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# 安徒生童话

## Eventyr og Historier

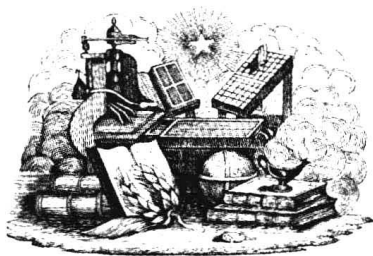


(丹) 安徒生 / 著  
王晓霞 / 编译



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## 导 读

汉斯·克里斯蒂安·安徒生(1805—1875)是世界各国人民所熟知的童话作家。他1805年出生于丹麦中部富恩岛上的奥登塞小镇。他的父亲是个鞋匠,由于战争父亲失业了,从此一家人的生计就靠母亲洗衣为仆来维持。安徒生小时未受过系统的正规教育,但他很早就想当一名艺术家,一个演员。为了追求这个理想,他14岁时就只身奔赴京城哥本哈根。他是饥饿和贫困毁坏了他的健康,但他在这追求中所表现的毅力和决心终于使他获得了学习的机会,这为他后来从事文学创作打下了一定的基础。

安徒生早期曾写过剧本、散文、诗歌、游记及长篇小说,在他17岁时发表的诗剧《阿尔芙索尔》使他走上了文学创作的道路。他于1835年出版的一部长篇小说《即兴诗人》甚至成了畅销书。就在这年元旦,他在给女友亨利特·汉克的一封信中说:“现在我要开始写给孩子们看的童话,你要知道,我要争取未来的一代!”从这一年开始到1872年9月(病逝前3年)下旬他完成最后一篇童话《老约翰妮讲了些什么》为止,他一共在童话故事的世界里驰骋了近37年,写成童话故事170多篇。他的童话作品受到了国内外广大读者的喜爱,这种成功主要是因为他的作品表现出一种民主主义精神和人道主义精神,这在当时具有一定的积极意义,在一定程度上表达出人民的思想感情。另一方面,安徒生在语言风格上具有高度的创造性,在作品的内容上又是一个伟大的现实主义者。这两种结合使他的作品在儿童文学中放出异彩,开辟出一种新的道路。

安徒生的童话创作分为三个阶段。

第一阶段 (1835~1845)——讲给孩子们听的故事。这10年间,他是专为孩子们创作的。此期的代表作主要有《小克劳斯和大克劳斯》、《打火匣》、《公主与豌豆》、《小意达的花儿》、《拇指姑娘》、《海的女儿》、《皇帝的新装》等。

第二阶段 (1845~1852)——新的童话。也就是用童话的形式写有关

现实生活故事。不仅为小读者所喜爱，而且也引发成年人的深思。《卖火柴的小女孩》、《母亲的故事》等就是这方面最深刻的代表作品。

第三阶段（1852～1873）——故事。直接描写现实生活小说，虽然写法仍保留童话的特点。代表作有《沙丘的故事》、《她是一个废物》等，还有一些代表了安徒生抒情的一面，如《蝴蝶》等，有的是童话和小说的混合体，如《冰姑娘》等。

安徒生童话不是“为儿童而创作的童话，但却是讲给儿童听的童话。它从我们的童年时代起就作为永远不能忘却的图画留在我们心里。这些图画我们到了成年时也应该再回头看看，作更深入的思考，因为它们作为宇宙的象征是关于我们植根于我们自己的‘自然’和这个�界的故事。”在完成从民间传说的改写到作家自由创作和艺术童话的飞跃过程中，安徒生也完成了诗人和哲学家的使命，取得了艺术的最高成就。安徒生的童话：“洋溢着强烈的生活情感，这就是它比起别的文字更有价值的地方，证明了安徒生童话的伟大和永恒的价值。”

译者

二〇一一年六月

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## A CHEERFUL TEMPER

FROM my father I received the best inheritance, namely a “good temper.” “And who was my father?” That has nothing to do with the good temper; but I will say he was lively, goodlooking round, and fat; he was both in appearance and character a complete contradiction to his profession. “And pray what was his profession and his standing in respectable society?” Well, perhaps, if in the beginning of a book these were written and printed, many, when they read it, would lay the book down and say, “It seems to me a very miserable title, I don’t like things of this sort.” And yet my father was not a skindresser nor an executioner; on the contrary, his employment placed him at the head of the grandest people of the town, and it was his place by right. He had to precede the bishop, and even the princes of the blood; he always went first, he was a hearse driver!

There, now, the truth is out. And I will own, that when people saw my father perched up in front of the omnibus of death, dressed in his long, wide, black cloak, and his blackedged, threecornered hat on his head, and then glanced at his round, jocular face, round as the sun, they could not think much of sorrow or the grave. That face said, “It is nothing, it will all end better than people think.”

So I have inherited from him, not only my good temper, but a habit of going often

## 好 心 情

我从父亲那里得到了最好的遗产,那就是一个“好心情”。“那么我的父亲是谁呢?”这和好心情没有关系;但我要说他很活跃,肥肥胖胖的,他的外表和内心与他的官职都很不相称。“他的官职又是什么,他在社会上的地位又是什么呢?”是啊,若是在一本书的开头,就把它写下印出来,那么许多人读到它,就很有理由把书搁在一边说,“我看着很不舒服,我不喜欢这类东西。”不过我的父亲不是一个鞣革的,也不是一个刽子手;正相反,他的职务总是使他位于城里最高贵的人前面,公正地说,这是他的位置。他理应在主教甚至王子们前面;他总是在前面——他是一个赶柩车的!

你看,我把真情说出来了!而且我可以说,当人们看见我的父亲高高地坐在死神的交通车上,穿着一件又长又宽的黑披风,头上戴着一顶有黑边的三角帽,还有他那一副像太阳一样的圆圆的笑脸,人们恐怕很难想到坟墓或悲哀了。那副面孔说:“不要怕,那比人们所想象的要好得多。”

于是,我的好脾气是从他那儿继承的了。同样,我还从他那



to the churchyard, which is good, when done in a proper humor; and then also I take in the *Intelligencer*, just as he used to do.

I am not very young, I have neither wife nor children, nor a library, but, as I said, I read the *Intelligencer*, which is enough for me; it is to me a delightful paper, and so it was to my father. It is of great use, for it contains all that a man requires to know; the names of the preachers at the church, and the new books which are published; where houses, servants, clothes, and provisions may be obtained. And then what a number of subscriptions to charities, and what innocent verses! Persons seeking interviews and engagements, all so plainly and naturally stated. Certainly, a man who takes in the *Intelligencer* may live merrily and be buried contentedly, and by the end of his life will have such a capital stock of paper that he can lie on a soft bed of it, unless he prefers wood shavings for his resting-place.

The newspaper and the churchyard were always exciting objects to me. My walks to the latter were like bathingplaces to my good humor. Every one can read the newspaper for himself, but come with me to the churchyard while the sun shines and the trees are green, and let us wander among the graves. Each of them is like a closed book, with the back uppermost, on which we can read the title of what the book contains, but nothing more. I had a great deal of information from my father, and I have

儿继承了常去教堂墓地的习惯。当然,如果一个人兴高采烈地去那种地方总是一件好事。哦,对了,我还订阅了《新闻报》,就像他曾经做过的一样。

我已经不很年轻。我没有妻子儿女,也没有图书,但是我说过,我读《新闻报》,对我来说这就够了;它对于我就像对于我父亲那样,是一份好看的报纸。它很有用处,因为它含有一个人需要知道的一切东西;教堂布道者的名字,刚出版的新书;哪里可以找到房子、仆人、衣服和食品。还有许多向慈善团体的捐赠,许多天真无邪的诗!有征婚的,有关于约会的通告,都写得简单自然。一个人读《新闻报》便可以快快乐乐地活着,心满意足地被埋掉,而且在生命终了的时候,还有许许多多的纸让他舒舒服服地躺在上面,如果他不愿意选择刨花作为安息之地的话。

报纸和墓地对我来说最使人兴奋是我的好心境的浴泉。谁都可以阅读报纸。不过请你一块儿跟我到墓地来吧。当阳光普照的时候,当树儿变绿了的时候,我们可以在坟墓之间走走。每座坟像一本封底朝上的、合着的书本,我们只能看到书名。它说明书的内容,但同时什么东西也没有说明。不过我从我的父亲和我自己知道了很多内容。我在日记里都把它记载

noticed a great deal myself. I keep it in my diary, in which I write for my own use and pleasure a history of all who lie here, and a few more beside.

Now we are in the churchyard. Here, behind the white iron railings, once a rose-tree grew; it is gone now, but a little bit of evergreen, from a neighboring grave, stretches out its green tendrils, and makes some appearance; there rests a very unhappy man, and yet while he lived he might be said to occupy a very good position. He had enough to live upon, and something to spare; but owing to his refined tastes the least thing in the world annoyed him. If he went to a theatre of an evening, instead of enjoying himself he would be quite annoyed if the machinist had put too strong a light into one side of the moon, or if the representations of the sky hung over the scenes when they ought to have hung behind them; or if a palmtree was introduced into a scene representing the Zoological Gardens of Berlin, or a cactus in a view of Tyrol, or a beechtree in the north of Norway. As if these things were of any consequence! Why did he not leave them alone? Who would trouble themselves about such trifles? especially at a comedy, where every one is expected to be amused. Then sometimes the public applauded too much, or too little, to please him.

“They are like wet wood,” he would say, looking round to see what sort of people were present, “this evening; nothing fires them.” Then he would vex and fret himself because they did not laugh at the

了下来,这是我自己作为参考和消遣所写的一本书。所有的事情都写在里面,还有一些别的东西。

现在我们到了教堂墓地。这里,在刷白了的铁栅栏后面,那儿曾经有过一株玫瑰;现在不见了,可是邻坟是一小片长青树把它的碧绿卷须伸了过来,总算让它看起来还算得体一点儿;这儿躺着一个非常不幸的男人,不过,这个男人在世的时候生活得还是挺好的,像一般人说的那样,过着小康日子,甚至还有些节余,可是他对世界,也就是说对艺术太关注了。如果某一天晚上他在戏院里,消磨时光,假如灯光师把布景上月亮的半边照得过亮,或者,本应该挂在景色后部的天空上方;或者,如果在柏林动物乐园的风景中画了一棵棕榈树,或者,提罗尔的风景里画了一棵仙人掌,或挪威的北部画了一棵山毛榉树,等等,他都会非常生气。这些又有什么关系!为什么他就不会置之不理呢?谁会为这些琐事而不安呢?这只是一出让大家娱乐的戏而已。观众有时大鼓一顿掌,有时只略微鼓几下,不能使她满意。

“这简直是湿柴火,”他说,于是他就向四周望,看看这些观众究竟是什么人。“今晚它一点儿也燃不起来,”他发现他们笑得不是时候,他们在不应当笑的

right time, or because they laughed in the wrong places; and so he fretted and worried himself till at last the unhappy man fretted himself into the grave.

Here rests a happy man, that is to say, a man of high birth and position, which was very lucky for him, otherwise he would have been scarcely worth notice. It is beautiful to observe how wisely nature orders these things. He walked about in a coat embroidered all over, and in the drawingrooms of society looked just like one of those rich pearl-embroidered bellpulls, which are only made for show; and behind them always hangs a good thick cord for use. This man also had a stout, useful substitute behind him, who did duty for him, and performed all his dirty work. And there are still, even now, these serviceable cords behind other embroidered bellropes. It is all so wisely arranged, that a man may well be in a good humor.

Here rests, ah, it makes one feel mournful to think of him! but here rests a man who, during sixty-seven years, was never remembered to have said a good thing; he lived only in the hope of having a good idea. At last he felt convinced, in his own mind, that he really had one, and was so delighted that he positively died of joy at the thought of having at last caught an idea. Nobody got anything by it; indeed, no one even heard what the good thing was. Now I can imagine that this same idea may prevent him from resting quietly in his grave; for suppose that to produce a good effect, it is necessary to bring out his new idea at

地方却大笑了;这使得他心烦,坐立不安,最终这个不幸的人忧愁地躺在坟墓里。

这里躺着一个幸福的人,就是说,一个出身高贵又有地位的人,这对他真是一件幸事,要不然他就不会受人重视了。大自然如何巧妙地安排这些事情,这是很值得看看的。他走来走去总穿着一件全身绣花的上衣,在上流社会的起居室里非常像一个镶珍珠的仅仅为了炫耀的门铃拉索。因为在门铃拉索后面总是一根很适用的好的、结实的绳子。这个男人身后有他那个好的、结实的替身,执行他那肮脏的工作。现在仍然在另一个装饰一新的门铃拉索后面起作用。一切都安排得那么周到齐全,使这个人很容易就能够维持他的好脾气。

这里安息着——是啊,想起他真是叫人悲痛!——这儿躺着一个男人,活了六十七岁,他从未说出一个好点子;他活着就是为了找到一个好点子,而且他真的找到了一个,他自己认为是这样;他于是因终于找到了一个好点子而高兴万分竟至死去。谁也没有从这个好点子上得到什么,——的确如此,甚至没有人听说这个好点子是什么。现在我可以想象,他为了这个好点在坟墓里不会有一刻的安宁。因为要产生好效果,这个新点子必须在吃早饭时说出来,而他只

breakfast, and that he can only make his appearance on earth at midnight, as ghosts are believed generally to do; why then this good idea would not suit the hour, and the man would have to carry it down again with him into the grave that must be a troubled grave.

The woman who lies here was so remarkably stingy, that during her life she would get up in the night and mew, that her neighbors might think she kept a cat. What a miser she was!

Here rests a young lady, of a good family, who would always make her voice heard in society, and when she sang "Mi manca la voce," it was the only true thing she ever said in her life.

Here lies a maiden of another description. She was engaged to be married, but, her story is one of everyday life; we will leave her to rest in the grave.

Here rests a widow, who, with music in her tongue, carried gall in her heart. She used to go round among the families near, and search out their faults, upon which she preyed with all the envy and malice of her nature.

This is a family grave. The members of this family held so firmly together in their opinions, that they would believe in no other. If the newspapers, or even the whole world, said of a certain subject, "It is so-and-so;" and a little schoolboy declared he had learned quite differently, they would take his assertion as the only true one, because he belonged to the family. And it is well known that if the yardcock belonging to

能在半夜里出现,大家相信鬼通常都是这样的;那么,这个好点子时间不对头,那人又只好把它重新带回坟墓里去——这一定是个苦恼的坟墓。

躺在这里的女人太吝啬了,她一生都夜里起来喵喵叫,她的邻居还以为她养了一只猫呢。她是一个怎么样的吝啬鬼啊!

这儿躺着一个出自名门的小姐,她在社交场合总是希望人们听到她的歌声。她唱:"我没有一个好声音,"这是她生命中一件唯一真实的事情。

这儿躺着一个另一类型的姑娘。她订婚了,——不过,她的故事是一个老故事;我们还是让她在坟墓里休息吧。

这里躺着一位寡妇,她的舌头上是音乐,心中却带着毒汁。她常在附近人家中转悠,寻找他们的过失,用她天性中的全部妒忌心和恶意猎取它们。

这是一个家庭墓地。这家人在意见上如此紧密一致,以至于不相信任何其他意见。如果报纸上,甚至全世界都说某件事情"是如此如此";而一个小学生说他知道的完全不是那样,那么大家都把他的说法看作是唯一的真理,因为他是这家里的一分子。大家也都知道,如果这家里的一个公鸡在半夜啼叫,这家

this family happened to crow at midnight, they would declare it was morning, although the watchman and all the clocks in the town were proclaiming the hour of twelve at night.

The great poet Goethe concludes his *Faust* with the words, “may be continued;” so might our wanderings in the churchyard be continued. I come here often, and if any of my friends, or those who are not my friends, are too much for me, I go out and choose a plot of ground in which to bury him or her. Then I bury them, as it were; there they lie, dead and powerless, till they come back new and better characters. Their lives and their deeds, looked at after my own fashion, I write down in my diary, as every one ought to do. Then, if any of our friends act absurdly, no one need to be vexed about it. Let them bury the offenders out of sight, and keep their good temper. They can also read the *Intelligencer*, which is a paper written by the people, with their hands guided.

When the time comes for the history of my life, to be bound by the grave, then they will write upon it as my epitaph—

“The man with a cheerful temper.”

And this is my story.

的人就要说天快亮了,虽然守夜人和城里所有的钟都说明这是半夜十二点钟。

伟大的诗人歌德在他的《浮士德》的结尾说了这样的话:“可能会继续下去;”我们在墓地里的散步也会继续下去。我常常到这儿来,如果我的朋友或者非朋友中的任何一位使我无法忍受时,我就去那儿为他(或她)物色一块绿色草地来下葬。就这样,我已经把他们埋葬了。他们躺在那儿,没有生命,没有力量,再也不能伤害我了,直到有一天他们会再活过来,变得更好。我在日记里以我自己的观点写下他们的生活和他们的历史,每一个人都应该这么做。那么,如果我们的一些朋友做事荒唐。大家用不着为此苦恼。让他们把这些惹人生气的家伙埋葬掉,再也看不到他们,从而保持住自己的好心情。他们也可以读读《新闻报》,给这份报纸写文章的人,他们的手是有指导的。

若是有一天,我自己也将带着我生活的故事被埋进坟墓,那么,人们要刻上这样的墓志铭——

“一个心情好的人。”

这便是我的故事。

## A GREAT GRIEF

THIS story really consists of two parts. The first part might be left out, but it gives us a few particulars, and these are useful.

We were staying in the country at a gentleman's seat, where it happened that the master was absent for a few days. In the meantime, there arrived from the next town a lady; she had a pug dog with her, and came, she said, to dispose of shares in her tanyard. She had her papers with her, and we advised her to put them in an envelope, and to write thereon the address of the proprietor of the estate, "General War Commissary Knight," &c.

She listened to us attentively, seized the pen, paused, and begged us to repeat the direction slowly. We complied, and she wrote; but in the midst of the "General War" she struck fast, sighed deeply, and said, "I am only a woman!" Her Puggie had seated itself on the ground while she wrote, and growled; for the dog had come with her for amusement and for the sake of its health; and then the bare floor ought not to be offered to a visitor. His outward appearance was characterized by a snub nose and a very fat back.

"He doesn't bite," said the lady; "he has no teeth. He is like one of the family, faithful and grumpy; but the latter is my

## 伤心

这个故事实际上包括两部分。第一部分可以删掉,但是它告诉我们一些情况,它们是有用的。

我们待在乡下一位绅士的邸宅里,正好碰上主人出去几天。就在这时候,邻近镇上来了一位太太;她带着一只小哈巴狗,她说她是来处理她制革厂的股份的。她把文件也带来了,我们劝她把它们装进信封,上面写上业主的地址:"军需部总监爵士",等等。

她认真听我们讲,同时拿起笔,停了一会儿,于是就要求我们把这意见又慢慢地念一次。我们同意了,于是她就写起来;但是当她写到"总监"的时候,她把笔停住了,长叹了一口气说:"我只是一个女人!"在她写字的时候,她的哈巴狗坐在地上,于是狗咆哮起来,因为它原是为了消遣和健康的目的才跟她来这儿的,况且一个来访者是不应该被搁在光秃秃的地板上的。这只狗的外表很有特点:长着一只狮子鼻和一个肉乎乎的后背。

"它不咬人,"太太说道;"它没有牙齿,就像家庭的一员,很忠心,脾气不好,不过这是我

grandchildren's fault, for they have teased him; they play at wedding, and want to give him the part of the bridesmaid, and that's too much for him, poor old fellow. ”

And she delivered her papers, and took Puggie upon her arm. And this is the first part of the story which might have been left out.

PUGGIE DIED!! That's the second part.

It was about a week afterwards we arrived in the town, and put up at the inn. Our windows looked into the tanyard, which was divided into two parts by a partition of planks; in one half were many skins and hides, raw and tanned. Here was all the apparatus necessary to carry on a tannery, and it belonged to the widow. Puggie had died in the morning, and was to be buried in this part of the yard; the grandchildren of the widow (that is, of the tanner's widow, for Puggie had never been married) filled up the grave, and it was a beautiful grave it must have been quite pleasant to lie there.

The grave was bordered with pieces of flowerpots and strewn over with sand; quite at the top they had stuck up half a beer bottle, with the neck upwards, and that was not at all allegorical.

The children danced round the grave, and the eldest of the boys among them, a practical youngster of seven years, made the proposition that there should be an exhibition of Puggie's burialplace for all who lived in the lane; the price of admission was to be a trouser button, for every boy would be sure to have one, and each might also

的孙子们的过错,他们要玩娶媳妇,要它做伴娘,它受不了,这可怜的老家伙。”

然后,她把文件交过去了,又把哈巴狗抱了起来。这就是故事的第一部分,这一部分可以删掉。

哈巴狗死了!这是第二部分。

这大概是一个星期以后,我们来到镇上,住进了旅店。我们的窗子对着制革厂的院子,它用厚木板隔成两半;一边有许多皮革,生的和鞣制好的。这里有鞣革要用的种种工具,它们是属于那个寡妇的。哈巴狗这天早晨死了,埋在院子的这一边;寡妇的孙子们(是制革厂那个寡妇的孙子们,因为那只哈巴狗从来没有结过婚)把狗墓填好,这墓很漂亮——躺在那里一定挺惬意的。

坟墓上镶了些花盆碎片,撒了点沙,坟头上插了半个啤酒瓶,瓶脖子朝上,可这并不象征着什么。

孩子们围着坟跳着舞着。男孩子中最大的那个,是个很实在的七岁小孩子,建议办一个哈巴狗墓展览会,对整条小巷开放;交裤子扣子作入场费,这是每个小男孩都有的东西,也是他可以送给小姑娘的东西,这个建议获得一致通过。

give one for a little girl. This proposal was adopted by acclamation.

And all the children out of the lane yes, even out of the little lane at the back flocked to the place, and each gave a button. Many were noticed to go about on that afternoon with only one suspender; but then they had seen Puggie's grave, and the sight was worth much more.

But in front of the tanyard, close to the entrance, stood a little girl clothed in rags, very pretty to look at, with curly hair, and eyes so blue and clear that it was a pleasure to look into them. The child said not a word, nor did she cry; but each time the little door was opened she gave a long, long look into the yard. She had not a button that she knew right well, and therefore she remained standing sorrowfully outside, till all the others had seen the grave and had gone away; then she sat down, held her little brown hands before her eyes, and burst into tears; this girl alone had not seen Puggie's grave. It was a grief as great to her as any grown person can experience.

We saw this from above; and looked at from above, how many a grief of our own and of others can make us smile! That is the story, and whoever does not understand it may go and purchase a share in the tanyard from the window.

这条巷子里的所有孩子——不错,甚至还有后面那条小巷子里的孩子——都涌到这地方来,每人交一颗钮扣。可以看到,这天下午许多孩子裤子上只扣上一根吊带;但是他们看到了哈巴狗的墓,这么一看,要有价值得多了。

不过在制革厂的外面,紧靠着入口的地方,站着一个人衣服褴褛的小姑娘。她很漂亮,她的卷发很可爱,她的眼睛又蓝又亮,使人看到感觉愉快。这个孩子一句话也不说,但是她也不哭;每次那扇小门一打开的时候,她就朝院子里面怅然地望着很久。她没有一个扣子——这点她知道得清清楚楚,因此她就悲哀地呆在外面,一直等到别的孩子们都参观了坟墓、离去了为止;然后她就坐下来,把她那双棕色的小手蒙住了双眼,流出了泪水;惟有这小姑娘一个人没有看到哈巴狗的坟墓,她心中的悲痛和任何成年人感受到的一样强烈。

我们从上面看到了这一切;这是一件能使我们发出微笑的伤心事,就像我们自己和许多别人的伤心事一样!这就是整个的故事,任何人如果不了解它,可以到这个寡妇的制革厂去买一份股份。



A LEAF FROM HEAVEN

HIGH up in the clear, pure air flew an angel, with a flower plucked from the garden of heaven. As he was kissing the flower a very little leaf fell from it and sunk down into the soft earth in the middle of a wood. It immediately took root, sprouted, and sent out shoots among the other plants.

“What a ridiculous little shoot!” said one. “No one will recognize it; not even the thistle nor the stingingnettle.”

“It must be a kind of garden plant,” said another; and so they sneered and despised the plant as a thing from a garden.

“Where are you coming?” said the tall thistles whose leaves were all armed with thorns. “It is stupid nonsense to allow yourself to shoot out in this way; we are not here to support you.”

Winter came, and the plant was covered with snow, but the snow glittered over it as if it had sunshine beneath as well as above.

When spring came, the plant appeared in full bloom: a more beautiful object than any other plant in the forest. And now the professor of botany presented himself, one who could explain his knowledge in black and white. He examined and tested the plant, but it did not belong to his system of botany, nor could he possibly find out to what class it did belong. “It must be some degenerate species,” said he; “I do not know

来自天堂的一片叶子

在稀薄的清新的空气中，一位天使在天堂的花园中采摘了一朵花之后高兴地飞翔。当他亲吻花朵时，一片很小的花瓣掉下来，一直飘落到一个树林松软的地面上。它很快生根发芽，在别的植物之间生长起来。

“多么可笑的小芽！”一棵植物说。“谁也不认识它；连蓟和大荨麻也不认识它。”

“它一定是一种园艺植物，”另一棵植物说；因此它们把它当作花园里的植物，讥笑它，轻视它。

“你要伸到什么地方去呢？”高大的蓟说，它的每片叶子部长满了刺。“你这样生根发芽真是岂有此理，我们可不能扶持你呀。”

冬天来了，植物被雪覆盖住了。不过这层雪层给增添了一片光彩，好像有太阳从底下照上来似的。

在春天的时候，这棵植物开出花来；它比树林里的任何植物都要美丽。现在来了一位植物学教授，他那众多的学位表明了他的学识。他检查了那株植物，做了试验，但是它不属于他的植物分类体系，可能他不知道它应归于哪一个种类。“它一定是一个变种，”他说；“我不认识它，任何分类都没有提到过它。”