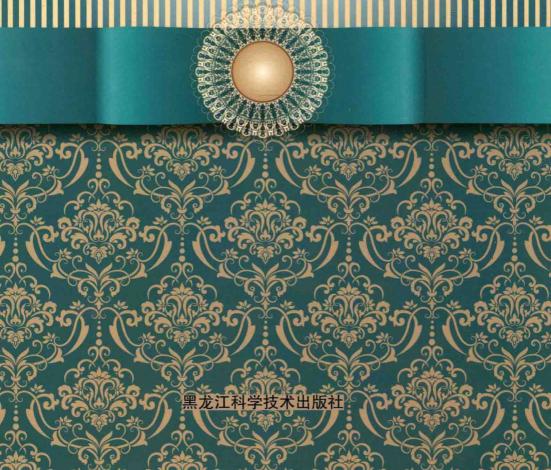
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# 假如给我三天光明

[美]海伦・凯勒/著 达子/译

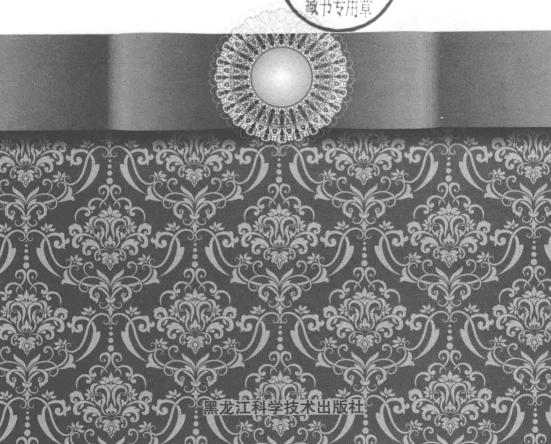
最畅销的英汉对照 双语读物



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假如你只有三天的光明,你将如何使用你的眼睛?对于这样一个问题,也许你一时不知如何作答。那么,就让我们走进《假如给我三天光明》,倾听美国盲聋哑女作家海伦·凯勒的心声吧。

1880年,海伦·凯勒出生在美国阿拉巴马州北部的一个小镇上。她是如此不幸,不到两岁时,就被一场大病夺走了视力、听力与说话的能力,从此,她开始了常人难以想象的黑暗生活。然而,她又是如此幸运,在她7岁的时候,一位超凡的教育家——莎莉文老师出现在她的生活中,将她带入了一个全新的世界,帮助她创造了生命的奇迹!在短短的几年中,海伦·凯勒不仅学会了读书和说话,还以优异的成绩毕业于哈佛大学德克利夫学院,掌握了英、法、德、拉丁文和希腊文等五种文字。伟大的音乐家贝多芬曾有一句名言:我要扼住命运的咽喉!在世人眼中,海伦·凯勒就是扼住命运咽喉的强者!

海伦·凯勒一生中共创作了十四部作品。《假如给我三天光明》是由她的处女作《我生活的故事》和她发表于美国《大西洋月刊》的著名散文《假如给我三天光明》集结而成。其中《我生活的故事》被视为海伦·凯勒生命之初21年生活真实而精彩的再现,被称为震惊世界的生命之歌。在书中,她用积极的态度劝诫世人应珍惜正享有的一切;她希望拥有三天的光明去看亲人的面孔、自然界的美,以及她所珍惜的一切……字里行间,无不洋溢着她对生活的热爱之情,对生命意义执着追求的乐观精神。美国著名作家海尔博士

说:"1902年文学上最重要的两大贡献,就是吉卜林的《吉姆》和海伦·凯勒的《我生活的故事》。"

仅有三天光明,对于常人来说只是人生长河中的短暂一瞬。对于双目失明的海伦·凯勒来说,却是可想而不可得的。然而,她用自己坚强乐观、积极进取的生活态度,向世人揭示了一个道理:一个人最可贵的是乐观向上、永不言败的精神。有了这种精神,就能在黑暗中看到光明,在坎坷中不断前进,在逆境中获得新生。

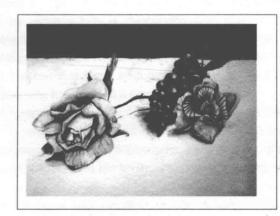
海伦·凯勒的一生是无光、无声、无语的,但她的一生又是最闪亮、最精彩的;她以顽强的拼搏和伟大的信念,聚积起生命的全部力量,发出了震撼全球的最强音。她一辈子致力于残疾人教育事业,为残疾人福利事业奔走,竭尽所能地在各方面给残疾者提供帮助。海伦·凯勒用爱心拥抱世界,在黑暗中拥抱光明。即使是百年后的今天,她那坚忍不拔的意志力、自我超脱的精神、对美的执著、顽强的追求,仍然是引导人类迈向未来的主导精神。

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。



- 我生活的故事 / 001
  THE STORY OF MY LIFE
- 假如给我三天光明 / 147 THREE DAYS TO SEE
- 海伦凯勒的信 / 167HELEN KELLER'S LETTERS





我生活的故事





It is with a kind of fear that I begin to write the history of my life. I have, as it were, a superstitious hesitation in lifting the veil that clings about my childhood like a golden mist. The task of writing an autobiography is a difficult one. When I try to classify my earliest impressions, I find that fact and fancy look alike across the years that link the past with the present. The woman paints the child's experiences in her own fantasy. A few impressions stand out vividly from the first years of my life; but "the shadows of the prison-house are on the rest." Besides, many of the joys and sorrows of childhood have lost their poignancy; and many incidents of vital importance in my early education have been forgotten in the excitement of great discoveries. In order, therefore, not to be tedious I shall try to present in a series of sketches only the episodes that seem to me to be the most interesting and important.

I was born on June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, a little town of northern Alabama.

The family on my father's side is descended from Caspar Keller, a native of Switzerland, who settled in Maryland. One of my Swiss ancestors was the first teacher of the deaf in Zurich and wrote a book on the subject of their education — rather a singular coincidence; though it is true that there is no king who has not had a slave among his ancestors, and no slave who has not had a king among his.

My grandfather, Caspar Keller's son, "entered" large tracts of land in Alabama and finally settled there. I have been told that once a year he went from Tuscumbia to Philadelphia on horseback to purchase supplies for the plantation, and my aunt has in her possession many of the letters to his family, which give charming and vivid accounts of these trips.

My Grandmother Keller was a daughter of one of Lafayette's aides, Alexander Moore, and granddaughter of Alexander Spotswood, an early Colonial Governor of Virginia. She was also second cousin to Robert E. Lee.

My father, Arthur H. Keller, was a captain in the Confederate Army, and my mother, Kate Adams, was his second wife and many years younger. Her grandfather, Benjamin Adams, married Susanna E. Goodhue, and lived in Newbury, Massachusetts, for many years. Their son, Charles Adams, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, and moved to Helena, Arkansas. When the Civil War broke out, he fought on the side of the South and became a brigadier-general. He married Lucy Helen Everett, who belonged to the

same family of Everetts as Edward Everett and Dr. Edward Everett Hale. After the war was over, the family moved to Memphis, Tennessee.

I lived, up to the time of the illness that deprived me of my sight and hearing, in a tiny house consisting of a large square room and a small one, in which the servant slept. It is a custom in the South to build a small house near the homestead as an annex to be used on occasion. Such a house my father built after the Civil War, and when he married my mother they went to live in it. It was completely covered with vines, climbing roses and honeysuckles. From the garden it looked like an arbour. The little porch was hidden from view by a screen of yellow roses and Southern smilax. It was the favourite haunt of humming-birds and bees.

The Keller homestead, where the family lived, was a few steps from our little rose-bower. It was called "Ivy Green" because the house and the surrounding trees and fences were covered with beautiful English ivy. Its old-fashioned garden was the paradise of my childhood.

Even in the days before my teacher came, I used to feel along the square stiff boxwood hedges, and, guided by the sense of smell, would find the first violets and lilies. There, too, after a fit of temper, I went to find comfort and to hide my hot face in the cool leaves and grass. What joy it was to lose myself in that garden of flowers, to wander happily from spot to spot, until, coming suddenly upon a beautiful vine, I recognized it by its leaves and blossoms, and knew it was the vine which covered the tumble-down summer-house at the farther end of the garden! Here, also, were trailing clematis, drooping jessamine, and some rare sweet flowers called butterfly lilies, because their fragile petals resemble butterflies' wings. But the roses — they were loveliest of all. Never have I found in the greenhouses of the North such heart-satisfying roses as the climbing roses of my southern home. They used to hang in long festoons from our porch, filling the whole air with their fragrance, untainted by any earthy smell; and in the early morning, washed in the dew, they felt so soft, so pure, I could not help wondering if they did not resemble the asphodels of God's garden.

The beginning of my life was simple and much like every other little life. I came, I saw, I conquered, as the first baby in the family always does. There was the usual amount of discussion as to a name for me. The first baby in the family was not to be lightly named, every one was emphatic about that. My father suggested the name of Mildred Campbell, an ancestor whom he highly esteemed, and he declined to take any further part in the discussion. My mother solved the problem by giving it as her wish that I should be called after her mother, whose maiden name was Helen Everett. But in the excitement of carrying me to church my father lost the name on the way, very naturally, since it was one in which he had declined to have a part. When the minister asked him for it, he just remembered that it had been decided to call me after my grandmother, and he gave her name as Helen Adams.

I am told that while I was still in long dresses I showed many signs of an eager,

self-asserting disposition. Everything that I saw other people do I insisted upon imitating. At six months I could pipe out "How d'ye," and one day I attracted every one's attention by saying "Tea, tea, tea" quite plainly. Even after my illness I remembered one of the words I had learned in these early months. It was the word "water," and I continued to make some sound for that word after all other speech was lost. I ceased making the sound "wah-wah" only when I learned to spell the word.

They told me I walked the day I was a year old. My mother had just taken me out of the bath-tub and was holding me in her lap, when I was suddenly attracted by the flickering shadows of leaves that danced in the sunlight on the smooth floor. I slipped from my mother's lap and almost ran toward them. The impulse gone, I fell down and cried for her to take me up in her arms.

These happy days did not last long. One brief spring, musical with the song of robin and mocking-bird, one summer rich in fruit and roses, one autumn of gold and crimson sped by and left their gifts at the feet of an eager, delighted child. Then, in the dreary month of February, came the illness which closed my eyes and ears and plunged me into the unconsciousness of a new-born baby. They called it acute congestion of the stomach and brain. The doctor thought I could not live. Early one morning, however, the fever left me as suddenly and mysteriously as it had come. There was great rejoicing in the family that morning, but no one, not even the doctor, knew that I should never see or hear again.

I fancy I still have confused recollections of that illness. I especially remember the tenderness with which my mother tried to soothe me in my waking hours of fret and pain, and the agony and bewilderment with which I awoke after a tossing half sleep,and turned my eyes,so dry and hot,to the wall,away from the once-loved light, which came to me dim and yet more dim each day. But, except for these fleeting memories, if, indeed, they be memories, it all seems very unreal, like a nightmare. Gradually I got used to the silence and darkness that surrounded me and forgot that it had ever been different, until she came — my teacher — who was to set my spirit free. But during the first nineteen months of my life I had caught glimpses of broad, green fields, a luminous sky, trees and flowers which the darkness that followed could not wholly blot out. If we have once seen, "the day is ours, and what the day has shown."

着一种恐惧不安的心情,我开始写我生活的故事。我的童年被一层金色薄雾般的面纱笼罩着,同以往一样,现在要让我揭开它,心里还是有一些犹豫。写自传是一项很艰难的工作,由于时间的原因,每当我试着将自己头脑中早期的记忆进行归类时,就会发现事实和想象总是胡乱地混杂在一起,难以分辨。所以,描述起孩提时代的经历来难免会加入一些自己想象的成分。在早

#### THREE DAYS TO SEE | 假如给我三天光明

年的生活中,有一些生动的片段仍鲜明地刻在我的脑海中,而"其他的生活片段则如同狱房中的阴影"也停留在那里。另外,童年时代的许多欢乐与悲伤早已失去了往日的辛酸;而早年受教育时的一些至关重要的事情也随着我所经历的越来越多的新奇与刺激而被逐渐淡忘。所以,为了避免故事的冗长与乏味,我会尽力为大家描绘一些在我看来最有趣、最重要的片断。



1880年6月27日, 我出生在 美国亚拉巴马州北部的一个小 镇——塔斯甘比亚。

我的父系祖先是卡斯帕·凯勒,一位瑞士人,后来移民并定居在了美国的马里兰州。在我的祖辈中,有一位是苏黎士的首位聋哑教师,他曾写了一本关于聋哑人教育的书。巧合的是,现在

他又有了我这样一个聋哑的后人。所以,谁敢断定国王的祖先中不会有当过别人的奴隶;而奴隶的祖先中不会有当过国王的呢?

我的祖父——卡斯帕·凯勒的儿子,来到亚拉巴马州这片广阔的土地上后,就在这里定居了下来。据说,他每年都要骑着马从塔斯甘比亚赶到费城去购买一些农场所需要的物品。姑妈珍藏着许多祖父写给家人的信件,里面生动地记述了他的诸次旅程。

我的祖母凯勒是拉斐特的助手亚历山大·莫尔的一个女儿,也是早期弗吉尼亚殖民地总督亚历山大·斯波茨伍德的孙女。她还是罗伯特·E.李的第二个表妹。

我的父亲亚瑟·H.凯勒是联合盟军的一名上尉。我的母亲凯特·亚当斯是父亲的第二任妻子,比他小很多岁。母亲的祖父——本杰明·亚当斯同苏珊娜·E.古德休结婚,并在马萨诸塞州的纽贝里居住了许多年。他们的儿子查理·亚当斯就出生在马萨诸塞的纽贝里港,后来移居到了阿肯色州的赫勒纳。内战爆发后,他为南方而战,并成为一名旅长。后来,他同与爱德华·艾弗里特和爱德华·艾弗里特·黑尔博士同属一家的露西·海伦·艾弗里特结了婚。内战结束后,他们全家搬到了田纳西州的孟菲斯。

在我发病失去视觉与听觉之前,我和家人一直住在一个很小的房子里,里面只有一间大方厅和一间供仆人睡觉的小屋。在南方,人们都有这样一个习惯,就是在自己的老宅旁再建一间小屋,以备不时之需。所以,内战结束后,父亲也建了

一间这样的小屋,他在同我母亲结婚后便住进了这间小屋。小屋被葡萄藤、爬藤 蔷薇和忍冬青盖了个严严实实。从花园里看过去,小屋就像一座凉亭。就连小小 的门廊也被掩藏在了黄蔷薇和南方天门冬结成的帷幕里,成了蜂鸟和蜜蜂们最 爱出没的地方。

凯勒家族以前居住的老屋就位于离蔷薇凉亭几步远的地方。人们都称它为 "绿色家园",因为这座房屋和周围的树木以及篱笆都爬满了美丽的常春藤。这个 古式风格的花园就是我童年时代的天堂。

在我的老师到来之前的那些日子里,我经常沿着坚硬的黄杨木篱笆摸索着前行,靠着嗅觉寻找刚刚绽放的紫罗兰和百合花。有时候,我会在发了一阵脾气后独自跑到这里,将发烫的脸庞藏到凉爽的树叶和草丛之中,以便寻找慰藉,使烦躁的心情安静下来。置身于满是花朵的花园里,会有一种浑然忘我的快乐。我在这里愉快地徘徊,从一处走到另一处,当偶然碰到了绿叶,闻到了花香时,我就知道那是美丽的藤蔓,是那条覆盖着倒塌的房屋、一直蔓延到花园尽头的那条藤蔓!这里还有随地蔓延的铁线莲、低垂的茉莉,以及一些十分少见的美丽花朵——蝴蝶莲,之所以这样叫它是因为它们脆弱的花瓣像极了蝴蝶的翅膀。可是这里最美丽的还要属蔷薇花。我在北方的暖房里就从来没有见到过像南方家中的这种可爱的爬藤蔷薇。它们一长串一长串地挂在门廊上,空气中弥漫着芳香,却没有一丝泥土的味道。清晨的时候,由于经过了露珠的洗礼,它们看上去既柔软又纯洁,使我不禁想到它简直就可以与上帝花园中的日光兰相媲美。

如同其他小生命一样,我的出生也是极普通而平常的。我降生到这个世界上,睁开了双眼,听到了家人的欢呼,就像每个家庭迎接他们的第一个孩子一样。大家争论着要为我取一个名字。因为作为家里的第一个孩子,名字是不可以随便起的,所以家里的每一个人都强调着这一点。父亲建议用米尔德瑞德·坎贝尔——他最尊敬的一个祖先的名字,之后他再也没与大家进一步争论。最后母亲解决了这个难题,如愿以偿地用她母亲的闺名为我取名为海伦·艾弗里特。可是在异常兴奋的父亲抱着我去教堂受洗的途中,竟把这个名字忘了。这也没什么可奇怪的,因为他本来就不是很喜欢这个名字。当牧师问起我叫什么名字时,父亲只记得给我取了外婆的名字,所以说出了海伦·亚当斯这个名字。

家人告诉我说,我很小的时候就对周围事物充满了好奇心,而且表现出了很强的个性。看到别人做的任何事情都要坚持模仿一下。六个月时,我就能说"你好"这个词了。一天,当我清晰地说出"茶、茶、茶"时,家里所有人的注意力都被吸引住了。在我生病后,仍然记得以前所学的词,比如"水"这个词。甚至在我忘掉了



所有其他的词时,也没有忘掉这个词的 发音。直到后来我学会了拼写这个词, 才停止了模仿流水"wa-wa"的声音。

家里的人告诉我说,在我一周岁的时候就能走路了。母亲把我从浴盆中抱起来,放在她的膝头上。我突然被光滑的地板上那个在阳光中摇摆的树影给吸引住了。于是,我从母亲的膝头滑下来,几乎是跑着追向了那个影子。由于冲动,我摔倒了,哭着要母亲把我抱起来。

这种愉快的日子并没有持续多久。 短暂的春日里,耳畔充盈着知更鸟清脆 的歌声;夏日里果子满园,玫瑰飘香;秋 天,满眼的金色,红果遍野。这些美好的 日子虽然飞逝而过,但却在一个求知似

渴的孩子心里留下了一段欢快的回忆。接着,在阴郁的二月里,我生了一场病。这场病使我失去了视觉与听觉,将我推入婴儿般无知的深渊。医生告诉我的家人说我得了急性胃充血和脑充血,活不了多久。可是一天清晨,我的高烧症状却突然神秘地消失了,正如它来时那般不可预测。那天早上家里所有的人都喜形于色,可是却没有一个人,甚至连医生也没有想到我会再也看不见光明、听不到声音了。

现在,我仍然能够依稀想起那场病,尤其记得母亲给我的无微不至的温柔照顾:在我痛苦难耐、昏迷不醒的时候,她温柔地抚慰我,使我勇敢地渡过了难关。高烧退后,我的眼睛因为又干又热,害怕见光,所以必须避开自己所喜爱的阳光而面向着墙壁。在随后的日子里,我的世界一日比一日昏暗。除了这些零星的记忆——如果这些可以被称作记忆的话——剩下的一切似乎都是不真实的了,就像是一场噩梦。一直到我的家庭教师到来,把我从思想束缚中解脱出来,我才逐渐习惯了周围这个寂静无声、充满了黑暗的世界,然后忘记了我曾经拥有的那个不一样的世界。在我生命中仅有的那十九个月的光明世界里,我清晰地看到了宽广的绿色田园,看到了蔚蓝的天空、青翠的草木和鲜艳的花朵,所有这些都是黑暗所不能完全从我心中抹去的,它将永驻在我的心中。



I cannot recall what happened during the first months after my illness. I only know that I sat in my mother's lap or clung to her dress as she went about her household duties. My hands felt every object and observed every motion, and in this way I learned to know many things. Soon I felt the need of some communication with others and began to make crude signs. A shake of the head meant "No" and a nod, "Yes," a pull meant "Come" and a push, "Go." Was it bread that I wanted? Then I would imitate the acts of cutting the slices and buttering them. If I wanted my mother to make ice-cream for dinner I made the sign for working the freezer and shivered, indicating cold. My mother, moreover, succeeded in making me understand a good deal. I always knew when she wished me to bring her something, and I would run upstairs or anywhere else she indicated. Indeed, I owe to her loving wisdom all that was bright and good in my long night.

I understood a good deal of what was going on about me.At five I learned to fold and put away the clean clothes when they were brought in from the laundry, and I distinguished my own from the rest. I knew by the way my mother and aunt dressed when they were going out, and I invariably begged to go with them. I was always sent for when there was company, and when the guests took their leave, I waved my hand to them, I think with a vague remembrance of the meaning of the gesture. One day some gentlemen called on my mother, and I felt the shutting of the front door and other sounds that indicated their arrival. On a sudden thought I ran upstairs before any one could stop me, to put on my idea of a company dress. Standing before the mirror, as I had seen others do, I anointed mine head with oil and covered my face thickly with powder. Then I pinned a veil over my head so that it covered my face and fell in folds down to my shoulders, and tied an enormous bustle round my small waist, so that it dangled behind, almost meeting the hem of my skirt. Thus attired I went down to help entertain the company.

I do not remember when I first realized that I was different from other people; but I knew it before my teacher came to me. I had noticed that my mother and my friends did not use signs as I did when they wanted anything done, but talked with their mouths. Sometimes I stood between two persons who were conversing and touched their lips. I could not understand, and was vexed. I moved my lips and gesticulated frantically

without result. This made me so angry at times that I kicked and screamed until I was exhausted.

I think I knew when I was naughty, for I knew that it hurt Ella, my nurse, to kick her, and when my fit of temper was over I had a feeling akin to regret. But I cannot remember any instance in which this feeling prevented me from repeating the naughtiness when I failed to get what I wanted.

In those days a little coloured girl, Martha Washington, the child of our cook, and Belle, an old setter and a great hunter in her day, were my constant companions. Martha Washington understood my signs, and I seldom had any difficulty in making her do just as I wished. It pleased me to domineer over her, and she generally submitted to my tyranny rather than risk a hand-to-hand encounter. I was strong, active, indifferent to consequences. I knew my own mind well enough and always had my own way, even if I had to fight tooth and nail for it. We spent a great deal of time in the kitchen, kneading dough balls, helping make ice-cream, grinding coffee, quarreling over the cake-bowl, and feeding the hens and turkeys that swarmed about the kitchen steps. Many of them were so tame that they would eat from my hand and let me feel them. One big gobbler snatched a tomato from me one day and ran away with it. Inspired, perhaps, by Master Gobbler's success, we carried off to the woodpile a cake which the cook had just frosted, and ate every bit of it. I was quite ill afterward, and I wonder if retribution also overtook the turkey.

The guinea-fowl likes to hide her nest in out-of-the-way places, and it was one of my greatest delights to hunt for the eggs in the long grass. I could not tell Martha Washington when I wanted to go egg-hunting, but I would double my hands and put them on the ground, which meant something round in the grass, and Martha always understood. When we were fortunate enough to find a nest I never allowed her to carry the eggs home, making her understand by emphatic signs that she might fall and break them.

The sheds where the corn was stored, the stable where the horses were kept, and the yard where the cows were milked morning and evening were unfailing sources of interest to Martha and me. The milkers would let me keep my hands on the cows while they milked, and I often got well switched by the cow for my curiosity.

The making ready for Christmas was always a delight to me. Of course I did not know what it was all about, but I enjoyed the pleasant odours that filled the house and the tidbits that were given to Martha Washington and me to keep us quiet. We were sadly in the way, but that did not interfere with our pleasure in the least. They allowed us to grind the spices, pick over the raisins and lick the stirring spoons. I hung my stocking because the others did; I cannot remember, however, that the ceremony interested me especially, nor did my curiosity cause me to wake before daylight to look for my gifts.

Martha Washington had as great a love of mischief as I. Two little children were seated on the veranda steps one hot July afternoon. One was black as ebony, with little

bunches of fuzzy hair tied with shoestrings sticking out all over her head like corkscrews. The other was white, with long golden curls. One child was six years old, the other two or three years older. The younger child was blind — that was I — and the other was Martha Washington. We were busy cutting out paper dolls; but we soon wearied of this amusement, and after cutting up our shoestrings and clipping all the leaves off the honeysuckle that were within reach, I turned my attention to Martha's corkscrews. She objected at first, but finally submitted. Thinking that turn and turn about is fair play, she seized the scissors and cut off one of my curls, and would have cut them all off but for my mother's timely interference.

Belle, our dog, my other companion, was old and lazy and liked to sleep by the open fire rather than to romp with me. I tried hard to teach her my sign language, but she was dull and inattentive. She sometimes started and quivered with excitement, then she became perfectly rigid, as dogs do when they point a bird. I did not then know why Belle acted in this way; but I knew she was not doing as I wished. This vexed me and the lesson always ended in a one-sided boxing match. Belle would get up, stretch herself lazily, give one or two contemptuous sniffs, go to the opposite side of the hearth and lie down again, and I, wearied and disappointed, went off in search of Martha.

Many incidents of those early years are fixed in my memory, isolated, but clear and distinct, making the sense of that silent, aimless, dayless life all the more intense.

One day I happened to spill water on my apron, and I spread it out to dry before the fire which was flickering on the sitting-room hearth. The apron did not dry quickly enough to suit me, so I drew nearer and threw it right over the hot ashes. The fire leaped into life; the flames encircled me so that in a moment my clothes were blazing. I made a terrified noise that brought Viny, my old nurse, to the rescue. Throwing a blanket over me, she almost suffocated me, but she put out the fire. Except for my hands and hair I was not badly burned.

About this time I found out the use of a key. One morning I locked my mother up in the pantry, where she was obliged to remain three hours, as the servants were in a detached part of the house. She kept pounding on the door, while I sat outside on the porch steps and laughed with glee as I felt the jar of the pounding. This most naughty prank of mine convinced my parents that I must be taught as soon as possible. After my teacher, Miss Sullivan, came to me, I sought an early opportunity to lock her in her room. I went upstairs with something which my mother made me understand I was to give to Miss Sullivan; but no sooner had I given it to her than I slammed the door to, locked it, and hid the key under the wardrobe in the hall. I could not be induced to tell where the key was. My father was obliged to get a ladder and take Miss Sullivan out through the window — much to my delight. Months after I produced the key.

When I was about five years old we moved from the little vine-covered house to a large new one. The family consisted of my father and mother, two older half-brothers, and, afterward, a little sister, Mildred. My earliest distinct recollection of my father is