

心如花园

双语悦读

驶过时间海洋 的小舟

*The Little Boat
That Sailed Through
Time*

双语悦读编辑组 编

I love you not because of who you are,
but because of who I am when I am with you.

我爱你不是因为你是一个怎样的人，
而是因为我喜欢和你在一起的感觉。

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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北京 BEIJING

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

驶过时间海洋的小舟 = The Little Boat That Sailed Through Time : 英汉对照 / 双语悦读编辑组编. — 北京 : 外语教学与研究出版社, 2013.6

(心如花园双语悦读)

ISBN 978-7-5135-3217-4

I. ①驶… II. ①双… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物②散文集-世界 IV. ①H319.4; I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2013)第120762号

出 版 人	蔡剑峰
责任编辑	徐传斌
装帧设计	赵 欣
出版发行	外语教学与研究出版社
社 址	北京市西三环北路19号(100089)
网 址	http://www.fltrp.com
印 刷	中国农业出版社印刷厂
开 本	889×1194 1/32
印 张	6
版 次	2013年6月第1版 2013年6月第1次印刷
书 号	ISBN 978-7-5135-3217-4
定 价	14.90元

购书咨询: (010)88819929 电子邮箱: club@fltrp.com

如有印刷、装订质量问题, 请与出版社联系

联系电话: (010)61207896 电子邮箱: zhijian@fltrp.com

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版权保护办公室举报电话: (010)88817519

物料号: 232170001

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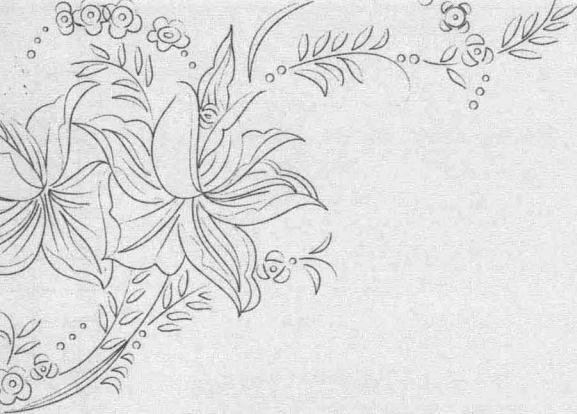
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I Like the Subtle Feeling

我喜欢这种
淡淡的感觉





The View Outside My Window 窗外的风景

From the window of my room, I could see a tall cotton-rose hibiscus. In spring, when green foliage was half hidden by mist, the tree looked very enchanting dotted with red blossom. This inspiring neighbor of mine often set my mind working. I gradually regarded it as my best friend.

Nevertheless, when I opened the window one morning, to my amazement, the tree was almost bare beyond recognition as a result of the storm ravages the night before. Struck by the plight, I was seized with a sadness at the thought "all the blossom is doomed to fall". I could not help sighing with emotion: the course of life never runs smooth, for there are so many ups and downs, twists and turns. The vicissitudes of my life saw my beloved friends parting one after another. Isn't it similar to the tree shedding its flowers in the wind?

This event faded from my memory as time went by. One day after I came home from the countryside, I found the room stuffy and casually

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opened the window. Something outside caught my eyes and dazzled me. It was a plum tree all scarlet with blossom set off beautifully by the sunset. The surprise discovery overwhelmed me with pleasure. I wondered why I had no idea of some unyielding life sprouting over the fallen petals when I was grieving for the hibiscus.

When the last withered petal dropped, all the joyful admiration for the hibiscus sank into oblivion as if nothing was left, until the landscape was again ablaze with the red plum blossom to remind people of life's alternation and continuance. Can't it be said that life is actually a symphony, a harmonious composition of loss and gain?

Standing by the windows lost in thought for a long time, I realized that no scenery in the world remains unchanged. As long as you keep your heart basking in the sun, every dawn will present a fine prospect for you to unfold and the world will always be about new hopes.

foliage

n. 叶子 (总称)

enchancing

adj. 迷人的, 醉人的

ravages

n. 残迹

vicissitude

n. 变迁

oblivion

n. 遗忘

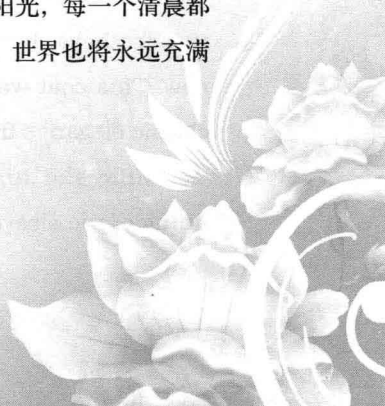
从我房间的窗户向外望去，可以看到一棵高大的芙蓉树。春日里，芙蓉树在薄雾中若隐若现，红花点点，看上去非常迷人。它总是给人遐想，常令我思如泉涌。渐渐地我便把它看成我最好的朋友。

然而，一天清晨，当我打开窗子时，愕然发现经过一夜的风雨摧残，树变得光秃秃的，简直认不出来了。此情此景，我有一种“花开终有落”的悲凉感觉。我不禁感慨：人生之路从来不是一帆风顺的，因为充满着太多的起伏和曲折。人生变迁，一个个挚友离我而去，生命的脆弱不正是像这随风而逝的花瓣吗？

随着时间的流逝，这件事被逐渐淡忘了。一天，我从乡下回来，觉得屋内很憋闷，便随手打开了窗户。我被窗外的景象惊呆了。那是一棵李子树，开满了火红火红的花朵，在夕阳的映衬下，分外美丽。这意外的发现令我惊喜不已。我诧异自己怎么会只顾着为芙蓉悲伤，却没有注意到，那凋落的花瓣之外还有坚强不屈的生命正在发芽。

当芙蓉的最后一瓣花瓣凋落时，人们对它的倾慕之情都已成为过眼云烟，直到李子树成长起来，那火红的花儿向人们昭示着生命的更迭与繁衍。生活难道不正是一首得失共存的交响曲吗？

久久地伫立在窗前，我陷入沉思。我领悟到世界上没有恒久不变的风景。只要你的心永远向着阳光，每一个清晨都会为你展现一个等着你开启的美丽景象，世界也将永远充满新的希望。





The Standard of Outstanding

优秀的标准

*M*y 14-year-old son, Mike, and I spotted the coat simultaneously. It was hanging on a rack at a second-hand clothing store in Northampton Mass., crammed in with shoddy trench coats and an assortment of sad, woolen overcoats, a rose among thorns.

While the other coats drooped, this one looked as if it were holding itself up. The thick, black wool of the double-breasted chesterfield was soft and unworn, as though it had been preserved in mothballs for years in dead old Uncle Carl's steamer trunk. The coat had a black velvet collar, beautiful tailoring, a Fifth Avenue label and an unbelievable price of \$28. We looked at each other, saying nothing, but Mike's eyes gleamed. Dark, woolen topcoats were popular just then with teenage boys, but could cost several hundred dollars new. This coat was even better, bearing that touch of classic elegance from a bygone era.

Mike slid his arms down into the heavy satin lining of the sleeves and buttoned the coat. He turned

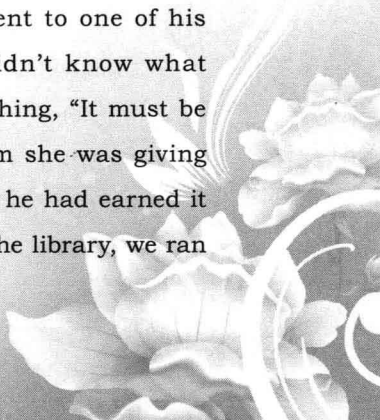
from side to side, eyeing himself in the mirror with a serious, studied expression that soon changed into a smile. The fit was perfect.

Mike wore the coat to school the next day and came home wearing a big grin. "Ho, did the kids like your coat?" I asked. "They loved it," he said, carefully folding it over the back of a chair and smoothing it flat. I started calling him "Lord Chesterfield" and "The Great Gatsby."

Over the next few weeks, a change came over Mike. Agreement replaced contrariness, quiet, reasoned discussion replaced argument. He became more judicious, more mannerly, more thoughtful, eager to please. "Good dinner, Mom," he would say every evening.

He would generously loan his younger brother his tapes and lecture him on the niceties of behaviour; without a word of objection, he would carry in wood for the stove. One day when I suggested that he might start on homework before dinner, Mike, a veteran procrastinator, said, "You're right. I guess I will."

When I mentioned this incident to one of his teachers and remarked that I didn't know what caused the changes, she said laughing, "It must be his coat!" Another teacher told him she was giving him a good mark not only because he had earned it but because she liked his coat. At the library, we ran



into a friend who had not seen our children for a long time, "Could this be Mike?" he asked, looking up to Mike's new height, assessing the cut of his coat and extending his hand, one gentleman to another.

Mike and I both know we should never mistake a person's clothes for the real person within them. But there is something to be said for wearing a standard of excellence for the world to see, for practicing standards of excellence in thought, speech, and behaviour, and for matching what is on the inside to what is on the outside.

Sometimes, watching Mike leave for school, I've remembered with a keen sting what it felt like to be in the eighth grade a time when it was as easy to try on different approaches to life as it was to try on a coat. The whole world, the whole future is stretched out ahead, a vast *panorama* where all the doors are open. And if I were there right now, I would picture myself walking through those doors wearing my wonderful, magical coat.

<i>contrariness</i>	<i>n.</i>	乖张
<i>judicious</i>	<i>adj.</i>	明事理的
<i>veteran</i>	<i>adj.</i>	老手的
<i>procrastinator</i>	<i>n.</i>	办事拖拉的人
<i>panorama</i>	<i>n.</i>	全貌, 全景

在马萨诸塞州北安普敦市的一家出售二手服装的店里，我和我 14 岁的儿子迈克同时盯上了那件大衣。它挂在衣架上，夹在劣质的军用雨衣和各式各样寒酸的羊毛大衣当中，然而它却像荆棘丛中一朵玫瑰。

其他的大衣都显得没精打采，唯独这件衣服气度不凡。厚厚的黑色羊绒柔软而蓬松，这件双排扣软领长大衣显然还没被穿过，看样子，就像用樟脑球在已过世的老卡尔叔叔的扁平旅行箱里保存了多年。大衣的领子是黑天鹅绒的，做工精美，是第五大道上的某个品牌，价钱让人难以置信，只卖 28 美元。我们彼此看着对方，都没有说话，但迈克的眼里闪着欣喜的光。那时黑色的羊绒大衣在十几岁的男孩子中很流行，买一件新的要花几百美元，而这一件质地更好一些，还带有一种逝去年代的古典美。

迈克将胳膊伸进用厚实的缎子做衬里的袖管里，系上了扣子。他在镜子前面转过来掉过去地打量着自己，脸上的表情很快由严肃变成了微笑。衣服非常合身。

第二天迈克就穿着它去上学了，放学回来他笑逐颜开。我问他：“嗨，那些孩子觉得你的大衣怎么样？”“他们非常喜欢。”他一边说，一边把衣服仔细地叠起来搭在椅子背上，并用手把它抚平。于是我就开始叫他“切斯特菲尔德大人”和“了不起的盖茨比”。

在接下来的几周里，迈克变了：变得听话而不再故意作对，遇事能心平气和地商讨而不再强词夺理。他变得更明事理、更有礼貌、更体贴人了。他也乐于讨人欢喜，每天晚上都要说：“妈妈，晚饭好极了。”

他会很慷慨地把自己的磁带借给弟弟，并告诫他如何拥有得体的行为举止；他会毫无怨言地把烧炉子用的劈柴抱进

来。有一天，当我建议他在晚饭前开始做作业时，迈克这个一贯拖拉的家伙居然说：“您说得对，我想我会做的。”

当我对他的一个老师提起这件事，并说我不知道是什么让他变了，她笑着说：“一定是他的大衣！”另一个老师告诉他，她要给他一个好成绩，不仅仅因为他理应获得，还因为她喜欢他的大衣。在图书馆里我们遇见了一位朋友，他已多日没有见到我们的孩子了。看着迈克长高的个子，品评着他大衣的式样，这位朋友不禁问道：“这是迈克吗？”同时向迈克伸出手，完全是绅士间的举止。

迈克和我都知道不应该以貌取人，可穿着优雅，在思想上、言语上、行动上实践优秀的标准，以达到内外的和谐统一，这又另当别论。

有时，看着迈克上学去，我就不禁怦然心动，想起自己上八年级时的感觉——那时尝试不同的生活方式就如同试衣服一样简单。整个世界、整个未来在你面前展开，犹如一幅巨大的画卷，那里的每一扇门都敞开着。如果此刻我能回到从前，我会在这些门户间穿行，身上就穿着那件奇妙的、带有魔力的大衣。

