

轻松读经典丛书

(英语课程标准五级之二)

# *The Vicar of Wakefield*

## 威克菲尔德牧师传

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

原著 奥利佛·哥尔德斯密斯

为什么这位好心的老牧师会如此不幸呢？所有财产都被人席卷一空，大女儿被人诱拐，小女儿又被掳走，最后自己和大儿子竟都锒铛入狱。难道好人注定受苦吗？这历经苦难的一家人能团圆吗？



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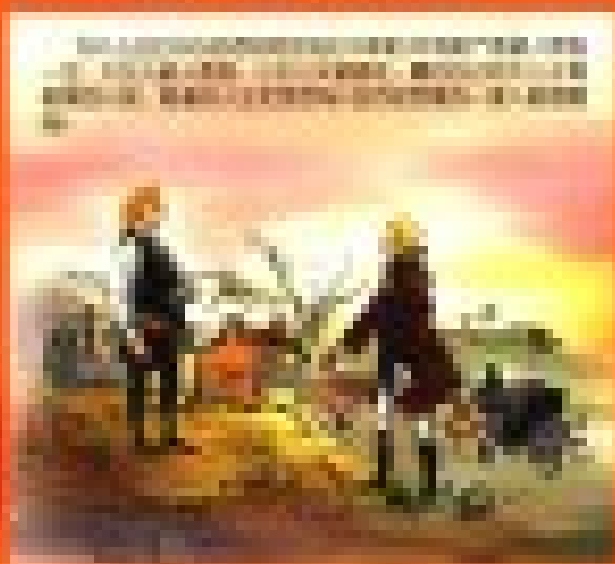
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# The Vicar of Winthrop

## 威克菲尔牧师传

THE VICAR OF WINTHROP

原著：亨利·詹姆斯 译者：马新福



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# The Vicar of Wakefield

## 威克菲尔德牧师传

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Retold by Patricia Atkinson

Illustrated by David Knight

原著 奥利佛·哥尔德斯密斯

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## 出版说明

为了促进我国中学生的英语学习,培养他们的文化素养和文学修养,上海外语教育出版社经过长时间的酝酿和市场调研,决定将英国麦克米伦出版公司的一套文学名著简写本引荐给我国的中学生。

麦克米伦出版公司是从20世纪初开始陆续出版这套文学名著简写本的。为了满足世界各地英语为非母语国家、也包括英语国家不同程度中学生的阅读需要,他们请专家对一些大家耳熟能详的世界文学名著进行了改写,在保留原著的故事情节和原著者的创作风格的同时,适当地降低了语言的难度,至今已经推出了200多本。若干年过去了,这些书仍然受到世界各地读者的欢迎。

外教社从麦克米伦出版公司的这套文学名著简写本中精心挑选了40本,汇成一套“轻松读经典丛书”,难易程度跨越“英语课程标准”的3级—8级。这套丛书选编了英、美、法等国文学大师的经典之作,包括莎士比亚、狄更斯、马克·吐温、哈代、大仲马等著名作家的作品。为了让中学生在阅读过程中更好地把握原书的精髓和作家的创作历程,外教社还特地对读物中的语言难点做了注释;并加入了一篇关于作家、作品的背景介绍。

我们衷心希望“轻松读经典丛书”能够有助于提高我国中学生的文学欣赏水平,陶冶他们的道德情操,增强他们的英语阅读能力,成为开启中学生英语文学名著阅读之门的金钥匙。

外教社编辑部

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## 简 介

奥利佛·哥尔德斯密斯(1730—1774)是一个爱尔兰牧师的小儿子。他曾在都柏林“三一学院”学习神学,并在1749年获学士学位。随后他去爱丁堡学医,但他无法靠给人看病为生,只得卖文糊口。他的成名作《威克菲尔德牧师传》于1762年完成。在这部小说里,作者通过对普里姆罗斯牧师及其一家的描述,显示了作者精巧清丽而又妙趣横生的写作风格以及对人物性格的准确把握。

此简写本特为以英语为外国语的中学生而设,可作课外读物之用。此简写本的词汇量在2000以内,复杂的句子结构已尽量避免。

此简写本严格以原著为基础,同时也尽量保持了哥尔德斯密斯文体的原汁原味。

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## CHAPTER 1

**I** ALWAYS believed that a man should marry and bring up his family to be healthy and useful. So I had been a priest with a church of my own only a year when I chose my wife, as she chose her wedding dress, not for fine looks but for qualities that would wear well. She was good-natured and of a good family. She could read any English book without much difficulty, but at making pickles<sup>1</sup> and at cooking, none could outdo her. She thought herself a careful house-keeper, but I never found we grew richer by her saving.

We loved each other tenderly, and more so as we grew older. There was, indeed, nothing that could make us angry with the world or with each other. We had a fine house in fertile country, and our year was spent visiting our rich neighbours and helping the poor. We had no wars to fear, nor trials to suffer; all our adven-

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1 pickles: 腌渍品, 泡菜



tures were by the fireside, and our travelling was from one room to another.

Travellers and strangers visited us to taste our home-made wine, for which we were famous, and I never knew one of them to find fault with it. Even our most distant cousins came to see us often, and we had the blind and the lame and the poor among them. My wife always treated all equally, so that if we had not very rich friends about us, at least we had happy ones; and I was always an admirer of happy human faces.

We lived thus for several years, our worst setbacks being when the cats stole my wife's cakes, or when the Squire<sup>1</sup> went to sleep in church. My children, educated without softness, were well formed and healthy; my sons strong and active, and my daughters beautiful. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle who left us ten thousand pounds. My elder daughter was called Olivia because my wife *would* have a pretty name; and a rich aunt took a fancy to my second daughter and asked that she be called Sophia. So we had two such names in the family. Moses was our next, and after twelve years we had two more sons, Dick and Bill.

My wife and I were filled with gladness

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1 Squire: 乡绅(尤指乡村的大地主)



when we saw our little ones round us. Looks mean nothing to me, but since everyone said they were handsome, I must remember to say here, that my children were all good-looking. Olivia at eighteen had an open, lively, commanding<sup>1</sup> beauty; whereas Sophia was not so striking at first, but in the end was admired as much for her soft and quiet beauty.

Their tempers were like their looks. Olivia wished for many admirers; Sophia for one. Olivia amused me with her gaiety when I was cheerful, and Sophia with her sense when I was serious. But neither was too gay or too serious.

My eldest son George was at university as I wished him to enter one of the learned professions. My second son Moses, who was to go into business, was educated at home. But I need not describe the characters of young people who had seen very little of the world. In short, they had only one character, that of being generous, simple and harmless.

I gave to orphans and widows the thirty-five pounds a year I was paid as a Vicar<sup>2</sup>. I had money of my own, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also made up my

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1 commanding: 给人留下深刻的印象的    2 Vicar: 教区牧师。当时每个镇上都有一个牧师,通常是拥有私产的绅士

mind to get to know every person in my village of Wakefield, for many vicars seemed to neglect this duty.

Marriage was always one of my favourite subjects, and I wrote several lectures to prove its happiness. I also believed that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England<sup>1</sup>, after the death of his first wife, to take a second. The more I thought about it the more important it seemed. So, though my wife was living, I composed what I wished to have written on her gravestone. I praised her goodness and described her as the only wife of Dr Primrose<sup>2</sup>. I wrote it out neatly, framed it, and hung it on the wall where it was very useful. It reminded my wife of her duty to me, and of my faithfulness to her, and made her strongly desire to leave a good name behind her when she died.

It was perhaps from hearing marriage so often praised, that my eldest son, on leaving the university fell in love with the daughter of a neighbouring vicar. This man could give his daughter a large fortune, but that was the least point in her favour. Miss Arabella Wilmot was said by all (except my two daughters) to be

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1 Church of England: 英国国教教堂    2 Dr Primrose: 神学博士普里姆罗斯牧师



completely pretty. Her youth, health and innocence showed in her beautiful and happy face. As Mr Wilmot knew that I could give my son a small fortune as well, he agreed to the match.

So the two families spent many happy days together, enjoying walks by day, and dining and making music together at night. Some months went by in this way, until we wished to fix a day for the wedding of the young people. I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters as they got ready for the wedding. Indeed I hardly saw them, for I hoped shortly to publish a paper in defence of my favourite principle of only one wife. As I thought it particularly good as to argument and style, I showed it to my friend Mr Wilmot, feeling sure he would admire it. Not until too late did I find he was strongly of the opposite opinion, for he was at that time hoping to marry his fourth wife.

This of course began an argument so fierce that it was likely to upset the arrangements for the wedding. On the day before the wedding we were arguing hotly when I was called out of the room by one of my cousins. He advised me not to argue, at least until the wedding was over.

‘What!’ I cried, ‘give up the cause of truth? You might as well tell me to give up my fortune!’



*We were arguing hotly*

‘Your fortune,’ replied my cousin, ‘I am sorry to tell you, is now almost nothing. The banker in whose care you placed your money has run away, and is thought to have left very little. I was unwilling to tell you until after the wedding, but you were arguing so hotly I thought it best to warn you. I hope you will agree with Mr Wilmot at least until your son has married the young lady and has her fortune.’



‘Well,’ I replied, ‘if what you tell me is true, and I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a cheat. I’ll go at once and tell everyone what has happened, and as for the argument, I shall not give way an inch!’

It would take too long to describe the feelings of both families when I broke the news. But what others felt was little to what the lovers seemed to feel, for Mr Wilmot at once broke off the match.

## CHAPTER 2

WE thought that perhaps our misfortune might not be as bad as we had been told, but a letter soon came which left no hope. The loss of fortune to myself alone would not have mattered; my only uneasiness was for my family, who were to be humble without the education to fit them for being so. Nearly a fortnight passed before I tried to cheer them up, and during this time I had looked about for some way of supporting them. At last I was offered the care of a small church with fifteen pounds a year salary. I joyfully accepted, for I hoped to add to my salary by having a little farm.

Then I got together what was left of my money; and, all debts paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had only four hundred left. I therefore had to teach my family to be less proud, for I knew that beggars who act as if they are still rich are most unhappy.

‘My children,’ I said, ‘nothing we could



have done could have kept away our misfortune. But we can keep it from harming us. Poor people can be happy, so let us not pretend to be rich, but live humbly and be content. '

As my eldest son had finished his education, I sent him to London, where he might help to support us by his work. The day soon came for him to go. He said goodbye to his mother, sisters and brothers, who wept to see him leave. I gave him my blessing and five pounds, which was all I had to spare; but as he was an honourable lad I had no fear about sending him away. I knew he would act well, whatever happened.

Then the rest of us left for our new home. A journey of seventy miles filled us with alarm, for we had never been more than ten miles from home before. But our first day's journey brought us within thirty miles of our new home in safety, and we stayed the night at a small inn. The inn-keeper knew the whole neighbourhood to which I was moving, and especially Squire Thornhill who was to be my landlord. The Squire, he said, was one who enjoyed the pleasures of the world<sup>1</sup>, and was very fond of the ladies. This upset me, but my daughters' faces seemed to brighten at the thought. Nor was my wife less pleased.

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1 enjoy the pleasures of the world: 耽于享乐



While we were talking, a servant told the innkeeper that a gentleman who had stayed at the inn two days had no money to pay his bill.

‘No money!’ exclaimed the innkeeper. ‘But it was only yesterday that he gave three pounds to a poor old man!’ He was about to leave the room, very angry, when I begged to meet so generous a stranger.

To this he agreed, and showed in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes which had once been very fine. He was well formed, and his face was marked with lines of thinking. He was brief in his speech and almost blunt.

When the innkeeper left the room, I told the stranger how troubled I was that he should be without money, and offered him my purse to meet his needs.

‘I take it with all my heart,’ replied the stranger. ‘And I am glad that through forgetfully giving away the money I had with me, I have found there are still some men like you. I must, however, ask for your name and address, so that I can repay you as soon as possible.’

I told him my name, and the place I was going to, because of my misfortunes.

‘This is very lucky,’ he said, ‘as I am going the same way myself. I have been held up