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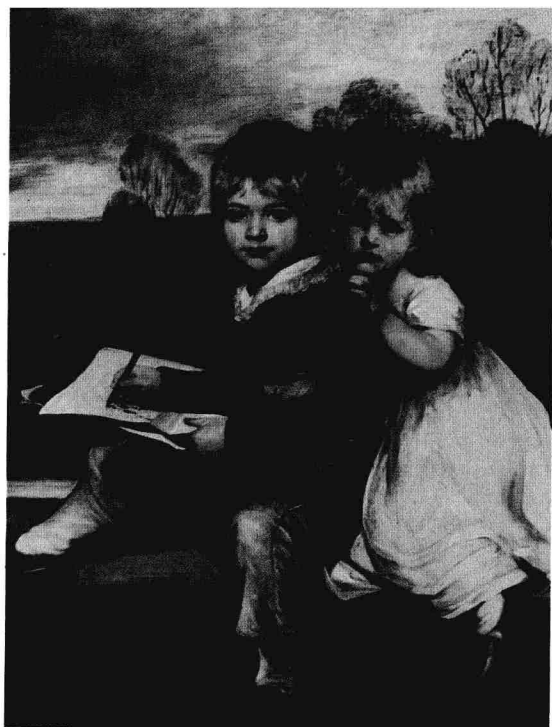
双语精典

The
Book of
Virtues

美德书

[美] 威廉·贝内特 选编 艾梅 选译

哈尔滨出版社
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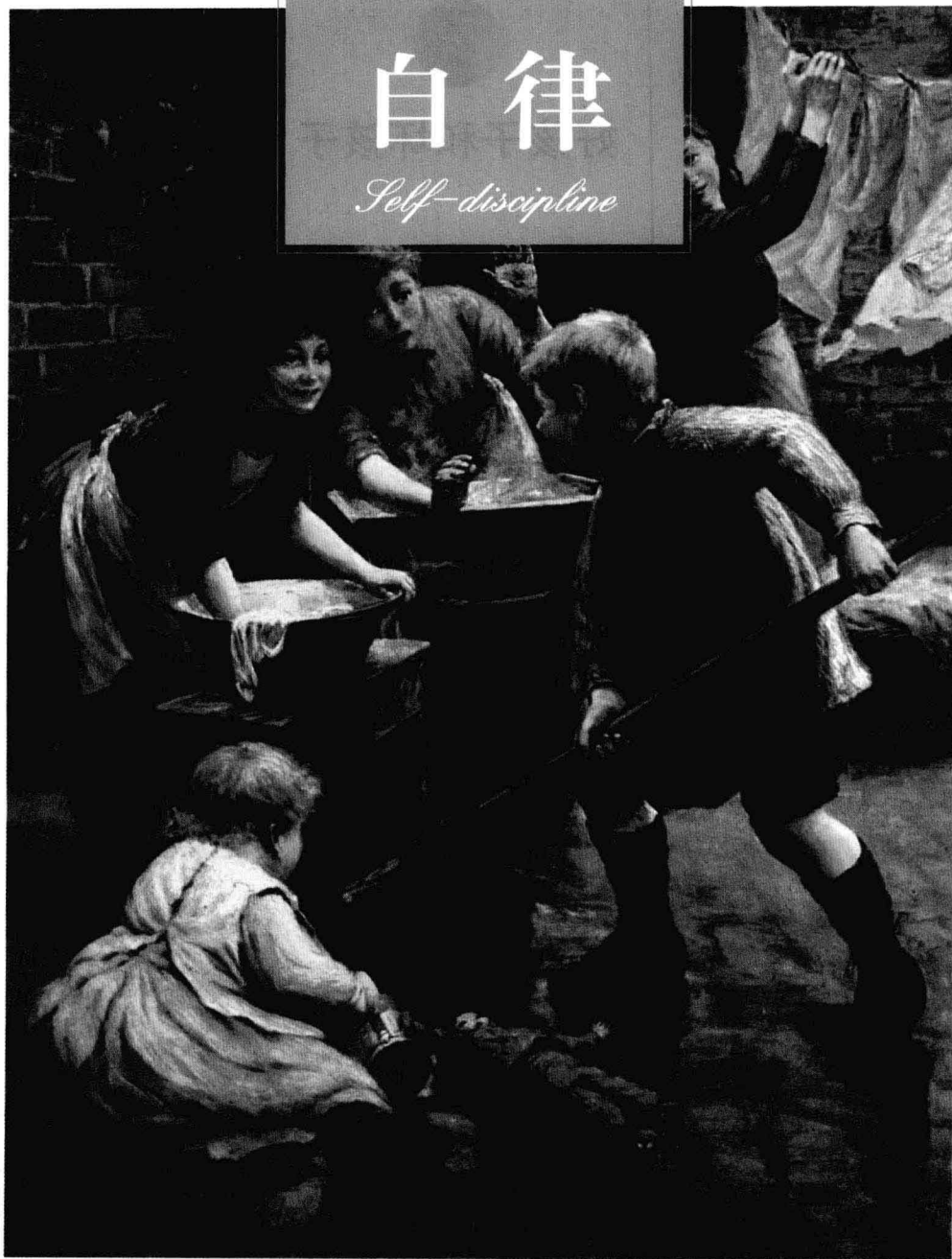
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Chapter one

自律

Self-discipline





好孩子和坏孩子

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文生

这首诗歌告诫我们：每一个人从小就要养成良好的习惯。

孩子们，你们个头很小，
骨骼脆弱；
如果你想变得伟大而高雅，
那么行走时必须沉着冷静。

你们还要聪明伶俐，安静镇定，
吃饭不挑食；
纵然你们还要经历所有的迷茫与困惑，
但是一定要做个天真而诚实的孩子。

心情愉悦、笑脸盈盈，
在草地上欢快地做游戏——
这就是为什么在远古的时候，
那些孩子能够成为君主和圣人。

不过，
那些不友善、蛮横的、暴饮暴食的孩子，
他们永远也别想成功——
他们的未来是另外一番景象！

那些残忍且喜欢哭闹的孩子，
长大后会成为笨鹅和傻瓜，
到了年老时，
他们也会被孩子们所厌恶。



罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文生 (Robert Louis Stevenson, 1850 年~1894 年)，出生于苏格兰的爱丁堡。他从小对文学就有着独特的感情。但由于父亲的反对，他改学法律，并成长为一名律师。但他对文学的热情并没有减退，1878 年，他出版了自己的第一本游记《内河航程》。在短暂的一生中，他写下了大量脍炙人口的小说、诗歌、游记、散文和随笔。



Good and Bad Children

Robert Louis Stevenson

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewildering,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.



孩子的未来是另一番景象。



自己

约瑟夫·雅各布改写

有时候,命运会让我们绝处逢生,我们应该引以为戒。就像这个古老的英国童话告诉我们的:身处逆境时,人才能学会自我约束。



相依为命的母子。

不久以前,在远离所有城镇和乡村的英国北方地区有一间小屋子,一个可怜的寡妇和她六岁的小儿子相依为命。

房门正对着一个山坡,附近都是沼泽地、巨石和泥坑。无论你看向哪里,都毫无人烟,只能看到离他们最近的居住在山下幽谷中的精灵以及道路两旁的草地上闪烁的“鬼火”。

这个寡妇会讲许多有关这些橡树林间“良民”交谈以及在黑夜里闪烁的亮光跳上窗台的故事。不过,尽管非常寂寞,她仍年复一年地居住在这间小屋里,也许是因为她不用交租金吧。

但是她不喜欢太晚睡觉,因为那时炉火不旺,没有人知道会发生什么事情。因此,在吃过晚餐后,她就会添好炉子,上床睡觉,所以即使发生了什么可怕的事情,她总能将头埋在被子下。

然而,这么早就睡觉,她的小儿子就不乐意了。因此,当她喊儿子睡觉的时候,他还在火边玩耍,好像没有听到母亲在叫他似的。

从他出生的那一天起,他就不好对付,他的母亲不喜欢总和他生气。事实上,她越是想让他顺从,他就越不按照母亲要求的去做。因此,到最后他总是我行我素。

就在冬天结束的前一天晚上,那个寡妇又早早躺到床上,让他在火边玩耍。风呼呼地吹着门,窗户玻璃咔嚓咔嚓地响着。她知道,在这样的晚上,总会有精灵出没,他们会给人带来伤害。因此她试着哄那个男孩立刻上床。

“在这样的夜晚,最好藏在床上!”她说。但是他可不愿这么做。

随后,她威胁“要打他一顿”,但是还是不起任何作用。

她越是乞求、责骂,他就越是摇头;到了最后,她失去了耐心,并喊道精灵一定会来抓走他的,他只是笑,并说他希望他们能来,因为他想和精灵们一起玩耍。



听到这里,他的母亲哭了起来,她绝望地回到床上。她确信之后一定会发生可怕的事情。而她那个调皮的小儿子坐在火边的凳子上,根本不理睬她的哭喊。

他在那里坐了一小会儿,便听到附近烟囱里发出翅膀扇动的声音。他的身旁落下来一个你能想象得到的最小的女孩。她还没有一根手指高,头发像银色的纺线,眼睛像草一样绿,脸红得像六月的玫瑰。

小男孩惊奇地看着她。

“噢!”他说,“你叫什么名字?”

“自己,”她也看着他,用甜美而细小的声音回答道,“那么,你叫什么名字呢?”

“我也叫自己,”他谨慎地回答道。然后,他们就开始一起做游戏。

她确实给他展示一些好玩的游戏。她用灰尘做成的动物看起来活生生的,长满绿叶的树在小房子周围随风摆动,不过一尺高的男人和女人在房子里面。她对着他们吹了一口气,他们就开始走动和聊天。

但是炉火渐渐小了下來,屋里的光线也暗了下来。小男孩用木棍拨动着火炉里的煤,使它们燃烧起来。一块炙热的煤渣蹦了出来,恰巧落在了小精灵的小脚上!

她立刻尖声叫了起来,男孩扔掉手里的木棍,用手捂住耳朵。但是她的尖叫声非常刺耳,好像世界上所有的风都在咆哮着,从小小的钥匙洞钻了进来!

这时,声音再次从烟囱里传来。但是这次,小男孩没有等着去看发生了什么,而是向床边跑去,藏在毯子下面,充满恐惧地浑身颤抖着倾听接下来会发生的事情。

烟囱里传来一个尖锐的声音:

“谁在那里,发生了什么事情?”

“是自己,”小精灵哭泣道,“我的脚被烧得很痛。噢——噢——!”

“是谁干的?”那个声音生气地说。这次声音听起来好像更近了,那个男孩从衣服下面偷偷向外看,他看到一个长着白色面孔的人从敞开的烟囱看了过来!

“也是自己!”那个小精灵再次说道。

“那么既然是你自己做的,”小精灵妈妈尖声喊道,“有什么大惊小怪的?”说着,她伸出长长的细胳膊,抓住精灵的耳朵,粗暴地摇晃着,将小精灵拖在她身后,消失在烟囱里!

那个小男孩头脑清醒地躺了很久时间,听着,以免精灵的母亲再次回来找他。第二天吃完晚饭,他的母亲惊奇地发现,什么时候叫他睡觉,他都愿意去做了。

“他最后还是变乖了!”她自言自语道。但是,小男孩却在想,下一次精灵来找他玩的时候,他就不会像这次这样轻易逃脱了。



“他最后还是变乖了!”母亲自言自语道。



My Own Self

Retold by Joseph Jacobs

In a tiny house in the North Countries, far away from any town or village, there lived not long ago, a poor widow all alone with her little son, a six-year-old boy.

The house door opened straight on to the hillside, and all around about were moorlands and huge stones, and swampy hollows; never a house nor a sign of life wherever you might look, for their nearest neighbors were the fairies in the glen below, and the “will-o’-the-wisps” in the long grass along the pathside.

And many a tale the widow could tell of the “good folk” calling to each other in the oak trees, and the twinkling lights hopping on to the very windowsill, on dark nights; but in spite of the loneliness, she lived on from year to year in the little house, perhaps because she was never asked to pay any rent for it.

But she did not care to sit up late, when the fire burned low, and no one knew what might be about. So, when they had had their supper she would make up a good fire and go off to bed, so that if anything terrible did happen, she could always hide her head under the bedclothes.

This, however, was far too early to please her little son; so when she called him to bed, he would go on playing beside the fire, as if he did not hear her.

He had always been bad to do with since the day he was born, and his mother did not often care to cross him. Indeed, the more she tried to make him obey her, the less heed he paid to anything she said, so it usually ended by his taking his own way.

But one night, just at the fore-end of winter, the widow could not make up her mind to go off to bed, and leave him playing by the fireside. For the wind was tugging at the door, and rattling the windowpanes, and well she knew that on such a night, fairies and such like were bound to be out and about, and bent on mischief. So she tried to coax the boy into going at once to bed,

“It’s safest to bide in bed on such a night as this!” she said. But no, he wouldn’t go.

Then she threatened to “give him the stick,” but it was no use.

The more she begged and scolded, the more he shook his head; and when at last she lost patience and cried that the fairies would surely come and fetch him away, he only laughed and said he wished they would, for he would like one to play with.

At that his mother burst into tears, and went off to bed in despair, certain that after such words something dreadful would happen, while her naughty little son sat on his stool by the fire, not at all put out by her crying.



But he had not long been sitting there alone, when he heard a fluttering sound near him in the chimney, and presently down by his side dropped the tiniest wee girl you could think of. She was not a span high, and had hair like spun silver, eyes as green as grass, and cheeks red as June roses.

The little boy looked at her with surprise.

“Oh! ” said he, “what do they call ye?”

“My own self,” she said in a shrill but sweet little voice, and she looked at him too. “And what do they call ye?”

“Just my own self too,” he answered cautiously; and with that they began to play together.

She certainly showed him some fine games. She made animals out of the ashes that looked and moved like life, and trees with green leaves waving over tiny houses, with men and women an inch high in them, who, when she breathed on them, fell to walking and talking quite properly.

But the fire was getting low, and the light dim, and presently the little boy stirred the coals with a stick, to make them blaze, when out jumped a red-hot cinder, and where should it fall, but on the fairy child’s tiny foot!

Thereupon she set up such a squeal, that the boy dropped the stick, and clapped his hands to his ears. But it grew to so shrill a screech, that it was like all the wind in the world, whistling through one tiny keyhole!

There was a sound in the chimney again, but this time the little boy did not wait to see what it was, but bolted off to bed, where he hid under the blankets and listened in fear and trembling to what went on.

A voice came from the chimney speaking sharply,

“Who’s there, and what’s wrong?” it said.

“It’s my own self,” sobbed the fairy child, “and my foot’s burned sore. O—o—h! ”

“Who did it?” said the voice angrily. This time it sounded nearer, and the boy, peeping from under the clothes, could see a white face looking out from the chimney opening!

“Just my own self too! ” said the fairy child again.

“Then if ye did it your own self,” cried the elf mother shrilly, “what’s the use o’ making all this fuss about it?”——and with that she stretched out a long thin arm, and caught the creature by its ear, and, shaking it roughly, pulled it after her, out of sight up the chimney!

The little boy lay awake a long time, listening, in case the fairy mother should come back after all. And next evening after supper, his mother was surprised to find that he was willing to go to bed whenever she liked.

“He’s taking a turn for the better at last! ” she said to herself. But he was thinking just then that, when next a fairy came to play with him, he might not get off quite so easily as he had done this time.



男孩和坚果

伊索

如果我们希望一切都在自己的掌控之下,也许最终我们什么也得不到。

一个小男孩发现桌子上有一罐坚果。

“我想吃这些坚果,”他想。“我相信如果妈妈在这里,她会给我的。我要拿走一把。”于是,他把手伸进那个罐子,尽可能多抓一些。

但是当他将手拿出来的时候,发现罐子口太小了。他的手被卡得紧紧的,但是他又不想放下任何一颗坚果。

他一次又一次地试着,还是不能把手拿出来。最后,他开始哭了起来。

这时,他的妈妈走进房间,问道:“怎么了?”

“我不能够将手里的坚果拿出来。”男孩哭泣着。

“好吧,不要这么贪婪,”妈妈说,“先拿出两个或三个,这样你的手就可以毫不困难地出来了。”

“这太简单了,”男孩离开桌子的时候说,“我自己也应该想到的。”



The Boy and the Nuts

Aesop

A little boy once found a jar of nuts on the table.

"I would like some of these nuts," he thought. "I'm sure Mother would give them to me if she were here. I'll take a big handful." So he reached into the jar and grabbed as many as he could hold.

But when he tried to pull his hand out, he found the neck of the jar was too small. His hand was held fast, but he did not want to drop any of the nuts.

He tried again and again, but he couldn't get the whole handful out. At last he began to cry.

Just then his mother came into the room. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"I can't take this handful of nuts out of the jar," sobbed the boy.

"Well, don't be so greedy," his mother replied. "Just take two or three, and you'll have no trouble getting your hand out."

"How easy that was," said the boy as he left the table. "I might have thought of that myself."



法厄同

托马斯·布尔芬希改写

这个古老的神话讲述了一个青年人的草率,并提醒做父母的要审慎管理孩子的言行举止。

法厄同是太阳神赫里阿斯和仙女克兰曼尼的儿子。一天,同学嘲笑他是神的儿子的说法,法厄同满腔愤怒地回到家,质问他的妈妈。

“如果我真是神的儿子,”他说,“请给我一些证据吧。”

“你自己去问你的父亲吧,”克兰曼尼回答道,“这没有什么困难的。太阳神居住的地方离我们很近。”

满怀着希望和骄傲,法厄同朝着太阳升起的地方出发了。太阳神的宫殿矗立在许多高大雄伟的柱子后面,上面镶嵌着黄金和宝石,天花板则是由打磨好的象牙建成的,大门是银制的。墙上铸造三神雕刻出了地球、海洋、天空,以及在这些地方居住的人们。居住在大海的仙女,有的在海浪中玩耍,有的骑在鱼背上,还有的坐在岩石上晒她们海蓝色的长发。地球上城镇、森林、河流和乡村的神仙。在这些图画上方是灿烂瑰丽的天空,那些银色的门上画着十二宫图,每一扇门上都有六个。

克兰曼尼的儿子爬上陡峭的悬崖,走进父亲的大厅。他向太阳神的房间走去,但是在距门口还有一段距离的时候他就停了下来,因为里面的光芒令他难以忍受。太阳神穿着紫色的长袍坐在王位上,像宝石一样闪闪发光。在他的左右两侧分别站着天、月、年和小时。春天的头上戴着花环;夏天将衣服扔在了一旁,身上戴着由成熟的谷穗编织而成的花环;在他们旁边站着的是秋天,她的脚上沾满了葡萄汁;还有冰冷的冬天,他的头发上结满了白霜。

在这些仆人的围绕下,太阳神用他能看透一切的双眼,看着那个被眼前新奇而壮观的景象所迷惑的年轻人。

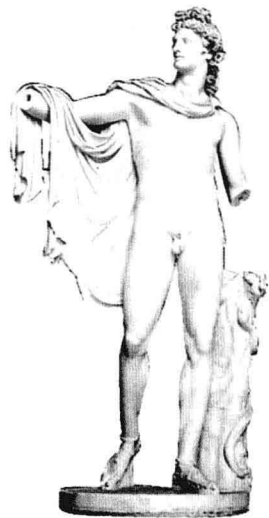
“你来这里做什么?”他问道。

“噢,世界的光芒啊,”年轻人回答道,“我恳求您,请给我一些证据来证明我是您的儿子。”

他说完后,他的父亲将头上的光环放到一边。

“你是我的儿子,”他边说边与他拥抱,“你母亲所说的一切都是真的。为了赶走你的疑虑,你想要什么,就会拥有什么。我会让奔腾汹涌的冥河来证明,因为在一些庄严的场合中我们神都会在那里发誓。”

法厄同曾多次看到太阳神驾车横跨天空,他曾经幻想过如果能驾驶着父亲的神车、赶着有翼的骏马在宇宙的大道上飞驰。现在,他意识到他的梦想就要成真了。



太阳神赫里阿斯



“我想在这一天里取代您的位置,父亲,”他立刻大声喊道,“就一天,我想驾着您的神车在天空中行走,将阳光带给世界。”

太阳神立刻意识到自己作出的承诺有些愚蠢了,他摇晃着他那发光的脑袋,警告他的儿子:“我刚才所说的太草率了,只有这个要求我不能答应你,我希望你能够收回这个请求。就你的年龄和体力来说,你要求的这件事情太不合适了,我的儿子。你拥有着凡人的命运,而你的要求却超越了凡人。你太无知了,你渴望去做的这件事情甚至连众神都无法做到。除了我自己,没人能够每天驾驶那辆带有火焰的马车。甚至连翻转右臂就能够发出霹雳的朱庇特,也没有尝试过。”

“第一段路程相当陡峭,”太阳神继续说道,“所以,即使这些马休息了一个晚上,对于它们来说还是很陡峭,很难爬上去。中间的那段路程需要我飞到高空,每回向下面的陆地和海洋望去时,我自己都要提高警惕。最后一段路程是急速下降,需要小心谨慎来驾驶。海神的妻子泰西斯,她等着接待我,总是为我担忧受怕,以免我一头扎进海里。除此之外,天空与星星一直在旋转。我不得不时刻保持警觉,以免这种巨大的转动将我卷走。”

“假设我将神车借给了你。你会做什么呢?你能够在脚下的天空旋转的时候,仍然维持神车不脱离轨道吗?也许,你认为那里有森林和城市,有众神在那里居住,沿途还有宫殿和庙宇。恰恰相反,在这段路上,你要经过一些可怕的怪物。你要从金牛座的牛角旁边经过,从人马星座的前面走过,从狮子座的嘴边溜走,从蝎子座和巨蟹座伸出的爪子中间经过。你还会发现这些马也很难驾驭,它们的嘴和鼻孔喷着火焰。当它们反抗的时候,就连我自己也几乎很难控制它们。”

“谨慎一些吧,我的儿子,我不想送给你这个致命的礼物。根据自己的实际情况重新提出你的要求吧。难道你想要证明你的血管中流淌着我的血吗?我为你而担心,就可以证明这一点了。看着我的脸——我想你能够看到我的内心深处,因而你可以看到一位父亲对孩子的关心。”

“看看你四周,你可以要求地球上和大海中的任何财宝。说出来,你会拥有它的!但是我请你不要再提出那样的要求。它会将你毁灭,而不是给你所寻找的荣誉。如果你坚持的话,你也可以拥有它。我会遵守我的誓言。但是我请求你在选择时能更加明智一些。”

他不再说什么,但是他的警告并没有起到很好的效果,因为法厄同仍坚持他的要求。太阳神尽自己所能劝说了一段时间后,最后还是带着法厄同来到那辆神车面前。神车的轮子是由金子做成的,扶手是银的。马车上各种各样的珠宝都折射出太阳的光芒。这个男孩羡慕地盯着它,晨辉打开了东方紫色的大门,一条铺有玫瑰花的大路呈现在他们面前。

当看到地球开始发光,月亮准备休息时,太阳神命令小时套好马匹。他们按照太阳神所说的去做了,将马从高高的马厩中牵了出来,将马儿喂饱。然后,太阳神在儿子的脸上施了魔法,这样他就能够忍受火焰的光芒。他将王冠戴在头上,叹息着。

“如果你坚持要这么做,”他说,“至少要听听我的建议。少抽鞭子,把缰绳抓紧。这些马不需要驱赶,但是想让他们停下来却得费一番工夫。不要直着穿过天空的五个圆圈,而要向左走。避开北方和南方地区,只要保持在中部地区。你会看到轮子上的印记,它们将给你指路。天空和地球都需要得到适当的热量,因此你不能飞得太高,否则你将烧到天上的一些地方,也不能太低,不然地球将会着火。中间的那条路线是最安全,也是最好的。”

“现在,我将你托付给命运之神,我希望她能够为你制定出更好的计划。夜晚已经走过