得有些烦闷。从窗内往外看时，那一朵白莲已经谢了，白瓣儿小船般散飘在水面。梗上只留个小小的莲蓬，和几根淡黄色的花须。那一朵红莲，昨天还是菡萏的，今晨却开满了，亭亭地在绿叶中间立着。

Having been disturbed by the pitter-patter of rain through the night, and seeing an overcast sky when I rose in the morning, I felt a bit annoyed. Looking out of the window, I saw the white flower had already begun to wilt, its petals floating on the surface of the water like little boats. Lingering on the stalk was a small seedpod and a few light yellow stamens. The red flower, which was still in bud last night, was now in full bloom, standing erect among its green leaves.

仍是不適意！——徘徊了一会子，窗外雷声作了，大雨接着就来，愈下愈大。那朵红莲，被那繁密的雨点，打得左右攲斜。在无遮蔽的天空之下，我不敢下阶去，也无法可想。

My feeling of vexation persisted. I paced around the room restlessly before thunder began to roar, followed by rain pelting down. As the raindrops fell more densely, the red lotus flower began to sway from side to side. Nothing under heaven could shield the flower from the rain, and I didn't dare to run down the steps into the courtyard to do anything for it, nor could I think of any other way to help.

对屋里母亲唤着，我连忙走过去，坐在母亲旁边——一回头忽然看见红莲旁边的一个大荷叶，慢慢地倾侧了下来，正覆盖在红莲上面……我不宁的心绪散尽了！

Hearing my mother's call from the opposite room, I went to sit by her side and then looked back again towards the red flower. A scene came into view: a huge leaf beside it was tilting over just enough

to cover the flower...I felt greatly relieved.

雨势并不减退，红莲却不摇动了。雨点不住地打着，只能在那勇敢慈怜的荷叶上面，聚了些流转无力的水珠。

The rain still refused to let up, but the red flower had a chance to steady itself. The rain continued beating down, but merely formed tiny pools of water rolling harmlessly along the big leaf, which had acted as a protector with love and bravery.

我心中深深地受了感动——

I was touched in the depth of my heart.

母亲啊！你是荷叶，我是红莲。心中的雨点来了，除了你，谁是我在无遮拦天空下的荫蔽？

Dear mother, you are the leaf and I am the flower. Whenever my heart is exposed to a shower of rain, who else can be the one to shield me from the open sky?

七月二十九日



“ DailyQuote

Marriage is a besieged city. Those outside want to get in and those in the city want to get out.

婚姻是一座围城，城外的人想进去，城里的人想出来。

——钱钟书

❀ 相见欢 (Happy to Meet)

李煜

林花谢了春红，
太匆匆。
无奈朝来寒雨晚来风。

Flowers in the wood shed their blush,
In such a rush.
Helpless, a cold rain at dawn, and a sough at dusk, how drear.

胭脂泪，
相留醉，
几时重。
自是人生长恨水长东。

What intoxicates one
Is the rouge melting tear.
Could we meet e'er?
For sure, life is a long time grief, a long time eastward flush.

�� Brute Neighbors (禽兽为邻)

Henry David Thoreau

The mice which haunted my house were not the common ones, which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor, and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before; and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions. At length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes, and along my sleeve, and round and round the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bo-peep with it; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterward cleaned its face and paws, like a fly, and walked away.

角逐在我房中的老鼠不是平常的那种；平常的那种据说都是从外面带进此地乡野里来的，可是这种是土生的野鼠，在村子里是找不到的。我寄了一只给一位著名的生物学家，他对它产生了很大的兴趣。在我造这座房子的时候，有一只老鼠就在我的屋子下面做了窝；我楼上的地板还没有铺好，刨花还没有扫出去，每到午饭时分，它就到我脚边来吃面包屑粒。也许它之前从来没有看见过人，我们很快就亲热起来，它奔过我的皮鞋，还爬上我的衣服。它很容易就爬上屋侧，只几窜就上去了——像松鼠，连动作都很相似。到后来，有一天我用手肘支在凳上，它奔上我的衣服，沿着袖子而下，在我盛食物的纸碟边，不断地打转；我把纸碟往身边一拖，不让它走近，一下子又推到它面前去，这样同它耍着玩。最后，我在拇指与食指之间，拈起一块乳酪来，它过来了，坐在我的手掌之中，一口一口地咀嚼。之后，它像苍蝇似的，擦擦脸，又擦擦前掌，扬长而去。

A phoebe soon built in my shed, and a robin for protection in a pine which grew against the house. In June the partridge, which is so shy a bird, led her brood past my windows, from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behavior proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many a traveler has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whir of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighborhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such a dishabille, that you cannot, for a few moments, detect what kind of creature it is. The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute, without discovering them. I have held them in my open hand at such a time, and still their only care, obedient to their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling. So perfect is this instinct, that once, when I had laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in exactly the same position ten minutes afterward. They are not callow like the young of most birds, but more perfectly developed and precocious even than chickens. The remarkably adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene

eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield another such a gem. The traveller does not often look into such a limpid well. The ignorant or reckless sportsman often shoots the parent at such a time, and leaves these innocents to fall a prey to some prowling beast or bird, or gradually mingle with the decaying leaves which they so much resemble. It is said that when hatched by a hen they will directly disperse on some alarm, and so are lost, for they never hear the mother's call which gathers them again. These were my hens and chickens.

不久就有一只京燕来我屋上做窠；一只知更鸟在我屋侧的一枝松树上巢居着，求我保护。六月里，鹧鸪这样怕羞的飞鸟也带着她的幼雏飞过我的窗子，从我屋后的林中飞到我的屋前，像一只老母鸡一样，咯咯地唤她的孩子们；从她的行为看来，真像是林中的老母鸡。当你走近了它们，母鸟发一个信号，它们就一哄而散，好像一阵旋风把它们吹走似的。鹧鸪的颜色又很像枯枝败叶，常常有些游客，一脚就踏在鹧鸪的幼雏中间，只见老鸟拍翅飞走，发出焦虑的呼号，扑扑地拍动翅膀，好吸引他的注意—此人怎能想到附近有这么一窠的小鸟呢？母鸟有时羽毛很不整齐地在你面前打滚打旋子，以至你忽然看不出它是什么动物了。幼雏们静静地扁扁地蹲着，常常把头伸在一张叶子底下，什么都不管，只理睬母亲从远处投来的讯号；就是你走近了它们，它们也不奔走，因此也不会被发觉。可能你的脚踩上了它们，眼睛还望了它们一会儿，可你却并未发觉。有一次也是很偶然的，我把它们放在我摊开的掌中，而它们所服从的只是它们的母亲与自己的本能，因此它们只是照旧蹲着，不觉得恐惧，也不打抖。这种本能真是完美之至，我后来把幼雏又放回到树叶上去，有一只不小心侧着跌了下去，可是十分钟之后，我发现它跟别的几只雏鸟一样，在原地好好地蹲着。鹧鸪的幼雏和别种鸟类的幼雏不一样，它们鲜有毛羽不丰满者，它们比别种幼鸟发展得都更为成熟，甚至比雏鸡还要早熟。它们睁大了宁静的眼睛，表情显得很成熟，可是又很天真；你看见了，永远不会忘记。这双眼睛之中似乎反映着一切的知性，它们不仅表现出婴孩期的纯洁，还表示出给经验洗练出来的智慧。这样的眼睛不是鸟儿与生俱来的；它与它所反映的天空成其久远。像它们眼睛一样的宝石，山林里还没有产生过。游客也不常能看到这样一口清澈的井。无知的或是鲁莽的猎人时常在这种时候把母鸟射杀了，使这无辜的一群幼雏成为恶兽猛禽的猎物，或逐渐地混入了那些和它们非常相似的枯叶，同归于尽。据说，这些幼雏要是给一只老母鸡孵出来，它们稍受惊，便一散而走，从此失踪，因为它们听不到母鸟召唤的声音。这些便是我的母鸡和幼雏。

八月一日



“ DailyQuote

Only the soldier is a free man because he can look death in the face.

只有士兵才是一个自由的人，因为他能够直面死亡。

——Friedrich Schiller (弗里德里希·席勒)

觱篥下曲 (A Frontier Melody Li Bai)

李白

五月天山雪，
无花只有寒。
笛中闻折柳，
春色未曾看。
晓战随金鼓，
宵眠抱玉鞍。
愿将腰下剑，
直为斩楼兰。

The snows in Tianshan in the fifth moon are not yet to melt;
No flowers can be seen; howe'er, a bitter cold is felt.
The tune of Willow Twigs is often struck up on the flute,
But not an actual sign for spring has anywhere been spelt.
By day, directed by the drum and gong men charge and fight;
With saddles grasp'd in arms they sleep with vigilance at night.
I wish, with the sharpen'd sword which I'm wearing on the waist,
To capture Loulan and put our foes in a fatal plight.

For Whom the Bell Tolls Ernest Hemingway (丧钟为谁而鸣)

海明威

He lay flat on the brown, pine-neededled floor of the forest, his chin on his folded arms, and high overhead the wind blew in the tops of the pine trees. The mountainside sloped gently where he lay; but below it was steep and he could see the dark of the oiled road winding through the pass. There was a stream alongside the road and far down the pass he saw a mill beside the stream and the falling water of the dam, white in the summer sunlight.

他匍匐在树林里褐色的、积着一层松针的地面上，交叉的手臂支着下颚；在高高的上空，风在松树梢上呼啸而过。他俯躺着的山坡坡度不大，再往下却很陡峭，他看得到黑色的柏油路蜿蜒穿过山口。沿柏油路有条小河，山口远处的河边有家锯木厂，拦水坝的泄水在夏天的阳光下泛着白光。

"Is that the mill?" he asked. "Yes." "I do not remember it." "It was built since you were here. The old mill is farther down; much below the pass." He spread the photostated military map out on the forest floor and looked at it carefully. The old man looked over his shoulder. He was a short and solid old man in a black peasant's smock and gray iron-stiff trousers and he wore rope-soled shoes. He was breathing heavily from the climb and his hand rested on one of the two heavy packs they had been carrying.

“那就是锯木厂么？”他问。“就是。”“我记不得了。”“那是你离开这儿以后造的。老锯木厂还在前面，离山口很远。”他在地上摊开影印的军用地图，仔细端详。老头儿从他肩后看着。他是个结实的矮老头儿，身穿农民的黑罩衣和硬邦邦的灰裤子，脚上是一双绳底鞋。他爬山刚停下来，还在喘气，一手搁在他们带来的两只沉重的背包的一只上面。

"Then you cannot see the bridge from here." "No," the old man said. "This is the easy country of the pass where the stream flows gently. Below, where the road turns out of sight in the trees, it drops suddenly and there is a steep gorge—" "I remember." "Across this gorge is the bridge." "And where are their posts?" "There is a post at the mill that you see there."

“这么说从这里是望不到那座桥了。”“望不到，”老头儿说。“这山口一带地势比较平坦，水流不急。再往前，公路拐进林子不见了踪影，那里地势突然低下去，有个挺深的峡谷——”“我记得。”“峡谷上面就是那座桥。”“他们的哨所在哪儿？”“你看到的锯木厂那边有个哨所。”

The young man, who was studying the country, took his glasses from the pocket of his faded, khaki flannel shirt, wiped the lenses with a handkerchief, screwed the eyepieces around until the boards of the mill showed suddenly clearly and he saw the wooden bench beside the door; the huge pile of sawdust that rose behind the open shed where the circular saw was, and a stretch of the flume that brought the logs down from the mountainside on the other bank of the stream. The stream showed clear and smooth-looking in the glasses and, below the curl of the falling water, the spray from the dam was blowing in the wind.

这个正在研究地形的年轻人从他褐色的黄褐色法兰绒衬衫口袋里掏出望远镜，用手帕擦擦镜片，调整焦距，目镜中的景象突然清晰，连锯木厂的木板都看到了，他还看到了门边的一条长板凳，敞棚里的圆锯，后面有一大堆木屑；他还看到一段把小河对岸山坡上的木材运下来的滑槽。小河在望远镜里显得清澈而平静，打着漩涡的水从拦水坝泻下来，底下的水花在风中飞溅。“There is no sentry.” “There is smoke coming from the millhouse,” the old man said. “There are also clothes hanging on a line.” “I see them but I do not see any sentry.” “Perhaps he is in the shade,” the old man explained. “It is hot there

now. He would be in the shadow at the end we do not see." "Probably. Where is the next post?" "Below the bridge. It is at the roadmender's hut at kilometer five from the top of the pass." "How many men are here?" He pointed at the mill. "Perhaps four and a corporal." "And below?" "More. I will find out." "And at the bridge?" "Always two. One at each end." "We will need a certain number of men," he said. "How many men can you get?" "I can bring as many men as you wish," the old man said. "There are many men now here in the hills." "How many?" "There are more than a hundred. But they are in small bands. How many men will you need?" "I will let you know when we have studied the bridge." "Do you wish to study it now?" "No. Now I wish to go to where we will hide this explosive until it is time. I would like to have it hidden in utmost security at a distance no greater than half an hour from the bridge, if that is possible." "That is simple," the old man said. "From where we are going, it will all be downhill to the bridge. But now we must climb a little in seriousness to get there. Are you hungry?" "Yes," the young man said. "But we will eat later. How are you called? I have forgotten." It was a bad sign to him that he had forgotten. "Anselmo," the old man said. "I am called Anselmo and I come from Barco de Avila. Let me help you with that pack."

“没有岗哨。”“锯木房里在冒烟，”老头儿说。“还有晒衣绳上挂着衣服。”“这些我见到了，但看不到岗哨。”“说不定他在背阴处，”老头儿解释说。“那儿现在挺热。他也许在我们看不到的背阴那头。”“可能。另一个哨所在哪里？”“在桥下方。在养路工的小屋边，离山口五公里的里程碑那里。”“这里有多少士兵？”他指指锯木厂。“也许有四个加上一个班长。”“下面呢？”“要多些。我能探听明白。”“那么桥头呢？”“总是两个。每边一个。”“我们需要一批人手，”他说。“你能召集多少？”“你要多少，我就能召集多少，”老头儿说。“这一带山里现在就有不少人。”“多少？”“一百多个。不过他们三三五五分散开了。你需要多少人？”“等我们勘察了桥以后再跟你说。”“你想现在就去勘察桥吗？”“不。现在我想去找个地方把炸药藏起来，要用的时候再去取。我希望把它藏在最安全的地方，假如可能的话，离桥不能超过半个小时的路程。”“那简单，”老头儿说。“从我们现在要去的地方到桥头全都是下坡路。不过，我们现在要去那儿倒得很认真地爬一会山哪。你饿吗？”“饿，”年轻人说。“不过，我们过后再吃吧。你叫什么名字？我忘了。”他竟把名字都忘了，这对他来说是个不祥之兆。“安塞尔莫，”老头儿说。“我叫安塞尔莫，老家在阿维拉省的巴尔科城。我来帮你拿那只背包。”

The young man, who was tall and thin, with sun-streaked fair hair, and a wind- and sun-burned face, who wore the sun-faded flannel shirt, a pair of peasant's trousers and rope-soled shoes, leaned over, put his arm through one of the leather pack straps and swung the heavy pack up onto his shoulders. He worked his arm through the other strap and settled the weight of the pack against his back. His shirt was still wet from where the pack had rested.

这年轻人是个瘦高个儿，张着闪亮的金发和一张饱经风霜日晒的脸，他穿着一件晒得褪了色的法兰绒衬衫，一条农民的裤子和一双绳底鞋。他弯下腰去，一条胳膊伸进背包皮带圈里，把那沉重的背包甩上肩头。他把另一条胳膊伸进另一条皮带圈里，使背包的重量全压在背上。他衬衫上原先被背包压住的地方还是汗湿的。

"I have it up now," he said. "How do we go?" "We climb," Anselmo said.

“我把它背上啦，”他说。“我们怎么走？”“咱俩爬山。”安塞尔莫说。

Bending under the weight of the packs, sweating, they climbed steadily in the pine forest that

covered the mountainside. There was no trail that the young man could see, but they were working up and around the face of the mountain and now they crossed a small stream and the old man went steadily on ahead up the edge of the rocky stream bed. The climbing now was steeper and more difficult, until finally the stream seemed to drop down over the edge of a smooth granite ledge that rose above them and the old man waited at the foot of the ledge for the young man to come up to him.

他们被背包压得弯下了腰，在山坡上的松树林里一步步向上爬，身上淌着汗。年轻人发现林中并没有路径，但是他们继续向上攀登，绕到了前山，这时跨过了一条小溪，老头儿踩着溪边石块稳健地向前走去。这时，山路更陡峭，爬山更艰难了，到后来，溪水似乎是从他们头顶上一个平滑的花岗石悬崖边上直泻下来，于是老头儿在悬崖下停了步，等着年轻人赶上来。

"How are you making it?" "All right," the young man said. He was sweating heavily and his thigh muscles were twitchy from the steepness of the climb. "Wait here now for me. I go ahead to warn them. You do not want to be shot at carrying that stuff." "Not even in a joke," the young man said. "Is it far?" "It is very close. How do they call thee?" "Roberto," the young man answered. He had slipped the pack off and lowered it gently down between two boulders by the stream bed. "Wait here, then, Roberto, and I will return for you." "Good," the young man said. "But do you plan to go down this way to the bridge?" "No. When we go to the bridge it will be by another way. Shorter and easier." "I do not want this material to be stored too far from the bridge." "You will see. If you are not satisfied, we will take another place." "We will see," the young man said. He sat by the packs and watched the old man climb the ledge. It was not hard to climb and from the way he found hand-holds without searching for them the young man could see that he had climbed it many times before. Yet whoever was above had been very careful not to leave any trail.

“你行吗？”“行，”年轻人说。他大汗淋漓，因为爬了陡峭的山路，大腿的肌肉抽搐起来。“在这里等我。我先去通知他们。你带了这玩意总不希望人家朝你开枪吧。”“当然不希望，”年轻人说。“路远吗？”“很近。怎么称呼你？”“罗伯托（这是本书主人公罗伯托·乔丹的名字的西班牙语读法的音译。）”，年轻人回答。他卸下背包，轻轻地放在溪边两块大圆石之间。“那么就在这儿等着，罗伯托，我回来接你。”“好，”年轻人说。“难道你打算以后走这条路到下面桥头吗？”“不。我们到桥头去得走另一条路。那条路近一些，比较容易走。”“我不想把这东西藏得离桥太远。”“你瞧着办吧。要是你不满意，我们另找地方。”“我们瞧着办吧，”年轻人说。他坐在背包旁边，看着老头儿攀登悬崖。这悬崖不难攀登，而且这年轻人发现，从老头儿不用摸索就找到攀手地方的利落样子看来，这地方他已经爬过好多次了。然而，待在上面的人们一向小心翼翼地不让留下任何痕迹来。

八月三日



“ DailyQuote

Time, whose tooth gnaws away everything else, is powerless against truth.

时间的利齿可以吞噬一切别的东西，对真理却无能为力。

——Thomas Huxley (托马斯·赫胥黎)

迢迢牵牛星 (Parted Lovers)

古诗十九首

迢迢牵牛星，
皎皎河汉女。
纤纤擢素手，
札札弄机杼。
终日不成章，
泣涕零如雨。
河汉清且浅，
相去复几许。
盈盈一水间，
脉脉不得语。

Far, far away, the Cowherd,
Fair, fair, the Weaving Maid;
Nimbly move her slender white fingers,
Click-clack goes her weaving-loom.
All day she weaves, yet her web is still not done.
And her tears fall like rain.
Clear and shallow the Milky Way,
They are not far apart!
But the stream brims always between.
And, gazing at each other, they cannot speak.

■ 埃利斯·贝尔与阿克顿·贝尔生平纪略

夏洛蒂·勃朗特 (刘炳善译)

Biographical Notice of Ellis and Acton Bell

It has been thought that all the works published under the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell were, in reality, the production of one person. This mistake I endeavoured to rectify by a few words of disclaimer prefixed to the third edition of ‘Jane Eyre.’

These, too, it appears, failed to gain general credence, and now, on the occasion of a reprint of ‘Wuthering Heights’ and ‘Agnes Grey,’ I am advised distinctly to state how the case really stands.

Indeed, I feel myself that it is time the obscurity attending those two names —Ellis and Acton — was done away. The little mystery, which formerly yielded some harmless pleasure, has lost its interest; circumstances are changed. It becomes, then, my duty to explain briefly the origin and authorship of the books written by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.

About five years ago, my two sisters and myself, after a somewhat prolonged period of separation, found ourselves reunited, and at home.

Resident in a remote district, where education had made little progress, and where, consequently, there was no inducement to seek social intercourse beyond our own domestic circle, we were wholly dependent on ourselves and each other, on books and study, for the enjoyments and occupations of life.

The highest stimulus, as well as the liveliest pleasure we had known from childhood upwards, lay in attempts at literary composition; formerly we used to show each other what we wrote, but of late years this habit of communication and consultation had been discontinued; hence it ensued, that we were mutually ignorant of the progress we might respectively have made.

One day, in the autumn of 1845, I accidentally lighted on a MS. volume of verse in my sister Emily’s handwriting. Of course, I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse: I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me —a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write.

I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear they had also a peculiar music —wild, melancholy, and elevating.

My sister Emily was not a person of demonstrative character, nor one on the recesses of whose mind and feelings even those nearest and dearest to her could, with impunity, intrude unlicensed; it took hours to reconcile her to the discovery I had made, and days to persuade her that such poems merited publication.

I knew, however, that a mind like hers could not be without some latent spark of honourable ambition, and refused to be discouraged in my attempts to fan that spark to flame.

Meantime, my younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that, since Emily’s had given me pleasure, I might like to look at hers. I could not but be a partial judge, yet I thought that these verses, too, had a sweet, sincere pathos of their own.

We had very early cherished the dream of one day becoming authors. This dream, never relinquished even when distance divided and absorbing tasks occupied us, now suddenly acquired strength and con-

sistency: it took the character of a resolve. We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible, to get them printed.

Averse to personal publicity, we veiled our own names under those of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell; the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because —without at that time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called ‘feminine’ —we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice ...

...We had noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward, a flattery, which is not true praise.

The bringing out of our little book was hard work. As was to be expected, neither we nor our poems were at all wanted; but for this we had been prepared at the outset; though inexperienced ourselves, we had read the experience of others.

The great puzzle lay in the difficulty of getting answers of any kind from the publishers to whom we applied. Being greatly harassed by this obstacle, I ventured to apply to the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, for a word of advice; they may have forgotten the circumstance, but I have not, for from them I received a brief and business—like, but civil and sensible reply, on which we acted, and at last made a way.

The book was printed: it is scarcely known, and all of it that merits to be known are the poems of Ellis Bell. The fixed conviction I held, and hold, of the worth of these poems has not indeed received the confirmation of much favourable criticism; but I must retain it notwithstanding.

Ill-success failed to crush us: the mere effort to succeed had given a wonderful zest to existence; it must be pursued. We each set to work on a prose tale: Ellis Bell produced ‘Wuthering Heights,’ Acton Bell ‘Agnes Grey,’ and Currer Bell also wrote a narrative in one volume.

These MSS. were perseveringly obtruded upon various publishers for the space of a year and a half; usually, their fate was an ignominious and abrupt dismissal.

At last ‘Wuthering Heights’ and ‘Agnes Grey’ were accepted on terms somewhat impoverishing to the two authors; Currer Bell’s book found acceptance nowhere, nor any acknowledgment of merit, so that something like the chill of despair began to invade her heart. As a forlorn hope, she tried one publishing house more —Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

Ere long, in a much shorter space than that on which experience had taught her to calculate —there came a letter, which she opened in the dreary expectation of finding two hard, hopeless lines, intimating that Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. ‘were not disposed to publish the MS.,’ and, instead, she took out of the envelope a letter of two pages.

She read it trembling. It declined, indeed, to publish that tale, for business reasons, but it discussed its merits and demerits so courteously, so considerately, in a spirit so rational, with a discrimination so enlightened, that this very refusal cheered the author better than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done.

It was added, that a work in three volumes would meet with careful attention.

长期以来，在柯勒、埃利斯和阿克顿·贝尔的署名下所发表的作品，一直被认为统统不过是某一个人的化名之作。对此误解，我曾在《简·爱》第三版书前以寥寥数语予以否认和纠正，但那番话看来并未得到大家相信。所以，当此《呼啸山庄》重印之际，我接受建议，愿将事实真相加以澄清。

而且，我个人也深深感到：笼罩着埃利斯和阿克顿这两个名字的迷茫之雾，现在确实应该驱散了。那种小小秘密，往日曾给我们一点点善良无害的快乐，由于时过境迁，早已失去了原来的兴味。今天，我责无旁贷，理应对于柯勒、埃利斯和阿克顿·贝尔所写各书的来历和著作权，加以简短说明。

约当五年以前，我的两个妹妹和我，在相当长时期的分别之后，又在家中重新会面。住在偏远之地，教育素不发达，故于亲人团聚以外，殊乏拜客访友之趣；日常心之所乐、情之所寄，唯有姊妹间相亲相依，唯有读书一事而已。好在我们自孩童时代以来所极感振奋、乐此不疲之事尚有文学习作。往日我们常将自己作品互相传阅，但后来几年此种交流、磋商已中断，因而姊妹间对于各自写作进展情况不免隔膜。

1845年秋季的一天，我偶尔看到二妹艾米莉手写的一卷诗稿。当然，对此我并不觉得奇怪，因为我知道她赋有诗才且不断写诗。然而披览之后，我仍不禁深为震惊，感到这些诗歌绝非平平之作。它们毫无通常所谓的脂粉气息，而是精炼、简洁、刚健、率真。在我耳中，这些诗歌具有一种特殊的音韵之美——它们粗犷、忧郁、崇高。

艾米莉生性含而不露。埋藏在她心底的感情秘密，虽是至亲至近之人，非经许可也不得贸然侵犯。因此，仅仅诗稿被我发现一事，就需我解释几个小时，她才释然于怀；而使她相信这些诗歌确有发表价值，又费我整整几天。然而我认为，像她那样性格的人，在内心深处绝不会没有潜伏着远大抱负的星星之火；不把这星星之火煽成熊熊火焰，我决不罢休。

与此同时，我的小妹也悄悄拿出了她的创作，并且吐露说：既然我对艾米莉的作品感到高兴，或许对她的作品也肯一顾。要我来对这些诗歌下个断语，恐怕不免有偏爱之嫌，然而我还是要说，她的这些诗也具有自己真挚可爱的凄婉情趣。

我们姊妹早在幼小时候就抱着有朝一日成为作家的梦想。后来虽则三人天各一方，且又重务缠身，但此心此志从未抛却；如今一旦重新获得力量，便分外坚定，并形成决心。我们决定编选一本小小的诗集，并尽可能将其出版。不想把自己身份公之于众，我们采用了柯勒·贝尔、埃利斯·贝尔和阿克顿·贝尔的假名，将自己真名隐去；而选取这种模棱两可的名字，乃由于一方面不愿公开自己的女性身份，同时出于谨慎的顾虑，也不愿采用那些一望而知即是男性的名字。其所以如此，又是因为——尽管我们自知自己的笔法和思路并无一般所谓的“女儿气”——我们有一种笼统印象，就是：人们看待女作家往往怀着偏见，批评家有时拿性别当作惩罚的武器，有时又以此作为吹捧的因由——而吹捧当然不是真实的赞扬。

我们这本小书，出版实非易事。正如事前所料，不论我们这三个作者或是我们的诗歌，都不受人欢迎。不过，对此我们早有准备，因为我们自己虽是生手，却也读过他人的甘苦之谈。最使我们困惑不解的莫过于向出版商提出的请求都音信杳然。为此烦困之余，我只得向爱丁堡的钱伯斯公司诸先生冒昧投书，讨个主意。对于此事，他们或已忘在脑后，我却记忆犹新，因为从他们那里我收到了一个短短的、事务性的，同时也是有礼貌的、切切实实的答复。我们遵嘱而行，出书的事才算有了眉目。

诗集出来了，但知音寥寥，而其中确值得为人所知的作品乃是埃利斯·贝尔的诗歌——对于这些诗的价值，我过去、现在都确信不疑；尽管此种信念尚未得到批评界的认可，我却坚持不变。

失败没有压垮我们，仅仅为了成功而奋斗本身就给人生以极大乐趣。一定要坚持下去。我们每人动

手写一部小说：埃利斯·贝尔写了《呼啸山庄》，阿克顿·贝尔写了《阿格尼丝·格雷》，柯勒·贝尔也写了一部一卷本的作品。这三部稿子，在一年半当中接连闯入一家又一家出版社——它们所遭受的命运往往是在寄出不久就又灰溜溜地给退回来了。

最后，《呼啸山庄》和《阿格尼丝·格雷》被人接受了，但出版条件对两位作者相当苛刻。柯勒·贝尔的书仍然到处碰壁，无人赏识。绝望，犹如一股寒流，侵袭她的内心。作为无望中之希望，她把稿子寄给另一家出版社——老史密斯公司。不久，比她根据以往经验所估计的时间要快得多，回信来了。她无精打采地把信拆开，预料内容不过是两行冷冰冰、毫无希望的字句，通知说老史密斯公司“对大作不拟刊用”，然而这次她却从信封里拿出两页信纸。她捧读时不禁心悸手颤。信中说鉴于营业上的原因，公司不打算出版此书；但接着信里分析了稿子的优点和缺点，措辞如此礼貌，考虑如此周到，态度如此合理，识见如此通达，这样的退稿真比粗俗的采纳更使作者感到快慰。信里还说若能有一部三卷本的作品，将会受到重视。

八月五日



“ DailyQuote

I have ever wasted time, but now time expends me.

我曾经浪费过时间，现在时间开始消耗我。

——William Shakespeare (威廉·莎士比亚)

Life in a Love(爱的生活)

Robert Browning(罗伯特·布朗宁, 杨中仁译)

Escape me?

Never-

Beloved!

While I am I, and you are you,

So long as the world contains us both,

Me the loving and you the loth,

While the one eludes, must the other pursue.

My life is a fault at last, I fear:

It seems too much like a fate, indeed!

Though I do my best I shall scarce succeed

But what if I fail of my purpose here?

It is but to keep the nerves at strain,

心爱的！

你绝不能

弃我而去啊！

我是我，你还是你，

只要世界里还有你我，

我爱着你，你却不爱我，

我追求你，而你却躲着我。

恐怕我这一生就是个错，

其实，我知道天命难违！

就算费尽心血，我的机会也不多。

实现不了初衷我该怎么活？

那我的神经更会紧张哆嗦，

To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And baffled, get up to begin again,-
So the chase takes up one's life, that's all.
While, look but once from your farthest bound
At me so deep in the dust and dark,
No sooner the old hope drops to ground
Than a new one, straight to the selfsame mark,
I shape me-
Ever
Removed!

擦干眼泪，昂首笑对起起落落，
如果受挫，爬起来再做，
追求要执著，仅此而已。
然而，你从最远处看一看
深陷在黑暗尘埃中的我，
前面的希望若落空了
新希望再攻旧目标，
我塑造的我，
任何时间
不会变！

槐花吟 (An Ode to the Acacia Flower)

周领顺

槐花既可赏，也能食，对北方人而言，想到更多的是食用：蒸槐花、炕槐花饼、包槐花包子，应有尽有，你只要想得到，就能做得出，纯粹是大自然的尤物，不过十来日，便随风而去。所以，吃槐花，吃的就是个时鲜，而在这青黄不接的春季里，竟也能有秋的收获。

槐花默认的是洋槐树上结的洋槐花。称之为洋槐，是为外来物种之故，19世纪下半叶才从北美传入中国，所以白居易《秋日》里描绘的“袅袅秋风多，槐花半成实”和子兰《长安早秋》里描绘的“风舞槐花落御沟，终南山色入城秋”，只能是对于秋季里国槐花的描摹。国槐常做景观树，树冠如伞，丝绦垂地，但随处可见的却是洋槐，农家庭院和沟边水泽不乏它的身影，除了极易成活的原因外，凡有意栽种者，必定因其材质好，所做家具耐用，绝非仅为一年到头这十来日的花食。但槐花含有丰富的蛋白质、脂肪酸、维生素和矿物质，具有降血压和扩张冠状动脉等功效，集食用和药用于一身。当然，这些知识若非专门查证，一般人断难知其详。

每到花期来临，白中泛绿的槐花，反射着玉的质地；一串串缀满枝条，空气中弥漫着素雅的清香。槐花飘香时，盛春已然至。

清香，准确地说并不是近身的感觉，如果置身槐花丛中，就只有用浓香状述其味了，不仅香，而且香得呛人。浓香随风转至清香，招揽了蜜蜂，所以有了槐花蜜；招揽了行人，所以有了槐花痴，而更有过之的，当然是青睐槐花食的男男女女。成语有“秀色可餐”之说，以秀色代餐，使人忘掉了饥饿，但槐花却能令人陡增食欲，蒸槐花的蒜香，炕槐花饼的焦香，槐花包子的素香，一古脑就都来了，画面感十足，让流连者不仅赏之，甚或烹而食之。

采摘槐花是有讲究的，既要特别提防树枝上的木刺，又要看准花的形态。槐树有刺，分布于枝叶间，又硬又尖，采摘一回槐花，要是手不被扎个三两点，就算得上采摘老手。虽然槐树皮粗糙，适合少年攀爬，但因木刺当道，树梢上的鸟巢便总能幸免于难。槐花从出生到完全成熟，大概有三种形态：初成米粒状，虽可食用，但有青涩感；接近微黄时，已垂垂老矣。最好是花苞，呈月牙样，吃起来香喷喷、甜丝丝。

米粒状的槐花，尚不具备花的形态，采摘下来，委实可惜。不妨留于枝头，待吃上几天的花苞，那些槐米也就到了采摘的最佳期。而成熟的老槐花除了颜色泛黄、形状怒放可以辨识外，轻轻一抖，还会有

花瓣飘落，留下线状的花蕊在花萼里抖动，骨感十足。老槐花并非不能食用，晒干后包包子，口感劲道，所以过去常有老年人把大风吹落的干槐花扫拢备用，只是在当季尝鲜时，必以花苞为上品。

南方人少知可食之树花，大概只有桂花、木棉花等少数几种。作为北方人，我不仅知道槐花能够食用，还品尝过榆树上的榆钱、构树上的蒲穗、泡桐树上的桐花、柳树上的柳絮，凡此种种，不仅好吃，且都有药用价值。北方的春季，总会涌动着采撷树上时鲜的人流，形成不绝如缕的流动风景。历史上南方比北方富裕，生活没把南方人逼到遍尝百草的地步，幸福如是，但也错失了品尝树花的口福。槐花之德，必吟之而后快。

The acacia flower appeals in both its beauty and flavor. And, consuming the acacia flower is what occurs most often to Northern Chinese, typically in the form of steaming, baking, or stuffing. Whatever your imagination can lead you to, it can be served to your taste. The acacia flower is an absolutely special gift from nature, and within a lapse of ten days or so, it will be gone with a gust of wind. Therefore, acacia flowers are a seasonal delicacy. Alas, we have such a harvest as the fruitful autumn can bestow especially in the so-called fruitless spring.

The acacia flower comes from the acacia tree with the prefix of yang (meaning foreign) in Chinese referring to something abroad. The acacia tree is from North America and was brought to China in the second half of the 19th century. As the acacia flower and the Chinese scholar tree flower both share the same head word huai, the poetic lines from poet Bai Juyi and those from poet Zi Lan in the Tang dynasty are in fact descriptions of the Chinese scholar tree flower in the autumn rather than the acacia flower in the spring. The Chinese scholar tree is often planted as a landscape tree with the crown of the tree taking the shape of an umbrella with its branches drooping. However, it is the acacia tree that comes into sight more often, being in the courtyard and next to the waters. Apart from the reason that the acacia tree is easy to grow, the tree's delicate yet durable texture makes it a fine wood to craft furniture from, which means that it is not only grown purely for this ten-day flower feast, but also for other purposes. The acacia flower is quite rich in protein, fatty acids, vitamins and mineral substances with the function of reducing blood pressure and unclogging arteries, edible and medicinal being in one. Surely, ordinary people would not be so well-informed unless they purposely searched for the knowledge.

With the blooming season quickly approaching, the white acacia flower with its greenish edges reflects the texture of jade. Strings of acacia flowers are abundant on branches and twigs, which fill the air with a faint scent. The fragrance of the acacia flower entails the prime time of spring.

The so-called “faint scent” is far from faint. When surrounded by acacia flowers it is not only fragrant but fragrant enough to appear stifling. The aroma turns into a faint scent only in the wind, attracting bees, and with bees come honey; it also attracts passersby, hence plant-enthusiasts. Going even further are the men and women longing for the acacia flower feast. There is a Chinese idiom that says “Be beautiful enough to feast the eyes”, which means the flower is so beautiful that you can feast your eyes on it and forget about your real hunger. But on the contrary, the acacia flower can increase your appetite dramatically: steamed acacia flowers with garlic flavor, cake made from acacia flowers with

a burnt odor and a steamed stuffed bun with plain fragrance, all come to mind at once; all these are graphic, contributing to the appreciation of visitors and attracting them to cook sometimes.

To pluck the acacia flower, you should be particular about not only its thorns, but also its shape. The acacia tree has hard sharp thorns scattered all over its branches and leaves. You are a real seasoned picker if your hands haven't been pricked two or three times while collecting the flowers. Though the acacia tree has a bark rough enough for teenagers to climb, the thorns provide a little protection and safety for nesting birds. The acacia flower has roughly three shapes from first shoot to full bloom. When it first appears to be the shape of a rice grain, it can be edible though tart. When the flower turns a yellowish color, it is already too ripe. The best time to eat the acacia flower is when it is in the bud, appearing like a crescent moon and tasting sweet and delicious.

When the acacia flowers have the shape of a rice grain, it hasn't quite taken the shape of a flower yet. It is quite a pity to pluck them this early and it is best to leave them to flower for a few days. You can eat the buds while waiting for the rice grains to be at their prime time to be plucked. Besides that, the petals of the fully ripe acacia flowers can be distinguished by their yellowish color and full blossoms; besides, the fully ripe acacia flowers fall with just the slightest touch, leaving a bare bony pistil shivering at the center of the sepals. Fully ripe acacia flowers can be eaten, too, especially when wrapped in a steamed baozi, the flavor being chewy. In the old days, old men and women used to round up the fallen dried flowers to save them for future use. But if you'd like to have a taste in season, the buds are of course the preferred choice.

People from the South only know of a few edible flowers, such as sweet-scented osmanthus and common bomhax flowers. Being a northerner, I know and taste not only the acacia flower, but also the elm seeds on the elm tree, the panicles on the paper mulberry tree, the paulownia flowers on the paulownia tree and the willow catkins on the willow tree. Flowers like these are tasty and have medicinal values as well. In the springtime in the North, there are often streams of people plucking flowers off trees, which make up flows of scenery. In history, Southerners were richer than Northerners, so they need not taste all kinds of herbs to make them feel full. Though happy, they have missed opportunities to satisfy their appetite with edible tree flowers. The virtues of the acacia flower deserve an ode.

八月七日



“ DailyQuote

婚姻是一座围城，城外的人想进去，城里的人想出来。

Marriage is a besieged city. Those outside want to get in and those in the city want to get out.

——钱钟书

🎤 Song of a Man Who Has Come Through (身经沧海的男人之歌)

D.H. Lawrence(戴维·赫伯特·劳伦斯 (黑马译))

Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me!
A fine wind is blowing the new direction of Time.
If only I let it bear me, carry me, if only it carry me!
If only I am sensitive, subtle, oh, delicate, a winged
gift!

If only, most lovely of all, I yield myself and am bor-
rowed

By the fine, fine wind that takes its course through
the chaos of the world

Like a fine, an exquisite chisel, a wedge-blade in-
serted;

If only I am keen and hard like the sheer tip of a

不是我，不是我，是风把我穿透！
柔风送爽，吹动着时光的新方向。
如果让它搭上我，带走我，如果它带
走我！
如果我敏感，精巧，哦，纤巧，是长翅膀的礼物！
如果，最美的是，我屈服于它，让
这美之又美的风带我穿过世间的混乱
如同一把精致的錾子，錾头锋利；
如果我锐利而坚硬如錾尖
让隐形的风驱动，
岩石会凿开，我们会看到奇迹，发现

wedge

Driven by invisible blows,
The rock will split, we shall come at the wonder,
we shall find the Hesperides.

Oh, for the wonder that bubbles into my soul,
I would be a good fountain, a good well-head,
Would blur no whisper, spoil no expression.

What is the knocking?
What is the knocking at the door in the night?
It is somebody wants to do us harm.
No, no, it is the three strange angels.
Admit them, admit them

那金苹果园。

哦，为了这涌进我灵魂里的奇迹，
我要当一束美好的喷泉，美好的源泉，
不掩饰任何呢喃，不浪费任何表达的语言。

哪里来的敲门声？
为什么夜里有敲门声？
是有人要戕害我们。
不，不是，是那三位陌生的天使，
让他们进来，让他们进来。

八月八日



“ DailyQuote

I can accept failure, but I can't accept not trying.

我可以接受失败，但绝对不能接受未曾奋斗过的自己。

——Michael Jordan (迈克尔·乔丹)

水调歌头 · 游泳

毛泽东 (秦大川译)

才饮长沙水，
又食武昌鱼。
万里长江横渡，
极目楚天舒。
不管风吹浪打，
胜似闲庭信步，
今日得宽馀。
子在川上曰：
逝者如斯夫！
风樯动，
龟蛇静，
起宏图。
一桥飞架南北，

I've just drunk th' water of Changsha,
And the fish of Wuchang I'd try.
I swim across the Changjiang River, long and wide,
Straining my eyes in th' vast South sky.
Braving the beating winds and slashing waves
Is better than strolling the yard with a pace light –
Today I'm filled with ease n' delight.
Of th' river water, th' Master said
"Tis th' flowing of time, day and night!"
Whereon the Turtle and Snake hills stand by,
Sails rise,
Great thoughts fly.
A bridge to soar across from south to north,

天堑变通途。
更立西江石壁，
截断巫山云雨，
高峡出平湖。
神女应无恙，
当惊世界殊。

Th' chasm will become a thoroughfare straight.
And a stone wall will be set up upstreams to th' west
To set Mt. Witch's indulging clouds and rains by –
A smooth lake will come from th' gorges high.
If the goddess be safe and sound,
She'll view th' changing world with surprise.

Walking Tours (徒步旅行)

Robert Louis Stevenson (罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森)

It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train. But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory. He who is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humours—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evening's rest. He cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on, or takes it off, with more delight. The excitement of the departure puts him in key for that of the arrival. Whatever he does is not only a reward in itself, but will be further rewarded in the sequel; and so pleasure leads on to pleasure in an endless chain. It is this that so few can understand; they will either be always lounging or always at five miles an hour; they do not play off the one against the other, prepare all day for the evening, and all evening for the next day.

And, above all, it is here that your overwalker fails of comprehension. His heart rises against those who drink their curacao in liqueur glasses, when he himself can swill it in a brown John. He will not believe that the flavour is more delicate in the smaller dose. He will not believe that to walk this unconscionable distance is merely to stupefy and brutalise himself, and come to his inn, at night, with a sort of frost on his five wits, and a starless night of darkness in his spirit. Not for him the mild luminous evening of the temperate walker! He has nothing left of man but a physical need for bedtime and a double nightcap; and even his pipe, if he be a smoker, will be savourless and disenchanted. It is the fate of such an one to take twice as much trouble as is needed to obtain happiness, and miss the happiness in the end; he is the man of the proverb, in short, who goes further and fares worse.

Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company, or even in pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but name; it is something else and more in the nature of a picnic. A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you; and because you must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl. And then you must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take colour from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon. "I cannot see the wit," says Hazlitt, "of walking and

talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country"—which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And so long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.

During the first day or so of any tour there are moments of bitterness, when the traveler feels more than coldly towards his knapsack, when he is half in a mind to throw it bodily over the hedge and, like Christian on a similar occasion, "give three leaps and go on singing." And yet it soon acquires a property of easiness. It becomes magnetic; the spirit of the journey enters into it. And no sooner have you passed the straps over your shoulder than the lees of sleep are cleared from you, you pull yourself together with a shake, and fall at once into your stride. And surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road, is the best. Of course, if he will keep thinking of his anxieties, if he will open the merchant Abudah's chest and walk arm-in-arm with the hag—why, wherever he is, and whether he walk fast or slow, the chances are that he will not be happy. And so much the more shame to himself! There are perhaps thirty men setting forth at that same hour, and I would lay a large wager there is not another dull face among the thirty.

It would be a fine thing to follow, in a coat of darkness, one after another of these wayfarers, some summer morning, for the first few miles upon the road. This one, who walks fast, with a keen look in his eyes, is all concentrated in his own mind; he is up at his loom, weaving and weaving, to set the landscape to words. This one peers about, as he goes, among the grasses; he waits by the canal to watch the dragon-flies; he leans on the gate of the pasture, and cannot look enough upon the complacent kine. And here comes another, talking, laughing, and gesticulating to himself. His face changes from time to time, as indignation flashes from his eyes or anger clouds his forehead. He is composing articles, delivering orations, and conducting the most impassioned interviews, by the way.

A little farther on, and it is as like as not he will begin to sing. And well for him, supposing him to be no great master in that art, if he stumbles across no stolid peasant at a corner; for on such an occasion, I scarcely know which is the more troubled, or whether it is worse to suffer the confusion of your troubadour, or the unfeigned alarm of your clown. A sedentary population, accustomed, besides, to the strange mechanical bearing of the common tramp, can in no wise explain to itself the gaiety of these passers-by. I knew one man who was arrested as a runaway lunatic, because, although a full-grown person with a red beard, he skipped as he went like a child. And you would be astonished if I were to tell you all the grave and learned heads who have confessed to me that, when on walking tours, they sang—and sang very ill—and had a pair of red ears when, as described above, the inauspicious peasant plumped into their arms from round a corner.

我们一定不要像有些人那样，认为徒步旅行只是观赏乡村风景的一种更好或更坏的方式。其实观赏山水风景有很多选择，而且都很不错，但没有哪种比得上坐火车观赏生动有趣，尽管一些附庸风雅之人

并不赞同。但是，徒步观光的确不是一个十分可行的方法。一个真正有兄弟情怀的人乘船出行时，并不奢求沿途特殊的景观，而是怀着某种愉快之情——从早晨充满希望、精神抖擞地出航，到夜晚平安、满足地归航。他说不清是挎上还是卸下背包更快乐。起程时的兴奋让他一心想着终点。不管他做什么，得到的都不仅仅是事物本身，一定也会在未来得到更丰厚的赏赐。因此，快乐带来快乐，源源不断。关于这一点，只有少数人能够明白，大多数人不是长期待在一个地方不动，就是顷刻数里。他们不会将两者折衷，而是终日劳碌奔忙。而且，最重要的是赶路之人不能领悟旅游的乐趣。这种人，自己对着酒罐痛饮时，见到别人用小杯子喝就会心生反感。他不会相信，啜酒才能品出酒的醇香；也不会相信，拼命赶路只会让自己变得麻木、冷酷无情；晚上回到客栈感觉筋疲力尽、头脑昏沉。他不像悠闲的漫步者那样觉得夜晚温和迷人。上床大睡与双份睡前饮料是他仅有的生理需要。如果他是个吸烟的人，甚至连烟斗也会变得索然无味，没有了诱惑力。在追求快乐的过程中，这种人注定要事倍功半，并且最终与快乐无缘。总之，他如同谚语中所说的那种人——走得越远越糟糕。

那么，要好好地享受旅行，徒步旅行者需要力求独自前往。如果你成群结队或结伴而行，那就不再是徒步旅行，只是徒有其表罢了，更像是大自然中的一次野炊。徒步旅行应单独前往，因为它的本质是自由，这样你就能随时停下或继续前进，按着自己的心情选择这条路或那条路；你必须有自己的步调，既不需要跟紧步履匆匆之人，也无须在女孩身上浪费时间。然后，你一定要敞开胸怀，让所见之物为你的思想添彩。你应该像一支任一种风都能吹响的笛子。哈兹里特曾说：“我不能体会行走与谈论同步的乐趣。当我身在乡村时，我向往简单纯粹的生活，就像村民们一样。”这正是独自旅行的内涵。在你的身边，不该有嘈杂之声打破清晨沉思的寂静。一个没有停止思考的人，是不会全身心地沉醉于来自户外的美好景致之中的。这种沉醉起始于思维的眩晕和停滞，最终进入一种超凡的平和境界。

任何形式的出游，第一天总会有些苦涩的瞬间。旅者对他的背包态度冷淡，几乎想要把它抛到篱笆之外时，会像基督徒在类似情形下的做法一样——“跳三跳，继续歌唱。”并且，很快你就能获得出游的舒适心境。它会变得有吸引力，出游的精神也会投入其中。于是，背包一背上肩，你残留的睡意就会顷刻全无，你立刻抖擞精神，大踏步地开始新的旅行。无疑，在所有的心绪中，选择道路的那种心情是最好的。当然，如果他要继续考虑那些烦心事，如果他向阿布达的箱子敞开胸怀，与女巫同行的话，那么无论他身在哪里，无论疾走还是漫步，他都不会快乐。而且，这会给自己的人生带来多少遗憾啊！如果现在有30个人同时出发的话，我敢跟你打赌，在这30个人中，你不会找到一个脸色忧郁之人。这是一件很值得做的事情。试想，一个夏日的清晨，这些旅者带着夜色，一个接一个地上路了。他们当中有一个步调很快的人，他的目光中带着渴望，全神贯注于自己的思绪中，原来他正在自发机杼，字斟句酌，将山水秀景再现于文字。还有一个人，边走边凝视着草间；他在小河边停下，去看看那里飞舞的蜻蜓；他倾斜着身子依靠在茅屋门前，看不够那悠闲自得的黄羊群。另外有一个人，他说着、笑着，对自己比比画画地一路走来。随着眼中闪现的怒火和额上的阴云，他的脸色在不时地变化着。原来，他正在路边构思文稿，表达演说，进行着最激烈的会谈。再过一会儿，他极可能会引吭高歌。对他而言，假如在这方面不是很擅长，刚好又在拐角处碰上一个并不木讷的农民，我想不出还有什么比这更糟糕的情形，我实在不知道这位行吟诗人和那位农民谁更难受。久居室内的人通常不习惯去那些陌生的地方，也不能理解这些游客的乐趣所在。我认识一个人，他曾被指控为疯汉，因为尽管他已是一个长着红胡子的成年人，但是走起路来像孩子一样蹦蹦跳跳。如果我告诉你，很多学识渊博的学者都向我坦白：他们徒步出游的时候都会唱歌，而且唱得很难听。当他们遇到上面的情况——与一个不幸的农民相遇时，都会羞愧难当，你一定会很吃惊的。

八月十日

“ DailyQuote

Procrastination is the art of keeping up with yesterday.
拖延是止步于昨日的艺术。

——*Don Marquis* (唐·马奎斯)

↗ 村姑

戴望舒

村里的姑娘静静地走着，
提着她的蚀着青苔的水桶；
溅出来的冷水滴在她的跣足上，
而她的心是在泉边的柳树下。
这姑娘会静静地走到她的旧屋去，
那在一棵百年的东青树荫下的旧屋，
而当她想到在泉边吻她的少年，
她会微笑着，抿起了她的嘴唇。
她将走到那古旧的木屋边，
她将在那里惊散了一群在啄食的瓦雀，
她将静静地走到厨房里，
又静静地把水桶放在干草边。
她将帮助她的母亲做饭，
而从田间回来的父亲将坐在门槛上抽烟，
她将给猪圈里的猪喂食，
有将可爱的鸡赶进它们的窠里去。
在暮色中吃晚饭的时候，
她父亲会谈着今年的收成，
她或许会说到她的女儿的婚嫁，
而她便将羞怯地低下头去。
她的母亲或许会说她的懒惰，
(她打水的迟疑便是一个好例子，)
但是她会不听到这些话，
因为她在想着那有点鲁莽的少年。

The country girl she quietly tripped along
Carrying a bucket green with lichen,
Her feet were sprinkled by the splashing water,
Her heart was under the willow by the well.
The girl would quietly walk to her old cottage
Under the centenarian evergreen
But when she thought of the boy who had kissed
her by the well,
She would smile and purse her lips.
Towards her cottage turning,
She would scare to flight a flock of pecking sparrows,
Quietly she would walk into the kitchen
And quietly drop the bucket by the hay.
She would help her mother to prepare the meal
And her father, back from the fields, would sit
and smoke;
She would feed the pigs and drive the fowls to
roost.
At dinner in the twilight
Her father would discourse on this year's harvest,
Mutter some words anent his daughter's marriage—

Then, timidly, the girl would bend her head.
Her mother would complain of her laziness
(That dallying by the well was an example)
But she never even heard her mother's speech;
She was thinking the boy had been a little
rough.

A Letter to Thoreau (Excerpt) 给梭罗的一封信

Edward O. Wilson (爱德华·威尔逊 (译/杨玉龄))

I understand why you came to Walden Pond; your words are clear enough on that score. Granted, you chose this spot primarily to study nature. But you could have done that as easily and far more comfortably...

Here is what I believe happened. You sought enlightenment and fulfillment the Old Testament way, by reduction of material existence to the fundamentals. When you stripped your outside obligations to the survivable minimum, you placed your trained and very active mind in an unendurable vacuum. And this is the essence of the matter: in order to fill the vacuum, you discovered the human proclivity to embrace the natural world.

You searched for essence at Walden and, whether successful in your own mind or not, you hit upon an ethic with a solid feel to it: nature is ours to explore forever; it is our crucible and refuge; it is our natural home; it is all these things. Save it, you said: in wildness is the preservation of the world.

Now, in closing this letter, I am forced to report bad news. (I put it off till the end.) The natural world in the year 2001 is everywhere disappearing before our eyes—cut to pieces, mowed down, plowed under, gobbled up, replaced by human artifacts.

No one in your time could imagine a disaster of this magnitude. Little more than a billion people were alive in the 1840s. They were overwhelmingly agricultural, and few families needed more than two or three acres to survive. The American frontier was still wide open. And far away on continents to the south, up great rivers, beyond unclimbed mountain ranges, stretched unspoiled equatorial forests brimming with the maximum diversity of life.

These wildernesses seemed as unattainable and timeless as the planets and stars. That could not last, because the mood of Western civilization is Abrahamic. The explorers and colonists were guided by a biblical prayer: May we take possession of this land that God has provided and let it drip milk and honey into our mouths, forever.

The race is now on between the technoscientific forces that are destroying the living environment and those that can be harnessed to save it. We are inside a bottleneck of overpopulation and wasteful consumption. If the race is won, humanity can emerge in far better condition than when it entered, and with most of the diversity of life still intact.

Henry, my friend, thank you for putting the first element of that ethic in place. Now it is up to us to summon a more encompassing wisdom. The living world is dying; the natural economy is crumbling beneath our busy feet. We have been too self-absorbed to foresee the long-term consequences of our actions, and we will suffer a terrible loss unless we shake off our delusions and move quickly to a solution. Science and technology led us into this bottleneck. Now science and technology must help us find our way through and out.

You once said that old deeds are for old people, and new deeds are for new. I think that in historical perspective it is the other way around. You were the new and we are the old. Can we now be the wiser? For you, here at Walden Pond, the lamentation of the mourning dove and the green frog's t-r-r-oonk! across the predawn water were the true reason for saving this place. For us, it is an exact knowledge of what that truth is, all that it implies, and how to employ it to best effect. So, two truths. We will have them both, you and I and all those now and forever to come who accept the stewardship of nature.

我了解你为什么要到瓦尔登湖畔来居住，对此，你说得够明白了。没错儿，你选择这个地点为的是研究大自然。但是你大可更轻松地去观察大自然……

以下是我的推论。你渴慕神灵，因此你试图把物质生活降到最基本的水平，以寻求事物的真谛以及《旧约圣经》的实践之道。当你将身外的牵绊降低到最少时，你那训练有素且敏锐的心灵，顿时落入无法忍受的真空之中。而这就是事物的本质：为了要填补这份真空，你发现了人类的天性——拥抱大自然。

你来到瓦尔登湖寻求人生精义，不论在你心里认为是否成功，你都谈到了一项感触很深的道理：大自然永远能供我们探索，它既是对我们的考验，也是我们的避难所，它是天生的家园，它就是一切。救救它吧，你说过，保护世界就在于保护它的野性。

这封信写到尾声，现在，我不得不报告坏消息了。（我拖到最后再说。）2001年，大自然在你我眼前随处消失——被切碎、摧毁、犁耕、攫取、取代，这一切都是人类所为。

你那个时代的人，恐怕想象不出规模这等宏大的破坏。1840年代，地球人口只有10亿多一些。他们绝大多数以务农为生，少数人家只需要两三英亩的土地就可以生活。当时美国境内还有很辽阔的土地未开垦。美国以南的几块大陆上，那些大河流域上游、难以攀越的高山上，长满未经破坏的热带雨林，里面的生物多样性丰富至极。

当时这些野生生物仿佛天上的星辰难以企及，永远存在。但是由于西方文明的情感是亚伯拉罕式的，这种情况注定不会长久。探险家和殖民者遵守的都是《圣经》里的祈祷：让我们拥有上帝所赐给我们的流淌着奶与蜜的美地，直到永远。

目前，有两股科技力量正在相互竞争之中，一股是摧毁生态环境的科技力量，另一股则是拯救生态环境的科技力量。我们正处在人口过多以及过度消费的瓶颈之中。如果这场竞争后者得胜，人类将会进入有史以来最佳的生存状态，而且生物多样性也大致还能保留。

亨利，吾友！谢谢你率先提出这项伦理的第一要义。如今，轮到我们来总结一条更全面的智慧。生物世界正在步向衰亡，自然正在你我繁忙的脚下崩溃。我们人类一向太过热衷于自己的想法，以至于没有预见到我们的行为所造成的长远影响，人类要是再不甩开自己的幻觉，快速谋求解决之道，将来可要损失惨重了。现在，科技一定得帮助我们找寻出路，走出困境。

你曾说过，老习惯适合老人，新行为适合新人。但我认为，就历史的角度看来情况恰恰相反。你是新人，我们是老人。然而，我们现在还能变得更智慧些吗？对于居住在瓦尔登湖畔的你来说，野鸽子的晨间哀歌，青蛙划破黎明水面的呱呱声，就是挽救这片大地的真正理由。对于我们，挽救它则是为了准确掌握事实，探究事实所隐含的意义，以及如何运用事实以达成最佳效果。所以，共有两种事实，你、我以及所有现在的和后来的人，只要接受大自然的主宰，便都会得到。

往期萃取文章

The Tyger (老虎)

William Blake (威廉·布莱克)

Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright
In the forests of the night!
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand, what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp?
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright
In the forests of the night!
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

老虎！老虎！黑夜的森林中
燃烧着的煌煌的火光，
是怎样的神手或天眼
造出了你这样的威武堂堂？

你炯炯的两眼中的火
燃烧在多远的天空或深渊？
他乘着怎样的翅膀搏击？
用怎样的手夺来火焰？

又是怎样的臂力，怎样的技巧，
把你的心脏的筋肉捏成？
当你的心脏开始搏动时，
使用怎样猛的手腕和脚胫？

是怎样的槌？怎样的链子？
在怎样的熔炉中炼成你的筋骨？
是怎样的铁砧？怎样的铁臂
敢于捉着这可怕的凶神？

群星投下了他们的投枪。
用它们的眼泪润湿了穹苍，
他是否微笑着欣赏他的作品？
他创造了你，也创造了羔羊？

老虎！老虎！黑夜的森林中
燃烧着的煌煌的火光，
是怎样的神手或天眼
造出了你这样的威武堂堂？

 A Haunted House (鬼屋)

Virginia Woolf

Whatever hour you woke there was a door shutting. From room to room they went, hand in hand, lifting here, opening there, making sure—a ghostly couple.

“Here we left it,” she said. And he added, “Oh, but here too!” “It’s upstairs,” she murmured. “And in the garden,” he whispered. “Quietly,” they said, “or we shall wake them.”

But it wasn’t that you woke us. Oh, no. “They’re looking for it; they’re drawing the curtain,” one might say, and so read on a page or two. “Now they’ve found it,” one would be certain, stopping the pencil on the margin. And then, tired of reading, one might rise and see for oneself, the house all empty, the doors standing open, only the wood pigeons bubbling with content and the hum of the threshing machine sounding from the farm. “What did I come in here for? What did I want to find?” My hands were empty. “Perhaps it’s upstairs then?” The apples were in the loft. And so down again, the garden still as ever, only the book had slipped into the grass.

But they had found it in the drawing room. Not that one could ever see them. The window panes reflected apples, reflected roses; all the leaves were green in the glass. If they moved in the drawing room, the apple only turned its yellow side. Yet, the moment after, if the door was opened, spread about the floor, hung upon the walls, pendant from the ceiling—what? My hands were empty. The shadow of a thrush crossed the carpet; from the deepest wells of silence the wood pigeon drew its bubble of sound. “Safe, safe, safe,” the pulse of the house beat softly. “The treasure buried; the room . . .” the pulse stopped short. Oh, was that the buried treasure?

A moment later the light had faded. Out in the garden then? But the trees spun darkness for a wandering beam of sun. So fine, so rare, coolly sunk beneath the surface the beam I sought always burnt behind the glass. Death was the glass; death was between us; coming to the woman first, hundreds of years ago, leaving the house, sealing all the windows; the rooms were darkened. He left it, left her, went North, went East, saw the stars turned in the Southern sky; sought the house, found it dropped beneath the Downs. “Safe, safe, safe,” the pulse of the house beat gladly. “The Treasure yours.”

The wind roars up the avenue. Trees stoop and bend this way and that. Moonbeams splash and spill wildly in the rain. But the beam of the lamp falls straight from the window. The candle burns stiff and still. Wandering through the house, opening the windows, whispering not to wake us, the ghostly couple seek their joy.

“Here we slept,” she says. And he adds, “Kisses without number.” “Waking in the morning—” “Silver between the trees—” “Upstairs—” “In the garden—” “When summer came—” “In winter snowtime—” The doors go shutting far in the distance, gently knocking like the pulse of a heart.

Nearer they come; cease at the doorway. The wind falls, the rain slides silver down the glass. Our eyes darken; we hear no steps beside us; we see no lady spread her ghostly cloak. His hands shield the lantern. “Look,” he breathes. “Sound asleep. Love upon their lips.”

Stooping, holding their silver lamp above us, long they look and deeply. Long they pause. The wind drives straightly; the flame stoops slightly. Wild beams of moonlight cross both floor and wall, and, meeting, stain the faces bent; the faces pondering; the faces that search the sleepers and seek their hidden joy.

“Safe, safe, safe,” the heart of the house beats proudly. “Long years—” he sighs. “Again you found me.” “Here,” she murmurs, “sleeping; in the garden reading; laughing, rolling apples in the loft. Here we left our treasure—” Stooping, their light lifts the lids upon my eyes. “Safe! safe! safe!” the pulse of the house beats wildly. Waking, I cry “Oh, is this your buried treasure? The light in the heart.”

鬼屋弗吉尼亚 伍尔夫

无论你何时醒来，总有一扇门关着。他们手牵手，一个房间一个房间地挨个转悠，动动这儿，开开那儿，在确认什么——一对幽灵夫妇。

“我们把它留这儿了，”她说。他补充道，“嗯，还有这儿！”“在楼上，”她嘀咕道。“在花园里，”他小声说。“轻点儿，”他们说，“不然我们会惊醒他们的。”

可你们并没有惊醒我们。呃，没有。“他们在寻找东西；他们正在拉开窗帘，”有人可能会这么说，于是乎又读上一两页的书。“现在他们已经找到它了，“有人会这么断定，在书的页边空白处停下铅笔。再者，有人读书倦了，可能会站起身来，对这个空空荡荡的房子亲自察看一番，门是敞开的，只有斑鸠发出的满意的咕咕声和从农场传来的脱粒机的嗡嗡声。“我来这里干什么？我想找到什么？”我双手空空如也。”也许它在楼上呢？“苹果在阁楼里。然后再次下楼，花园寂静如常，只有书滑落在了草地上。

但是他们在客厅找到了它。并不是说有人会看到他们。窗玻璃反射出苹果，反射出玫瑰；在玻璃上，所有的叶子都是绿的。如果他们走进客厅，苹果仅呈现其黄色一面。然而，此时此刻，如果房门被打开，那些叶子的影子就会洒满在地板上，悬挂在墙上，垂吊在天花板上——什么？我双手空空如也。画眉鸟的影子掠过地毯；遥不可测的沉寂的深处，传来斑鸠的咕咕叫声。“平安，平安，平安，”房子在轻柔脉动。“埋藏的宝藏；这个房间……”脉动突然停了。哦，那就是埋藏的宝藏？

不一会儿，灯光渐渐消失了。那么在外面花园里？可是树木伴随着太阳光束的漫游而喜欢转自己的黑影。我追寻的那束太阳光一直在玻璃后燃烧，如此精美，如此罕见，冷静地沉入地下。死亡是玻璃；死亡就在我们之间，首先来到那个女人身边，数百年前，他离开这座房子，密封了所有的窗户；房间变暗了。他离开了房子，离开了她，奔向北方，奔向东方，看到了南方天空的斗转星移；找寻那座房子，发现它沉降于唐斯丘陵下面。“平安，平安，平安，”房子高兴地脉动着。“你的宝藏。”

风沿着大街咆哮。树木东倒西歪地扭曲着身躯。大雨，月光缕缕在如注的大雨中飞溅。可是灯的光束却从窗户上直接落下。蜡烛静静地、静静地燃烧着。这对幽灵夫妻寻求着他们的快乐，他们在房子里走来走去，打开窗户，窃窃私语说不要惊醒我们。

“我们睡在这里，”她说。他补充道，“亲吻无数。”“早上醒来——”“树林间呈银灰色——”“楼上——”“花园里——”“夏天来临之际——”“冬日飞雪时光——”远处的门砰一声关上了，轻柔的叩击声如同心脏的脉动。

他们越来越近，停在门口。风力弱了，银色的雨水贴着玻璃向下流淌。我们的眼睛暗淡无光；我们听不到身边脚步声；我们看不到女士张开的她那幽灵般的斗篷。他双手护着灯笼。“瞧，”他低声说道。“他们睡得很香。唇上带着爱意。”

他们手握银灯，屈身照耀我们，长久地注视着，深情地注视着。他们久久不肯离去。风儿径直吹来；火苗轻轻摇摆。屡屡月光肆无忌惮地穿越地板和墙壁，会合一处，斑驳陆离地照射着那两张低俯的面孔；沉思的面孔；搜寻酣睡者和寻求潜藏快乐的面孔。

“平安，平安，平安，”房子的心脏骄傲地脉动着。“岁月漫长——”他叹了口气。“你又找到了我。”“在这里，”她咕哝道，“在睡觉；在花园里，读书；在阁楼里，笑着滚苹果。我们把宝藏留在了这里——”他们弯腰时，灯罩脱落，掉到了我的眼睛上。“平安！平安！平安！”房子疯狂地脉动着。醒来，我哭了“哦，这是你埋藏的宝藏吗？内心深处的灯。”

桃花心木 (Mahogany)

林清玄

乡下老家前面的空地，租给人家种桃花心木的树苗。

树苗种下以后，植树人总是隔几天才来浇水。他来的天数并没有规律，有时三天，有时五天，有时十几天才来一次。浇水的量也不一定，有时浇得多，有时浇得少。桃花心木苗有时就莫名其妙地枯萎了，所以，他来的时候总会带几株树苗来补种。

我起先以为他太懒，隔那么久才为树浇水。但是，懒人怎么知道有几棵树会枯萎呢？他说：“种树是百年的基业，所以，树木自己要学会在土里找水源。我浇水只是模仿老天下雨，老天下雨是算不准的。如果无法在这种不确定中汲水生长，树苗自然就枯萎了。但是，只要在不确定中找到水源、拼命扎根，长成百年的大树就不成问题了。”

种树人语重心长地说：“如果我每天都来浇水，每天定时浇一定量的水，树苗就会养成依赖的心，根就会浮在地表上，无法深入地下，一旦我停止浇水，树苗会枯萎得更多。幸而存活的树苗，遇到狂风暴雨，也会一吹就倒了。”

植树者言，使我非常感动，想到不只是树，人也是一样。在不确定中，我们会养成独立自主的心，不会依赖，我们会把很少的养分转化为巨大的能量，努力生长。

In front of my old country house, a piece of uncultivated land was rented to others to plant mahogany trees. After the tree saplings were planted, the planter would come over to water them once every few days. His visits were on an irregular basis, an interval of three, sometimes five, or even a dozen of days. The amount of water he used for watering was also varied from time to time, sometimes more, sometimes less. Some mahogany saplings would then be found withered. Hence, whenever he came by, he would bring a few young plants to replace the withering ones.

At first, I took him for a lazy man, someone who's too casual to take to heart the time to attend to his seedlings. However, how could someone like that know exactly how many plants were there withering? He said, "It takes a hundred years for trees to establish their firm footing. They need to explore water sources deep down in the soil for themselves. My watering is a simulation for raining, as unpredictable as rainfall. If a sapling can't adjust itself to the environment and find moisture for its own growth, naturally, it goes to wither. However, once it found water supply and settled its root deep in earth, no doubt the sapling would grow into a long-lasting tree."

What he said was thought-provoking. He went on to explain, "If I came every day to give them a definite amount of water, the saplings would get used to it and rely on it. Their roots would be easily broken in the storms." remain skin-deep in the surface; there is no need for them to strike deep into the earth. If I happen to stop watering, the saplings would wither badly. Even those lucky enough to survive would topple over when rainstorms came.

I was moved by his remarks. I think the same is true for us human beings. When we encounter uncertainties, we would have to rely on ourselves and act on our own. In that way, we would be like the mahogany trees. Turning the little amount of nutrient we have absorbed into powerful energy to help us grow.

The Wind in the Willows(柳林风声)

Kenneth Grahame(肯尼斯·格雷厄姆)

The Mole had been working very hard all the morning, spring-cleaning his little home. First with brooms, then with dusters; then on ladders and steps and chairs, with a brush and a pail of whitewash; till he had dust in his throat and eyes, and splashes of whitewash all over his black fur, and an aching back and weary arms. Spring was moving in the air above and in the earth below and around him, penetrating even his dark and lowly little house with its spirit of divine discontent and longing. It was small wonder, then, that he suddenly flung down his brush on the floor, said 'Bother!' and 'O blow!' and also 'Hang spring-cleaning!' and bolted out of the house without even waiting to put on his coat. Something up above was calling him imperiously, and he made for the steep little tunnel which answered in his case to the gravelled carriage-drive owned by animals whose residences are nearer to the sun and air. So he scraped and scratched and scabbled and scrooged and then he scrooged again and scabbled and scratched and scraped, working busily with his little paws and muttering to himself, 'Up we go! Up we go!' till at last, pop! his snout came out into the sunlight, and he found himself rolling in the warm grass of a great meadow.

整个上午，鼹鼠都在勤奋地干活，为他小小的家屋作春季大扫除，先用扫帚扫，再用掸子掸，然后登上梯子、椅子什么的，拿着刷子，提着灰浆桶，刷墙，直干到灰尘呛了嗓子，迷了眼，全身乌黑的毛皮溅满了白灰浆，腰也酸了，臂也痛了。春天的气息，在他头上的天空里吹拂，在他脚下的泥土里游动，在他周围飘荡。春天那奇妙的追求、渴望的精神，甚至钻进了他那阴暗低矮的小屋。怪不得他猛地把刷子往地下一扔，嚷道：“烦死人了！”“去它的！”“什么春季大扫除，见它的鬼去吧！”连大衣也没顾上穿，就冲出家门了。上面有种力量在急切地召唤他，于是他向着陡峭的地地道奔去。这地道，直通地面上的碎石子大车道，而这车道是属于那些住在通风向阳的居室里的动物的。鼹鼠又掏又挠又爬又挤，又挤又爬又挠又掏，小爪子忙个不停，嘴里还不住地念念叨叨，“咱们上去啰！咱们上去啰！”末末了，噗的一声，他的鼻尖钻出了地面，伸到了阳光里，跟着，身子就在一块大草坪暖暖的软草里打起滚来。

is better than whitewashing!" The sunshine struck hot on his fur, soft breezes caressed his heated brow, and after the seclusion of the cellarage he had lived in so long the carol of happy birds fell on his

dulled hearing almost like a shout. Jumping off all his four legs at once, in the joy of living and the delight of spring without its cleaning, he pursued his way across the meadow till he reached the hedge on the further side.

“太棒了！”他自言自语说，“可比刷墙有意思！”太阳晒在他的毛皮上，暖烘烘的，微风轻抚着他发热的额头，在洞穴里蛰居了那么久，听觉都变得迟钝了，连小鸟儿欢快的鸣唱，听起来都跟大声喊叫一样。生活的欢乐，春天的愉悦，又加上免了大扫除的麻烦，他乐得纵身一跳，腾起四脚向前飞跑，横穿草坪，一直跑到草坪尽头的篱笆前。

‘Hold up!’ said an elderly rabbit at the gap. ‘Sixpence for the privilege of passing by the private road!’

“站住！”篱笆豁口处，一只老兔子喝道。“通过私人道路，得交六便士！”

He was bowled over in an instant by the impatient and contemptuous Mole, who trotted along the side of the hedge chaffing the other rabbits as they peeped hurriedly from their holes to see what the row was about. ‘Onion-sauce! Onion-sauce!’ he remarked jeeringly, and was gone before they could think of a thoroughly satisfactory reply. Then they all started grumbling at each other. ‘How STUPID you are! Why didn’t you tell him –’ ‘Well, why didn’t YOU say –’ ‘You might have reminded him –’ and so on, in the usual way; but, of course, it was then much too late, as is always the case.

鼹鼠很不耐烦，态度傲慢，根本没把老兔子放在眼里，一时倒把老兔子弄得不知如何是好。鼹鼠顺着篱笆一溜小跑，一边还逗弄着别的兔子，他们一个个从洞口探头窥看，想知道外面到底吵些什么。“蠢货！蠢货！”他嘲笑说，不等他们想出一句解气的话来回敬他，就一溜烟跑得没影儿了。这一来，兔子们七嘴八舌互相埋怨起来。“瞧你多蠢，干吗不对他说……”“哼，那你干吗不说……”“你该警告他……”诸如此类，照例总是这一套。当然啰，照例总是——太晚啦。

It all seemed too good to be true. Hither and thither through the meadows he rambled busily, along the hedgerows, across the copses, finding everywhere birds building, flowers budding, leaves thrusting – everything happy, and progressive, and occupied. And instead of having an uneasy conscience pricking him and whispering ‘whitewash!’ he somehow could only feel how jolly it was to be the only idle dog among all these busy citizens. After all, the best part of a holiday is perhaps not so much to be resting yourself, as to see all the other fellows busy working.

一切都那么美好，好得简直不像是真的。他跑过一片又一片的草坪，沿着矮树篱，穿过灌木丛，匆匆地游逛。处处都看到鸟儿做窝筑巢，花儿含苞待放，叶儿挤挤嚷嚷——万物都显得快乐，忙碌，奋进。他听不到良心在耳边嘀咕：“刷墙！”只觉得，在一大群忙忙碌碌的公民当中，做一只唯一的懒狗，是多么惬意。看来，过休假日最舒心的方面，还不是自己得到休憩，而是看到别人都在忙着干活。

He thought his happiness was complete when, as he meandered aimlessly along, suddenly he stood by the edge of a full-fed river. Never in his life had he seen a river before this sleek, sinuous, full-bodied animal, chasing and chuckling, gripping things with a gurgle and leaving them with a laugh, to fling itself on fresh playmates that shook themselves free, and were caught and held again. All was a-shake and a-shiver-glints and gleams and sparkles, rustle and swirl, chatter and bubble. The Mole was bewitched, entranced, fascinated. By the side of the river he trotted as one trots, when very small, by the side of

a man who holds one spell-bound by exciting stories; and when tired at last, he sat on the bank, while the river still chattered on to him, a babbling procession of the best stories in the world, sent from the heart of the earth to be told at last to the insatiable sea.

他漫无目的地闲逛着，忽然来到一条水流丰盈的大河边，他觉得真是快乐绝顶了。他这辈子还从来没有见过一条河哩。这只光光滑滑、蜿蜒蜒、身躯庞大的动物，不停地追逐，轻轻地欢笑。它每抓住什么，就格格低笑，把它们扔掉时，又哈哈大笑，转过来又扑向新的玩伴。它们挣扎着甩开了它，可到底还是被它逮住，抓牢了。它浑身颤动，晶光闪闪，沸沸扬扬，吐着旋涡，冒着泡沫，喋喋不休地唠叨个没完。这景象，简直把鼹鼠看呆了，他心驰神迷，像着了魔似的。他沿着河边，迈着小碎步跑，像个小娃娃紧跟在大人身边，听他讲惊险故事，听得入了迷似的。他终于跑累了，在岸边坐了下来。可那河还是一个劲儿向他娓娓而谈，它讲的是世间最好听的故事。这些故事发自地心深处，一路讲下去，最终要向那听个没够的大海倾诉。

As he sat on the grass and looked across the river, a dark hole in the bank opposite, just above the water's edge, caught his eye, and dreamily he fell to considering what a nice snug dwelling-place it would make for an animal with few wants and fond of a bijou riverside residence, above flood level and remote from noise and dust.

As he gazed, something bright and small seemed to twinkle down in the heart of it, vanished, then twinkled once more like a tiny star. But it could hardly be a star in such an unlikely situation; and it was too glittering and small for a glow-worm. Then, as he looked, it winked at him, and so declared itself to be an eye; and a small face began gradually to grow up round it, like a frame round a picture.

他坐在草地上，朝着河那边张望时，忽见对岸有个黑黑的洞口，恰好在水面上边。他梦悠悠地想，要是一只动物要求不过高，只想有一处小巧玲珑的河边住宅，涨潮时淹不着，又远离尘嚣，这个住所倒是满舒适的。他正呆呆地凝望，忽觉得，那洞穴的中央有个亮晶晶的小东西一闪，忽隐忽现，像一颗小星星。不过，出现在那样一个地方，不会是星星。要是说萤火虫嘛，又显得太亮，也太小。望着望着，那个亮东西竟冲他眨巴了一下，可见那是一只眼睛。接着，围着那只眼睛，渐渐显出一张小脸，恰像一幅画，嵌在画框里。

A brown little face, with whiskers.

一张棕色的小脸，腮边有两撇胡鬚。

A grave round face, with the same twinkle in its eye that had first attracted his notice.

一张神情严肃的圆脸，眼睛里闪着光，就是一开始引起他注意的那种光。

Small neat ears and thick silky hair.

一对精巧的小耳朵，一头丝一般浓密的毛发。

It was the Water Rat!

那是河鼠！

Then the two animals stood and regarded each other cautiously.

随后，两只动物面对面站着，谨慎地互相打量。

'Hullo, Mole!' said the Water Rat.

“嗨，鼹鼠！”河鼠招呼道。

'Hullo, Rat!' said the Mole.

“嗨，河鼠！”鼹鼠答道。

'Would you like to come over?' enquired the Rat presently.

“你愿意过这边来吗？”河鼠问。

'Oh, its all very well to TALK,' said the Mole, rather pettishly, he being new to a river and riverside life and its ways.

“嗳，说说倒容易，”鼹鼠没好气地说，因为他是初次见识一条河，还不熟悉水上的生活习惯。

The Rat said nothing, but stooped and unfastened a rope and hauled on it; then lightly stepped into a little boat which the Mole had not observed. It was painted blue outside and white within, and was just the size for two animals; and the Mole's whole heart went out to it at once, even though he did not yet fully understand its uses.

河鼠二话没说，弯腰解开一条绳子，拽拢来，然后轻轻地跨进鼹鼠原先没有注意到的一只小船。那小船外面漆成蓝色，里面漆成白色，鼹鼠的心，一下子飞到了小船上，虽然他还不大明白它的用场。

The Rat sculled smartly across and made fast. Then he held up his forepaw as the Mole stepped gingerly down. 'Lean on that!' he said. 'Now then, step lively!' and the Mole to his surprise and rapture found himself actually seated in the stern of a real boat.

河鼠干练地把船划到对岸，停稳了。他伸出一只前爪，搀着鼹鼠小心翼翼地走下来。“扶好了！”河鼠说，“现在，轻轻地跨进来！”于是鼹鼠又惊又喜地发现，自己真的坐进了一只真正的小船的尾端。

聆听瓶记 (Listening to a Bottle)

余光中

Always had I imagined that all bottles
Were empty and mindless
Until one day I leaned to a bottle's mouth,
Surprised to hear the whole world
Whirling and whirling inside
Into a rounded perfect song,
Just as the clear serenity
That settles to the bottom of my mind
Was but the world's turbulent din
That fell whirling and dashing
Shrill against my victim ear.

一直以为全世界所有的瓶
都是空的，无所用心
直到有一天俯向瓶口
惊闻全世界所有的声音
都在瓶底回荡又回荡
听不厌，
隐隐浑圆的妙响
亦如我心底澄澈的宁静
原是举世滔滔
逆耳旋来的
千般噪音

假如有人送你一支笔

arg2

Suppose someone gave you a pen—a sealed, solid-colored pen.

You couldn't see how much ink it had. It might run dry after the first few tentative words or last just long enough to create a masterpiece (or several) that would last forever and make a difference in the scheme of things. You don't know before you begin. Under the rules of the game, you really never know. You have to take a chance!

Actually, no rule of the game states you must do anything. Instead of picking up and using the pen, you could leave it on a shelf or in a drawer where it will dry up, unused. But if you do decide to use it, what would you do with it? How would you play the game?

Would you plan and plan before you ever wrote a word? Would your plans be so extensive that you never even got to the writing? Or would you take the pen in hand, plunge right in and just do it, struggling to keep up with the twists and turns of the torrents of words that take you where they take you? Would you write cautiously and carefully, as if the pen might run dry the next moment, or would you pretend or believe (or pretend to believe) that the pen will write forever and proceed accordingly?

And of what would you write: Of love? Hate? Fun? Misery? Life? Death? Nothing? Everything? Would you write to please just yourself? Or others? Or yourself by writing for others? Would your strokes be tremblingly timid or brilliantly bold? Fancy with a flourish or plain? Would you even write? Once you have the pen, no rule says you have to write. Would you sketch? Scribble? Doodle or draw? Would you stay in or on the lines, or see no lines at all, even if they were there? Or are they? There's a lot to think about here, isn't there?

Now, suppose someone gave you a life...

假如有人送你一支笔，一支不可拆卸的单色钢笔。

看不出里面究竟有多少墨水。或许在你试探性地写上几个字后它就会干枯，或许足够用来创造一部（或几部）影响深远的不朽巨著。而这些，在动笔前都是无法得知的。在这个游戏规则下，你真的永远不会预知结果。你只能去碰运气！

事实上，这个游戏里没有规则指定你必须要做点什么。相反的，你甚至可以根本不去动用这支笔，把它扔在书架上或是抽屉里让它的墨水干枯。但是，如果你决定要用它的话，那么你会用它来做什么呢？你将怎么来进行这个游戏呢？

你会在动笔写字之前，老是计划来计划去吗？你会不会因为计划过于宏大而无从动笔呢？或者你只是手里拿着笔，一头扎进去写，不停地写，努力地使自己随着文字汹涌的浪涛而奔流？抑或，你会小心谨慎地写字，好像这支笔在下一个时刻就可能会干枯？还是假装或相信这支笔能够永远写下去而信手写来呢？

你又会用笔写下些什么呢：爱？恨？喜？悲？生？死？虚无？万物？你写作只是为了取悦自己？还是为了取悦他人？抑或是借替人写书之机而愉悦自己？你落笔时会颤抖胆怯，还是敏锐果敢？你的想象是会丰富的还是贫乏的？或者说你真的会动笔吗？你拿到笔以后，并没有哪条规则说你必须写作。也许你要快笔素描，乱写一气？信笔涂鸦？只是激情作画？你会保持写在线内还是线上，还是根本看不到线——即使有线在那里？又或者，真的有线存在吗？

这里面有很多东西值得考虑，不是吗？

现在，假如有人给你一支生命的笔…

趸 漂 海 滨 (多佛海滨)

Matthew Arnold (麦修·阿诺德)/ 孙梁译

The sea is calm tonight.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits —on the French coast the
light

Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England
stand,

Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanced land.

Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and
fling,

At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's
shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,

今晚风平浪静，
涨潮时，皓月朗照
海峡；彼岸法兰西，灯影

明灭；此地英伦，悬崖耸峙，
巍然闪现，俯视海湾如镜。
倚窗兮，夜间清风习习！
惟有浪花蔓延飞溅，
惊涛拍岸，岸上月华如洗。

听！浪卷卵石訇砰，
狂澜退，又冲回，翻腾

滩头，掀起千堆石；
时起，时伏，消长不息，
幽幽咽咽，袅袅余音
万古愁，不绝如缕。

古人索福克勒斯
爱琴海边听涛声，
浊浪滔滔，悠悠哀思：
人间苦难无穷；
千载下，尔我听涛北海滨，
应有同感油然生。

信仰之海
昔日汹涌澎湃，
波光似锦带，缭绕寰球。
如今衰朽，
只听得涛音凄恻，
退潮时奄奄一息，

Retreating, to the breath
Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and
flight,

Where ignorant armies clash by night.

夜风呜咽，荒滩漫无际，
浪去也，席卷平沙顽石。

眷恋莫背弃！
眼前红尘迷离，
依稀似幻梦：
新奇、瑰丽、绚烂多姿，
其实无爱，无光，无生趣，
不安，不宁，苦海伶仃；
仿佛荒原阴森，
黑夜里乌合之众交锋，
乱纷纷相争，惶惶然逃遁