

NEW CANADIAN  
READERS  
加拿大语文

西方家庭学校经典教材读本

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AUTHORIZED BY  
THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

天津出版传媒集团  
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## 图书在版编目 ( CIP ) 数据

加拿大语文：英文/加拿大教育部编. —天津：天津人民出版社，  
2012.9

ISBN 978-7-201-07734-5

I . ①加… II . ①加… III . ①英语 - 阅读教学 - 中小学 - 加拿大 -  
课外读物 IV . ①G634.413

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2012) 第205269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>

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北京领先印刷有限公司

2012年9月第1版 2012年9月第1次印刷

640×940毫米 16开本 81印张 字数：1000千字 插图：270幅

定 价：118.00元 (全套5册)



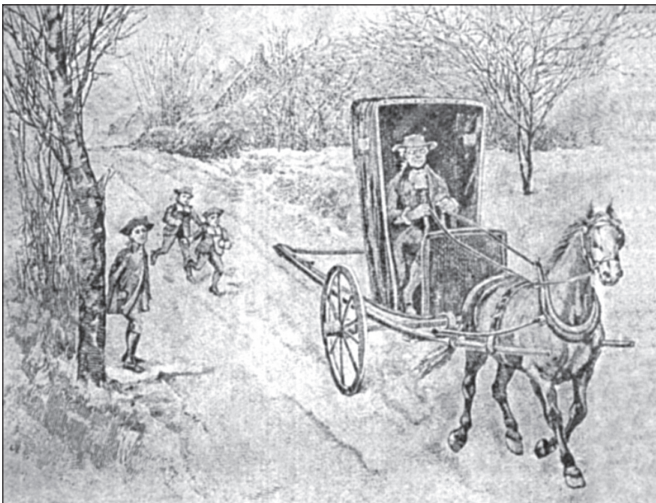
# CONTENTS

<i>Lesson</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Page</i>
1	TO THE QUEEN	1
2	RECESSIONAL	3
3	AX GRINDING	5
4	CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE	7
5	FROM THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT	10
6	OLIVER CROMWELL AND CHARLES I	11
7	THE BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR	21
8	THE BATTLE OF NASEBY	25
9	A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP	28
10	THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM	34
11	AN ADJUDGED CASE	37
12	THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE	39
13	BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE	44
14	THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE	46
15	THE HEROES OF THE LONG SAULT	48
16	JACQUES CARTIER	56
17	THE VISION OF MIRZA	59
18	ST. AGNES' EVE	67
19	SIR GALAHAD	69
20	BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA	72
21	A LOST CHORD	77



22	THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE	79
23	A DIRGE	80
24	THE POET'S SONG	81
25	WESTMINSTER ABBEY	82
26	IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY	85
27	ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD	88
28	SAMUEL JOHNSON'S REPENTANCE	94
29	TRUE HEROISM	100
30	EPIPHANY HYMN	102
31	LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT	103
32	LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG	104
33	ROCK OF AGES	106
34	THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.	107
35	ABRAHAM LINCOLN	113
36	LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS	116
37	WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON	118
38	IMPROMPTU	121
39	A LEGEND OF BREGENZ	122
40	THE SAGACIOUS CADI	128
41	JOHN RUSKIN	137
42	THE BIRD	139
43	TO A WATER-FOWL	141

44	THE SPINDLE, THE NEEDLE, AND THE SHUTTLE	143
45	THE LADY OF SHALOTT	149
46	THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST	156
47	THE PANTHERS	161
48	HART-LEAP WELL	171
49	PONTIAC	179
50	HIAWATHA'S PICTURE-WRITING	185
51	LOBO, THE WOLF	192
52	THE CHASE	200
53	THE TAKING OF LINLITHGOW CASTLE	204
54	A NARROW ESCAPE	208
55	THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS SHAY	216
56	THE TIDE OF THE BAY OF FUNDY	221
57	THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS	224
58	THE SEA SHELL	226
59	THE DEATH OF BROCK	228
60	THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR	232
61	LAURA SECORD	235
62	BOADICEA	240



63	A PERILOUS ADVENTURE	242
64	THE CLOUD	248
65	THE EVENING CLOUD	251
66	JUSTICE	252
67	SELECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE	255
68	LABOR	261
69	TO MELANCHOLY	265
70	TO MIRTH	268
71	THE LOSS OF THE BRIG	271
72	IN MEMORIAM	276





BOOK FOUR

❧ LESSON 1 ❧

TO THE QUEEN

REVERED, beloved—O you that hold  
A nobler office upon earth  
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth  
Could give the warrior kings of old,

Victoria, —since your Royal grace  
To one of less desert allows  
This laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that utter'd nothing base;

And should your greatness, and the care  
That yokes with empire, yield you time  
To make demand of modern rhyme  
If aught of ancient worth be there;



ALFRED TENNYSON



Then—while a sweeter music wakes,  
And thro' wild March the throstle calls,  
Where all about your palace-walls  
The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes—

Take, Madam, this poor book of song;  
For tho' the faults were thick as dust  
In vacant chambers, I could trust  
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood  
As noble till the latest day!  
May children of our children say,  
'She wrought her people lasting good;

Her court was pure; her life serene;  
God gave her peace; her land reposed;  
A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

'And statesmen at her council met  
Who knew the seasons when to take  
Occasion by the hand, and make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet

'By shaping some august decree,  
Which kept her throne unshaken still,  
Broad-based upon her people's will,  
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.'

— ALFRED TENNYSON



BOOK FOUR

❧ LESSON 2 ❧

RECESSIONAL

GOD of our fathers known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle line,  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine:  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,  
The captains and the kings depart;  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away,  
On dune and headland sinks the fire;  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe:  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law,



Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

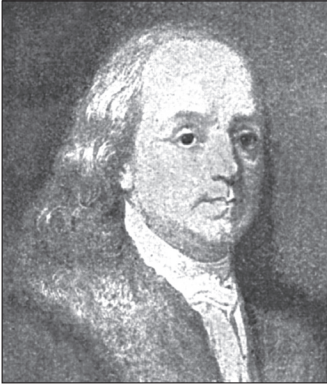
For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard,  
All valiant dust that builds on dust  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! Amen.

— RUDYARD KIPLING



❧ LESSON 3 ❧

AX GRINDING



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

WHEN I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow!"

said he. "Will you let me grind my ax on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful.

"How old are you?—and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I'm sure you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen. Will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day.

It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was



almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away. My hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground. At length, however, it was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant. Scud to the school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much." It sank deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, "that man has an ax to grind."

When I see a man flattering the people and making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, "Look out, good people! That fellow would set you turning grindstones!"

When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, "Alas!" methinks, "deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby."

— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



BOOK FOUR

❧ LESSON 4 ❧

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.  
“Forward the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!” he said.  
Into the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward the Light Brigade!”  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blundered:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die.  
Into the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them,  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,



Into the jaws of death,  
Into the mouth of hell  
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wondered:  
Plunged in the battery-smoke,  
Right through the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the sabre-stroke  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back, but not—  
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of death,  
Back from the mouth of hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.