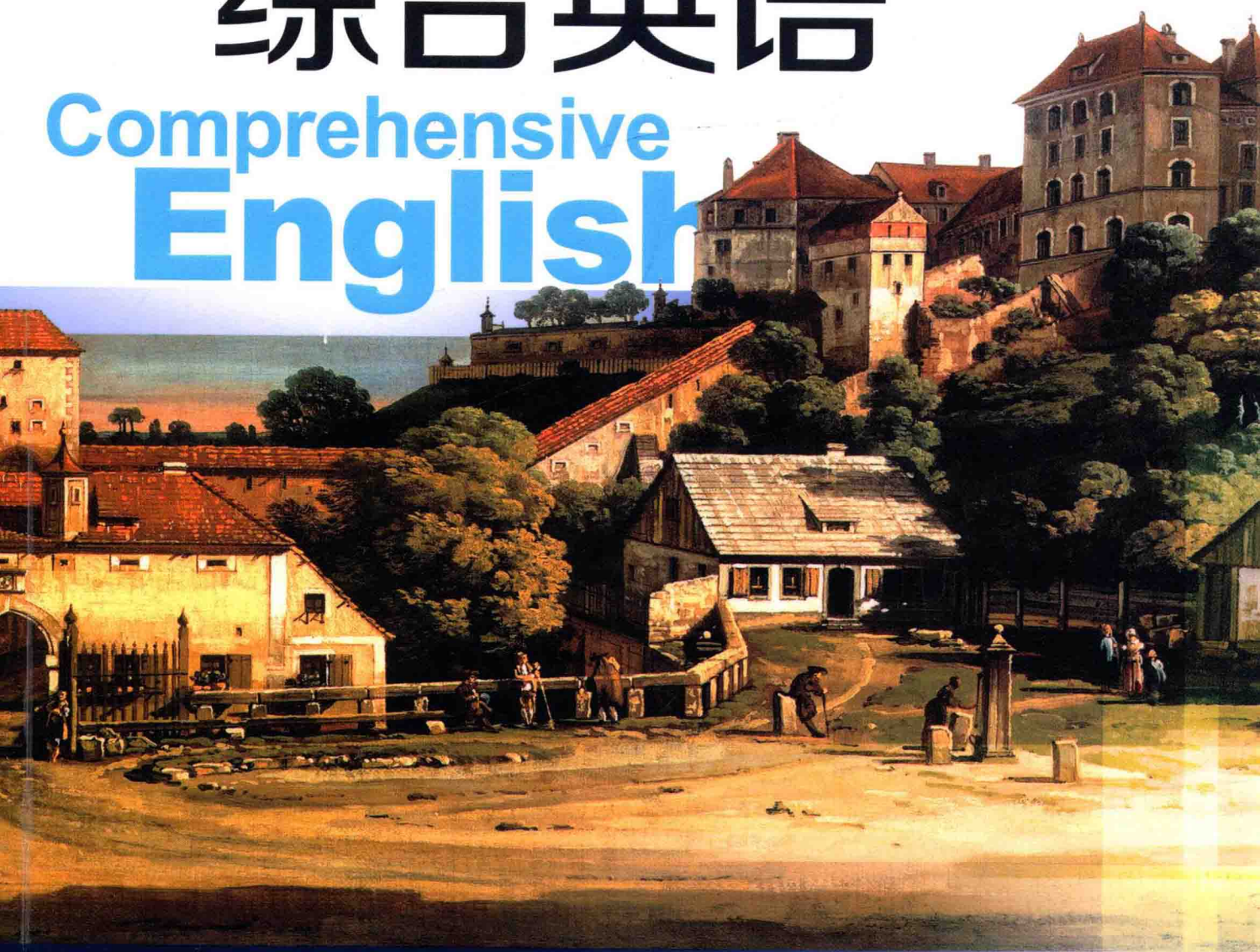


# 新编 综合英语

## Comprehensive English

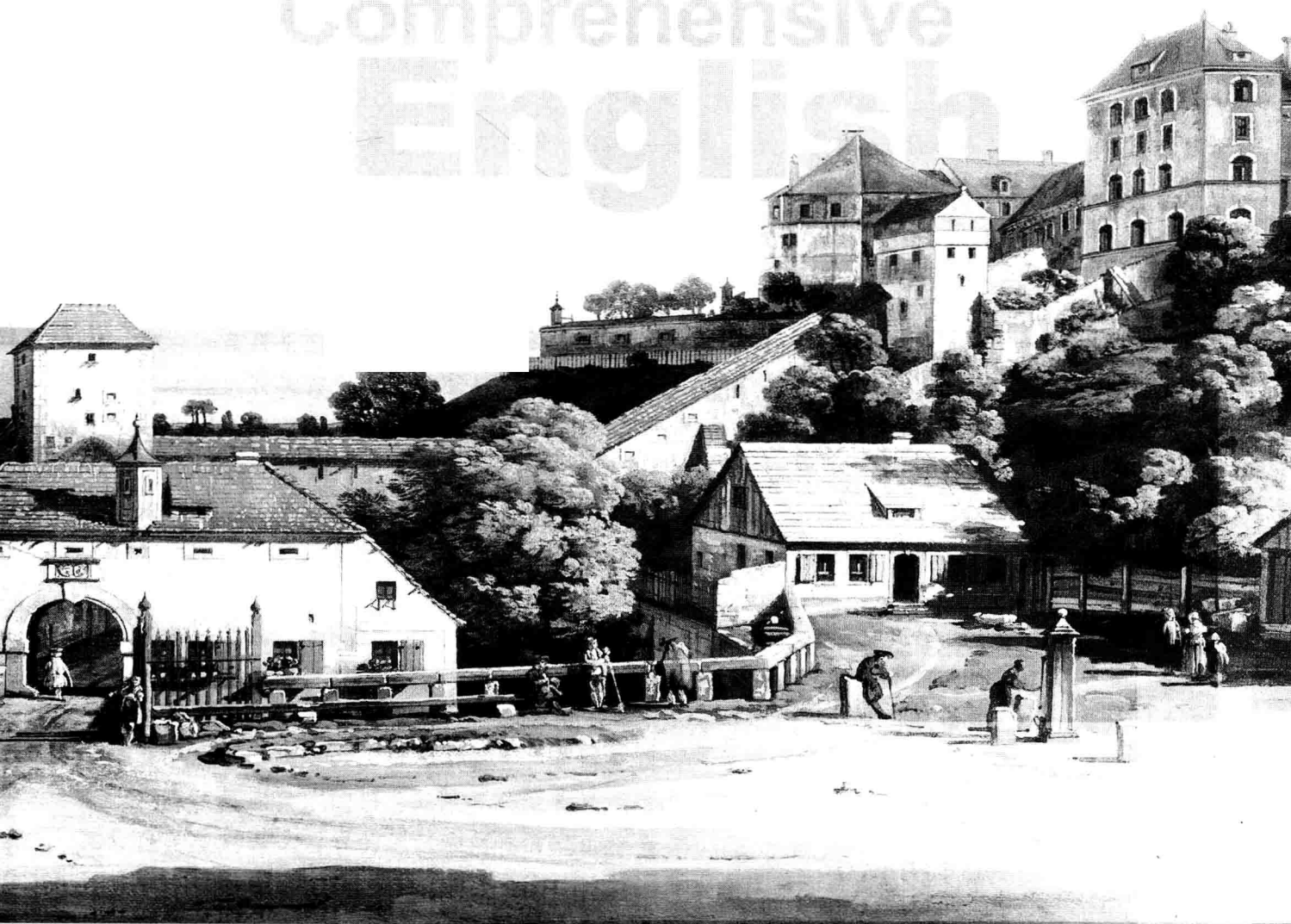


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第四册

# 新编 综合英语

Comprehensive  
English



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# 前言

从2011年至今,经过暨南大学外国语学院专任教师核心教学团队、外国专家和兄弟院校专家、学者三年来的共同努力,这套特色英语专业教材终于出版了。

本套教材包括《新编综合英语教程》(I-IV)和配套语法、词汇教材《英语专业四级语法与词汇》。其中《新编综合英语I》、《新编综合英语II》、《新编综合英语III》、《新编综合英语IV》,分别适用于英语专业“综合英语”课程的第一、二、三、四学期的教学。同时,为适应全国英语专业四级考试(TEM-4)的要求,加强学生基础阶段的语法与词汇学习,我们还配套编纂了《英语专业四级语法与词汇》,既可作为综合英语课的课外补充教材,也可作为专门的语法与词汇课教材。

《新编综合英语》共四册,每册12个单元,四册共48个单元,在词汇、语法、语篇等难度系数上逐步提高。每单元围绕一个中心主题,分为课文A(Text A)和课文B(Text B)两个部分,两篇课文主题上相互关联。课文A为精讲篇章,由教师讲解,要求学生深入、透彻地理解课文并完成课前练习和课后练习,课前练习如词汇、背景知识激活等,课后练习包括读、说、写、译的基本能力训练,包括问答、释义、词汇选择、选择填空、完型填空、英译中、中译英与写作等多种练习形式;Text B是与Text A话题相关的内容拓展或者深化部分,是学生写作、讨论及辩论的基本材料,练习形式为问答题。

在教材编写之初,编写组就达成了共识并对教材编写的宗旨作了如下规范:第一,教材内容必须符合教学大纲的要求,有明确的教学目标,有教学重点和难点,注意教材的思想性、启发性和实用性的统一。第二,教材应理论联系实际,注意培养学生分析问题和解决问题的能力。通过对有关问题或有关领域的延展思考,启迪学生的思维。第三,坚持以学生为本、为教学服务的原则,练习环节要加大学生主动学习的实战型训练。

为实现以上目标,我们作了多方面的努力:第一,在课文选材上,按比例选取了语言、文学、历史、文化、教育、时政、商务、社交、体育、娱乐等方面的文章,尽量满足学生的多样化需求。第二,优先考虑可读性强、结构层次分明、文字优美的文章,所选课文基本上都出自英美著名作家,由著名出版社、杂志社出版,是原汁原味的英文经典或时政要文、科学发现等,文章体裁新颖、多样。第三,在练习设计上,针对课文主要情节或主要观点,抽取其中的语言点或思想主旨作为训练项目,练习内容与课文内容紧密相关,以加强学生对课文内容的记忆和对语言点的把握;同时,在练习环节强调师生互动、生生互动,以讨论、辩论、演讲等多种任务型练习,让学生在实践中学知识,展开思考和研究,达到“学以致用”的目的。第四,教材在专注于语言能力培养的同时,更注重历史、文化知识的灌输和思辨能力的培养,各册都安排了不少文学、文化的经典作品,力求总体提高学生的批判性、创新性思维和人文素养。

作为华侨大学,暨南大学的学生生源较之于国内兄弟院校有很大的特殊性,学生来自世界各地,母语语言混杂、文化背景多元,思想活跃而开放。因此,国内现有的《综合英

语》教材在题材内容、语言难度、文化背景、练习设计等方面不能适应暨南大学等侨校学生的要求。鉴于此，我们在选择课文时，优先考虑内容新颖，文化背景多元，贴近学生校园生活和社会、时代脉动的篇目。课文语言以地道、简洁、优美为原则，内容以信息量、知识性和趣味性结合为宗旨。教材课文选用考虑到了词汇分级、语言结构、篇章长短等因素，从易到难，由浅入深，以期在循序渐进的节奏中提高学生的综合英语水平。

值得一提的是，本教材讲义已经过一届学生的试用，效果非常好，学生学习积极性高，课堂表现主动，测试成绩优良。在学年结束的问卷调查中，学生对教材的选材和内容高度认可，对教材练习的有效性评价很高。同时，我们也把教材电子版和出版信息发给了国内诸多兄弟院校征求意见，得到业内同行的高度评价，并表达了希望使用该教材的意向。

暨南大学外国语学院的外籍专家Jay Grytdahl, Thomas Moran, Anthony Newman对本套教材进行了语言校审，暨南大学出版社编辑古碧卡、张建秀等一直辛苦地跟进教材编写进度及试用效果，在此一并对他们的辛勤劳动表示衷心的感谢！

由于水平和时间的限制，本教材的错漏和不足在所难免，恳请国内学界同仁、专家不吝指正！

编 者  
2013年12月22日

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## Text A

### The Colour of Life

by Alice Meynell<sup>1</sup>



Red has been praised for its nobility as the colour of life. But the true colour of life is not red. Red is the colour of violence, or of life broken open, edited, and published. Or if red is indeed the colour of life, it is so only on condition that it is not seen. Once fully visible, red is the colour of life violated, and in the act of betrayal and of waste. Red is the secret of life, and not the manifestation thereof. It is one of the things the value of which is secrecy, one of the talents that are to be hidden in a napkin. The true colour of life is the colour of the body, the colour of the covered red, the implicit and not explicit red of the living heart and the pulses. It is the modest colour of the unpublished blood.

So bright, so light, so soft, so mingled, the gentle colour of life is outdone by all the colours of the world. Its very beauty is that it is white, but less white than milk; brown, but less brown than earth; red, but less red than sunset or dawn. It is lucid, but less lucid than the colour of lilies. It has the hint of gold that is in all fine colour; but in our latitudes the hint is almost elusive. Under Sicilian skies, indeed, it is deeper than old ivory; but under the misty blue of the English zenith, and the warm grey of the London horizon, it is as delicately flushed as the paler wild roses, out to their utmost, flat as stars, in the hedges of the end of June.

For months together London does not see the colour of life in any mass. The human face does not give much of it, what with features, and beards, and the shadow of the top-hat and chapeau melon<sup>2</sup> of man, and of the veils of woman. Besides, the colour of the face is subject to a thousand injuries and accidents. The popular face of the Londoner has soon lost its gold, its white, and the delicacy of its red and brown. We miss little beauty by the fact that it is never seen freely in great numbers out-of-doors. You get it in some quantity when all the heads of a great indoor meeting are turned at once upon a speaker; but it is only in the open air, needless to say, that the colour of life is in perfection, in the open air, "clothed with the sun", whether the sunshine be golden and direct, or dazzlingly diffused in grey.

The little figure of the London boy it is that has restored to the landscape the human colour of life. He is allowed to come out of all his ignominies, and to take the late colour of the midsummer north-west evening, on the borders of the Serpentine<sup>3</sup>. At the stroke of eight he sheds the slough of nameless colours—all allied to the hues of dust, soot, and fog, which are the colours the world has chosen for its boys—and he makes, in his hundreds, a bright and delicate flush between the grey-blue water and the grey-blue sky. Clothed now with



the sun, he is crowned by-and-by with twelve stars as he goes to bathe, and the reflection of an early moon is under his feet.

So little stands between a gamin and all the dignities of Nature. They are so quickly restored. There seems to be nothing to do, but only a little thing to undo. It is like the art of Eleonora Duse<sup>4</sup>. The last and most finished action of her intellect, passion, and knowledge is, as it were, the flicking away of some insignificant thing mistaken for art by other actors, some little obstacle to the way and liberty of Nature.

All the squalor is gone in a moment, kicked off with the second boot, and the child goes shouting to complete the landscape with the lacking colour of life. You are inclined to wonder that, even undressed, he still shouts with a Cockney accent. You half expect pure vowels and elastic syllables from his restoration, his spring, his slenderness, his brightness, and his glow. Old ivory and wild rose in the deepening midsummer sun, he gives his colours to his world again.

It is easy to replace man, and it will take no great time, where Nature has lapsed, to replace Nature. It is always to do, by the happily easy way of doing nothing. The grass is always ready to grow in the streets—and no streets could ask for a more charming finish than your green grass. The gasometer even must fall to pieces unless it is renewed; but the grass renews itself. There is nothing so remediable as the work of modern man—“a thought which is also,” as Mr Pecksniff<sup>5</sup> said, “very soothing.” And by remediable I mean, of course, destructible. As the bathing child shuffles off his garments—they are few, and one brace suffices him—so the land might always, in reasonable time, shuffle off its yellow brick and purple slate, and all the things that collect about railway stations. A single night almost clears the air of London.

But if the colour of life looks so well in the rather sham scenery of Hyde Park, it looks brilliant and grave indeed on a real sea-coast. To have once seen it there should be enough to make a colourist. O, memorable little picture! The sun was gaining colour as it neared setting, and it set not over the sea, but over the land. The sea had the dark and rather stern, but not cold, blue of that aspect—the dark and not the opal tints. The sky was also deep. Everything was very definite, without mystery, and exceedingly simple. The most luminous thing was the shining white of an edge of foam, which did not cease to be white because it was a little golden and a little rosy in the sunshine. It was still the whitest thing imaginable. And the next most luminous thing was the little child, also invested with the sun and the colour of life.

In the case of women, it is of the living and unpublished blood that the violent world has professed to be delicate and ashamed. See the curious history of the political rights of woman under the Revolution. On the scaffold she enjoyed an ungrudged share in the fortunes of party. Political life might be denied her, but that seems a trifle when you consider how generously she was permitted political death. She was to spin and cook for her citizen in the obscurity of her living hours; but to the hour of her death was granted a part in the largest interests, social, national, international. The blood wherewith she should, according to Robespierre<sup>6</sup>, have blushed to be seen or heard in the tribune, was exposed in the public sight unsheltered by her veins.

Against this there was no modesty. Of all privacies, the last and the innermost—the privacy of death—was never allowed to put obstacles in the way of public action for a public cause. Women might be, and were, duly suppressed when, by the mouth of Olympe de Gouges<sup>7</sup>, they claimed a “right to concur in the choice of representatives for the formation of the laws”; but in her person, too, they were liberally allowed to bear political responsibility to the Republic. Olympe de Gouges was guillotined. Robespierre thus made her public and complete amends.

## Notes to the Text

### 1. About the author

Alice Christiana Gertrude Thompson Meynell (22 September, 1847–27 November, 1922) was an English writer, editor, critic, and suffragette, now remembered mainly as a poet. Meynell was born in Barnes, London, to Thomas James and Christiana (née Weller) Thompson. The family moved around England, Switzerland, and France, but she was brought up mostly in Italy, where a daughter of Thomas from his first marriage had settled. Her father was a friend of Charles Dickens. Her prose essays were remarkable for fineness of culture and peculiar restraint of style. Her major works include *Preludes* (1875), *The Rhythm of Life* (1893), *The Colour of Life and Other Essays* (1896), *The Children* (1897), *The Spirit of Place* (1898), *London Impressions* (1898), *Ruskin* (1900), and *The Second Person Singular* (1921).

### 2. chapeau melon

Chapeau melon is a rigid and curved felt hat.

### 3. the Serpentine

The Serpentine, also known as the Serpentine River, is a 40-acre (16.2 ha) recreational lake in Hyde Park, London, England, created in 1730 at the behest of Queen Caroline.

### 4. Eleonora Duse

Eleonora Duse (1858–1924) is an Italian actress, often known simply as Duse.

### 5. Pecksniff

Seth Pecksniff is one of the main characters of *The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit* (commonly known as *Martin Chuzzlewit*), a novel by Charles Dickens.

### 6. Robespierre

Maximilien François Marie Isidore de Robespierre (1758–1794) was a French lawyer, politician, and one of the best-known and most influential figures of the French Revolution.

### 7. Olympe de Gouges

Olympe de Gouges (1748–1793) was a French playwright and political activist whose feminist and abolitionist writings reached a large audience.

## Words and Expressions

**concur** [kən'kʊ:(r)] *v.*

to be in accord; be in agreement; happen simultaneously

意见相同; 同时发生

**destructible** [dɪ'strʌktəbl] *adj.*

easily destroyed 可破坏的

**elastic** [ɪ'læstɪk] *adj.*

capable of resuming original shape after stretching or compression; springy; able to adjust readily to different conditions

灵活的; 有弹性的; 可变的

**elusive** [ɪ'lʊ:sɪv] *adj.*

difficult to describe; skillful at eluding capture; difficult to detect or grasp by the mind or analyze 难懂的; 难捉摸的; 难找的; 逃避的

**gamin** ['gæmɪn] *n.*

(sometimes offensive) a homeless boy who has been abandoned and roams the streets 流浪儿

**gasometer** [gæ'somɪtə(r)] *n.*

a large gas-tight spherical or cylindrical tank for holding gas to be used as fuel; a meter for measuring the amount of gas flowing through a particular pipe 煤气容器; (过去的)大型燃气罐; 气体计量器

<b>guillotine</b> [ˈɡɪlətiːn] <i>n.</i>	instrument of execution that consists of a weighted blade between two vertical poles; used for beheading people 断头台; 切纸机
<b>ignominy</b> [ˈɪɡnəmɪni] <i>n.</i>	a state of dishonor (尤指公开的) 羞耻; 屈辱
<b>lapse</b> [læps] <i>v.</i>	to pass into a specified state or condition; end, at least for a long time; to drop to a lower level, as in one's morals or standards 流逝; 失效; 堕落; 停止
<b>lucid</b> [ˈluːsɪd] <i>adj.</i>	transparently clear; easily understandable; having a clear mind 清晰的; 明白易懂的; 神志清醒的
<b>luminous</b> [ˈluːmɪnəs] <i>adj.</i>	softly bright or radiant 发光的; 发亮的
<b>manifestation</b> [ˌmænɪfeɪˈsteɪʃn] <i>n.</i>	clear appearance; manifest indication of the existence or presence or nature of some person or thing 表现; 表明; 显示; 表现形式
<b>obscurity</b> [əbˈskjuərəti] <i>n.</i>	the condition of being unknown 默默无闻
<b>profess</b> [prəˈfes] <i>v.</i>	to claim to be knowledgeable about; practice as a profession 声称; 冒称; 以……为业
<b>remediable</b> [rɪˈmiːdiəbl] <i>adj.</i>	capable of being remedied or redressed 可补救的; 可治疗的
<b>secrecy</b> [ˈsiːkrəsi] <i>n.</i>	the trait of keeping things secret; the condition of being concealed or hidden 秘密; 保密; 隐蔽
<b>sham</b> [ʃæm] <i>adj.</i>	adopted in order to deceive 假的; 伪造的
<b>shuffle</b> [ˈʃʌfl] <i>v.</i>	to move clumsily 曳脚而行
<b>slough</b> [slau] <i>n.</i>	a hollow filled with mud 泥坑; 沼泽
<b>squalor</b> [ˈskwələ(r)] <i>n.</i>	sordid dirtiness 肮脏; 不干净
<b>suffice</b> [səˈfaɪs] <i>vt.</i>	to be sufficient; be adequate, either in quality or quantity 使……足够
<b>tribune</b> [ˈtrɪbjʊːn] <i>n.</i>	a projecting part of a building (as a church) that is usually semicircular in plan and vaulted 论坛; 看台; 讲坛
<b>ungrudged</b> [ʌnˈɡrʌdʒd] <i>adj.</i>	without ill will 慷慨的, 情愿的
<b>zenith</b> [ˈzenɪθ] <i>n.</i>	the point above the observer that is directly opposite the nadir on the imaginary sphere against which celestial bodies appear to be projected 顶点; 天顶; 全盛

## Exercises

### I. Read Text A carefully and answer the following questions.

1. According to the author, what is the true colour of life? What about red?
2. How does the author depict the hint of gold related to the true colour of life?
3. Why doesn't London see the colour of life in any mass?
4. What has the London boy restored to the landscape of London?
5. Why does the author mention the art of Eleonora Duse?
6. How does a gamin give his colours to his world?
7. Is it easy to replace Nature? How?
8. How different does the colour of life look in the scenery of Hyde Park and on a real sea-coast?
9. What has the violent world claimed about women?
10. How did the author view women in the history of political rights?

**II. Paraphrase the following sentences from Text A and pay particular attention to the italicized words.**

1. Or if red is indeed the colour of life, it is so *only on condition* that it is not seen. Once fully visible, red is the colour of *life violated*, and *in the act of betrayal and of waste*. Red is the secret of life, and not the *manifestation* thereof.
2. For months together London does not see the colour of life *in any mass*.
3. We *miss little beauty* by the fact that it is never seen freely in great numbers out-of-doors.
4. *So little stands* between a gamin and all the dignities of Nature. *They are so quickly restored*. There seems to be nothing to do, but only *a little thing to undo*.
5. The last and most finished action of her intellect, passion, and knowledge is, as it were, *the flicking away of some insignificant thing* mistaken for art by other actors, *some little obstacle to the way and liberty* of Nature.
6. There is nothing *so remediable as* the work of modern man—"a thought which is also," as Mr Pecksniff said, "very *soothing*."
7. In the case of women, it is of the living and unpublished blood that the violent world *has professed* to be *delicate and ashamed*.
8. Against this there was no *modesty*. Of all privacies, the last and the *innermost*—the privacy of death—was never allowed to *put obstacles in the way of public action for a public cause*.

**III. Translate the following sentences into Chinese.**

1. The true colour of life is the colour of the body, the colour of the covered red, the implicit and not explicit red of the living heart and the pulses. It is the modest colour of the unpublished blood.
2. Its very beauty is that it is white, but less white than milk; brown, but less brown than earth; red, but less red than sunset or dawn. It is lucid, but less lucid than the colour of lilies. It has the hint of gold that is in all fine colour; but in our latitudes the hint is almost elusive.
3. All the squalor is gone in a moment, kicked off with the second boot, and the child goes shouting to complete the landscape with the lacking colour of life.
4. But if the colour of life looks so well in the rather sham scenery of Hyde Park, it looks brilliant and grave indeed on a real sea-coast. To have once seen it there should be enough to make a colourist.
5. On the scaffold she enjoyed an ungrudged share in the fortunes of party. Political life might be denied her, but that seems a trifle when you consider how generously she was permitted political death.

**IV. Fill in the blanks with the words you have learned in Text A.**

For months together London does not see the colour of life in any 1. \_\_\_\_\_. The human face does not give much of it, what with features, and beards, and the shadow of the top-hat and chapeau melon of man, and of the veils of woman. Besides, the colour of the face is 2. \_\_\_\_\_ to a thousand injuries and accidents. The popular face of the Londoner has soon lost its gold, its white, and the 3. \_\_\_\_\_ of its red and brown. We miss little beauty by the fact that it is never seen freely in great numbers out-of-doors. You get it in some 4. \_\_\_\_\_ when all the heads of a great indoor meeting are turned at once upon a speaker; but it is only in the open air, needless to say, that the colour of life is in 5. \_\_\_\_\_, in the open air, "6. \_\_\_\_\_ with the sun", whether the sunshine be golden and direct, or 7. \_\_\_\_\_ diffused in grey.

The little figure of the London boy it is that has restored to the landscape the human colour of life. He is allowed to come out of all his 8. \_\_\_\_\_, and to take the late colour of the midsummer north-west evening,

on the borders of the Serpentine. At the stroke of eight he 9. \_\_\_\_\_ the slough of nameless colours—all 10. \_\_\_\_\_ to the hues of dust, soot, and fog, which are the colours the world has chosen for its boys—and he makes, in his hundreds, a bright and delicate flush between the grey-blue water and the grey-blue sky. Clothed now with the sun, he is 11. \_\_\_\_\_ by-and-by with twelve stars as he goes to bathe, and the 12. \_\_\_\_\_ of an early moon is under his feet.

**V. Complete the following sentences with the correct form of the words or phrases given in the box.**

on condition that	in the act of	manifestation	outdo	to one's utmost	subject to
in quantity	clothe	diffuse	allied to	crown	kick off
lapse	shuffle off	suffice	profess	in obscurity	

1. He had more than a dozen business contacts as he traveled around the vast trade show, and he said he was able to \_\_\_\_\_ four deals from his random contacts.
2. In some rural areas, handmade quilts can be found for even lower prices, but they would not be available \_\_\_\_\_.
3. However, the winning design—a 20-foot-tall bronze obelisk \_\_\_\_\_ with an abstract version of an African mask inspired by Young's Mende ancestry—retained the “New Endings” sculpture.
4. Countless musicians and music educators have spoken about the creation of community \_\_\_\_\_ making music.
5. Albany natives interested in a second career could also apply for financial aid from the hospital and return to school—again, \_\_\_\_\_ they would agree to come back to work in Albany.
6. The museum will be a major \_\_\_\_\_ of France's contributions to global civilization, reinvigorating France's flagging postcolonial stature in the Arab world.
7. There's this wonderful quote of his: “The most beautiful garments that may \_\_\_\_\_ a woman are the arms of the man she loves but for those who have not had the chance to find this happiness, I am here.”
8. Over the years, it's been great fun watching filmmakers competing to \_\_\_\_\_ one another in the wake of improving technology, creativity (and budgets); a big part of the fun for me was the anticipation of what they'd pull out next.
9. Will all this \_\_\_\_\_ to create an economic union in a single economic space? The demand for draft projects of such a union gives rise to hopes.
10. Once part of the almost fabled kingdom of Burgundy, Lille was \_\_\_\_\_ the rich Flemish tradition, holding to its past as part of the southern Netherlands.

**VI. Cloze.**

He who has survived his childhood intelligently must become conscious of something more than a change in his sense of the present and in his apprehension of the future. He must be 1. \_\_\_\_\_ of no less a thing than the destruction of the past. Its events and empires stand 2. \_\_\_\_\_ they did, and the mere relation of time is 3. \_\_\_\_\_ it was. But that which has fallen together, has fallen in, has fallen close, and lies in a little heap, is the past itself—time—the fact of antiquity.

He has 4. \_\_\_\_\_ a smaller world as he has grown older. There are no more 5. \_\_\_\_\_. Recorded time has no more terrors. The 6. \_\_\_\_\_ of measure which he holds in his hand has become in his eyes a thing of paltry length. The discovery draws in the annals of mankind. He had thought them to be wide.



For a man has nothing whereby to order and place the floods, the states, the conquests, and the temples of the past, except only the measure which he holds. Call that 7. \_\_\_\_\_ a space of ten years. His first ten years had given him the 8. \_\_\_\_\_ of a most august scale and measure. It was then that he conceived Antiquity. But now! Is it to a decade of ten such little years as these now in his hand—ten of his mature years—that men give the 9. \_\_\_\_\_ of a century? They call it an age; but what if life shows now so small 10. \_\_\_\_\_ the word age has lost its gravity?

In fact, when a child begins to know that there is a past, he has a most noble rod to measure it by—he has his own ten years. He 11. \_\_\_\_\_ an overwhelming majesty to all recorded time. He confers distance. He, and he alone, 12. \_\_\_\_\_ mystery. Remoteness is his. He creates more than mortal centuries. He 13. \_\_\_\_\_ armies fighting into the extremities of the past. He assigns the Parthenon to a hill of ages, and the temples of Upper Egypt to sidereal time.

If there were no child, there would be nothing old. He, having 14. \_\_\_\_\_ old time, communicates a remembrance at least of the mystery to the mind of the man. The man perceives at last all the illusion, but he cannot forget what was his 15. \_\_\_\_\_ when he was a child. He had once a persuasion of Antiquity. And this is not for nothing. The enormous undeception that comes upon him still leaves spaces in his mind.

- |                   |                |                 |               |
|-------------------|----------------|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. A. wary        | B. aware       | C. alert        | D. known      |
| 2. A. where       | B. which       | C. that         | D. how        |
| 3. A. than        | B. to          | C. that         | D. as         |
| 4. A. developed   | B. followed    | C. despised     | D. grown into |
| 5. A. extremities | B. sufferings  | C. sorrows      | D. crimes     |
| 6. A. rule        | B. unit        | C. way          | D. method     |
| 7. A. scale       | B. measure     | C. view         | D. method     |
| 8. A. imagination | B. thinking    | C. illustration | D. illusion   |
| 9. A. dignity     | B. beauty      | C. name         | D. content    |
| 10. A. like       | B. that        | C. which        | D. as         |
| 11. A. thinks     | B. attributes  | C. regards      | D. considers  |
| 12. A. declines   | B. cherishes   | C. respects     | D. bestows    |
| 13. A. withdraws  | B. retreats    | C. sends        | D. enjoys     |
| 14. A. conceived  | B. questioned  | C. doubted      | D. ignored    |
| 15. A. disbelief  | B. uncertainty | C. doubt        | D. conviction |

## VII. Translate the following sentences into English, using the words given in the parentheses.

1. 我们不能再接受更多的工作了。我们目前已经全力以赴地增进国家的利益了。(to the utmost)
2. 在严密控制条件的情况下, 这个交流平台可以在图书馆合理使用, 但是不能在充满奇想、方言、口语和误解的现实世界中运行。(subject to)
3. 我们是在共同效忠国家的大前提下, 让各社群有更大的空间保留自己的语言和文化。(profess)
4. 如果“猫王”和其他同太阳唱片公司签约的音乐天才没有遇到菲利普斯的话, 他们可能会终生默默无闻。(in obscurity)
5. 只要他的主意打定, 他便随着心中所想的那条路儿走; 假若走不通的话, 他能一两天不出一声, 咬着牙, 好似咬着自己的心! (lapse)

### **VIII. Writing.**

1. Write a 300-word précis of “The Colour of Life” .
2. Write an essay of 400 words in which you discuss your interpretation of the colour of life.

## Text B

## On Life

by Percy Bysshe Shelley<sup>1</sup>

Life and the world, or whatever we call that which we are and feel, is an astonishing thing. The mist of familiarity obscures from us the wonder of our being. We are struck with admiration at some of its transient modifications, but it is itself the great miracle. What are changes of empires, the wreck of dynasties, with the opinions which supported them; what is the birth and the extinction of religious and of political systems to life? What are the revolutions of the globe which we inhabit, and the operations of the elements of which it is composed, compared with life? What is the universe of stars, and suns, of which this inhabited earth is one, and their motions, and their destiny, compared with life? Life, the great miracle, we admire not, because it is so miraculous. It is well that we are thus shielded by the familiarity of what is at once so certain and so unfathomable, from an astonishment which would otherwise absorb and overawe the functions of that which is its object.

If any artist, I do not say had executed, but had merely conceived in his mind the system of the sun, and the stars, and planets, they not existing, and had painted to us in words, or upon canvas, the spectacle now afforded by the nightly cope of heaven, and illustrated it by the wisdom of astronomy, great would be our admiration. Or had he imagined the scenery of this earth, the mountains, the seas, and the rivers; the grass, and the flowers, and the variety of the forms and masses of the leaves of the woods, and the colours which attend the setting and the rising sun, and the hues of the atmosphere, turbid or serene, these things not before existing, truly we should have been astonished, and it would not have been a vain boast to have said of such a man, "Non merita nome di creatore, sennon Iddio ed il Poeta."<sup>2</sup> But now these things are looked on with little wonder, and to be conscious of them with intense delight is esteemed to be the distinguishing mark of a refined and extraordinary person. The multitude of men care not for them. It is thus with life—that which includes all.

What is life? Thoughts and feelings arise, with or without our will, and we employ words to express them. We are born, and our birth is unremembered, and our infancy remembered but in fragments; we live on, and in living we lose the apprehension of life. How vain is it to think that words can penetrate the mystery of our being! Rightly used they may make evident our ignorance to ourselves, and this is much. For what are we? Whence do we come? and whither do we go? Is birth the commencement, is death the conclusion of our being? What is birth and death?

The most refined abstractions of logic conduct to a view of life, which, though startling to the apprehension, is, in fact, that which the habitual sense of its repeated combinations has extinguished in us. It strips, as it were, the painted curtain from this scene of things. I confess that I am one of those who are unable to refuse my assent to the conclusions of those philosophers who assert that nothing exists but as it is

perceived.

It is a decision against which all our persuasions struggle, and we must be long convicted before we can be convinced that the solid universe of external things is “such stuff as dreams are made of”<sup>3</sup>. The shocking absurdities of the popular philosophy of mind and matter, its fatal consequences in morals, and their violent dogmatism concerning the source of all things, had early conducted me to materialism. This materialism is a seducing system to young and superficial minds. It allows its disciples to talk, and dispenses them from thinking. But I was discontented with such a view of things as it afforded; man is a being of high aspirations, “looking both before and after”<sup>4</sup>, whose “thoughts wander through eternity”<sup>5</sup>, disclaiming alliance with transience and decay; incapable of imagining to himself annihilation; existing but in the future and the past; being, not what he is, but what he has been and shall be. Whatever may be his true and final destination, there is a spirit within him at enmity with nothingness and dissolution. This is the character of all life and being. Each is at once the centre and the circumference; the point to which all things are referred, and the line in which all things are contained. Such contemplations as these, materialism and the popular philosophy of mind and matter alike forbid; they are only consistent with the intellectual system.

It is absurd to enter into a long recapitulation of arguments sufficiently familiar to those inquiring minds, whom alone a writer on abstruse subjects can be conceived to address. Perhaps the most clear and vigorous statement of the intellectual system is to be found in Sir William Drummond’s<sup>6</sup> *Academical Questions*. After such an exposition, it would be idle to translate into other words what could only lose its energy and fitness by the change. Examined point by point, and word by word, the most discriminating intellects have been able to discern no train of thoughts in the process of reasoning, which does not conduct inevitably to the conclusion which has been stated.

What follows from the admission? It establishes no new truth, it gives us no additional insight into our hidden nature, neither its action nor itself. Philosophy, impatient as it may be to build, has much work yet remaining, as pioneer for the overgrowth of ages. It makes one step towards this object; it destroys error, and the roots of error. It leaves, what it is too often the duty of the reformer in political and ethical questions to leave, a vacancy. It reduces the mind to that freedom in which it would have acted, but for the misuse of words and signs, the instruments of its own creation. By signs, I would be understood in a wide sense, including what is properly meant by that term, and what I peculiarly mean. In this latter sense, almost all familiar objects are signs, standing, not for themselves, but for others, in their capacity of suggesting one thought which shall lead to a train of thoughts. Our whole life is thus an education of error.

Let us recollect our sensations as children. What a distinct and intense apprehension had we of the world and of ourselves! Many of the circumstances of social life were then important to us which are now no longer so. But that is not the point of comparison on which I mean to insist. We less habitually distinguished all that we saw and felt, from ourselves. They seemed as it were to constitute one mass. There are some persons who, in this respect, are always children. Those who are subject to the state called reverie, feel as if their nature were dissolved into the surrounding universe, or as if the surrounding universe were absorbed into their being. They are conscious of no distinction. And these are states which precede, or accompany, or follow an unusually intense and vivid apprehension of life. As men grow up this power commonly decays, and they become mechanical and habitual agents. Thus feelings and then reasonings are the combined result of a multitude of entangled thoughts, and of a series of what are called impressions, planted by reiteration.

The view of life presented by the most refined deductions of the intellectual philosophy, is that of unity.