





Selected Stories and Prose by Bing Xin

English-Chinese • Gems of Chinese Literature • Modern 英汉对照 中国文学宝库 现代文学系列

> 冰心著 Bing Xin

中国文学出版社 **Chinese Literature Press** 外语教学与研究出版社 Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

·大学生读书计划:

University Reader

英汉对照·中国文学宝库·现代文学系列 English-Chinese·Gems of Chinese Literature·Modern

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

冰心小说散文选:英、汉对照/冰心著.一北京:中国文学出版社;外语教学与研究出版社,1999.8 (中国文学宝库·现代文学系列) ISBN 7-5071-0564-4

I.冰··· I.冰··· II.①小说-中国-现代-对照读物-英、汉 ②散文-中国-现代-对照读物-英、汉 IV. H319. 4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(1999)第 29867 号

中文责编:季晟康 英文责编:段 雯

英汉对照 中国文学宝库·现代文学系列 冰心小说散文选

冰心著

中 国 文 学 出 版 社 (北京百万庄路24号) 外语教学与研究出版社 出版发行 (北京西三环北路19号)

北京市鑫鑫印刷厂印刷 新华书店总店北京发行所经销

开本 850×1168 1/32 9.875 印张 1999 年 8 月第 1 版 1999 年 8 月第 1 次印刷 字数:150 千 印数:1-5000 册

ISBN 7-5071-0564-4/I•505 定价:12.90元 总编辑 杨宪益 戴乃迭总策划 野 莽 蔡剑峰

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大学生读书计划

——中国文学宝库出版呼吁

在即将开机印刷这第一批 50 本名为中国文学宝库的英汉对照读本时,我们的心情竟然忧多于喜。因为我们只能以保守的 5000 册印数,去面对全国 400 万在校大学生。

虽然我们并非市场经济的局外者,若仅为印数(销售量) 计,大可奋起而去生产诸如 TOFEL 应试指南,或者英语四六级模拟试题集一类的教辅图书,但我们还是决定宁可冒着债台高筑的风险,也有责任对大学生同胞发出一声亲切的呼唤:请亲近我们的中国文学。

身为向世界译介中国文学和向国内出版外语读物的,具有双重责任的出版社,我们得知目前大学生往往仅注重外语的学习而偏废了母语的提高,以及忽视了中国文学的阅读,放弃曾人文知识的训练。有统计表明,某理工院校57%的同学不管,说《红楼梦》等四大名著,以致校园内外流行着"样子像研究生,说话像大学生,作文像中学生,写字像小学生"的幽默。还有破残句,句句不堪入目;有误方为篇,别字错字自造字,字字触时惊心",横批"斯文扫地"。作为未来社会中坚和整个社会发展关键力量的大学生,这种"文弃"现象的流行,势必导致一场和发力量的大学生,这种"文弃"现象的流行,势必导致一场新文化运动,八十年的历程告诉我们,以上提醒绝非危言耸听。

我们已经迈入知识经济时代,在追求科学知识的同时,创新精神已成为关键;而创新的源泉其实有赖于多学科多领域知识的交融,依靠的是新型的复合型人才,所以,文学对于新一代

的大学生来说绝非装点,而是沟通自然科学与人文科学的桥 梁,使我们在汲取知识的同时更能获得智慧,于创造物质的同 时还进一步丰富和完善着精神;无怪乎爱因斯坦认为自己受影 响最大的竟是陀思妥耶夫斯基。由此证明,一个真正的科学家 应该拥有丰富的文学和文化知识以及完整的人格。十年前,七 十五位诺贝尔奖得主聚会巴黎,当时他们所发表的宣言开篇就 是,"如果人类要在21世纪生存下去,必须回首2500年去吸收 孔子的智慧。"确实,十年的时间让我们有目共睹,现代经济科 技的飞速发展何尝不是一柄双刃的剑?只有文化的力量才能抵 消随之而来的负面后果。可见,知识的获取与技能的训练对于 大学生来说固然重要,但文化与修养却尤需关切。正因为大学 生代表着社会先知先觉的知识力量,置身当前的文化现实,就 应有一分责任感与使命感,力求对知识技能以外许多带有根本 性质的精神追求形成明确的意识,从而具备一种对生命意义进 行探索与追问的精神,一种以人文精神为背景的生存勇气和人 格力量。那么,能够引导我们探索前行的一盏明灯,不就是闪烁 着理想光芒的不朽的文学名著吗?

一个人乃至一个民族,从其对文学的亲疏态度,可以衡量出其文化素质的程度。文学应是从人类文化中升华出的理想的结晶,她"使人的心灵变得高尚,使人的勇气、荣誉感、希望、严、同情心、怜悯心和牺牲精神复活起来"(威廉·福克纳);无疑,只有文学才能从更高的层次上提升人的文化素质和整体素质,充实人的内心世界,焕发人的精神风貌,带给人们真善美。而亲近文学,特别是热爱祖国灿烂的文学以及文化,正是当代中国大学生加强文化修养,弘扬人文精神的有力脚步。

"越是民族的,就越是世界的",中国文学属于中国,也属于世界。和平是人类的共同愿望,交流与共享则是新世纪的潮流。

中国当代大学生的血液里流动着数千年的文化积淀,没有理由在让世界了解中国大学生聪明才智的同时,却无缘分享我们的骄傲——中国大学生不但能够读懂英语的莎士比亚,而且能让世界感动于中国文学的伟大。

这是我们作为出版者的理想。我们原有一个世纪礼物的构想,是同大学生一起做一个"读书计划"。这一次将中国文学的最新荟萃配设高水平的英语译文,是其中推荐给新世纪大学生的第一批读物。盼望着您——我们无数知音中的5000名先来者,给我们鼓励,也给我们意见和批评。

编者

一九九九年五月三十日

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只有文学才能从更高的层次上提升人的文化素质和整体素质,充实人的内心世界,焕发人的精神风貌,带给人们真善美。而亲近文学,特别是热爱祖国灿烂的文学以及文化,正是当代中国大学生加强文化修养,弘扬人文精神的有力脚步。

The Painting and the Poem

Because of sickness last winter, I had not been able to attend the Bible test, but as soon as I was better Ms An, the Bible teacher, asked me to make up the test I had missed.

It was a dismal day, and although it was not snowing, there was something oppressive and heavy about the weather. I trudged list-lessly through the grey snow on campus and headed for my teacher's house. I had no more than mounted the first step of her home when my teacher, smiling warmly, came out to greet me. "Recovered?" she asked as she led me into her study. She sat down in a rocking chair, and I, resting one hand on the mantle, stood beside the fire-place. She opened a copy of the Bible, asked me a few brief questions about the Psalms, then wrote a few things down in her note-book. I looked up...and suddenly noticed a painting resting on the mantle.

It was a picture of a steep mountain cliff, covered with withered grass. On the edge of the cliff climbed a shepherd, his back facing the viewer. In the shepherd's right hand was a staff, and with his left hand he was reaching as far as he could to get a lamb, and the tips of his fingers were just touching the little sheep's head. Above, several birds of prey circled hungrily. The sky in the painting was just like the sky outside — dark and depressing.

The shepherd's clothes were covered with burrs and thorns; he

画——诗

去年冬季大考的时候,我因为抱病,把《圣经》课遗漏了;第二天我好了,《圣经》课教授安女士,便叫我去补考。

那一天是阴天,虽然不下雪,空气却极其沉闷。我无精打采的,夹着一本《圣经》,绕着大院踏着雪,到她住的那座楼上,上了台阶,她已经站在门边,一面含笑着问我"病好了没有",一面带我到她的书房里去。她坐在摇椅上,我扶着椅背站在炉旁。她接过《圣经》,打开了;略略的问我几节诗篇上的诗句,以后就拿笔自己在本子上写字。我抬起头来,——无意中忽然看见了炉台上倚着的一幅画!

一片危峭的石壁,满附着蓬蓬的枯草。壁上攀援着一个牧人,背着脸,右手拿着竿子,左手却伸下去摩抚岩下的一只小羊,他的指尖刚及到小羊的头上。天空里却盘旋着几只饥鹰。画上的天色,也和那天一样,阴沉——黯淡。

看! 牧人的衣袖上,挂着荆棘,他是攀崖逾

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had climbed the rugged mountain in search of the lamb, the pitiful little lamb. It had gotten lost; below, a step away, was a jagged cliff, while overhead the large birds wheeled through the sky waiting anxiously. The lamb had no way out. But then the shepherd appeared! He had come not to reproach the lamb but to lovingly save it. Eyes that reflected misery, repentance, and joy looked up into the eyes of the shepherd. The lamb longed to be safe within the shepherd's reach yet dared not move.

I always have liked paintings, and I had encountered one or two in my life that had earned my rapt attention and admiration. To me, paintings existed to give me pleasure, to raise my appreciation of beauty and the fine arts. Good paintings always evoked from me words of praise and admiration and kindled a general feeling of happiness.

This painting, however, was entirely different. It did not speak, but suggested, challenged and comforted me. It defied comment; I could only stand there beside the fireplace in deep and reverent silence.

My eyes were riveted to the canvas, and as I stared at the scene before me, I was suddenly overwhelmed with unfathomable emotion. Tears welled up in my eyes, though I could not explain why. Mere passing excitement? Faith? Comfort? How could I express my feelings? The painting would not allow me to try...

Just then Ms An called my name, and I turned around. My eyes went directly to the Bible that was resting on her lap, and several lines — from the Psalms — jumped out at me:

"The Lord is my Shepherd... He restoreth my soul — "

岭的去寻找他的小羊,可怜的小羊!它迷了路, 地下是歧途百出,天上有饥鹰紧追着——到了山穷水尽的地步了。牧人来了!并不责备它, 却仍旧爱护它。它又悲痛,又惭悔,又喜欢,只温柔羞怯的,仰着头,挨着牧人手边站着,动也不动。

我素来虽然极爱图画,也有一两幅的风景画,曾博得我半天的凝注。然而我对于它们的态度,却好像是它们来娱悦我,来求我的品鉴赏玩;因此从我这里发出来的,也只是赞叹的话语,和愉快的感情。

这幅画却不同了! 它是暗示我,教训我,安慰我。它不容我说出一句话,只让我静穆沉肃的立在炉台旁边。——

我注目不动,心中的感想,好似潮水一般的奔涌。一会儿忽然要下泪,这泪,是感激呢?是信仰呢?是得了慰安呢?它不容我说,我也说不出来——

这时安女士唤我一声;我回过头去,眼光正 射到她膝上的《圣经》——诗篇——清清楚楚的 几行字:

"上帝是我的牧者——使我心里苏醒——"

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My teacher turned a page. Again a passage leapt from the book: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork... There is no speech or spoken word... Yet their voice goes out through all the earth, their sayings to the end of the earth!"

This all occurred quite a while ago, and whatever else happened on that day has long since been obscured in the fog of time. But the power of those poems and the message of that painting — these things I shall never, never forget...

September 6, 1920

她翻过一页去。我的眼光也移过去,——那面又是清清楚楚的几行字:

"诸天述说上帝的荣耀,穹苍传扬他手所创造的……无言无语……声音却流通地极!"

那一天的光阴早过去了,那一天的别的印象,也都模糊了。但是这诗情和画意,却是从那时到现在永远没有离开我——

一九二〇年九月六日。

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Notes from the Mountain

— To my little friends so far away

The doctor says I am here to recover; I insist it is simply to rest. Whatever the case, I have spent over half a year under strict regulations concerning my activities. There is something romantic about it all, actually. These six months have been filled with experiences that children would find both scary and funny. Most adults would not appreciate them, but that matters little. An adult would probably just turn up his nose in disgust and throw these pages away. But if some boy or girl picks them up and reads them, if he or she finds these stories amusing enough to pass on to a friend or retell to others, then that will make me most happy! I have really been bored for the last couple of days. A lot of things in this world do not make sense. For example, this morning when I went out for a walk, the sun was so hot that I could hardly stand it. Now, just before noon, the sky is overcast and the wind is gusting hard enough to bowl me over. So I am sitting on the porch writing down a few random thoughts; what else is there to do?

June 23, 1924