

牛虻

The Gadfly

中英对照全译本

[爱尔兰] 艾捷尔·丽莲·伏尼契 著

Ethel Lilian Voynich

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译

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欧洲文学卷

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前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



PART ONE 第一部分1

CHAPTER 1 第一章2

CHAPTER 2 第二章15

CHAPTER 3 第三章31

CHAPTER 4 第四章43

CHAPTER 5 第五章58

CHAPTER 6 第六章69

CHAPTER 7 第七章91

PART TWO 第二部分114

CHAPTER 1 第一章115

CHAPTER 2 第二章133

CHAPTER 3 第三章156

CHAPTER 4 第四章172

CHAPTER 5 第五章186

CHAPTER 6 第六章202

CHAPTER 7 第七章217

CHAPTER 8 第八章230

CHAPTER 9 第九章255

CHAPTER 10	第十章.....	278
CHAPTER 11	第十一章.....	293
PART THREE	第三部分.....	320
CHAPTER 1	第一章.....	321
CHAPTER 2	第二章.....	344
CHAPTER 3	第三章.....	361
CHAPTER 4	第四章.....	377
CHAPTER 5	第五章.....	398
CHAPTER 6	第六章.....	410
CHAPTER 7	第七章.....	438
CHAPTER 8	第八章.....	453
EPILOGUE	尾声.....	473
中英对照全译本系列书目表.....		481

PART ONE

第一部分

CHAPTER 1

第一章

ARTHUR sat in the library of the *theological seminary* at *Pisa*, looking through a pile of manuscript sermons. It was a hot evening in June, and the windows stood wide open, with the shutters half closed for coolness. The Father Director, Canon Montanelli, paused a moment in his writing to glance lovingly at the black head bent over the papers.

“Can’t you find it, carino¹? Never mind; I must rewrite the passage. Possibly it has got torn up, and I have kept you all this time for nothing.”

Montanelli’s voice was rather low, but full and resonant, with a silvery purity of tone that gave to his speech a peculiar charm. It was the voice of a born orator, rich in possible modulations. When he spoke to Arthur its note was always that of a caress.

“No, Padre², I must find it; I’m sure you put it here. You will never make it the same by rewriting.”

Montanelli went on with his work. A

亚瑟坐在比萨神学院的图书馆里，正翻阅着一堆布道手稿。这是一个炎热的6月傍晚，为了保持室内的凉意，所有的窗子都敞开着，百叶窗则半掩着。身为神学院院长的蒙泰尼里神父暂时停下了手中的笔，慈爱地看着那埋头在手稿中浏览的黑发男孩。

“亲爱的，你是找不到吗？没关系，我再写一遍那一节吧，它可能已经被撕掉了，我已经占用了你这么长时间。”

蒙泰尼里的音色低沉且浑厚，动听的声音让他的语言多了一种特别的吸引力。只有那些有天赋的演说家才有这种抑扬顿挫的语调。跟亚瑟说话时，他的声调中总饱含着一种爱意。

“不行，神父，我必须找到它。我肯定你把它放在这儿了。重写的不可能跟它完全一样。”

蒙泰尼里继续他手上的工作。

¹ 意大利语，译为“亲爱的”。本书故事发生在意大利，作者在叙述中常夹杂意大利语。

² 意大利语，译为“神父”，天主教徒对教士的称呼。这个词也可指父亲。亚瑟一直称蒙泰尼里为“Padre”，可见他对蒙泰尼里怀有很深的感情。

sleepy cockchafer hummed drowsily outside the window, and the long, melancholy call of a fruitseller echoed down the street: “*Fragola! fragola!*”

“‘*On Healing of the Leper*’; here it is.” Arthur came across the room with the velvet tread that always exasperated the good folk at home. He was a slender little creature, more like an Italian in a sixteenth-century portrait than a middle-class English lad of the ‘thirties. From the long eyebrows and sensitive mouth to the small hands and feet, everything about him was too much chiseled, overdélicate. Sitting still, he might have been taken for *a very pretty girl masquerading in male attire*; but when he moved, his lithe agility suggested a tame panther without the claws.

“Is that really it? What should I do without you, Arthur? I should always be losing my things. No, I am not going to write any more now. Come out into the garden, and I will help you with your work. What is the bit you couldn’t understand?”

They went out into the still, shadowy cloister garden. The seminary occupied the buildings of an old *Dominican* monastery, and two hundred years ago the square courtyard had been stiff and trim, and the rosemary and lavender had grown

一只困倦的金龟子趴在窗子外面，正有气无力地嗡嗡着。卖水果的小贩那悠长又疲惫的叫卖声从街道的另一头传过来，“草莓！草莓！”

“《麻风病人的治疗》，找到了。”房间的另一边，亚瑟正走过来，他的家人一直看不惯他那种轻软的步伐。他的身材很瘦小，虽说他是个 30 年代英国的中产阶级青年，但看上去更像是那些 16 世纪肖像画里的意大利人。他身上的每个部位，从修长的双眉，精致的嘴巴，到小巧的手脚，看上去都显得过于精雕细琢，过于脆弱了。如果他安静地坐在一边，很可能被误以为是个穿着男装的漂亮女孩。可是在他行动的时候，那种轻盈又灵活的姿态会让人联想到一只被驯服的猎豹，只是已经没了锋利的爪子。

“真的是那份手稿吗？没了你我可如何是好啊，亚瑟。我一定会老是丢了这个忘了那个的。算了，我先不写了。咱们去花园吧，我可以辅导你学习。你有什么不明白的地方吗？”

他们一起走进了修道院那树影浓密、幽深寂静的花园。神学院的房子原是一幢天主教多明我会¹的老修道院。在两百多年前，这个四方形的院子曾经被打理得井井有条。一丛丛迷迭香与薰衣草被修

¹ 多明我会 (Dominican)，也叫布道兄弟会，天主教托钵修会的主要派别之一。

in close-cut bushes between the straight box edgings. Now the white-robed monks who had tended them *were laid away* and forgotten; but the scented herbs flowered still in the gracious mid-summer evening, though no man gathered their blossoms *for simples* any more. Tufts of wild parsley and columbine filled the cracks between the flagged footways, and the well in the middle of the courtyard was given up to ferns and matted stone-crop. The roses had run wild, and their straggling suckers trailed across the paths; in the box borders flared great red poppies; tall foxgloves drooped above the tangled grasses; and the old vine, untrained and barren of fruit, swayed from the branches of the neglected medlar-tree, shaking a leafy head with slow and sad persistence.

In one corner stood a huge summer-flowering magnolia, *a tower of dark foliage*, splashed here and there with milkwhite blossoms. A rough wooden bench had been placed against the trunk; and on this Montanelli sat down. Arthur was studying philosophy at the university; and coming to a difficulty with a book, had applied to "the Padre" for an explanation of the point. Montanelli was a universal encyclopaedia to him, though he had never been a pupil of the seminary.

"I had better go now," he said when the passage had been cleared up; "unless you

剪得短短的，生长在笔直的黄杨木之间。过去那些种下它们的白衣修士如今早已入土为安，慢慢被人遗忘。只有这些香气四溢的药草依旧在宁静的仲夏夜晚尽情盛放，只是再没有人来采集它们制作草药了。石板路间的缝隙里长满了一丛丛的野欧芹和耧斗菜，院子中央的水井已经被蕨类植物和纵横的景天草所覆盖。玫瑰花疯长着，零乱的枝蔓伸过了小路；黄杨树边摇曳着硕大的红色罂粟花；高高的毛地黄在杂乱的野草上垂下头；无人打理的老葡萄藤仍在结果，藤蔓从一棵早就被遗忘了的枸杞树的树枝上面垂下来，绿叶茂密的枝头似乎带着哀怨，慢悠悠地摇晃着。

院子的一个角落里，耸立着一株夏天开花的木兰树，挺拔的主干仿佛是一座用茂密的绿叶堆成的巨塔，其间四处点缀着乳白色的花朵。一条做工质朴的木凳靠着树干，上面坐着蒙泰尼里。亚瑟在大学主修哲学，他在读书时遇到了一个难题，于是来找他的“神父”解答。对他来说，蒙泰尼里就是像一本百科全书，虽然他压根就不是神学院的学生。

“我现在该走了，”亚瑟在那一节的讲解结束时说道，“您还有

want me for anything.”

“I don’t want to work any more, but I should like you to stay a bit if you have time.”

“Oh, yes!” He leaned back against the tree-trunk and looked up through the dusky branches at the first faint stars glimmering in a quiet sky. The dreamy, mystical eyes, deep blue under black lashes, were an inheritance from his Cornish mother, and Montanelli turned his head away, that he might not see them.

“You are looking tired, *carino*,” he said.

“I can’t help it.” There was a weary sound in Arthur’s voice, and the Padre noticed it at once.

“You should not have gone up to college so soon; you were tired out with sick-nursing and being up at night. I ought to have insisted on your taking a thorough rest before you left Leghorn.”

“Oh, Padre, what’s the use of that? I couldn’t stop in that miserable house after mother died. Julia would have driven me mad!”

Julia was his eldest step-brother’s wife, and a thorn in his side.

“I should not have wished you to stay with your relatives,” Montanelli answered gently. “I am sure it would have been the worst possible thing for you. But I wish you could have accepted the invitation of your English doctor friend; if you had

什么其他的事情要我帮忙吗？”

“我还不想回去继续工作，要是你有时间，我倒希望你能在这待一会儿。”

“好啊！”他向后倚靠在树干上，抬起头透过微暗的枝叶，望着寂静的天空，那里已经隐约有星星开始闪烁。他那黑色的睫毛下是一双梦幻般神秘深蓝色的眼睛，这是遗传自他那出生在康沃尔郡的母亲。蒙泰尼里别开了视线，尽量不去看那双眼睛。

“你看起来很疲惫，亲爱的。”蒙泰尼里说。

“我也是没办法。”亚瑟的声音里满是倦意，神父马上就意识到了。

“你不该这么快就来上学，那段时间你熬夜照顾病人，身体都累垮了。我应该坚持让你在离开里窝那前安心静养一阵子的。”

“哎，神父，那能有什么帮助呢？母亲去世后，我在那个鬼地方根本待不下去。朱丽亚会让我发疯的！”

朱丽亚——他同父异母哥哥的妻子——是扎在他身上的一根毒刺。

“我并不是说让你跟家人一起住，”蒙泰尼里温和地说道，“我知道那对你来说再糟糕不过了。不过我倒是希望你可以接受那个来自英国的医生朋友的邀请，你要是

spent a month in his house you would have been more fit to study.”

“No, Padre, I shouldn’t indeed! The Warrens are very good and kind, but they don’t understand; and then they are sorry for me – I can see it in all their faces – and they would try to console me, and talk about mother. Gemma wouldn’t, of course; she always knew what not to say, even when we were babies; but the others would. And it isn’t only that –”

“What is it then, my son?”

Arthur pulled off some blossoms from a drooping foxglove stem and crushed them nervously in his hand.

“I can’t bear the town,” he began after a moment’s pause.

“There are the shops where she used to buy me toys when I was a little thing, and the walk along the shore where I used to take her until she got too ill. Wherever I go it’s the same thing; every market-girl comes up to me with bunches of flowers – as if I wanted them now! And there’s the churchyard – I had to get away; it made me sick to see the place –”

He broke off and sat tearing the foxglove bells to pieces. The silence was so long and deep that he looked up, wondering why the Padre did not speak. It was growing dark under the branches of the magnolia, and everything seemed dim and indistinct; but there was light enough

能在他家里住一个月再上学，你的健康状况会更适合读书的。

“不，神父，我其实不该去！华伦一家人的确都非常友好，心地善良，可是他们并不了解情况，而且他们都拿我当个可怜人，从他们脸上我就能发现那种同情。他们会想办法来劝慰我，还会谈起我母亲。当然琼玛不会这样，她向来都知道什么该说，什么不该说，甚至在我们都还小的时候，她就已经这样了。但其他人则不然，还有……”

“还有什么呢，我的孩子？”

亚瑟从一支低垂的毛地黄上拽下来几朵花，不安地用手把它们揉碎了。

“我在那个小镇待不下去。”片刻之后，他说道。

“那里的店铺，是小时候她给我买玩具常去的地方；沿河的道路，是在她病重之前我们散步的去处。无论我走到哪里，都有东西能触动我。每一个卖花的姑娘都会手捧鲜花向我走来——好像我现在买花还有人可以送似的！还有那个教堂——我一定要离开那里，看见那个地方我就难受……”

他不再说话，坐下来把毛地黄都扯成了碎片。一时间他们都陷入了长时间的沉默，他抬起头，有些奇怪为什么神父一言不发。他们站在木兰树下，天色慢慢暗了，周围的景物都开始变得模糊不清。但是

to show the ghastly paleness of Montanelli's face. He was bending his head down, his right hand tightly clenched upon the edge of the bench. Arthur looked away with a sense of awe struck wonder. It was as though he had stepped unwittingly on to holy ground.

"My God!" he thought; "how small and selfish I am beside him! If my trouble were his own he couldn't feel it more."

Presently Montanelli raised his head and looked round.

"I won't press you to go back there; at all events, just now," he said in his most caressing tone; "but you must promise me to take a thorough rest when your vacation begins this summer. I think you had better get a holiday right away from the neighborhood of Leghorn. I can't have you breaking down in health."

"Where shall you go when the seminary closes, Padre?"

"I shall have to take the pupils into the hills, as usual, and see them settled there. But by the middle of August the subdirector will be back from his holiday. I shall try to get up into the Alps for a little change. Will you come with me? I could take you for some long mountain rambles, and you would like to study the Alpine mosses and lichens. But perhaps it would be rather dull for you alone with me?"

"Padre!" Arthur clasped his hands in

在白昼的余光中，他还是可以看到蒙泰尼里骇人的苍白脸色。他此时低下了头，右手牢牢地攥住了木凳的一角。亚瑟别过脸去，心里一种敬畏之情油然而生。就像是在无意中踏进了神圣之地。

"我的上帝啊！"他心想，"我在他身边显得多么渺小和自私啊！就算我的不幸发生在他身上，他也不会比我的表现更伤感。"

蒙泰尼里抬起了头，朝四下里望了望。

"我不会强求你回那里去，不管怎样，我现在都不会这么做，"他的声音里饱满含着深情，"但有件事情你一定得答应我，在今年的暑假里充分地休息。我觉得你最好离里窝那地区远一些，我不能眼睁睁看着你的身体垮掉。"

"神父，神学院放假的时候您会去哪儿？"

"我准备带学生们进山，跟往常一样，照看着他们安顿在山里。不过等到8月中旬，副院长就能结束休假回来了。我计划那时到阿尔卑斯山去散心。你想跟我一起去吗？咱们可以在山里进行远距离徒步，而且你会对阿尔卑斯山的苔藓和地衣感兴趣的。不过只和我一个人单独相处，你会觉得很无聊吗？"

"神父！"亚瑟鼓起掌来，朱

what Julia called his “demonstrative foreign way.” “I would give anything on earth to go away with you. Only – I am not sure –” He stopped.

“You don’t think Mr. Burton would allow it?”

“He wouldn’t like it, of course, but he could hardly interfere. I am eighteen now and can do what I choose. After all, he’s only my step-brother; I don’t see that I owe him obedience. He was always unkind to mother.”

“But if he seriously objects, I think you had better not defy his wishes; you may find your position at home made much harder if –”

“Not a bit harder!” Arthur broke in passionately. “They always did hate me and always will – it doesn’t matter what I do. Besides, how can James seriously object to my going away with you – with my father confessor?”

“He is a Protestant, remember. However, you had better write to him, and we will wait to hear what he thinks. But you must not be impatient, my son; it matters just as much what you do, whether people hate you or love you.”

The rebuke was so gently given that Arthur hardly coloured under it. “Yes, I know,” he answered, sighing; “but it is so difficult –”

“I was sorry you could not come to me

丽亚说这样的动作显得他“外国派头十足”。“能跟您一起去的话，叫我做什么都可以。只是……我不确定……”他迟疑着不再说话。

“你觉得伯顿先生会反对这件事情吗？”

“他肯定不会同意的，不过他也不方便干涉。现在我已经满 18 岁，可以做自己想做的事情。他毕竟只是我同父异母的哥哥，我不需要对他言听计从。他对我母亲一直都不怎么样。”

“但是如果他的确反对的话，我觉得你最好还是不要跟他对着干。否则，你在家里处境会更加艰难……”

“不可能再艰难了！”亚瑟愤然打断了他，“他们一直都恨我，过去是这样，将来还会如此——这跟我做什么没有关系。另外，我是跟您——我的忏悔神父一起出行，杰姆斯怎么会真的反对？”

“他是个新教徒，这点你要记得。无论如何，你还是写封信告诉他吧，我们可以等等看他怎么说。但是你也要有点耐心，我的孩子。你还是要检点自己的行为，不管别人恨你或是爱你。”

他责备的话语如此委婉，让亚瑟听了一点也不会难堪。“是的，我明白。”他叹了口气回答道，“但是这真的很难……”

“我很遗憾星期二晚上你没

on Tuesday evening,” Montanelli said, abruptly introducing a new subject. “The Bishop of Arezzo was here, and I should have liked you to meet him.”

“I had promised one of the students to go to a meeting at his lodgings, and they would have been expecting me.”

“What sort of meeting?”

Arthur seemed embarrassed by the question. “It – it was n-not a r-regular meeting,” he said with a nervous little stammer. “A student had come from Genoa, and he made a speech to us – a-a sort of – lecture.”

“What did he lecture about?”

Arthur hesitated. “You won’t ask me his name, Padre, will you? Because I promised –”

“I will ask you no questions at all, and if you have promised secrecy of course you must not tell me; but I think you can almost trust me by this time.”

“Padre, of course I can. He spoke about – us and our duty to the people – and to – our own selves; and about what we might do to help –”

“To help whom?”

“The contadini – and –”

“And?”

“Italy.”

There was a long silence.

“Tell me, Arthur,” said Montanelli, turning to him and speaking very gravely,

能过来,”蒙泰尼里突然换了个话题道,“阿雷佐主教来这里了,我本来还想让你跟他见见面。”

“我跟一个同学说好了,在他住的地方开会。当时他们都在等着我。”

“你们要开什么会?”

亚瑟似乎对这个问题感到窘迫。“这……这不、不是一次正、正式的会议,”因为紧张,他略显口吃地答道,“有个从热那亚来的学生,他做了个发言,应该算是、是……演讲吧。”

“他讲的什么内容?”

亚瑟迟疑了一下。“神父,您还是不要问他是谁了,行吗?因为我答应了……”

“我什么问题都不再问了,而且你要是已经答应了保守秘密,你确实不应该告诉我。不过我觉得到了现在,你应该可以信任我吧。”

“神父,我当然可以信任你。他提到了……我们和我们对大众的责任……对自己的责任,还有……我们能做什么来帮助……”

“来帮助谁?”

“农民……还有……”

“还有什么?”

“意大利。”

他们两个人陷入长久的沉默。

“告诉我,亚瑟,”说罢蒙泰尼里转过身来望着他,语气非常郑

“how long have you been thinking about this?”

“Since – last winter.”

“Before your mother’s death? And did she know of it?”

“N-no. I – I didn’t care about it then.”

“And now you – care about it?”

Arthur pulled another handful of bells off the foxglove.

“It was this way, Padre,” he began, with his eyes on the ground. “When I was preparing for the entrance examination last autumn, I got to know a good many of the students; you remember? Well, some of them began to talk to me about – all these things, and lent me books. But I didn’t care much about it; I always wanted to get home quick to mother. You see, she was quite alone among them all in that dungeon of a house; and Julia’s tongue was enough to kill her. Then, in the winter, when she got so ill, I forgot all about the students and their books; and then, you know, I left off coming to Pisa altogether. I should have talked to mother if I had thought of it; but it went right out of my head. Then I found out that she was going to die – You know, I was almost constantly with her towards the end; often I would sit up the night, and Gemma Warren would come in the day to let me get to sleep. Well, it was in those long nights; I got thinking about the books and about what

重。“这件事情你考虑多久了？”

“自从……去年冬天。”

“在你母亲离世之前？她清楚这件事吗？”

“不、不。那时我……我不关心。”

“那你现在……关心吗？”

亚瑟又拽下了一把毛地黄的花朵。

“是这么回事，神父，”他盯着地面，开口道，“去年秋天准备入学考试的时候，我认识了许多学生。这事你还记得吧？嗯，他们中有的人开始跟我谈论和这有关的所有事，还借给我书看。可是我对这些事毫不关心。我那时只惦记着早些回家照看母亲。你了解的，在那座监狱一样的宅子里，她在那些人之中很孤单。朱丽亚说的话能把她气得半死。后来冬天到了，她病得很厉害，那些学生和那些书都被我忘到了脑后。再后来你都清楚，我根本就不来比萨了。要是我当时想起了这件事，我一定会告诉母亲的，可我就是没想起来。等到我发现她快要去世了——你知道，我几乎是一直陪在她身边，直到她离开人世。我常常整夜都不睡，白天琼玛·华伦会来接替我，让我休息。嗯，就是在那些无眠的长夜里，我想起那些书，还有那些学生们说过的话——我也会思考他们所说的

the students had said – and wondering – whether they were right and – what – our Lord would have said about it all.”

“Did you ask Him?” Montanelli’s voice was not quite steady.

“Often, Padre. Sometimes I have prayed to Him to tell me what I must do, or to let me die with mother. But I couldn’t find any answer.”

“And you never said a word to me. Arthur, I hoped you could have trusted me.”

“Padre, you know I trust you! But there are some things you can’t talk about to anyone. I – it seemed to me that no one could help me – not even you or mother; I must have my own answer straight from God. You see, it is for all my life and all my soul.”

Montanelli turned away and stared into the dusky gloom of the magnolia branches. The twilight was so dim that his figure had a shadowy look, like a dark ghost among the darker boughs.

“And then?” he asked slowly.

“And then – she died. You know, I had been up the last three nights with her –”

He broke off and paused a moment, but Montanelli did not move.

“All those two days before they buried her,” Arthur went on in a lower voice, “I couldn’t think about anything. Then, after the funeral, I was ill; you remember, I

到底有没有道理，还有我们的主对这事会怎么看。”

“你有没有问过他呢？”蒙泰尼里说话的声音有些不那么平静。

“经常问，神父。我有时会向他祈祷，请求他指点我该怎么做，或是请求他让我跟母亲一起离开。但我没有得到什么答复。”

“你对我只字未提。亚瑟，当时你要是能够信任我多好。”

“神父，您知道的，我非常信任您！只是有些事我没办法随便跟别人说。我……在我眼中，那时我很无助——甚至是您和母亲都帮不了我。我必须直接从上帝那里得到答复。您明白的，这关乎我的人生跟我全部的灵魂。”

蒙泰尼里转身去凝望着那株枝叶繁茂的木兰。在薄暮的微暗中，他的身影慢慢变得模糊，恍如黑暗中的鬼魂，在颜色更暗的树枝间若隐若现。

“后来呢？”他慢慢地问道。

“后来……她去世了。您知道的，她最后的3个晚上我都陪在她身边……”

他住了口，停顿了一阵，可是蒙泰尼里并没有什么行动。

“在她下葬前的那两天，”亚瑟用更加低沉的声音接着说道，“我的脑子里一片空白。后来，葬