



精品美文 双语阅读

马华◎主编

# 最美丽的英文

最优美华丽的文字,最温馨动人的故事,  
最睿智的人生哲理,最经典的英文篇章。

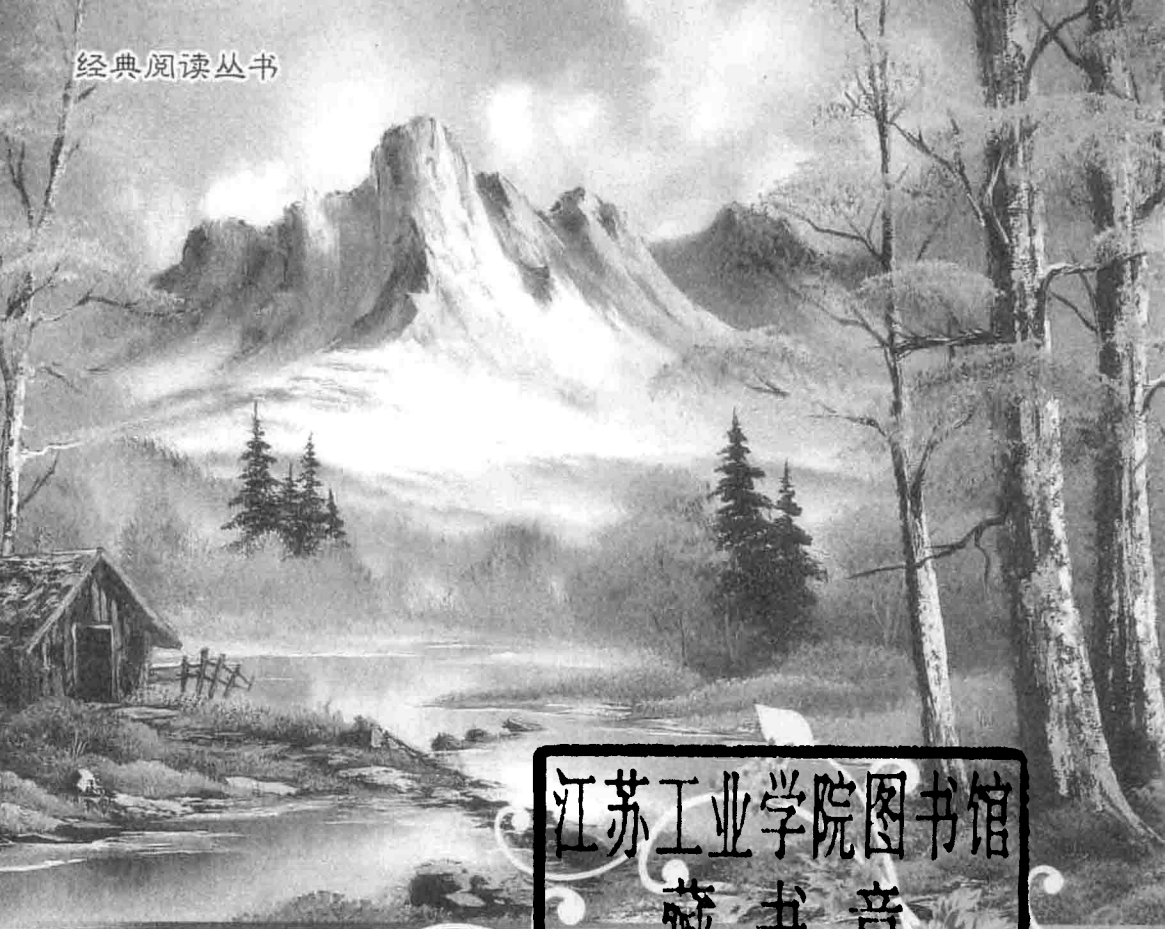
## 令人心醉的微笑

### Caught by Her Smile

读一篇好的散文,如品香茗,留香唇齿,馨香绕怀,  
如聆听花开花落,可播百代之芳。

延边人民出版社

经典阅读丛书



江苏工业学院图书馆  
藏书章

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## 前 言

### *Preface*

愉悦心灵的阅读，在现代人的生活中已成为新的时尚。忙碌的工作学习之余，诵读一篇洋溢着至善至美的真情故事，如澄澈甘甜的泉水滋润着我们的心灵，丰富我们的生活。

《经典阅读丛书》(最美丽的英文)融学习语言和陶冶情操于一体，将优美华丽的文字，温馨动人的故事，滋润心灵的哲理，聪明睿智的启示紧密结合在一起。语言地道新颖，优美流畅，极富时代感。

本套丛书收录的千余个精彩故事，温馨生动，真挚感人。用心去看去领悟，或许某些故事会给读者以智慧的启迪，有的会让你感动落泪，有的会有特别的感受，有的则会让你会心一笑。你会感受本书如同春风轻轻吹拂你，帮你从平凡的生活中找到一份舒畅甜美的心境。书中一个个扣人心弦的故事，深度挖掘平凡小事蕴藏的精神力量 and 人性之美，真率倾诉对生命的全新体验和深刻感悟，字里行间洋溢着爱心、感恩、信念、鼓励 and 希望。

就学英语而言，本套读物的功效已获得莘莘学子乃至英语教学

界的充分肯定。由于语篇的信度、效度符合标准化考试命题的质量要求，全国大学英语四、六级考试、全国成人本科学位考试的阅读理解真题曾采用其中的文章。

本书为双语阅读，每篇文章中英对照，希望通过阅读提高英文能力的同时慰藉您的心灵，在记忆中会永远地留下清香。阅读该书，会给您带来前所未有的喜悦，获得内心的熏陶与升华。

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## 7美元的梦想

求购：小提琴。支付有限。请拨打电话……

我怎么会注意到这个呢？我很少看分类广告。我把报纸放在腿上，闭上眼睛，大萧条时期的事历历在目。那时，我们一家人在农场生活。我很想有一把小提琴，但家里没钱买……

当我的双胞胎姐姐们开始对音乐产生兴趣。哈里特·安开始学习弹外婆的竖式钢琴时，苏珊娜也开始拉父亲的小提琴了，随着两姐妹的不断练习，简单的曲调很快变成了优美的旋律。伴着令人陶醉的乐曲，爸爸低哼着调子，妈妈吹着口哨，就连不到一岁的弟弟也跳起了舞。而我，只是默默地听着。

等我的胳膊足够长时，我试着拉苏珊娜的小提琴。我喜欢硬朗的琴弓拉过琴弦发出的圆润柔美的声音。噢，我多想要一把小提琴啊！但那是不可可能的。

一天傍晚，当她们在学校管弦乐队演奏时，我紧闭双眼，尽力把这个场景定格在脑海中。我暗自发誓，总有一天，我也会坐在那里。

那年我们的日子过得很清苦。收获时，庄稼的产量比预料的要低。我实在按捺不住对小提琴的渴求，“爸爸，我能拥有自己的小提琴吗？”

“你就不能用苏珊娜的吗？”

“我也想参加管弦乐队，我们不能同时用一把小提琴。”

父亲看上去很难过。自那晚后，我每天晚上都能听到父亲给全家祈祷时提到我的愿望。“……上帝啊，玛丽·卢想拥有一把属于自己的小提琴”

琴。”

一个傍晚，我们围坐在桌旁。双胞胎姐妹在做功课，妈妈在缝衣服，父亲给他在哥伦比亚的朋友乔治·菲克写信。他说菲克先生是个很棒的小提琴家。

父亲边写边把信中的大部分内容大声地念给母亲听。几个星期后，我发现他有一段话没念出来——“您能帮我的三女儿找一把小提琴吗？我付不起太多钱，但她酷爱音乐，我们也希望她能有自己的乐器。”

数周后，当父亲收到了一封来自哥伦比亚的信时，他就宣布，“等找到照顾农场的人，我们就开车去哥伦比亚艾丽丝姨妈那里。”

那天终于来了，我们开车到了艾丽丝姨妈家后，我听见父亲打了个电话。之后，他问我：“玛丽·卢，你想和我一起去拜访菲克先生吗？”

“当然想。”我回答。

我们驱车到了一个住宅区，停在一所典雅的旧房子的车道上。我们走上台阶。敲响门铃。一个比父亲年纪大的高个先生开了门，“请进！”他和父亲热烈地握手，俩人立刻攀谈起来。

“玛丽·卢，我听说了你的事，你爸爸给你准备了一份大惊喜！”菲克先生把我们带到了客厅，拿起一个盒子，打开后，取出一把小提琴开始拉起来。优美的旋律如瀑布般倾泻下来。噢，我真想演奏得像他那么棒！

一曲过后，菲克先生对父亲说：“卡尔，这是我在一家当铺用7美元买下的，很不错。玛丽·卢可以用它拉出动听的曲子。”接着，他把小提琴交给了我。

看到父亲的眼中噙着泪水，我终于明白，这是我的小提琴了。我轻抚着琴，这是一把金棕色的木制小提琴，在灯光下显得极其柔美。“好漂亮的琴啊。”我激动不已。

返回艾丽丝姨妈家，一进门，所有的目光都投向我们。我看见父亲冲母亲眨眼，我这才意识到，大家都知道此事，只有我还蒙在鼓里。父亲的



祈祷和我的渴望最终得以实现。

我第一次拎着小提琴去学校上课的那天，内心无比激动。一连几个月，我每天不停地练习，感受着下巴那温暖的木制琴面，似乎它是我身体的延伸。



当我准备好参加学校管弦乐队时，兴奋不已。我身着女王礼服般的白色乐队服，坐在第三排。

第一次参加学校的一个小歌剧公众演出，我的心狂跳不止。礼堂里坐满了人，当我们调试乐器时，观众席上传来了兴奋的谈话声。接着，我们开始演奏了，聚光灯集中到我们身上，全场静了下来。我敢肯定，每位听众都看着我。爸爸妈妈自豪地看着他们的小女儿，欣慰地笑着，他们的女儿正扮演着一个令世人羡慕的角色，拿着自己心爱的小提琴演奏着美妙的乐章。

时光飞逝，到姐姐们毕业时，我的小提琴已经拉得很棒了。

两年后，我毕业了。我把心爱的小提琴放入琴盒，这时，我也步入了成人世界。护士培训，结婚，在医院工作，抚养4个女儿占据了我这些年的大部分生活。

许多年过去了，这把小提琴一直跟随着我们。每每打开它，我就回忆起曾经是多么地珍爱它，并暗下决心，总有一天，我还要拉小提琴。

我的孩子对这把小提琴都满不在乎，他们一个个地结婚，离开了家……

此刻，我正拿着一张登有求购广告的报纸。努力让思绪回到现实，于是又读了一遍这张勾起我儿时记忆的广告。我把报纸放到一旁，自言自语道，“我必须找到我的小提琴。”

在壁橱的一个隐蔽处，我找到了琴盒。打开盒盖，我把放在玫瑰色天

鹅绒衬套上的小提琴取了出来，抚摸着它金色的木壳，拨动琴弦，真是不可思议，它仍旧是那么完美无缺。我紧了紧的琴弦，然后把松香放到干马尾毛上。

接着，我又拉起了心爱的小提琴，那些从未在记忆中消退的曲调在琴弦间跳动。我不知道自己拉了多久，又想起了父亲，是他满足了我儿时的心愿。我曾经感谢过父亲吗？

最后，我把小提琴放回琴盒，拿起报纸，走到电话机旁，拨通了那个号码。

天快黑时，一辆老车停在了我家车道上，一个30多岁的男人叩响了门。“我一直都在祈祷有人回应我的广告。我女儿太想要一把小提琴了，”他说着，就开始看我的琴，“您要多少钱呢？”

我很清楚，无论是哪家音乐店铺都会高价收购我的琴。但我这样回答道：“7美元。”

“您确定吗？”他问道，这让我想起了父亲。

“7美元，”我又说了一遍，然后补充道，“我希望你女儿能喜欢它，就像我曾经那样。”

他走后，我关上门。透过窗帘的缝隙，我看到这个男人的妻子和孩子正在车上等着他。突然车门打开了，一个小女孩向他跑去，他把小提琴递给了她。

小女孩紧紧抱着小提琴，然后跪下来打开了琴盒。她轻轻抚摸着小提琴，这时，夕阳的余辉洒在琴上，发出异样的光芒。接着，小女孩转过身，抱住微笑着的父亲。





## A seven-dollar dream

Wanted: Violin. Can't pay much. Call...

Why did I notice that? I wondered, since I rarely look at the classified ads. I laid the paper on my lap and closed my eyes, remembering what had during the Great Depression, when my family struggled to make a living on our farm. I, too, had wanted a violin, but we didn't have the money...

When my older twin sisters began showing an interest in music, Harriet Anne learned to play Grandma's upright piano, while Suzanne turned to Daddy's violin, simple tunes soon became lovely melodies as the twins played more and more. Caught up in the rhythm of the music, my baby brother danced around while Daddy hummed and Mother whistled. I just listened.

When my arms grew long enough, I tried to play Suzanne's violin, I loved the mellow sound of the firm bow drawn across the strings. Oh, how I wanted one! But I knew it was out of the question.

One evening as the twins played in the school orchestra, I closed my eyes tight to capture the picture firmly in my mind. Someday, I'll sit up there, I vowed silently.

It was not a good year. At harvest the crops did not bring as much as we had hoped, I couldn't wait any longer to ask, "Daddy, may I have a violin of my own?"

"Can't you use Suzanne's?"

"I'd like to be in the orchestra, too, and we can't both use the same violin at the same time."

Daddy's face looked sad. That night, and many following nights, I heard him remind God in our family devotions, "...and Lord! Mary Lou wants her own violin."

One evening we all sat around the table. The twins and I studied. Mother sewed, and Daddy wrote a letter to his friend, George Finkle, in Columbus. Mr. Finkle, Daddy said, was a fine violinist.

As he wrote, Daddy read parts of his letter out loud to Mother. Weeks later I discovered he'd written one line he didn't read aloud: "Would you watch for a violin for my third daughter? I can't pay much, but she enjoys music, and we'd like her to have her own instrument."

When Daddy received a letter from Columbus a few weeks later, he announced, "We'll be driving to Columbus to spend the night with Aunt Alice as soon as I can find someone to care for the livestock."

At last the day arrived, and we drove to Aunt Alice's. After we arrived. I listened while Daddy made a phone call. He hung up and asked, "Mary Lou, do you want to go with me to visit Mr. Finkle?"

"Sure," I answered.

He drove into a residential area and stopped in the driveway of a fine, old house. We walked up the steps and rang the door chime. A tall man, older than Daddy, opened the door. "Come in!" He and Daddy heartily shook hands, both talking at once.

"Mary Lou. I've been hearing things about you. Your daddy has arranged a big surprise for you!" Mr. Finkle ushered us into the parlor. He picked up a case, opened it, lifted out a violin and started to play. The melody surged and spoke like waterfalls. Oh, to play like him, I thought.



Finishing the number, he turned to Daddy. "Carl. I found it in a pawn shop for seven dollars. It's a good violin. Mary Lou should be able to make beautiful music with it." Then he handed the violin to me.

I noticed the tears in Daddy's eyes as I finally comprehended. It was mine! I stroked the violin gently. The wood was a golden brown that seemed to warm in the light. "It's beautiful." I said, barely breathing.

When we arrived back at Aunt Alice's, all eyes turned as we entered. I saw Daddy wink at Mother, and then I realized everyone had known but me. I know Daddy's prayer, and mine, had been answered.

The day I carried my violin to school for my first lesson no one could imagine the bursting feeling in my heart. Over the months I practiced daily, feeling the warm wood fit under my chin like an extension of myself.

When I was ready to join the school orchestra, I trembled with excitement. I sat in the third row of violins and wore my white orchestra jacket like a royal robe.

My heart beat wildly at my first public performance, a school operetta. The auditorium filled to capacity and the audience buzzed while we softly tuned our instruments. Then the spotlight centered on us, and a hush fell as we started to play. I felt sure everyone in the audience was watching me. Daddy and mother smiled proudly at their little girl who held her cherished violin for the whole world to admire.

The years seemed to run more swiftly then. And by the time my sisters graduated, I found myself in the first-violin chair.

Two years later, I graduated. I packed my cherished violin in its case and stepped into the grown-up world. Nurse's training, marriage, working in the hospital, rearing four daughters filled my years.

More years passed. My violin made every move with us, and I unpacked briefly remembering how much I still loved it and promising myself to play it soon.

None of my children cared about the violin. Later, one by one, they married and left home...

Now here I was with the newspaper want ads. I forced my thoughts to the present and read again the ad that had transported me back to childhood memories. Laying aside the paper, I murmured, "I must find my violin."

I discovered the case deep in the recesses of my closet. Opening the lid, I lifted the violin from where it nestled on the rose-velvet lining. My fingers caressed its golden wood. I tuned the strings, miraculously still intact, tightened the bow, and put rosin on the dry horsehairs.

And then my violin began to sing again those favorite tunes that had never left my memory. How long I played I'll never know. I thought of Daddy, who did all he could to fill my needs and desires when I was a little girl. I wondered if I had ever thanked him.

At last I laid the violin back in its case. I picked up the newspaper, walked to the phone and dialed the number.

Later in the day, an old car stopped in my driveway. A man in his 30s knocked on the door. "I've been praying someone would answer my ad. My daughter wants a violin so badly," he said, examining my instrument, "How much are you asking?"

Any music store, I knew, would offer me a nice sum. But now I heard my voice answer, "Seven dollars."

"Are you sure?" he asked, reminding me so much of Daddy.

