

NEW CANADIAN  
READERS  
加拿大语文

西方家庭学校经典教材读本

# 加拿大语文

NEW  
CANADIAN  
READERS



AUTHORIZED BY  
THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

天津出版传媒集团  
天津教育出版社

AUTHORIZED BY  
THE MINISTRY OF  
EDUCATION

天津出版传媒集团  
天津教育出版社





NEW  
CANADIAN  
READERS

西方家庭学校经典教材读本

# 加拿大语文

AUTHORIZED BY  
THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

加拿大教育部/编

5

## 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>

电子邮箱：[tjrmcbs@126.com](mailto:tjrmcbs@126.com)

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)



<i>Lesson</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Page</i>
1	OON MY MOTHER'S PICTURE	1
2	DORA	6
3	THE LITTLE MIDSHIPMAN	12
4	ELEGIAC STANZAS	20
5	DAVID SWAN	23
6	MAUD MÜLLER	33
7	IN MEMORIAM	38
8	ROSABELLE	40
9	CRUSADER AND SARACEN	43
10	TO A BROTHER	49
11	CAVALRY CHARGES AT BALAKLAVA	50
12	THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX	58
13	ON HORSEBACK	61
14	REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN	63
15	KING RICHARD AND SALADIN	65
16	KING RICHARD AND ROBIN HOOD	71
17	THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS	77
18	ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE	79
19	SPELLING AND DERIVATION	85
20	CHANGE IN LANGUAGE	89
21	ENGLISH SPEECH	92

22	THANATOPSIS	96
23	THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE	100
24	ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY	104
25	MORTALITY	108
26	THE IMITATION OF CHRIST	111
27	KING ROBERT OF SICILY	113
28	THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL	121
29	LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE	129
30	WHAT IS TIME?	132
31	ODE TO DUTY	134
32	CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR	137
33	LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY	141
34	THE TRAGEDIES OF BIRDS' NESTS	145
35	THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH	156
36	THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA	165
37	THE BLACKBIRD	170
38	TO A SKYLARK	172
39	TO THE CUCKOO	177
40	THE GREEN LINNET	179
41	ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE	181
42	TO A NIGHTINGALE	184
43	TO A NIGHTINGALE	185
44	THE SONG-SPARROW	186
45	THE WHITETHROAT	187
46	THE CANADIAN SONG-SPARROW	188
47	THE DEATH OF ARTHUR	189
48	THE PASSING OF ARTHUR	195
49	THE TOMB OF ARTHUR	205
50	SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY	211
51	THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN	217
52	LORD CHESTERFIELD	220
53	DANIEL O'CONNELL	222

54	THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND	226
55	THE LOTOS-EATERS	232
56	ULYSSES	235
57	VILLAGE CHARACTERS	238
58	THE ANGLER	242
59	THE BROOK	247
60	THE SLEEPING BEAUTY	255
61	THE FAIRIES	261
62	LORD CLIVE	262
63	THE DEATH OF WELLINGTON	276
64	THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES	283
65	DISCONTENT	291
66	CONTENTMENT	293
67	PEACE OF MIND	296
68	THE CHANGED CROSS	299
69	CANADA AND GREAT BRITAIN	303
70	CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES	310
71	CANADA AND THE EMPIRE	313
72	THE QUEEN AND THE EMPIRE	316



73	THE BRITISH FLAG	321
74	THE FIRST DOMINION DAY	323
75	THE CANADIAN CONFEDERACY	325
76	A SONG OF CANADA	327
77	CANADA TO COLUMBIA	330
78	THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE	332
79	HANDS ALL ROUND	334
80	KIN BEYOND SEA	337
81	COMMONWEALTH DAY	342





❧ LESSON 1 ❧

ON MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!”  
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,  
The art that baffles Time’s tyrannic claim  
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!  
Who bidst me honor with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,  
I will obey, not willingly alone  
But gladly, as the precept were her own;  
And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
Hovered thy spirit o’er thy sorrowing son,  
Wretch even then, life’s journey just begun?  
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;



Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
Ah, that maternal smile! —it answers—Yes.  
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
But was it such? —It was. —Where thou art gone  
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!  
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;  
What ardently I wished I long believed,  
And disappointed still was still deceived,  
By expectation every day beguiled,  
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.  
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,  
I learned at last submission to my lot,  
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.  
    Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more;  
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;  
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach and wrapped  
In scarlet mantle warm and velvet capped,  
'Tis now become a history little known  
That once we called the pastoral house our own.  
Short-lived possession! But the record fair  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there



BOOK FIVE

Still outlives many a storm that has effaced  
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made  
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;  
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed  
By thy own hand till fresh they shone and glowed;  
All this and, more endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,  
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks  
That humor interposed too often makes;  
All this, still legible in memory's page  
And still to be so till my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honors to thee as my numbers may,  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

    Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours  
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,  
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
I pricked them into paper with a pin  
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile),  
Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?  
I would not trust my heart; —the dear delight  
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might. —  
But no—what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be loved and thou so much,



That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, —as a gallant bark from Albion’s coast  
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)  
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,  
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,  
There sits quiescent on the floods that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay—  
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore  
“Where tempests never beat nor billows roar”;  
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.  
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
Always from port withheld, always distressed, —  
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,  
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,  
And day by day some current’s thwarting force  
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.  
Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he!  
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise, —  
The son of parents passed into the skies.  
And now, farewell, —Time unrevoked has run  
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done  
By contemplation’s help, not sought in vain,  
I seem to have lived my childhood o’er again;



BOOK FIVE

To have renewed the joys that once were mine  
Without the sin of violating thine;  
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,  
And I can view this mimic form of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his theft, —  
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

— WILLIAM COWPER



❧ LESSON 2 ❧

DORA

WITH Farmer Allan at the farm abode  
William and Dora. William was his son  
And she his niece. He often look'd at them  
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."  
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all  
And yearn'd toward William; but the youth, because  
He had been always with her in the house,  
Thought not of Dora. Then there came a day  
When Allan call'd his son and said, "My son,  
I married late, but I would wish to see  
My grandchild on my knees before I die,  
And I have set my heart upon a match.  
Now therefore look to Dora: she is well  
To look to, thrifty too beyond her age.  
She is my brother's daughter; he and I  
Had once hard words and parted, and he died  
In foreign lands, but for his sake I bred  
His daughter Dora; take her for your wife,  
For I have wish'd this marriage night and day  
For many years." But William answer'd short:  
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life  
I will not marry Dora," Then the old man  
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands and said,  
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!  
But in my time a father's word was law



BOOK FIVE

And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;  
Consider, William; take a month to think  
And let me have an answer to my wish,  
Or by the Lord that made me you shall pack  
And never more darken my doors again.”

But William answer'd madly, bit his lips,  
And broke away. The more he look'd at her  
The less he liked her, and his ways were harsh  
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before  
The month was out he left his father's house  
And hired himself to work within the fields,  
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed  
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.  
Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd  
His niece and said, “My girl, I love you well,  
But if you speak with him that was my son  
Or change a word with her he calls his wife  
My home is none of yours. My will is law.”  
And Dora promised being meek. She thought,  
“It cannot be; my uncle's mind will change!”

And days went on, and there was born a boy  
To William; then distresses came on him,  
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate  
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.  
But Dora stored what little she could save  
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know  
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized  
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary Mary sat  
And look'd with tears upon her boy and thought



Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said,  
“I have obey’d my uncle until now,  
And I have sinn’d for it was all thro’ me  
This evil came on William at the first.  
But, Mary, for the sake of him that’s gone  
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,  
And for this orphan I am come to you:  
You know there has not been for these five years  
So full a harvest; let me take the boy  
And I will set him in my uncle’s eye  
Among the wheat, that when his heart is glad  
Of the full harvest he may see the boy  
And bless him for the sake of him that’s gone.”

And Dora took the child and went her way  
Across the wheat and sat upon a mound  
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.  
Far off the farmer came into the field  
And spied her not, for none of all his men  
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;  
And Dora would have risen and gone to him  
But her heart fail’d her; and the reapers reap’d,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came she rose and took  
The child once more and sat upon the mound  
And made a little wreath of all the flowers  
That grew about and tied it round his hat  
To make him pleasing in her uncle’s eye.  
Then, when the farmer pass’d into the field,  
He spied her and he left his men at work  
And came and said, “Where were you yesterday?”