

西方学校原版阅读教材



加拿大学生 文学读本

CANADIAN
LITERATURE READERS



AUTHORIZED BY
THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

加拿大教育部 / 编

CLASSIC ENGLISH READERS FOR CHINESE LEARNERS

天津出版传媒集团
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加拿大学生文学读本

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❧ LESSON 1 ❧

THE ARAB AND HIS CAMEL

ONE cold night, as an Arab sat in his tent, his Camel looked in.

“I pray thee, master,” he said, “let me but put my head within the tent, for it is cold without.”

“By all means,” said the Arab; and the Camel stretched his head into the tent.

“If I might but warm my neck, also,” he said, presently.

“Put your neck inside, also,” said the Arab. Soon the Camel said again:

“It will take but little more room if I place my fore-legs within; it is difficult standing without.”

“You may do that, also,” said the Arab, making room.

“May I not stand wholly within?” asked the Camel; “I keep the tent open by standing as I do.”

“Yes, yes,” said the Arab. “I will have pity on you as well as on myself.”

So the Camel crowded into the tent; but it was too small for both.

“I think,” said the Camel, “that there is not room for us both. It will be best for you to stand outside, as you are the smaller.”

And with that he pushed the Arab, who made haste to get outside.

It is a wise rule to resist the beginnings of evil.

❧ LESSON 2 ❧

MY SHADOW

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my
bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to
grow—

Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an india-rubber
ball,

And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of
him at all.



He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nurse as that shadow sticks
to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in
bed.

— R. L. STEVENSON

❧ LESSON 3 ❧

THE PAIL OF GOLD

ONCE upon a time there lived, in a land beyond the seas, a poor man who went each day to the forest to cut wood. He made little money at this and often wished that he could find other work to do.



One evening, as he was returning from his labour, he met a beautiful woman dressed in white.

“Good-evening,” said he as he took off his cap to her.

“Good-evening,” said the lady. “What has kept you so late?”

“I have been cutting wood in the forest, and I have to work long hours to make even a poor living,” said the man. “Mine is a hard fate.”

“You would like other work with better pay?”

“Indeed I would, and I am not hard to please.”

“Suppose,” said the lady, “I were to fill your pail with gold, would you be satisfied?”—and she pointed to the little pail in which he carried his dinner each day.

“Indeed I would,” said the surprised man.

“Look inside.”

He took off the cover and found the pail full to the brim of gold coins. He was nearly overcome with the sight. Then he thought: “Oh, if it had been a big pail! The fairy could have filled it just as easily and then I should have been rich for life.”

He took off his cap again and thanked the lady for her gift.

“It is but a small pail,” said he, “and though there is much money in it, I should like to run home and get a larger pail.”

“As you wish,” said the fairy.

Away he ran at the top of his speed to his home, and soon came back again with a large bucket.

But, when he came to the spot where he had left the fairy, she was not there, nor was she anywhere to be seen, though the grass had a yellow tinge where she had stood. He looked anxiously into his dinner pail, but there was no gold there—just the remains of his dinner. He was poor as before, poorer and sadder.

— BRETON FOLK-TALE

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

— LONGFELLOW

❧ LESSON 4 ❧

THE LAND OF NOD

FROM breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

— R. L. STEVENSON

❧ LESSON 5 ❧

THE BAT, THE BIRDS, AND THE BEASTS

THERE was once a great battle between the birds and the beasts. The bat wished to be on the stronger side, but did not know which army to join. At first the beasts appeared to have the best of it. Then the bat flew to them and offered to help.

“But you are a bird!” said the beasts.

“Has a bird hair on its body and teeth in its mouth?” replied the bat.

Then the battle began to favour the birds, and the bat soon flew over to that side.

“What beast is this?” said the birds.

“I am not a beast,” said the bat. “Has a beast wings?”

But the birds had seen him coming over from the beasts, and would not allow him to join them. He went back to the beasts, but they knew he had deserted them, and they would have killed him had he not flown away.

It is said that, ever since, the bat has been ashamed to show himself in daylight, and that he comes out only in the dark when the birds and the beasts are asleep.

He who is neither the one thing nor the other has no friends.

— ÆSOP

❧ LESSON 6 ❧

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

AT evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,

