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# 不朽的声音

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- 有些经典，越是倾听，越值得追寻

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时间激流冲刷净的精美文字 历史巨浪淘洗出的真金篇章



中国广播影视音像出版中心



## 不朽的声音系列

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# Preface 前言

## 在欣赏中升华，在升华中感知

纷纷扬扬的生活片断在我们四周旋转坠落，让我们惊喜，让我们慌乱，于是我们就自守直到麻木，或者思索直到探寻。虽然我们所选编的这些作者生活在遥远的欧美国家，有的甚至生活在以前的世纪，但他们却有着和我们一样的生存喜悦、一样的生存艰辛，然而他们走出了麻木，做出了思想上甚至是行动上的积极探寻，令原本不很明亮的世界因此熠熠生辉，令本来显得空虚的人生闪出意义的光彩。

如果你失落于周遭的喧嚣混乱，就在这些我们精心选编的文章中努力体现人生最本源的爱，体味最彻底的悟：《天堂和地狱大不同》揭示了幸福的真正奥秘，《小小碎片》弹响了尘封已久的真爱最初的心声，《足迹》让我们在幸与不幸中都懂得感恩是一种幸福……

如果你失意于自己的生活，就让这些文章中透出的坚强品质和不朽智慧，带你走出深陷其中的泥泞：《百炼成精钢》展示出人战胜挫折时会有着怎样的信心与成就，《信任》给予我们的不仅是信任的荣誉更有着信任的力量——我们可能尚且陌生却正在熟悉的一种品质……

如果你厌恶了日复一日的烦闷与委琐，就让这些文章中别处的风景、别样的情愫点亮你久已失去焦点的生存：伦敦和伦敦的味道引出的是异乡都市出人意料的情怀，暴风雨的辉煌与壮丽洗去了所有俗事的忧烦与无奈，冉冉升起的新月总有着那样摄人心魄的魅力……

如果你突然发现自己正在变老，就让这些文章中大自然永恒的魅力帮你拣回正悄然失去的年轻的心：一片汪洋的海洋里竟然深藏着这么多的勃勃生机、植物的拟态有着可人心意的娇憨……

抖落消极的心情，建起生活的自信，我们还需配备知识的能量，让我们在前行中有踏踏实实的充足。而在这个飞速发展的信息时代，沟通与交流的知识日渐重要，英语作为国际性语言的重要性自然显而易见。

本书精选的篇章均出自英语写作名家之手，他们用精雅优美的英、汉语言来表达丰富高深的思想，用别致灵活的方式来诠释人生的意义。他们的英语水平自然有着不言而喻的高级水准，是我们学习与模仿的真正榜样。

跟读与精听这些精美散文，让我们在高质量英语播音的享受中，感受自己的英语听、说、读三项能力的日新月异。

模仿这些美文的写作与翻译，直接汲取英语语言的养料与精华，让你的写作与翻译水平进步神速。来吧，品味这世界上最优美的散文，学习这最具交流作用的国际性语言——英语。

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# **第一篇 喧哗人生中的爱与悟**





## Heaven and Hell—The Real Difference

Анн Ландерс

安·兰德斯，美国当代最著名的专栏作家之一，也是颇为活跃的社会活动家。通过其广受欢迎的文章、书籍和讲演，她显示出了对人们的健康问题及生存困境的深切关心并予以真诚的帮助，而她主持的专栏则成为了人们相互之间就健康、伦理道德等相关问题进行思想与见解交流的自由论坛。

A man spoke with the Lord about heaven and hell. The Lord said to the man, "Come, I will show you hell." They entered a room where a group of people sat around a huge pot of stew. Everyone was famished, desperate and starving. Each held a spoon that reached the pot, but each spoon had a handle so much longer than their own arm that it could not be used to get the stew into their own mouths. The suffering was terrible.

"Come, now I will show you heaven," the Lord said after a while. They entered another room, <sup>that is</sup> identical to the first—the pot of stew, the group of people, the same long-handled spoons. But there everyone was happy and well-nourished.

"I don't understand," said the man. "Why are they happy here when they were miserable in the other room and everything was the same?"

The Lord smiled. "Ah, it's simple," he said. "Here they have learned to feed each other."

生词注释:

- 1 stew [stju:] *n.* 焖菜, 煨炖菜; 忧虑; 愤闷
- 2 famished ['fæmɪʃɪt] *adj.* 极饥饿的
- 3 starve [stɑ:v] *vt.* 使饿死 *vi.* 饿得要死
- 4 suffering ['sʌfərɪŋ] *n.* 苦楚, 受难 *adj.* 受苦的, 患病的
- 5 miserable ['mɪzərəbl] *adj.* 痛苦的, 悲惨的, 可怜的

## 天堂与地狱大不同

安·兰德斯

有人和上帝谈论天堂与地狱的问题。上帝对这个人说：“来吧，我让你看看什么是地狱。”他们进了一个有一群人围着一大锅肉汤的房间。每个人看来都饿极了，一付绝望而又快要饿死的样子。每个人都拿着一支可以够到锅子的汤匙，但汤匙的勺柄却比他们的手臂长，他们因而没法把东西送进嘴里，看起来非常悲苦。

“来吧！我再让你看看什么是天堂，”过了一会儿上帝说。他们进入另一个房间，这个房间和第一个没什么不同：一锅汤、一群人、一样的长柄汤匙。但每个人都很快快乐，吃得也很愉快。

“我不懂，”这人说，“为什么他们很快乐，而在另一个什么都一样的房间中，人们却很悲惨？”

上帝微笑着说：“很简单，在这儿他们已学会了去喂别人。”

## Two Nickels and Five Pennies

From *The Best of Bits and Pieces*

In the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less, a 10-year-old boy entered a hotel coffee shop and sat at a table. A waitress put a glass of water in front of him. "How much is an ice cream sundae?"

"Fifty cents," replied the waitress.

The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and studied a number of coins in it. "How much is a dish of plain ice cream?" he inquired.

Some people were now waiting for a table and the waitress was a bit impatient. "Thirty-five cents," she said brusquely.

The little boy again counted the coins, "I'll have the plain ice cream," he said.

The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on the table, and walked away. The boy finished the ice cream, paid the cashier and departed. When the waitress came back, she began wiping down the table and then swallowed hard at what she saw. There, placed neatly beside the empty dish, were two nickels and five pennies—her tip.

### 生词注释:

1 much less 更少, 不及

2 inquire [in'kwɪə] v. 询问, 问明, 查究

3 brusquely ['brʌskli] adv. 唐突地, 粗率地

4 swallow ['swɒləʊ] vt., vi. 吞下, 咽下

## 两个五分镍币及五个一分钱

选自 The Best of Bits and Pieces

在冰激凌圣代还很便宜的时代，有一个十岁的男孩走进饭店的咖啡厅，坐了下来。女侍把一杯水放在他面前。

“一杯冰激凌圣代多少钱？”他问。

“五十分。”女侍回答。

小男孩从口袋中伸出手来，研究了一下手中的一堆硬币。

“那么，一盘普通的冰激凌多少钱？”他问。

有些人在等座位，女侍显得有点不耐烦。

“三十五分。”她没好气地说

小男孩再算算手中的硬币，“我要普通的冰激凌就好。”他说。

女侍送来冰激凌，把帐单放在桌上，然后走开了。男孩吃完冰激凌，付帐后离去。女侍回到桌旁清理桌子，当她看到桌上的东西后非常难为情，因为空盘子旁整齐地摆着二个五分镍币和五个一分钱，那正是给她的小费。



## The Little Glass Chip

Bettie B. Youngs

贝蒂·B. 扬斯，当代美国著名的教育咨询顾问，已创作和出版了24本关于教育和培养成功人士的书籍（已被译介到二十多个国家和地区）。她也是著名的儿童教育专家，曾获心理学和教育学两个学科的博士学位。

Quite often my mother would request me to set the family table with the "good china". Because this occurred with such frequency, I never questioned these occasions. I assumed it was just my mother's desire, a momentary whim, and did what I was asked.

One evening as I was setting the table, Marge, a neighbor woman, dropped by unexpectedly. She knocked on the door and Mother, busy at the stove, called to her to come in. Marge entered the large kitchen and glancing at the beautifully set table, remarked, "Oh, I see you're expecting company. I'll come back another time. I should have called first anyway."

"No, no, it's all right," replied my mother. "We're not expecting company."

"Well then," said Marge with a puzzled look on her face, "why would you have the good china out? I use my good china only twice a year, if that."

"Because," my mom answered laughing softly, "I've prepared my family's favorite meal. If you set your best table for special guests and outsiders when you prepare a meal, why not for your own family? They are as special as anyone I can think of."

"Well yes, but your beautiful china will get broken," responded Marge, still not understanding the importance of the value my mother had assigned to esteeming her family in this way.

把...看作, 尊重 -  
"Oh well," said Mom casually, "a few chips in the china is a small price to pay for the way we always feel as we gather as a family at the dinner table, using these lovely dishes." Besides," she added with a girlish twinkle in her eyes, "all these chips have a story to tell, now don't they?" She looked at Marge as though this woman with two grown children should have known this.

Mom walked to the cupboard and took down a plate. Holding it up she said, "See this chip? I was 17 when this happened. I'll never forget that day." My mother's voice softened and she seemed to be remembering another time. "One fall day, my brothers needed help putting the last of the season's hay up, so they hired a young, strong, handsome buck to help out. My mother had asked me to go to the hen house to gather fresh eggs. It was then that I first noticed the new help. I stopped and watched for a moment as he slung large heavy bales of fresh green hay up and over his shoulder, tossing them effortlessly into the hay mow. I tell you, he was one gorgeous man: lean, slim-waisted with powerful arms and shiny thick hair. He must have felt my presence because with a bale of hay in mid-air, he stopped, turned and looked at me, and just smiled. He was so incredibly handsome," she said slowly, running a finger around the plate, stroking it gently.

喜欢她  
"Well, I guess my brothers took a liking to him because they invited him to have dinner with us. When my older brother directed him to sit next to me at the table, I nearly died. You can imagine how embarrassed I felt because he had seen me standing there staring at him. Now, here I was seated next to him. His presence made me so flustered, I was tongue-tied and just stared down at the table."

Suddenly remembering that she was telling a story in the p

of her young daughter and the neighbor woman, Mom blushed and hurriedly brought the story to conclusion. "Well anyway, he handed me his plate and asked that I dish him a helping. I was so nervous that my palms were sweaty and my hands shook. When I took his plate, it slipped and cracked against the casserole dish, knocking out a chip."

"Well," said Marge, unmoved by my mother's story, "I'd say that sounds like a memory I'd try to forget."

"On the contrary," countered my mother. "One year later I married that marvelous man. And to this day, when I see that plate, I fondly recall the day I met him," She carefully put the plate back into the cupboard—behind the others, in a place all its own, and seeing me staring at her, gave me a quick wink.

Aware that the passionate story she had just told held no sentiments for Marge, she hurriedly took down another plate, this time one that had been shattered and then carefully pieced back together, with small droplets of glue dribbled out of rather crooked seams. "This plate was broken the day we brought our newborn son, Mark, home from the hospital," Mom said. "What a cold and blustery day that was! Trying to be helpful, my six-year-old daughter dropped that plate as she carried it to the sink. At first I was upset, but then I told myself, "It's just a broken plate and I won't let a broken plate change the happiness we feel welcoming this new baby to our family." As I recall, we all had a lot of fun on the several attempts it took to glue *that* plate together!"

If was *sure* my mother had other stories to tell about that set of *china*.

Few days passed and I couldn't forget about *that* plate. It had been made special, if for no other reason, because Mom had stored it carefully *behind* the others. There was something about *that* plate that intrigued me and thoughts of it lingered in the *surroundings* of my mind.



Several days later my mother took a trip into town to get groceries. As usual I was put in charge of caring for the other children when she was gone. As the car drove out of the driveway, I did what I always did in the first ten minutes when she left for town. I ran into my parents' bedroom (as I was forbidden to do!), pulled up a chair, opened the top dresser drawer and snooped through the drawer, as I had done so many times before. There in the back of the drawer, beneath soft and wonderful smelling grown-up garments, was a small square wooden jewelry box. I took it out and opened it. In it were the usual items: the red ruby ring left to my mother by Auntie Hilda, her favorite aunt; a pair of delicate pearl earrings given to my mother's mom by her husband on their wedding day; and my mother's dainty wedding ring, which she often took off as she helped do outside chores alongside her husband.

Once again enchanted by these precious keepsakes, I did what every little girl would want to do: I tried them all on, filling my mind with glorious images of what I thought it must be like to be grown up, to be a beautiful woman like my mother, and to own such exquisite things. I couldn't wait to be old enough to command a drawer of my very own and be able to tell others they could *not* go into it!

Today I didn't linger too long on these thoughts. I removed the fine piece of red felt on the lid of the little wooden box that separated the jewelry from an ordinary-looking chip of white glass—heretofore, completely meaningless to me. I removed the piece of glass from the box, held it up to the light to examine it more carefully, and following an instinct, ran to the kitchen cabinet, pulled up a chair and climbed up and took down the plate. Just as I had imagined, the chip—so carefully stored beneath the only three precious keepsakes my mother owned—belonged to the plate she had broken on the day she first laid eyes on my father.

Wiser now, and with more respect, I cautiously returned the sacred chip to its place beneath the jewels along with the piece