

英·语·翻·译·与·阅·读·教·材

*Give Value to Life*

# 英语名篇赏析(Ⅱ)

主 编 席红梅

副主编 雷 萍 张艳雷



哈尔滨工程大学出版社

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## 内 容 简 介

本书继《英语名篇赏析(Ⅰ)》之后,应广大英语文学爱好者的要求,又摘录了一批在英语国家较有影响的文学作品选段、诗歌和讲话稿,汇编成册,从文学的角度向大家展示了英语国家各自的特色和风采。选文体例均依照作者原文,许多与现代英语形式上略有区别,请读者在阅读中加以注意。

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## Give Value to Life

W. E. B. Du Bois

I am a little puzzled now about the ordering of my life. Several times in the past I find that I have prepared for death and death has not come.

As I recall, I have long faced the inevitability of death and not to dodge the thought. (in. evi. ta. bi. la. ti. (dodge))

Last year I looked death in the face and found its lineaments not unkind. But it was not my time. Yet in nature some time soon and in the fullness of days I shall die, quietly, I trust, with my face turned South and eastward; and dreaming or dreamless I shall, I am sure, enjoy death as I have enjoyed life. (lineaments)

For long years we of the world gone wild, have looked into the face of death and smiled. Through all our bitter tears we knew how beautiful it was to die for that which our souls called sufficient. Like all true beauty this thing of dying was so simple, so matter-of-fact. Which is life and what is death and how shall we face so tantalizing a contradiction? Any explanation must necessarily be subtle and involved. And first and before all, we cannot forget that this world is beautiful. (soul. int.) (tantalizing a contradiction?) (subtle)

Notwithstanding all its ugliness and sin, the beauty of the world is not to be denied. (not with. deny. (ugliness and sin)) (denied) And then—the Veil, the Veil of color. It drops as drops the night on southern seas—vast, sudden, unanswering. There is Hate behind it, and Cruelty and Tears. As one peers through its intricate, unfathomable pattern of ancient, old, old design, one sees blood and guilt and misunderstanding. And yet it hangs there, this veil, between then and now, between Pale and Colored and Black and White—be—tween You and Me. Surely it is but a thought-thing, tenuous, intangible; yet just as surely is it true and terrible and not in our little day may you and I lift it. We may feverishly unravel its edges and even climb slow with giant shears to its top nestles. But as we work and climb we shall see through streaming eyes and hear with aching ears, lynching and murder, cheating and despising, degrading and lying, so flashed and flashed through this vast hanging darkness that the Doer never sees the Deed and the Victim knows not the Victor and Each hate All in wild and bitter ignorance. Listen, O Isles, to those voices from within the Veil, for they portray the most human hurt of the (veil) (Hate) (Cruelty) (Tears) (unravel) (despising) (degrading) (lying) (Isles)

Twentieth Cycle of that poor Jesus who was called Christ! <sup>{kri'st}</sup>

At last to us all comes happiness, <sup>{hæ'pizəs}</sup> there in the Court of Peace, where the dead lie so still and calm and good. If we were not dead we would lie and listen to the flowers grow. We would hear the birds sing and we would see spring, summer and the red riot of autumn, and then in winter, <sup>{riət}</sup> beneath the soft white snow, sleep and dream of dreams. But we know that being dead, <sup>{bi'm:d}</sup> our Happiness is a fine and finished thing and that ten, a hundred, and a thousand years, we shall lie at rest, unhurt in the Court of Peace.

From then until now the <sup>{re'θ}</sup> wraith of Death has followed me, slept with me and awakened me and accompanied my day. Only now it is more commonplace and reasonable. It is the end <sup>{ə'kʌmpənɪd}</sup> and without ends there can be no beginnings. Its <sup>{fai'næləti}</sup> finality we must not falsify. We know that Death is the End of Life, but if living does not give value, <sup>{vɪ'lju}</sup> wisdom and meaning to life, then there is no sense in living at all. <sup>{'wɪldəm}</sup>

## 给生命带来价值

威廉·爱得华·柏格哈特·杜波依斯

现在我有一点迷惑不解,不知我的命运是怎样安排的。过去我曾多次准备死神降临,但她没有来。

回想起来,我长期以来一直面临着不可避免的死亡,而且也没有想去逃避这种想法。

去年,我直视过死神的脸,发现她的面容并不严酷。但当时我的气数还尚未用尽。然而,从根本上讲,很快在某个时候,待到天数已尽,我就会悄然逝去。我确信,那时我的脸会朝向南方和东方;在梦中也好,不在梦中也好,我想我肯定会像享受生活的乐趣一样去享受死亡。

我们这些身在乱世中的人们,长期以来一直面对着死神,处之泰然。流尽了辛酸的眼泪,才得以明白,为了灵魂的充实而死去该是多么美好啊。如同所有真正美好之事,死亡非常简单非常实际。哪个是生活?什么是死亡?我们将如何面对这个令人焦虑难解的矛盾?任何解释都必然是微妙而相互牵连的。最重要的是,我们不可忘记这个世界是美好的。尽管她有许多丑陋与罪恶,但这世界的美好是不容否认的。

还有那层薄薄的纱,有色的纱。落下来像在南部海面降下的夜幕,茫茫一片,

突如其来,悄然无声。紧跟其后的是憎恨、残酷和眼泪。若透过其复杂的、深不可测的古老悠久的设计图案去细看,你会看到鲜血、罪恶和误解。但是,那纱就挂在那里,挂在苍白和有色之间,挂在白色和黑色之间,在你我之间。当然,这只是一种观念中的东西,依稀而捉摸不到;然而,这却又肯定是真实的、可怕的,而且在我们凡人的生活中,你和我都是无法将它拉开的。我们可以顺利地去揭开它的四边,可以拿一把大剪刀,慢慢地爬到它的最高巢穴。但是,在竭力攀登之时,我们通过模糊的泪眼,作痛的耳朵,看到和听到私刑和谋杀,欺骗和藐视,堕落和谎言,在茫茫低垂的一片黑暗中频频闪现,以致行为者看不到自己的行动,受害者不知是谁害他,每个人都在无知中恨所有的人。听吧,极乐岛,听听薄纱内的声音吧,因为这些声音体现了在那个可怜的耶稣基督的第二十个世纪人类受到的最大伤害!

最终我们大家都来到了幸福之地,在那里亡故之人十分安详,十分平静,美好地躺着。如果我们没有死去,我们会躺着静听花草的生长。我们会听到鸟儿的歌唱,我们会看到春天,夏天,万紫千红的秋天,然后是睡在柔软的白雪之下做着一个个美梦的冬天。但是我们知道,辞别人世是一种美好和永远的结束,十年、一百年、一千年,我们将一直安息在那里,永远不会受到伤害。

从那时到现在,死神的阴影一直在跟随着我,她与我同眠,叫我醒来,终日陪伴着我。只有现在,才感到这不过是平常事,也是合情合理的。它是个结局,没有结局就不会有开始。它是最终的了结,我们篡改不得。我们知道死亡是生活的尽头,但如果活着不能给生命带来价值、智慧和意义,那么活着就根本没有任何意义。



## Departure

*Sherwood Anderson*

Young George Willard got out of bed at four in the morning. It was April and the young tree leaves were just coming out of their buds. The trees along the residence streets in Winesburg are maple and the seeds are winged. When the wind blows they whirl crazily about, filling the air and making a carpet underfoot.

George came downstairs into the hotel office carrying a brown leather bag. His trunk was packed for departure. Since two o'clock he had been awake thinking of the journey he was about to take and wondering what he would find at the end of his journey. The boy who slept in the hotel office lay on a cot by the door. His mouth was open and he snored lustily. George crept past the cot and went out into the silent deserted main street. The east was pink with the dawn and long streaks of light climbed into the sky where a few stars still shone.

Beyond the last house on Trunion Pike in Winesburg there is a great stretch of open fields. The fields are owned by farmers who live in town and drive homeward at evening along Trunion Pike in light creaking wagons. In the fields are planted berries and small fruits. In the late afternoon in the hot summers when the road and the fields are covered with dust, a smoky haze lies over the great flat basin of land. To look across it is like looking out across the sea. In the spring when the land is green the effect is somewhat different. The land becomes a wide green billiard table on which tiny human insects toil up and down.

All through his boyhood and young manhood George Willard had been in the habit of walking on Trunion Pike. He had been in the midst of the great open place on winter nights when it was covered with snow and only the moon looked down at him; he had been there in the fall when bleak winds blew and on summer evenings when the air vibrated with the song of insects. On the April morning he wanted to go there again, to walk again in the silence. He did walk to where the road dipped down by a little stream two miles from town and then turned and walked silently back again. When he got to Main Street clerks were sweeping the sidewalks before the stores. "Hey, you George. How does it feel to be going away?" they asked.

The westbound train leaves Winesburg at seven forty-five in the morning. Tom Little is conductor. His train runs from Cleveland to where it connects with a great trunk line railroad with terminals in Chicago and New York. Tom has what in railroad circles is called an <sup>easy run</sup> ~~easy run~~. Every evening he returns to his family. In the fall and spring he spends his Sundays fishing in Lake Erie. He has a round red face and small blue eyes. He knows the people in the towns along his railroad better than a city man knows the people who live in his apartment building.

George came down the little incline from the New Willard House at seven o'clock. Tom Willard carried his bag. The son had become taller than the father.

On the station platform everyone shook the young man's hand. More than a dozen people waited about. Then they talked of their own affairs. Even Will Henderson, who was lazy and often slept until nine, had got out of bed. George was embarrassed. Gertrude Wilmot, a tall thin woman of fifty who worked in the Winesburg post office, came along the station platform. She had never before paid any attention to George. Now she stopped and put out her hand. In two words she voiced what everyone felt. "Good luck," she said sharply and then turning went on her way.

When the train came into the station George felt relieved. He scampered hurriedly aboard. Helen White came running along Main Street hoping to have a parting word with him, but he had found a seat and did not see her. When the train started Tom Little punched his ticket, grinned and, although he knew George well and knew on what adventure he was just setting out, made no comment. Tom had seen a thousand George Willards go out of their towns to the city. It was a commonplace enough incident with him. In the smoking car there was a man who had just invited Tom to go on a fishing trip to Sandusky Bay. He wanted to accept the invitation and talk over details.

George glanced up and down the car to be sure no one was looking, then took out his pocketbook and counted his money. His mind was occupied with a desire not to appear green. Almost the last words his father had said to him concerned the matter of his behavior when he got to the city. "Be a sharp one," Tom Willard had said. "Keep your eyes on your money. Be awake. That's the ticket. Don't let anyone think you're a greenhorn."

After George counted his money he looked out of the window and was surprised to see that the train was still in Winesburg.

The young man, going out of his town to meet the adventure of life, began to think but he did not think of anything very big or dramatic. Things like his mother's death, his departure from Winesburg, the uncertainty of his future life in the city, the serious and larger aspects of his life did not come into his mind.

He thought of little things—Turk Smollet wheeling boards through the main street of his town in the morning, a tall woman, beautifully gowned, who had once stayed overnight at his father's hotel, Butch Wheeler the lamp lighter of Winesburg hurrying through the streets on a summer evening and holding a torch in his hand, Helen White standing by a window in the Winesburg post office and putting a stamp on an envelope.

The young man's mind was carried away by his growing passion for dreams. One looking at him would not have thought him particularly sharp. With the recollection of little things occupying his mind he closed his eyes and leaned back in the car seat. He stayed that way for a long time and when he aroused himself and again looked out of the car window the town of Winesburg had disappeared and his life there had become but a background on which to paint the dreams of his manhood.

## 离 别

舍伍德·安德森

年轻的乔治·威拉德在清晨四点就起床了，四月的树木正长出新枝芽。在温斯堡沿着住宅区街道两边，种了许许多多的枫树，枫树的种子在飘浮。当风吹来的时候，它们打着旋涡飘来飘去，漫天飞舞，落在路上好似一层厚厚的地毯。

乔治下楼来，拿着那个棕色的大皮包走进了旅馆的办公室。他的行李早已准备好了。还是在两点的时候他就醒来，想着他即将踏上的行程，也不知旅程结束之后，他能找到什么。在旅馆办公室睡觉的小孩躺在门旁边的一张帆布床上面。张着嘴睡着，鼾声响亮。乔治悄悄地走过那张帆布小床，来到外面寂静无人的大街上。黎明将至，长长的光束已经爬上了天空，虽然天上的几颗星星仍在闪烁，可是东方已经一片粉红。

走过温斯堡楚宁派克街的最后一所房屋，出现了一片开阔的田野。拥有这片田野的那个农场主住在镇上，每晚他乘嘎吱作响的轻便车沿楚宁派克街往家赶。

地里种着浆果和别的小果。炎热夏季的午后当田野和路上到处都是灰尘的时候，一层烟雾会在这一片盆地的上空飘浮，此时要想看到远处的景物俨然与看清波涛后的景物一样困难。春天，当大地一片绿色时此处的景色就会不一样。大地俨然变成一个宽阔的绿色台球桌，而在它上面，人类在辛勤劳作。

从少年到现在的青年时代，乔治·威拉德已养成了沿楚宁派克街散步的习惯。冬日的夜晚当大地被白雪覆盖，只有月亮独自打量他时，他走在开阔的空地上；秋天的冷风吹过的时候，夏夜空气中满是昆虫的歌声时，他也走在那里。这个四月的早晨他又一次去了那儿，又一次静静地走在那里。他走到了那条路延伸到小河边的地方。小河距镇上两英里，然后他掉转头来默默地往回走。当他回到了大街的时候，街上的伙计们已经开始打扫商店前的人行道了。“哎，乔治！要走了，感受如何？”他们问道。

西去的列车在早晨七点四十五分离开温斯堡。小汤姆是列车员。他的火车从克利夫兰运行到一条能够最终到达芝加哥或纽约的干线上。在铁路圈中，汤姆拥有一条轻松的路线。每天晚上他都回家。在秋季和春季，小汤姆会在伊利湖畔用垂钓来度过周末时光。他长着一张圆圆的红脸和小蓝眼睛。他了解铁路沿线镇上的人们，其程度超过了城市的人们对住在自己公寓大楼里邻居的了解程度。

七点钟的时候，乔治从新威拉德旅馆的斜坡走了下来。汤姆·威拉德帮乔治拿着包。现在儿子已经比父亲长得高了。

在站台上人们与年轻人握手告别。等在那里的人有十来个。然后他们就开始谈论起自己的事来了。就连威尔·汉德森那个懒得常常睡到九点的人，也起来了。乔治感到很尴尬。哥特如德·威尔莫特，一个在温斯堡邮局工作的五十来岁的又高又瘦的女人，也沿着月台走来了。她以前从来不在意乔治，现在她却停下来与乔治握手。她说出的“祝你好运。”这正是大家的感受。她尖声地说完就转身走了。

当火车进站的时候，乔治感到松了一口气。他快步跑上列车。海伦·怀特沿着大街跑过来想和乔治说一句道别的话，可是乔治已经找到了一个座位而没能看见她。当火车启动的时候，小汤姆检了他的票，笑嘻嘻的却没说话，尽管他很了解乔治，也知道乔治现在正朝着一个什么样的历险出发。汤姆见过几千个人像乔治一样，离开小镇去城市。对他来说，这实在是平凡不过的事了。在可以吸烟的那节车厢里，有一个男士刚刚邀请汤姆去桑达斯基湾钓鱼。汤姆想接受邀请就和他谈了一些细节。

乔治上下打量了一眼车厢，确认没有人看他，然后就拿出钱夹开始数钱。脑子里也一直想着不要显得那样的不成熟。父亲最后讲的那些话几乎都与他到城市后的行为有关。“机灵点”父亲说。“看好你的钱，精神点。那是车票。别让人们以为你容易上当。”

乔治数完钱,朝车窗外看了看,诧异地发现火车还没有驶出温斯堡。

这个要离开自己的小镇去接受生活挑战的年轻人开始思考了。但他不是去想那些大事,也不是那些具有戏剧性的事情。他此时所想的并不是诸如他母亲的去世,他离开温斯堡,未来城市生活的种种疑问等等那些生活之中严肃而又重大的方面。

他在考虑一些小事:每天早晨沿着大街滚动木板的特克·斯莫来特,一个曾在父亲的旅馆呆了一夜的穿长礼服的高个女人,夏夜里匆匆地穿过街道,手中拿着火把的温斯堡灯夫布驰·威勒,还有站在小镇邮局的窗前往信封上贴邮票的海伦·怀特。

年轻人的思想因对梦想充满了激情而不知跑到了何处。看见他的人绝对不会认为他非常机灵。对小事的回忆占据了他的思想,他便闭上眼睛斜靠在车厢座位上。他那样呆了很久,然后站起来又一次朝车窗外望去。小镇温斯堡已经看不见了,已变成了他成年梦想画面上的背景。

## Civil Disobedience (Excerpt)

Henry David Thoreau

I heartily accept the motto, "That government is best which governs least"; and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly and systematically. Carried out, it finally amounts to this, which also I believe: "That government is best which governs not at all"; and when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have. Government is at best but an expedient; but most governments are usually, and all governments are sometimes, inexpedient. The objections which have been brought against a standing army, and they are many and weighty, and deserve to prevail, may also at last be brought against a standing government. The standing army is only an arm of the standing government. The government itself, which is only the mode which the people have chosen to execute their will, is equally liable to be abused and perverted before the people can act through it. Witness the present Mexican war, the work of comparatively a few individuals using the standing government as their tool; for in the outset, the people would not have consented to this measure.

This American government – what is it but a tradition, though a recent one, endeavoring to transmit itself unimpaired to posterity, but each instant losing some of its integrity? It has not the vitality and force of a single living man; for a single man can bend it to his will. It is a sort of wooden gun to the people themselves; and, if ever they should use it in earnest as a real one against each other, it will surely split. But it is not the less necessary for this; for the people must have some complicated machinery or other, and hear its din, to satisfy that idea of government which they have. Governments show thus how successfully men can be imposed on, even impose on themselves, for their own advantage. It is excellent, we must all allow; yet this government never of itself furthered any enterprise, but by the alacrity with country free. It does not settle the West. It does not educate. The character inherent in the American people has done all that has been accomplished; and it would have done somewhat more, if the government had not sometimes got in its way. For government is an expedient by which men would fain succeed in letting

one another alone; and, as has been said, when it is most expedient, the governed are most let alone by it. Trade and commerce, if they were not made of India rubber, would never manage to bounce over the obstacles which legislators are continually putting in their way; and, if one were to judge these men wholly by the effects of their actions, and not partly by their intentions, they would deserve to be classed and punished with those mischievous persons who put obstructions on the railroads.

But, to speak practically and as a citizen, unlike those who call themselves no government men, I ask for, not at once no government, but at once a better government. Let every man make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be one step toward obtaining it...

## 论公民的不服从(节选)

亨利·戴维·梭罗

我衷心地接受这一箴言：“最好的政府是管得最少的政府”，而且我愿意看到它被迅速而系统地实施。当它被付诸实践之后，最终就等同于这个我同样相信的判断：“最好的政府是根本不管的政府”；当人们做好了准备之后，就会有他们愿意拥有的那种政府。政府充其量不过是个权宜之计；但大多数政府，有时所有的政府，并不能有所助益。那些数量众多，影响巨大，流传甚广的针对常备军队的反对意见最终也可能衍变成反对常设政府。常备军队只不过是常设政府的一只臂膀而已。政府本身仅仅是人们选择用以行使他们意志的方式，还未等人民通过它有所作为，就可能已被滥用或滥用。当前的墨西哥战争就证明了这一点，这场战争不过是少数几个人利用长期政府作为自己工具的结果，因为从一开始人们就不同意采取这种做法。

这个美国政府——不过是一个传统，一个历史并不悠久却努力使自己完完整整、届届相传而每一届总要丧失部分自身的诚实和正直的传统。政府没有活人所具有的生命力和力量；因为一个人可以使它屈从于自己的意志。政府是一支枪，对着人民自己的木枪；要是人们真正用它来相互厮杀，它必然会破裂。尽管如此，它仍然是必不可少的。因为人们需要这种或那种复杂机器，听到它的轰鸣，才能满足他们对于政府理念的要求。于是，政府的存在表明，为了人民的利益，可以如何成功地利用人民，甚至可以使人们利用他们自己。我们所有人都必须承认这真是太

棒了。然而这个政府从未主动地促进任何事业,却欣然地置身事外。它未捍卫国家的自由。它未解决西部问题。它未从事教育。所有的成就全都是由美国人民固有的品质取得的,而且,要是政府不从中作梗的话,本来还可以取得更大的成就。因为政府是一种权宜之计,通过它人们可以欣然地互不来往;而且,正如我们所说的,最有助益的政府也就是最不干扰被治理的人民的政府。贸易和商业假如不是用印度橡胶制成的话,绝不可能跃过立法者不断设置的路障;假如完全以他们的行动效果,而不是以他们的意图来评判的话,他们就应当和在铁路上设路障的人归为一类,并受到惩罚。

但是,现实地以一个公民的身份来说,我不像那些自称是无政府主义的人,我要求的不是立即取消政府,而是要立即有个更好的政府。让每一个人都表明什么样的政府能赢得他的尊敬,这样,也就为赢得这种政府迈出了一步……

亨利·戴维·梭罗(1817—1862)是拉尔夫·埃默森的信徒,是先验主义运动的一位领袖。1846年7月,梭罗居住在沃顿塘时,当地的警官找他,叫他支付投票税,尽管他已经数年未行使这个权利。梭罗拒绝支付税款。当夜,警官把他关在康科德的监狱里。第二天,一位未透露身份的人士——可能是梭罗的姨母支付了税款,他便获释了。不过,他表明了他的观点:他不能向一个容许奴隶制并且对墨西哥发动帝国主义战争的政府交税。他准备了一份解释自己行动的演说稿,并于1849年发表了这篇演说稿。当时,这篇文章没有引起什么反响。但是到了19世纪末,这篇文章却成了经典之作,在国际上出现了一批追随者。圣雄甘地深受梭罗的影响,成了一位终生非暴力反抗和消极抵制非正义权势的典范。通过甘地,梭罗的主张变成了政治活动的工具。后来在20世纪,小马丁·路德·金也深受甘地的影响,梭罗的主张便在美国民权运动的思想基础中得到了新生。

与浪漫主义和改革结合在一起的先验主义推崇感觉和直觉胜过理智,宣扬个人主义和内在的心声——完整和自然的声音。先验主义者把注意力集中在人类精神方面,他们也对自然世界与人类之间的关系深感兴趣。通过对自然的认真观察,他们相信人类精神可以通过自然世界反映出来,即各种形式的生命体——上帝、自然和人类——都通过一种共同的灵魂,或者说超灵魂,在精神方面联合在一起。



## Choose Optimism

*Rich Devos*

If you expect something to turn out badly, it probably will. Pessimism is seldom disappointed. But the same principle also works in reverse. If you expect good things to happen, they usually do! There seems to be a natural cause-and-effect relationship between optimism and success.

Optimism and pessimism are both powerful forces, and each of us must choose which we want to shape our outlook and our expectations. There is enough good and bad in everyone's life—ample sorrow and happiness, sufficient joy and pain—to find a rational basis for either optimism or pessimism. We can choose to laugh or cry, bless or curse. It's our decision: From which perspective do we want to view life? Will we look up in hope or down in despair?

I believe in the upward look. I choose to highlight the positive and slip right over the negative. I am an optimist by choice as much as by nature. Sure, I know that sorrow exists. I am in my 70s now, and I've lived through more than one crisis. But when all is said and done, I find that the good in life far outweighs the bad.

An optimistic attitude is not a luxury; it's a necessity. The way you look at life will determine how you feel, how you perform, and how well you will get along with other people. Conversely, negative thoughts, attitudes, and expectations feed on themselves; they become a self-fulfilling prophecy. Pessimism creates a dismal place where no one wants to live.

Years ago, I drove into a service station to get some gas. It was a beautiful day, and I was feeling great. As I walked into the station to pay for the gas, the attendant said to me, "How do you feel?" That seemed like an odd question, but I felt fine and told him so. "You don't look well," he replied. This took me completely by surprise. A little less confidently, I told him that I had never felt better. Without hesitation, he continued to tell me how bad I looked and that my skin appeared yellow.

By the time I left the service station, I was feeling a little uneasy. About a block away, I pulled over to the side of the road to look at my face in the mirror. How did I feel? Was I jaundiced? Was everything all right? By the time I got home, I was