

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,
ONTARIO

CLASSIC ENGLISH READERS FOR CHINESE LEARNERS

SPARKER
PUBLISHERS



西方学校原版阅读教材



CANADIAN LITERATURE READERS

加拿大学生 文学读本



AUTHORIZED BY
THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

加拿大教育部 / 编

天津出版传媒集团
天津人民出版社

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

加拿大学生文学读本/加拿大教育部编. —天津: 天津人民出版社,
2013.3

ISBN 978-7-201-07867-0

I. ①加… II. ①加… III. ①英语—阅读教学—初中—教学参考资料 IV. ①G634.413

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2012) 第307376号

天津出版传媒集团

天津人民出版社出版、发行

出版人: 刘晓津

(天津市西康路35号 邮政编码: 300051)

网址: <http://www.tjrmcbs.com.cn>

电子邮箱: tjrmcbs@126.com

北京领先印刷有限公司

2013年3月第1版 2013年3月第1次印刷

880×1230毫米 32开本 41.5印张 字数: 800千字 插图: 200幅

定 价: 108.00元 (全套5册)



CONTENTS

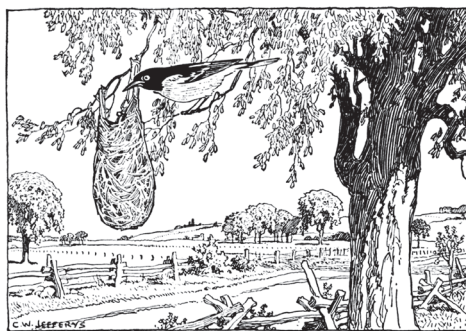


<i>Lesson</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Page</i>
1	THE CHILDREN'S SONG	1
2	TOM TULLIVER AT SCHOOL	3
3	THE WAY TO GLORY	9
4	THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA	10
5	THE COMMON STREET	14
6	THE BATTLE OF THE PIPES	15
7	THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE, 1897	20
8	DEAN SWIFT AND THE ERRAND BOY	22
9	CANADA	23
10	WOLFE AT QUEBEC	25
11	THE WOUNDED GULL	32
12	SCROOGE'S CHRISTMAS	34
13	MOUNTAIN TORRENTS	42
14	DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA	44
15	MIRIAM'S SONG	47
16	THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB	48
17	THE LARK AT THE DIGGINGS	50
18	SIR PATRICK SPENS	53
19	THE ROMANCE OF MARQUIS WHEAT	57
20	CHRISTMAS	63
21	THE MAN WHO SINGS	64
22	A LION HUNT	65

23	ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET	69
24	THE FALLS OF NIAGARA	70
25	THE CRUSADER AND THE SARACEN	72
26	STORM IN THE ALPS	77
27	WORK AND WAGES	78
28	UNTRODDEN WAYS	80
29	THE FIRST PLOUGHING	82
30	THE ARCHERY CONTEST	84
31	AUTUMN WOODS	89
32	"GENTLEMEN, THE KING!"	91
33	AFTON WATER	94
34	DAVID COPPERFIELD'S FIRST JOURNEY ALONE	96
35	LOCHINVAR	102
36	COUNTRY LIFE IN CANADAIN THE "THIRTIES"	105
37	AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP	110
38	THE TWO PATHS	112
39	THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON	113
40	A VISION OF THE FUTURE	116
41	MOSES' BARGAINS	118
42	THE MAPLE	122
43	"CANADIANS—CANADIANS—THAT'S ALL!"	123
44	THE UNNAMED LAKE	127
45	LIFE IN NORMAN ENGLAND	129
46	YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND	133
47	INSTRUCTION	135
48	HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD	136
49	TO THE MEMORY OF THE FALLEN	137
50	AMONG THE CANADIAN MOUNTAINS	138
51	THE VISION OF MIRZAH	139
52	A FANCY FROM FONTENELLE	146
53	THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS	147
54	OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT	150
55	IN A CANOE	152
56	ST. AMBROSE CREW WIN THEIR FIRST RACE	155
57	THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS	162

58	ON THE WASHINGTON TREATY	165
59	THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS	168
60	FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN IN CANADA	172
61	A CHRISTMAS HYMN	174
62	THE COMMANDMENT AND THE REWARD	177
63	THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT	178
64	THE BEATITUDES	179
65	KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM	180
66	THE BATTLE WITH THE PYGMIES	181
67	OCEAN	187
68	PONTIAC'S ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE FORT DETROIT	190
69	MY NATIVE LAND	196
70	MORNING ON THE LIEVRE	197
71	EVENING	199
72	A MADRIGAL	200
73	SHERWOOD	201
74	HERRING FISHING	204
75	THE POET'S SONG	206
76	MY CASTLES IN SPAIN	207
77	PROGRESS	211
78	THE SHIPWRECK	212
79	BREAK, BREAK, BREAK	220
80	TO MY MOTHER	221
81	THE SOLITARY REAPER	222
82	CLOUDS, RAINS, AND RIVERS	224
83	BILLY TOPSAIL	230
84	HEAT	237
85	STORY OF ABSALOM	239
86	THE BURIAL OF MOSES	242
87	THE WRESTLING MATCH	246
88	DICKENS IN THE CAMP	251
89	THE DEATH OF NELSON	253
90	WATERLOO	259
91	THE FOUR-HORSE RACE	262
92	RULE, BRITANNIA	268

93	IN A CAVE WITH A WHALE	270
94	THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS	276
95	THE NAVY	278
96	SHAKESPEARE—A KING	280
97	OF STUDIES	282
98	THE NEST	284
99	LONDON	286
100	LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT	290
101	GOD IS OUR REFUGE	291
102	THE FIRST SPRING DAY	293
103	THE UNITY OF OUR EMPIRE	294
104	THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS	296
105	JUNE	298
106	TO ENGLISHMEN	300
107	AN ELIZABETHAN SEAMAN	301
108	THE SEA-KING'S BURIAL	306
109	THE DOWNFALL OF WOLSEY	311
110	HONOURABLE TOIL	314
111	CROSSING THE BAR	316
112	TO A WATER-FOWL	317
113	A LIBERAL EDUCATION	319
114	THE IRREPARABLE PAST	320
115	FAREWELL	324
116	SIEGE OF ARCOT	325



❖ LESSON 1 ❖

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

LAND of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefilèd heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves always,
Controlled and cleanly night and day,
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs,
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died,
Oh Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through years to be!

— KIPLING

OUR COUNTRY

LOVE thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

— TENNYSON

❖ LESSON 2 ❖

TOM TULLIVER AT SCHOOL

IT was Mr. Tulliver's first visit to see Tom, for the lad must learn not to think too much about home.

"Well, my lad," he said to Tom, when Mr. Stelling had left the room to announce the arrival to his wife, and Maggie had begun to kiss Tom freely, "you look rarely. School agrees with you."

Tom wished he had looked rather ill.

"I don't think I *am* well, father," said Tom; "I wish you'd ask Mr. Stelling not to let me do Euclid—it brings on the toothache, I think."

(The toothache was the only malady to which Tom had ever been subject.)

"Euclid, my lad; why, what's that?" said Mr. Tulliver.

"Oh, I don't know. It's definitions, and axioms, and triangles, and things. It's a book I've got to learn in; there's no sense in it."

"Go, go!" said Mr. Tulliver, reprovngly, "you mustn't say so. You must learn what your master tells you. He knows what it's right for you to learn."

"*I'll* help you now, Tom," said Maggie, with a little air of patronizing consolation. "I'm come to stay ever so long, if Mrs. Stelling asks me. I've brought my box and my pinafores, haven't I, father?"

"*You* help me, you silly little thing!" said Tom, in such high spirits at this announcement that he quite enjoyed

the idea of confounding Maggie by showing her a page of Euclid. "I should like to see you doing one of *my* lessons! Why, I learn Latin too! Girls never learn such things. They're too silly."

"I know what Latin is very well," said Maggie, confidently. "Latin's a language. There are Latin words in the Dictionary. There's 'bonus, a gift.'"

"Now, you're just wrong there, Miss Maggie!" said Tom, secretly astonished. "You think you're very wise. But 'bonus' means 'good,' as it happens—'bonus, bona, bonum.'"

"Well, that's no reason why it shouldn't mean 'gift,'" said Maggie, stoutly. "It may mean several things—almost every word does. There's 'lawn'—it means the grass-plot, as well as the stuff pocket-handkerchiefs are made of."

"Well done, little 'un," said Mr. Tulliver, laughing, while Tom felt rather disgusted with Maggie's knowingness, though beyond measure cheerful at the thought that she was going to stay with him. Her conceit would soon be overawed by the actual inspection of his books.

Mrs. Stelling, in her pressing invitation, did not mention a longer time than a week for Maggie's stay; but Mr. Stelling, who took her between his knees, and asked her where she stole her dark eyes from, insisted that she must stay a fortnight. Maggie thought Mr. Stelling was a charming man, and Mr. Tulliver was quite proud to leave his little wench where she would have an opportunity of showing her cleverness to appreciating strangers. So it was agreed that she should not be fetched home till the end of the fortnight.

"Now, then, come with me into the study, Maggie,"

said Tom, as their father drove away. "What do you shake and toss your head now for, you silly?" he continued; for, though her hair was now under a new dispensation, and was brushed smoothly behind her ears, she seemed still in imagination to be tossing it out of her eyes. "It makes you look as if you were crazy."

"Oh, I can't help it," said Maggie, impatiently. "Don't tease me, Tom. Oh, what books!" she exclaimed, as she saw the book-cases in the study. "How I should like to have as many books as that!"

"Why, you couldn't read one of 'em," said Tom, triumphantly. "They're all Latin."

"No, they aren't," said Maggie. "I can read the back of this. . . 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.'"

"Well, what does that mean? *You* don't know," said Tom, wagging his head.

"But I could soon find out," said Maggie, scornfully.

"Why, how?"

"I should look inside and see what it was about."

"You'd better not, Miss Maggie," said Tom, seeing her hand on the volume. "Mr. Stelling lets nobody touch his books without leave, and I shall catch it if you take it out."

"Oh, very well! Let me see all *your* books, then," said Maggie, turning to throw her arms round Tom's neck, and rub his cheek with her small, round nose.

Tom, in the gladness of his heart at having dear old Maggie to dispute with and crow over again, seized her round the waist, and began to jump with her round the

large library table. Away they jumped with more and more vigour, till Maggie's hair flew from behind her ears, and twirled about like an animated mop. But the revolutions round the table became more and more irregular in their sweep, till at last reaching Mr. Stelling's reading-stand, they sent it thundering down with its heavy lexicons to the floor. Happily it was the ground-floor, and the study was a one-storied wing to the house, so that the downfall made no alarming resonance, though Tom stood dizzy and aghast for a few minutes, dreading the appearance of Mr. or Mrs. Stelling.

"Oh, I say, Maggie," said Tom at last, lifting up the stand, "we must keep quiet here, you know. If we break anything, Mrs. Stelling'll make us cry peccavi."

"What's that?" Said Maggie.

"Oh, it's the Latin for a good scolding," said Tom, not without some pride in his knowledge.

"Is she a cross woman?" said Maggie.

"I believe you!" said Tom, with an emphatic nod.

"I think all women are crosser than men," said Maggie. "Aunt Glegg's a great deal crosser than Uncle Glegg, and mother scolds me more than father does."

"Well, *you'll* be a woman some day," said Tom, "so *you* needn't talk."

"But I shall be a *clever* woman," said Maggie, with a toss.

"Oh, I daresay, and a nasty, conceited thing. Everybody'll hate you."

"But you oughtn't to hate me, Tom. It'll be very wicked of you, for I shall be your sister."

“Yes, but if you’re a nasty, disagreeable thing, I *shall* hate you.”

“Oh but, Tom, you won’t! I shan’t be disagreeable. I shall be very good to you, and I shall be good to everybody. You won’t hate me really, will you, Tom?”

“Oh, bother, never mind! Come, it’s time for me to learn my lessons. See here, what I’ve got to do,” said Tom, drawing Maggie towards him and showing her his theorem, while she pushed her hair behind her ears, and prepared herself to prove her capability of helping him in Euclid. She began to read with full confidence in her own powers; but presently, becoming quite bewildered, her face flushed with irritation. It was unavoidable: she must confess her incompetency, and she was not fond of humiliation.

“It’s nonsense!” she said, “and very ugly stuff; nobody need want to make it out.”

“Ah, there now, Miss Maggie!” said Tom, drawing the book away and wagging his head at her; “you see you’re not so clever as you thought you were.”

“Oh,” said Maggie, pouting, “I daresay I could make it out if I’d learned what goes before, as you have.”

“But that’s what you just couldn’t, Miss Wisdom,” said Tom. “For it’s all the harder when you know what goes before; for then you’ve got to say what definition 3 is, and what axiom V is. But get along with you now; I must go on with this. Here’s the Latin Grammar. See what you can make of that.”

Maggie found the Latin Grammar quite soothing after her mathematical mortification, for she delighted in new

words, and quickly found that there was an English Key at the end, which would make her very wise about Latin, at slight expense. It was really very interesting—the Latin Grammar that Tom had said no girls could learn, and she was proud because she found it interesting.

“Now, then, Magsie, give us the Grammar!”

“Oh, Tom, it’s such a pretty book!” she said, as she jumped out of the large arm-chair to give it him; “it’s much prettier than the Dictionary. I could learn Latin very soon. I don’t think it’s at all hard.”

“Oh, I know what you’ve been doing,” said Tom; “you’ve been reading the English at the end. Any donkey can do that.”

Tom seized the book and opened it with a determined and business-like air, as much as to say that he had a lesson to learn which no donkeys would find themselves equal to. Maggie, rather piqued, turned to the book-case, to amuse herself with puzzling out the titles.

— GEORGE ELIOT: “The Mill on the Floss.”