



“每天读一点英文”  
Everyday English Snack  
中英双语+MP3

散文卷

章华◎编译

# 每天读一点英文

*Everyday English Snack*

那些时光，那些风景

Those time, those scenery

与美国同步阅读的英语丛书  
——美国英语教师协会推荐——

时代文艺出版社

不管你的生活如何卑微，你都要正视它，笑活下去，不要逃避生活，也不要恶语相加  
However mean your life is, accept it and live it;  
do not shirk it and call it hard names.



附赠英文  
MP3光盘

音频 (MP3) 音频内容详图

11.0005 出版出志文代



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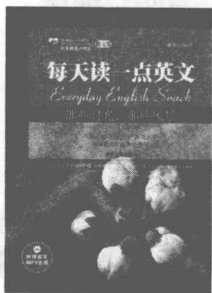
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# 目录

## Contents

### The mark of growing..... 成长的印记

- 006 ● Three Days to See  
假如给我三天光明
- 029 ● The Last Class  
最后一课
- 041 ● The Boys' Ambition  
孩子们的志愿
- 047 ● The Sorrows of Young Werther  
少年维特的烦恼
- 051 ● Youth  
年轻人
- 057 ● Run Through the Rain  
雨中的奔跑
- 062 ● Stars on a Snowy Night  
雨雪时候的星辰
- 065 ● The Old Man and The Sea  
老人与海
- 080 ● Playing a Violin with Three Strings  
断弦的小提琴
- 084 ● Childhood  
童年

Live like flowers blooming

## 生命如花绽放

- 092 ● Tolerance  
宽容
- 105 ● What I Have Lived for  
我为什么活着
- 109 ● However Mean Your Life Is  
无论你的生活如何卑微
- 118 ● How to Grow Old  
如何慢慢变老
- 126 ● The Beautiful Life  
美丽人生
- 133 ● The Most Important Day in My Life  
我生命中最重要的一天
- 140 ● The World as I See It  
我的世界观
- 149 ● Francis Bacon On Truth  
培根论真理
- 154 ● Random Thoughts on the Window  
窗

Those flowing time  
.....

## 流年似水

- 158 ● The Sight of Father's Back  
背影
- 165 ● In Search Of Lost Time  
追忆似水年华
- 173 ● The Giving Tree  
爱心树
- 178 ● Wonderful...Lousy...  
精彩极了……糟糕透了……
- 185 ● Love  
爱
- 188 ● Thank You for Correcting Me, Sister!  
修女，谢谢您的指教！
- 197 ● Appointment with Love  
爱的约会
- 204 ● Every Woman is Beautiful  
每个女人都漂亮
- 208 ● Westminster Abbey  
西敏大寺

The nature's love

大自然的爱恋

- 222 ● The Lotus Pool By Moonlight  
荷塘月色
- 230 ● Tulips  
郁金香
- 239 ● The Crescent Moon  
新月
- 247 ● A White Rose  
一朵白蔷薇
- 250 ● To Rome by Pisa and Siena  
经比萨和锡耶纳到罗马
- 262 ● Late Summer  
晚夏
- 267 ● A Winter Walk  
冬日漫步
- 276 ● On Tea and Friendship  
茶和交友
- 297 ● Spell of the Rising Moon  
月亮升起来
- 305 ● Nature  
自然
- 310 ● Sunrise at Sea  
海上日出
- 314 ● Flowery Tuscany  
如花的托斯卡纳
- 325 ● Rafting Down the Neckar  
内卡河上木筏行

成长的印记

The mark of growing





## Three Days to See .....



Helen Keller

If, by some **miracle**, I were granted three seeing days, to be followed by a relapse into darkness, I should divide the period into three parts.

### The First Day

On the first day, I should want to see the people whose kindness and gentleness and companionship have made my life worth living. First I should like to gaze long upon the face of my dear teacher, Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, who came to me when I was a child and opened the outer world to me. I should want not merely to see the outline of her face, so that I could cherish it in my memory, but to study that face and find in it the living evidence of the sympathetic tenderness and patience with which she accomplished the difficult task of my education. I should like to see in her eyes that strength of character, which has enabled her to stand firm in the face of difficulties, and that compassion for all humanity, which she has revealed, to me so often.

I do not know what it is to see into the heart of a friend through that "window of the soul", the eye. I can only "see"



through my fingertips the outline of a face. I can detect laughter, sorrow, and many other obvious emotions. I know my friends from the feel of their faces. But I cannot really picture their personalities by touch. I know their personalities, of course, through other means, through the thoughts they express to me, through whatever of their actions are revealed to me. But I am denied that deeper understanding of them which I am sure would come through sight of them, through watching their reactions to various expressed thoughts and circumstances, through noting the immediate and fleeting reactions of their eyes and countenance.

Friends who are near to me I know well, because through the months and years they reveal themselves to me in all their phases; but of casual friends I have only an incomplete impression, an impression gained from a handclasp, from spoken words which I take from their lips with my finger tips, or which they tap into the palm of my hand.

How much easier, how much more satisfying it is for you who can see to grasp quickly the essential qualities of another person by watching the subtleties of expression, the quiver of a muscle, the flutter of a hand. But does it ever occur to you to use your sight to see into the inner nature of a friend or acquaintance? Do not most of you see people grasp casually the outward features of a face and let it go at that?

For instance can you describe **accurately** the faces of five good friends? Some of you can, but many cannot. As an experiment, I have questioned husbands of long standing about the color of their wives' eyes, and often they express embarrassed confusion and admit that they do not know. And,

incidentally, it is a chronic complaint of wives that their husbands do not notice new dresses, new hats, and changes in household arrangements.

*The eyes of seeing persons soon become accustomed to the routine of their surroundings, and they actually see only the startling and spectacular.* But even in viewing the most spectacular sights the eyes are lazy. Court records reveal every day how inaccurately “eyewitnesses” see. A given event will be “seen” in several different ways by as many witnesses. Some see more than others, but few see everything that is within the range of their vision.

Oh, the things that I should see if I had the power of sight for just three days!

The first day would be a busy one. I should call to me all my dear friends and look long into their faces, imprinting upon my mind the outward evidences of the beauty that is within them. I should let my eyes rest, too, on the face of a baby, so that I could catch a vision of the eager, innocent beauty, which precedes the individual’s consciousness of the conflicts which life develops.

And I should like to look into the loyal, trusting eyes of my dogs—the grave, canny little Scottie, Darkie, and the stalwart, understanding great Dane, Helga, whose warm, tender, and playful friendships are so comforting to me.

On that busy first day I should also view the small simple things of my home. I want to see the warm colors in the rugs under my feet, the pictures on the walls, the intimate trifles that transform a house into home. My eyes would rest respectfully on the books in raised type which I have read, but they would

be more eagerly interested in the printed books which seeing people can read, for during the long night of my life, the books I have read and those which have been read to me have built themselves into a great shining lighthouse, revealing to me the deepest channels of human life and the human spirit.

In the afternoon of that first seeing day, I should take a long walk in the woods and intoxicate my eyes on the beauties of the world of nature trying desperately to absorb in a few hours the vast **splendor** which is constantly unfolding itself to those who can see. On the way home from my woodland jaunt my path would lie near a farm so that I might see the patient horses ploughing in the field (perhaps I should see only a tractor!). And the serene content of men living close to the soil. And I should pray for the glory of a colorful sunset.

When dusk had fallen, I should experience the double delight of being able to see by artificial light which the genius of man has created to extend the power of his sight when nature decrees darkness.

In the night of that first day of sight, I should not be able to sleep, so full would be my mind of the memories of the day.

### The Second Day

The next day—the second day of sight—I should arise with the dawn and see the thrilling miracle by which night is transformed into day. I should behold with awe the magnificent panorama of light with which the sun awakens the sleeping earth.

This day I should devote to a hasty glimpse of the world, past and present. I should want to see the pageant of man's progress, the kaleidoscope of the ages. How can so much be

compressed into one day? Through the museums, of course. Often I have visited the New York Museum of Natural History to touch with my hands many of the objects there exhibited, but I have longed to see with my eyes the condensed history of the earth and its inhabitants displayed there—animals and the races of men pictured in their native environment; gigantic carcasses of dinosaurs and mastodons which roamed the earth long before man appeared, with his tiny stature and powerful brain, to conquer the animal kingdom; realistic presentations of the processes of development in animals, in man, and in the implements which man has used to fashion for himself a secure home on this planet; and a thousand and one other aspects of natural history.

I wonder how many readers of this article have viewed this panorama of the face of living things as pictured in that inspiring museum. Many, of course, have not had the opportunity, but I am sure that many who have had the opportunity have not made use of it. There, indeed, is a place to use your eyes. You who can see spend many fruitful days there, but I with my imaginary three days of sight, could only take a hasty glimpse, and pass on.

My next stop would be the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for just as the Museum of Natural History reveals the material aspects of the world, so does the Metropolitan show the myriad facets of the human spirit. Throughout the history of humanity the urge to artistic expression has been almost as powerful as the urge for food, shelter, and procreation. And here, in the vast chambers of the Metropolitan Museum, is unfolded before me the spirit of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, as expressed in

their art. I know well through my hands the sculptured gods and goddesses of the ancient Nile-land. I have felt copies of Parthenon friezes, and I have sensed the rhythmic beauty of charging Athenian warriors. Apollo and Venuses and the Winged Victory of Samothrace are friends of my fingertips. The gnarled, bearded features of Homer are dear to me, for he, too, knew blindness.

My hands have lingered upon the living marble of roman sculpture as well as that of later generations. I have passed my hands over a plaster cast of Michelangelo's inspiring and heroic Moses; I have sensed the power of Rodin; I have been awed by the devoted spirit of Gothic wood carvings. These arts which can be touched have meaning for me, but even they were meant to be seen rather than felt, and I can only guess at the beauty which remains hidden from me. I can admire the simple lines of a Greek vase, but its figured decorations are lost to me.

So on this, my second day of sight; I should try to probe into the soul of man through this art. The things I knew through touch I should now see. More splendid still, the whole magnificent world of painting would be opened to me, from the Italian Primitives, with their serene religious devotion, to the Moderns, with their feverish visions. I should look deep into the canvases of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Rembrandt. I should want to feast my eyes upon the warm colors of Veronese, study the mysteries of El Greco, and catch a new vision of nature from Corot. Oh, there is so much rich meaning and beauty in the art of the ages for you who have eyes to see!

*Upon my short visit to this temple of art, I should not be able to review a fraction of that great world of art which is open to you.*

I should be able to get only a superficial impression. Artists tell me that for deep and true appreciation of art one must educate the eye. One must learn through experience to weigh the merits of line, of composition, of form and color. If I had eyes, how happily would I embark upon so fascinating a study! Yet I am told that, to many of you who have eyes to see, the world of art is a dark night, unexplored and unilluminated.

It would be with extreme reluctance that I should leave the Metropolitan Museum, which contains the key to beauty—a beauty so neglected. Seeing persons, however, do not need a metropolitan to find this key to beauty. The same key lies waiting in smaller museums, and in books on the shelves of even small libraries. But naturally, in my limited time of imaginary sight, I should choose the place where the key unlocks the greatest treasures in the shortest time.

The evening of my second day of sight I should spend at a theatre or at the movies. Even now I often attend theatrical performances of all sorts, but the action of the play must be spelled into my hand by a companion. But how I should like to see with my own eyes the fascinating figure of Hamlet, or the gusty Falstaff amid colorful Elizabethan trappings! How I should like to follow each movement of the graceful Hamlet, each strut of the hearty Falstaff! And since I could see only one play, I should be confronted by a many-horned dilemma, for there are scores of plays I should want to see. You who have eyes can see any you like. How many of you, I wonder, when you gaze at a play, a movie, or any spectacle, realize and give thanks for the miracle of sight which enables you to enjoy its color, grace, and movement?

I cannot enjoy the beauty of rhythmic movement except in a sphere restricted to the touch of my hands. I can vision only dimly the grace of a Pavlova, although I know something of the delight of rhythm, for often I can sense the beat of music as it vibrates through the floor. I can well imagine that cadenced motion must be one of the most pleasing sights in the world. I have been able to gather something of this by tracing with my fingers the lines in sculptured marble; if this static grace can be so lovely, how much more acute must be the thrill of seeing grace in motion.

One of my dearest memories is of the time when Joseph Jefferson allowed me to touch his face and hands as he went through some of the gestures and speeches of his beloved Rip Van Winkle. I was able to catch thus a meager glimpse of the world of drama, and I shall never forget the delight of that moment. But, oh, how much I must miss, and how much pleasure you seeing ones can derive from watching and hearing the interplay of speech and movement in the unfolding of a dramatic performance! If I could see only one play, I should know how to picture in my mind the action of a hundred plays which I have read or had transferred to me through the medium of the manual alphabet.

So, through the evening of my second imaginary day of sight, the great figures of dramatic literature would crowd sleep from my eyes.

### The Third Day

The following morning, I should again greet the dawn, anxious to discover new delights, for I am sure that, for those who have eyes which really see, the dawn of each day must be



a perpetually new revelation of beauty.

This, according to the terms of my imagined miracle, is to be my third and last day of sight. I shall have no time to waste in regrets or longings; there is too much to see. The first day I devoted to my friends, animate and inanimate. The second revealed to me the history of man and nature. Today I shall spend in the workaday world of the present, amid the haunts of men going about the business of life. And where can one find so many activities and conditions of men as in New York? So the city becomes my destination.

I start from my home in the quiet little suburb of Forest Hills, Long Island. Here, surrounded by green lawns, trees, and flowers, are neat little houses, happy with the voices and movements of wives and children, havens of peaceful rest for men who toil in the city. I drive across the lacy structure of steel which spans the East River, and I get a new and startling vision of the power and ingenuity of the mind of man. Busy boats chug and scurry about the river—racy speedboat, stolid, snorting tugs. If I had long days of sight ahead, I should spend many of them watching the delightful activity upon the river.

I look ahead, and before me rise the fantastic towers of New York, a city that seems to have stepped from the pages of a fairy story. What an awe-inspiring sight, these glittering spires. These vast banks of stone and steel—structures such as the gods might build for themselves! This animated picture is a part of the lives of millions of people every day. How many, I wonder, give it so much as a second glance? Very few, I fear, their eyes are blind to this magnificent sight because it is so familiar to them.

I hurry to the top of one of those gigantic structures, the