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一生必读的教育经典



爱的教育

[意]亚米契斯/著 羽玲/译

最畅销的英汉对照
双语读物

黑龙江科学技术出版社



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前言 PREFACE



“教育之没有情感、没有爱,如同池塘没有水一样。没有水,就不能称其为池塘;没有爱就不存在教育。”这个让我们感受到爱的教育之重要的人,就是意大利著名作家亚米契斯。

亚米契斯诞生于1846年,16岁即开始了军旅生涯,并在1868年发表了处女作《军营生活》。亚米契斯热衷于旅行,发表过一系列游记,其中著名的有《西班牙》、《君士坦丁堡》等。但亚米契斯更善于描写家庭和学校生活,发表于1886年的《爱的教育》是他的巅峰之作,也使他一夜之间名誉全球。

《爱的教育》采用了日记体的形式,讲述了一个名叫艾瑞克的意大利小男孩儿的成长故事,详细地记录了他小学四年级一个学年中在学校、家庭、社会的所见所闻,字里行间洋溢着对祖国、父母、师长、朋友的真挚之爱。作者以流畅、生动的语言,细腻传神的笔触,饱含深情地刻画了一群从出身到性格都迥然不同的少年,他们有的家庭异常贫困,有的身有残疾,也有的来自上流社会的家庭,但他们都淳朴善良,充满活力,积极上进,而且性格一如阳光般灿烂。在他们身上,有着值得称道的共同点——那就是对亲人、朋友的真挚之情,对自己的祖国意大利的深深的热爱。

《爱的教育》并不刻意讲究修辞与结构,语言也异常淳朴简洁,它之所以在世界各国广为流传,并被奉为为人父母、为人师长、为人子女者一生必读的教育经典,其重要原因是它道出了教育的根本,即:爱是教育的第一要义。书中没有任何虚伪的说教,没有宗教式的宣传,也没有颂歌式的赞美,却有着感人肺腑的力量。同时,它还洋溢着博大的人道精神和温馨的人性之美,具有很强的艺术感

染力,因而,很多国家都将它作为中小生素质教育的范本,许多父母都把它作为孩子情感教育的第一课。孩子们通过阅读《爱的教育》,走入艾瑞克的生活,徜徉在爱的天地中,进而让自己慢慢领悟到应该如何学习、如何生活,以及如何去爱,并在感动中懂得:爱源于对生活的追求。因此,《爱的教育》曾多次被改编成动画片、电影、连环画等,在一个多世纪的时间里,始终受到全世界读者的推崇。

孩子是属于未来的,教育是属于世界的。亚米契斯用《爱的教育》使人感受到,人类多么需要相互关心、相互理解、相互帮助!而这种关心、理解和帮助,都离不开人之最自然最根本的情感——爱!

本译作在力求传达原著风采的同时,还奉送给读者原汁原味的英文版本,使读者在双语的世界里,细品名著的神韵。

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开学第一天 First Day of School

Monday, 17th

Today is the first day of school. These three months of vacation in the country have passed like a dream. This morning my mother conducted me to the Baretto schoolhouse to have me enter for the third elementary course: I was thinking of the country, and went unwillingly. All the streets were swarming with boys: the two book-shops were thronged with fathers and mothers who were purchasing bags, portfolios, and copy-books, and in front of the school so many people had collected, that the beadle and the policeman found it difficult to keep the entrance disencumbered. Near the door, I felt myself touched on the shoulder: it was my master of the second class, cheerful, as usual, and with his red hair ruffled, and he said to me: — “So we are separated forever, Enrico?”

I knew it perfectly well, yet these words pained me. We made our way in with difficulty. Ladies, gentlemen, women of the people, workmen, officials, nuns, servants, all leading boys with one hand, and holding the promotion books in the other, filled the anteroom and the stairs, making such a buzzing, that it seemed as though one were entering a theatre. I beheld again with pleasure that large room on the ground floor, with the doors leading to the seven classes, where I had passed nearly every day for three years. There was a throng; the teachers were going and coming. My schoolmistress of the first upper class greeted me from the door of the class-room, and said: —

“Enrico, you are going to the floor above this year. I shall never see you pass by any more!” and she gazed sadly at me. The director was surrounded by women in distress because there was no room for their sons, and it struck me that his beard was a little whiter than it had been last year. I found the boys had grown taller and stouter. On the ground floor, where the divisions had already been made, there were little children of the first and lowest section, who did not want to enter the class-rooms, and who resisted like donkeys: it was necessary to drag them in by force, and some escaped from the benches; others, when they saw their parents depart, began to cry, and the parents had to go back and comfort and reprimand them, and the teachers were in despair.

My little brother was placed in the class of Mistress Delcati: I was put with Master Perboni, upstairs on the first floor. At ten o'clock we were all in our classes: fifty-four of us; only fifteen or sixteen of my companions of the second class, among them, Derossi, the one who always gets the first prize. The school seemed to me so small and gloomy when I thought of the woods and the mountains where I had passed the summer! I thought again, too, of my master in the second class, who was so good, and who always smiled at us, and was so small that he seemed to be one of us, and I grieved that I should no longer see him there, with his tumbled red hair. Our teacher is tall; he has no beard; his hair is gray and long; and he has a perpendicular wrinkle on his forehead: he has a big voice, and he looks at us fixedly, one after the other, as though he were reading our inmost thoughts; and he never smiles. I said to myself: “This is my first day. There are nine months more. What toil, what monthly examinations, what fatigue!” I really needed to see my mother when I came

out, and I ran to kiss her hand. She said to me:—

“Courage, Enrico! we will study together.” And I returned home content. But I no longer have my master, with his kind, merry smile, and school does not seem pleasant to me as it did before.

17日,星期一

今天是开学的第一天。在乡村度过的这三个月的假期匆匆地结束了,真像一场梦一样。我该上四年级了,今天早上,妈妈领着我去了巴瑞堤学校报名,我一路上都在回想着乡村的事,心不甘、情不愿地跟在妈妈后面走。所有的街道上挤满了学生。两家文具商店里则挤满了学生家长,他们都在给孩子买书包、本夹子和抄写本。学校前面早已经人头攒动,校工和警察正费劲地疏散着拥挤的人群。在校门口附近,我突然感觉有人拍了一下我的肩膀,回头一看,是我三年级的老师。他像往常一样留着一头红色的卷发,脸上堆满了笑容。他对我说:“艾瑞克,我们要永远地分开了。”

虽然我早就清楚地知道这件事,但是听到他这么说,我心里还是很难受。我们好不容易挤到了里面,这里简直成了一个大剧院,接待室和楼梯里都是人。有夫人、绅士、劳动妇女、工人、军官、修女,还有佣人。他们都一手领着孩子一手拿着通知书在那儿焦急地等着。我又看到了一楼的大厅,心里别提多高兴了。这个大厅可以通向七个班级。这三年来,我几乎每天都要经过这里,老师们也常常聚在这里,或是不时地从此走过。在教室门口,我见到了我二年级的女老师。她说:

“艾瑞克,今年你就要到楼上去上课了,我可能再也看不到你从这里经过了。”这时,她的眼睛里充满了忧伤。那边,很多女人围着校长在唧唧喳喳地说个不停,因为上学的名额已经满了,而她们的儿子却没能报上名。我惊讶地发现校长的胡子比去年更白了,还有好多学生也都长高、长壮了。一楼的班级已经分好了,好多一年级的孩子不愿意进教室,一个个倔强得像驴子一样。家长们不得不把他们硬拉进教室,但是家长们一转身,孩子又跑了出来。有的孩子看见家长走了就开始哭,家长对他们又哄又骂,却一点效果也没有。对此,老师也是一点办法也没有。

我的弟弟被分到了戴尔卡蒂女士的班级。我则被分到了珀伯尼老师的班级,教室在二楼。上午十点的时候,我们在教室集合了。五十四个学生中只有十五六个是我三年级时的同学,其中包括那个总拿一等奖的戴若斯。每当我想起暑假中所游玩过的那些树林和高山,就觉得这所学校又小又憋闷。还有我三年级的老师,他和蔼可亲的脸上总是挂着笑容。他个子不高,看上去就像是其中的一员。一想到以后再也见不到他以及他那头红色卷发时,我心里就酸酸的。我们现在的这个老师个子很高,没有胡子,头发花白而且很长,额头上还有一道深深的皱纹。他声音很洪亮,看着我们的时候脸上没有一丝笑容。他一个一个地上下打量着我们,眼神好像能把人的心底看透。我心想:“这才是开学的第一天,还有九个月呢。这期间得做多少作业,考多少次月考啊。真是太讨厌了!”当我从班级出来的时候,我迫不及待地想见到妈妈。我跑过去吻了吻她的手,妈妈说:

“艾瑞克,打起精神来,我们要一起学习。”我满心欢喜地回了家。但是,我再也见不到那位善良的笑容可掬的老师了。学校对我来说再也不像从前那样美好。

我们的老师 Our Master

Tuesday, 18th

My new teacher pleases me also, since this morning. While we were coming in, and when he was already seated at his post, some one of his scholars of last year every now and then peeped in at the door to salute him; they would present themselves and greet him: —

“Good morning, Signor Teacher!” “Good morning, Signor Perboni!” Some entered, touched his hand, and ran away. It was evident that they liked him, and would have liked to return to him. He responded, “Good morning,” and shook the hands which were extended to him, but he looked at no one; at every greeting his smile remained serious, with that perpendicular wrinkle on his brow, with his face turned towards the window, and staring at the roof of the house opposite; and instead of being cheered by these greetings, he seemed to suffer from them.

Then he surveyed us attentively, one after the other. While he was dictating, he descended and walked among the benches, and, catching sight of a boy whose face was all red with little pimples, he stopped dictating, took the lad's face between his hands and examined it; then he asked him what was the matter with him, and laid his hand on his forehead, to feel if it was hot.

Meanwhile, a boy behind him got up on the bench, and began to play the marionette. The teacher turned round suddenly; the boy resumed his seat at one dash, and remained there, with head hanging, in expectation of being punished. The master placed one hand on his head and said to him:

“Don't do so again.” Nothing more.

Then he returned to his table and finished the dictation. When he had finished dictating, he looked at us a moment in silence; then he said, very, very slowly, with his big but kind voice: —

“Listen. We have a year to pass together; let us see that we pass it well. Study and be good. I have no family; you are my family. Last year I had still a mother; she is dead. I am left alone. I have no one but you in all the world; I have no other affection, no other thought than you: you must be my sons. I wish you well, and you must like me too. I do not wish to be obliged to punish any one. Show me that you are boys of heart: our school shall be a family, and you shall be my consolation and my pride. I do not ask you to give me a promise on your word of honor; I am sure that in your hearts you have already answered me ‘yes’, and I thank you.”

At that moment the beadle entered to announce the close of school. We all left our seats very, very quietly. The boy who had stood up on the bench approached the master, and said to him, in a trembling voice: —

“Forgive me, Signor Master.”

The master kissed him on the brow, and said, “Go, my son.”

18日,星期二

从今天早上起,我也开始喜欢我的这位新老师了。当我们走进教室的时候,他已经在他的位置上坐好了,有一些他去年教过的学生时不时地在门口窥探、向他问好,或者伸进头来和他打招呼:

“早上好,老师!”“早上好,珀伯尼先生!”一些学生甚至还进来和他握手,然后飞快地跑出去。这些证明大家都很喜欢他,并且愿意和他在一起。这时,他也会答道:“早上好。”并握一握伸上来的手,但是他的眼睛从不看任何人,脸上仍旧没有笑容,只有额头上的皱纹清晰可见。他凝视着窗外对面房屋的屋顶,好像和学生打招呼并不是件快乐的事,反而很痛苦似的。

上课以后,他又将我们一个个地打量了一番。当开始听写的时候,他从讲台上走下来在课桌之间走来走去。这时,他看到一个男孩儿的脸红红的,还长有一些小红点儿,于是他立即停止了听写,用手捧起孩子的脸仔细地查看,然后问他是不是哪里不舒服,并用手摸摸孩子的头,看看是不是发烧了。

就在这时候,老师后面的一个学生跳到凳子上做起鬼脸来,没想到老师却突然转身。这个学生急忙跳下来,一屁股坐在凳子上,一动也不动,耷拉着脑袋等待挨罚。但老师却只用手摸了摸他的头说:

“以后别这样了。”就再也没说什么。

然后老师走向讲台继续听写。当听写完之后,他默默地看了我们一会儿,接着便用洪亮而和蔼的声音慢慢地说:

“孩子们,我们需要在一起共同度过一年的时间。我们要珍惜这一年。我希望大家能好好学习,做到品学兼优。我没有家,你们就是我的亲人。去年,我的母亲去世了,现在只剩下我一个人。在这个世界上除了你们我再也没有别的亲人,再也没有什么人可爱和可思念的了。你们就是我的儿子,我希望你们健康快乐,也希望你们爱我。我不想惩罚任何人,只请你们向我表明你们的真心。我们班级就是一个大家庭,你们将是我的慰藉和骄傲,我不会要求你们给我任何口头上的承诺,但是我深信,在你们内心里已经有了肯定的回答,谢谢你们。”

就在那一刻,校工进来通知下课了。我们都一声不响地离开了教室。那个曾站到凳子上去的男孩子走到老师面前,怯生生地说:

“请原谅我吧,老师。”

老师吻了吻他的额头说:“走吧,我的孩子。”

一场事故 An Accident

Friday, 21st

The year has begun with an accident. On my way to school this morning I was repeating to my father these words of our teacher, when we perceived that the street was full of people, who were pressing close to the door of the schoolhouse. Suddenly my father said: "An accident! The year is beginning badly! "

We entered with great difficulty. The big hall was crowded with parents and children, whom the teachers had not succeeded in drawing off into the class-rooms, and all were turning towards the director's room, and we heard the words, "Poor boy! Poor Robetti! "

Over their heads, at the end of the room, we could see the helmet of a policeman, and the bald head of the director; then a gentleman with a tall hat entered, and all said, "That is the doctor." My father inquired of a master, "What has happened?" — "A wheel has passed over his foot," replied the latter. "His foot has been crushed," said another.

He was a boy belonging to the second class, who, on his way to school through the Via Dora Grossa, seeing a little child of the lowest class, who had run away from its mother, fall down in the middle of the street, a few paces from an omnibus which was bearing down upon it, had hastened boldly forward, caught up the child, and placed it in safety; but, as he had not withdrawn his own foot quickly enough, the wheel of the omnibus had passed over it. He is the son of a captain of artillery.

While we were being told this, a woman entered the big hall, like a lunatic, and forced her way through the crowd: she was Robetti's mother, who had been sent for. Another woman hastened towards her, and flung her arms about her neck, with sobs: it was the mother of the baby who had been saved. Both flew into the room, and a desperate cry made itself heard: "Oh my Giulio! My child! "

At that moment a carriage stopped before the door, and a little later the director made his appearance, with the boy in his arms; the latter leaned his head on his shoulder, with pallid face and closed eyes. Every one stood very still; the sobs of the mother were audible. The director paused a moment, quite pale, and raised the boy up a little in his arms, in order to show him to the people. And then the masters, mistresses, parents, and boys all murmured together: "Bravo, Robetti! Bravo, poor child! "

And they threw kisses to him; the mistresses and boys who were near him kissed his hands and his arms. He opened his eyes and said, "My portfolio! " The mother of the little boy whom he had saved showed it to him and said, amid her tears, "I will carry it for you, my dear little angel; I will carry it for you." And in the meantime, the mother of the wounded boy smiled, as she covered her face with her hands. They went out, placed the lad comfortably in the carriage, and the carriage drove away. Then we all entered school in silence.

21 日,星期五

这学期刚开学就发生了一场不幸的事故。今天早晨上学的路上,我正和爸爸讲昨天老师说的话时,忽然看见好多人挤在通往学校的路上。爸爸说:“一定是出事了,学年才刚开始,真是糟糕!”

我们好不容易才挤进了学校,只见大厅里挤满了学生和家長。大家正朝校长办公室张望着,我们听见有人说:“可怜的孩子,可怜的罗比特。”

从人们的头顶看过去,一眼就能看见屋子最里面警察的头盔和校长光秃秃的头顶。过了一会儿,一位头戴大礼帽的绅士走了进来。大家立即喊道:“医生来了!”爸爸向一位老师打听:“到底出了什么事?”对方回答:“他的脚被车轮轧了。”另一个人说:“他的脚被轧断了。”

罗比特是三年级的学生,在他上学路过赛维格罗萨大街时,看见一个一年级的小男孩儿从妈妈身边跑开,摔倒在了马路中间,这时候不远处正有一辆马车驶了过来,罗比特毫不犹豫地跑过去,一把抱起那个孩子,并把他放在了安全的地方。但是由于罗比特没有及时把脚收回,车轮从上面轧了过去。罗比特是一位炮兵上尉的儿子。

我们刚听到这儿,一个女人突然像疯了一样冲进大厅,推开人群。她就是罗比特的妈妈,是别人把这件事告诉她的。这时,另一个妇人跑过来伸开双臂抱着她的脖子大哭起来,这个妇人就是被救起来的那个孩子的妈妈。两个人一起冲进校长办公室,一声绝望的哭喊声传了出来:“我的吉里奥!我的孩子!”

就在这时,一辆马车在学校门口停了下来。不一会儿,校长抱着孩子走了出来,罗比特的头靠在校长的肩上,面无血色、双目紧闭。所有的人都静静地站着,只能听见他妈妈的啜泣声。校长看上去面色苍白,他停了一会儿,双臂微微举起罗比特,好让大家看一看。所有的老师、家長和学生都小声地说:“真勇敢,罗比特。”“好样的,可怜的孩子。”

大家都向他送去飞吻,离得近的还吻到了他的小手和胳膊。罗比特睁开眼睛说:“我的书包呢?”被救孩子的妈妈双眼含泪地举起书包说:“在这儿呢,我给你拿着,我可爱的小天使,我给你拿着呢!”与此同时,一直掩面哭泣的罗比特的妈妈终于露出了一丝笑容。他们一起走了出去,把罗比特安放在马车上。马车驶走了,我们大家都默默地走向教室。

卡拉布里亚的孩子 The Calabrian Boy

Saturday, 22d

Yesterday afternoon, while the master was telling us the news of poor Robetti, who will have to go on crutches, the director entered with a new pupil, a lad with a very brown face, black hair, large black eyes, and thick eyebrows which met on his forehead: he was dressed entirely in dark clothes, with a black morocco belt round his waist. The director went away, after speaking a few words in the master's ear, leaving beside the latter the boy, who glanced about with his big black eyes as though frightened.

The master took him by the hand, and said to the class: "You ought to be glad. To-day there enters our school a little Italian born in Reggio, in Calabria, more than five hundred miles from here. Love your brother who has come from so far away. He was born in a glorious land, which has given illustrious men to Italy, and which now furnishes her with stout laborers and brave soldiers; in one of the most beautiful lands of our country, where there are great forests, and great mountains, inhabited by people full of talent and courage. Treat him well, so that he shall not perceive that he is far away from the city in which he was born; make him see that an Italian boy, in whatever Italian school he sets his foot, will find brothers there." So saying, he rose and pointed out on the wall map of Italy the spot where lay Reggio, in Calabria. Then he called loudly: —

"Ernesto Derossi!" — the boy who always has the first prize. Derossi rose.

"Come here," said the master. Derossi left his bench and stepped up to the little table, facing the Calabrian.

"As the head boy in the school," said the master to him, "bestow the embrace of welcome on this new companion, in the name of the whole class — the embrace of the sons of Piedmont to the son of Calabria."

Derossi embraced the Calabrian, saying in his clear voice, "Welcome!" and the other kissed him impetuously on the cheeks. All clapped their hands. "Silence!" cried the master; "don't clap your hands in school!" But it was evident that he was pleased. And the Calabrian was pleased also. The master assigned him a place, and accompanied him to the bench. Then he said again: —

"Bear well in mind what I have said to you. In order that this case might occur, that a Calabrian boy should be as though in his own house at Turin, and that a boy from Turin should be at home in Calabria, our country fought for fifty years, and thirty thousand Italians died. You must all respect and love each other; but any one of you who should give offence to this comrade, because he was not born in our province, would render himself unworthy of ever again raising his eyes from the earth when he passes the tricolored flag."

Hardly was the Calabrian seated in his place, when his neighbors presented him with pens and a print; and another boy, from the last bench, sent him a Swiss postage-stamp.



22日,星期六

昨天下午,正当老师告诉我们可怜的罗比特今后得拄着拐杖走路时,校长进来了,他领来了一个新学生。这个孩子的皮肤是棕色的,头发黑黑的,眼睛又黑又大,浓密的眉毛紧贴着前额。他穿着一身黑色的衣服,腰间系着一条黑色的摩洛哥皮腰带。校长在老师耳边低声说了几句话,然后留下小男孩儿出去了。小男孩儿用他那双黑亮的大眼睛看着我们,露出不安的神色。

老师拉着他的手对全班同学说:“大家应该感到高兴,因为今天我们班转来一名新同学,他来自距此五百英里的卡拉布里亚市的雷焦。你们要爱这位远道而来的小伙伴,他出生在一个让人引以为豪的地方,那里为意大利哺育了很多杰出的人才,包括一些强壮的劳动者和勇敢的战士。那里森林繁茂,高山耸立,那里的人民聪明而勇敢,是我们国家最美丽的地方之一。你们要

和他友好相处,这样他才不会觉得自己是个异乡人,让他感觉到我们意大利的孩子,无论在意大利的哪一所学校都能得到大家兄弟般的温暖。”说完之后,老师站了起来,指着意大利地图上卡拉布里亚的雷焦,大声说:

“欧内斯特·戴若斯。”那个总拿一等奖的孩子戴若斯站了起来。

“到这里来。”老师说。于是戴若斯离开座位,走上讲台,站在了那个卡拉布里亚孩子的前面。

“作为学校的优秀学生,”老师又说,“请你代表全班同学拥抱一下新同学,以表示欢迎。这是皮尔德蒙特的孩子给予卡拉布里亚的孩子的拥抱。”

戴若斯拥抱了新同学,并用响亮的声音说:“欢迎你!”那男孩儿也激动地吻了戴若斯的双颊。大家鼓起掌来。“安静!”老师大声说,“上课不许鼓掌。”但是,我们看得出老师今天很高兴,那个卡拉布里亚的孩子也很高兴。老师给他安排了一个位置,并陪他一起走到椅子旁边。然后又说:

“你们要牢记我刚才说过的话,我希望能够看到这样一种场面,那就是每一个卡拉布里亚的孩子在都灵都像在自己家一样,每一个都灵的孩子在卡拉布里亚也像回到了自己家一样。我们的国家为这一目标已奋斗了五十年,有三万意大利人死在战场上,所以你们一定要互相尊重,相亲相爱。如果你们当中有谁因为他不是出生在我们省而欺负他的话,那么这个人就永远也不配在我们美丽的国土上仰望三色国旗升起。”

卡拉布里亚的孩子刚刚坐下,他周围的同学就纷纷送给他铅笔和小画片。坐在最后一排椅子上的一位同学还送给他一张瑞士邮票。

我的同班同学 My Comrades

Tuesday, 25th

The boy who sent the postage-stamp to the Calabrian is the one who pleases me best of all. His name is Garrone: he is the biggest boy in the class; he is about fourteen years old; his head is large, his shoulders broad; he is good, as one can see when he smiles; but it seems as though he always thought like a man.

I already know many of my comrades. Another one pleases me, too, by the name of Coretti, and he wears chocolate-colored trousers and a catskin cap: he is always jolly; he is the son of a huckster of wood, who was a soldier in the war of 1866, in the squadron of Prince Umberto, and they say that he has three medals.

There is little Nelli, a poor hunchback, a weak boy, with a thin face.

There is one who is very well dressed, who always wears fine Florentine plush, and is named Votini.

On the bench in front of me there is a boy who is called "the little mason" because his father is a mason: his face is as round as an apple, with a nose like a small ball; he possesses a special talent: he knows how to make a hare's face, and they all get him to make a hare's face, and then they laugh. He wears a little ragged cap, which he carries rolled up in his pocket like a handkerchief.

Beside the little mason there sits Garoffi, a long, thin, silly fellow, with a nose and beak of a screech owl, and very small eyes, who is always trafficking in little pens and images and match-boxes, and who writes the lesson on his nails, in order that he may read it on the sly.

Then there is a young gentleman, Carlo Nobis, who seems very haughty; and he is between two boys who are sympathetic to me, — the son of a blacksmith-ironmonger, clad in a jacket which reaches to his knees, who is pale, as though from illness, who always has a frightened air, and who never laughs; and one with red hair, who has a useless arm, and wears it suspended from his neck; his father has gone away to America, and his mother goes about peddling pot-herbs.

And there is another curious type, — my neighbor on the left, — Stardi — small and thickset, with no neck, — a gruff fellow, who speaks to no one, and seems not to understand much, but stands attending to the master without winking, his brow corrugated with wrinkles, and his teeth clenched; and if he is questioned when the master is speaking, he makes no reply the first and second times, and the third time he gives a kick.

And beside him there is a bold, cunning face, belonging to a boy named Franti, who has already been expelled from another district. There are, in addition, two brothers who are dressed exactly alike, who resemble each other to a hair, and both of whom wear caps of Calabrian cut, with a peasant's plume. But handsomer than all the rest, the one who has the most talent, who will surely be the head this year also, is Derossi; and the master, who has already perceived this, always questions him.

But I like Precossi, the son of the blacksmith-ironmonger, the one with the long jacket, who seems sickly. They say that his father beats him; he is very timid, and every time that he addresses or touches any one, he says, "Excuse me," and gazes at them with his kind, sad eyes.

But Garrone is the biggest and the nicest.