

美丽英文系列丛书

淡淡的清香

LIGHT FRAGRANCE

如果把名声、荣誉、快乐、财富同友谊相比，它们都是尘土。然而真正的友谊不是一朝一夕就能建立的，常言说，患难朋友才是真正的朋友，因此，友谊给予我们的有时是如此厚重！

余平姣◎编著

励志美文 英汉对照



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ENTERPRISE MANAGEMENT PUBLISHING HOUSE

GROWTH OF REEDFLOWER
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Why Are You My Friend

Anonymous

A story tells that two friends were walking through the desert. In a specific point of the journey, they had an **argument**, and one friend **slapped** the other one in the face. The one, who got slapped, was hurt, but without anything to say, he wrote in the sand: "TODAY, MY BEST FRIEND SLAPPED ME IN THE FACE." They kept on walking, until they found an oasis, where they decided to take a bath. The one who got slapped and hurt started drowning, and the other friend saved him. When he recovered from the fright, he wrote on a stone: "TODAY MY BEST FRIEND SAVED MY LIFE." The friend who saved and slapped his best friend, asked him, "Why, after I hurt you, you wrote in the sand, and now you write on a stone?" The other friend smilingly replied: "When a friend hurts us, we should write it down in the sand, where the winds of forgiveness erase it away. And when something great happens, we should **engrave** it in the stone of the memory of the heart, where no wind can erase it!"



热词空间

argument n. 论据; 辩论; 争论; 缘由; 被应用到程序以及决定程序结果的可变物 (计算机用语)

slap n. 掴, 掌击; 拍打声; 掌击声; 打击

v. 掴...耳光, 用手掌打; 随便地放置; 啪地一声放下; 胡乱地涂; 掴; 拍击

adv. 砰地, 猛然地; 恰好; 直接地

engrave v. 刻上, 铭记, 雕刻

朋友如是

佚名

有这样一个故事，讲的是两个朋友徒步过沙漠。在旅途中，他们吵了起来，因为生气，其中一个人打了另外一个人一个耳光。被打了耳光的那个人情感上受到了伤害，但是他却没说什么，只是在沙子上写了一句：“今天我最好的朋友打了我一个耳光。”然后他们继续往前走。后来他们发现了一片绿洲，便决定在那洗个澡。那个被打了耳光的人不幸溺水了，他的朋友奋不顾身救了他。一阵惊恐过后，溺水的那个人在一块石头上刻上了一句话：“今天我最好的朋友救了我一命。”那位打他耳光又救了他的朋友问他：“为什么我伤害你时，你在沙子上写字，现在却在石头上写呢？”他笑着回答说：“当朋友伤害我们时，我们应该把这件事写在沙上，宽恕的风会把它抹平的；当美好的事情发生时，我们应该把它刻在心灵记忆的石上，就没有任何风可以抹平它啦！”

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

患难见真情。



Make New Friends as Possible as You Can

Anonymous

“To be is to be in relations.” If this is true, then the more relations a living thing has, the more it is alive. To live abundantly means simply to increase the range and **intensity** of our relations. Unfortunately we are so constituted that we get to love our routine. But apart from our regular **occupation** how much are we alive? If you are interested only in your regular occupation, you are alive only to that extent. So far as other things are concerned - poetry and prose, music, pictures, sports, unselfish friendships, politics, international affairs - you are dead.

Contrariwise, it is true that every time you acquire a new interest even more, a new accomplishment—you increase your power of life. No one who is deeply interested in large variety of subjects can remain unhappy, the real **pessimist** is the person who has lost interest.

Bacon said that a man dies as often as he loses a friend. But we gain new life by contact with new friends. What is **supremely** true of living objects is no less true of ideas, which are also alive. Where your thoughts are, there will your life be also.

To be or not to be to live intensely and richly, or merely to exist, that depends on ourselves. Let us widen and intensify our relations. While we live, let us live.



热词空间

intensity n. 强烈, 强度, 紧张, 紧张的程度; 力气, 能量; 感情的
强度; 极度; 深沉; 清晰, 从图像装置或像素发出光
的量, 亮度 (计算机用语)

occupation n. 职业, 占有期间, 占有

contrariwise adv. 反之亦然; 恰好相反地

pessimist n. 悲观论者; 悲观主义者

supremely adv. 至上地; 崇高地



尽力多交新朋友

佚名

“生活即是联系。”如果事实的确是这么回事，那么，一个人拥有的关系越多，他就活得越充实，越丰富多彩。就是说，我们要扩大自己交往的对象，增强各种关系。但遗憾的是，我们有时太僵化了，什么都是按部就班。除了日常从事的活动，我们的生存还有什么意义？如果一个人只对日常从事的活动感兴趣，对其他事情——诗、散文、音乐、绘画、运动、无私的友谊、政治乃至国际形势都漠不关心，那么，他的生命也就仅限于日常的事物，而对于其他而言，他已经死了。

反之，每当你拥有新的兴趣——甚至，新的技艺——你的生命力就增强了。一个兴趣广泛的人不可能郁郁寡欢，真正的悲观者是那些没什么兴趣爱好的人。

培根说，一个人每失去一个朋友，他就死了一次。这样对生命来说千真万确的道理也完全适用于人的思想，思想也是有生命的。

是满怀激情，活得很充实，还是仅仅为活着而活着，都取决于我们自己。让我们扩大并丰富我们与这个世界的关系，活就要活得精彩。

Of Friendship

Francis Bacon

弗兰西斯·培根 (Francis Bacon, 1561–1626) 是英国哲学家、科学家。他竭力倡导“读史使人明智，读诗使人聪慧，演算使人精密，哲理使人深刻，伦理学使人有修养，逻辑修辞使人善辩 (Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend)”。他一生追求真理，倡导科学，被马克思称为“英国唯物主义和整个现代实验科学的真正始祖”。著有《新工具》、《论说随笔文集》等。

It had been hard for him that spake it, to have put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech; Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast, or a god. For it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred, and aversion towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the **savage** beast; but it is most untrue, that it should have any character at all of the divine nature; except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self, or a higher conversation: such as is found, to have been falsely and feignedly, in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really, in divers of the ancient hermits, and holy fathers of the Church. But little do men perceive, what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures; and talk but

a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

The Latin adage meeteth with it a little; magna civitas, magna solitudo; because in a great town, friends are scattered; so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly; that it is a mean and miserable solitude, to want true friends; without which the world is but a **wilderness**: and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings, and suffocations, are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza to open the liver; steel to open the spleen; flower of sulphur for the lungs; castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart, but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart, to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship, whereof we spoke: so great, as they purchase it, many times, at the hazard of their own safety, and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons, to be as it were companions, and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience.

The modern languages give unto such persons, the name of favourites, or privadoes; as if it were matter of grace, or conversation.

But the Roman name attaineth the true use, and cause thereof; naming them participes curarum; for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest, and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined to

themselves some of their servants; whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sulla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height, that Pompey **vaunted** himself for Sulla's overmatch. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the pursuit of Sulla, and that Sulla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet; For that more men adored the sun rising, than the sun setting. With Julius Caesar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his **testament**, for heir in remainder, after his nephew.

And this was the man, that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Caesar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, and especially a dream of Calpurnia; this man lifted him gently by the arm, out of his chair, telling him, he hoped he would not dismiss the senate, till his wife had dreamt a better dream.

And it seemeth, his favour was so great, as Antonius in a letter which is recited verbatim, in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him venefica, witch; as if he had enchanted Caesar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height, as when he consulted with Maecenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Maecenas took the liberty to tell him, that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great. With Tiberius Caesar, Seianus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed and reckoned, as a pair of friends.

Tiberius in a letter to him saith; haecpro amicitia nostra non occultavi: and the whole senate dedicated an altar to friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like or more was between Septimius Severus, and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plaudianus; and would often maintain Plautianus, in doing

affronts to his son: and did write also in a letter to the senate, by these words; I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me. Now if these princes had been as a Trajan, or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought, that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were; it proveth most plainly, that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half piece, except they mought have a friend to make it entire: and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten, what Commineus observeth of his first master Duke Charles the Hardy; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and least of all, those secrets, which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on, and saith, that towards his latter time that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding.

Surely Commineus mought have made the same judgement also, if it had pleased him, of his second master Lewis the Eleventh, whose closeness was



indeed his tormentor.

The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true; cor ne edito; eat not the heart. Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase. Those that want friends to open themselves unto, are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship) , which is that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man, that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man, that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth of operation upon a man's mind, of like virtue, as the alchemists use to attribute to their stone, for man's body; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet, without praying in aid of alchemists, there is a manifest image of this, in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression: and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is **healthful** and sovereign for the understanding as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests: but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood, only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another: he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalled them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse, than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia; that speech was like cloth of Arras, opened, and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the

understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel: (they indeed are best) but even, without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue, or picture, then to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point, which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well, in one of his enigmas; dry light is ever the best. And certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier, and purer, than that which cometh from his own understanding, and judgement; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as, there is as much difference, between the counsel that a friend giveth and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer.

For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such **remedy**, against flattery of a man's self, as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first; the best preservative to keep the mind in health, is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account, is a medicine, sometime, too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a lime flat, and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case. But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold, what gross errors, and extreme absurdities, many (especially of the greater sort) do commit, for want of a friend, to tell them of them; to the great damage, both of their fame, and fortune. For, as St James saith, they are as men, that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape, and favour. As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he, that