

世界上最伟大的智慧书

SCROLLS FOR SUCCESS

羊皮卷

[美] 拉塞尔·康维尔等 著 柯迪 译

钻石宝地

最好的英语读物

中英双语

绿宝石卷

黑龙江科学技术出版社

本书为最畅销读物

SCROLLS
FOR SUCCESS

世界上最伟大的智慧书

羊皮卷

钻石宝地

[美] 拉塞尔·康维尔等 著 柯迪 译

最好的英语读物

中英双语

绿宝石卷

黑龙江科学技术出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

羊皮卷——钻石宝地(英汉对照)/(美)拉塞尔·康维尔等著;
柯迪译.——哈尔滨:黑龙江科学技术出版社,2010.10

ISBN 978-7-5388-6494-6

I. ①羊… II. ①拉… ②柯… III. ①英语—汉语—
对照读物 ②成功心理学—通俗读物 IV. ①H319.4:B
中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2010)第 206242 号

羊皮卷——钻石宝地

- 著 者 [美]拉塞尔·康维尔等
译 者 柯 迪
责任编辑 刘 野
装帧设计 百 花
出 版 黑龙江科学技术出版社
(地址:哈尔滨市南岗区建设街 41 号 邮编:150001
电话:0451-53642106 传真:0451-53642143 发行部)
发 行 全国新华书店
印 刷 北京阳光彩色印刷有限公司
开 本 787×1092 1/16
印 张 15.75
字 数 290 千字
版 次 2011 年 1 月第 1 版 2011 年 1 月第 1 次印刷
书 号 ISBN 978-7-5388-6494-6/Z·789
定 价 29.80 元
-

(如发现本书有印刷质量问题,印刷厂负责调换)



[美]拉塞尔·康维尔 钻石宝地
By Russell H. Conwell / Acres of Diamonds



- 3 / 一个悲惨的故事
A Sad Story
- 8 / 最大的钻石矿
The Most Magnificent Diamond-Mine
- 12 / 财富就在你脚下
You Are Over the Wealth
- 16 / 身边的财富
Push the Wealth Away
- 20 / 人人都会犯的错误
A Universally Mistake
- 24 / 金钱就是力量
Money Is Power
- 28 / 贫穷是所有的错
It's All Wrong to Be Poor
- 32 / 对金钱的贪恋是万恶之源
The Love of Money Is the Root of All Evil
- 36 / 发财的机会在哪里?
Where's the Opportunity to Get Rich?

- 机会就在你身边 / 41
The Opportunity Is Right at Your Own Door
- 亲手赚来的财富 / 45
Earn the Wealth Yourself
- 要常识,不要铜币 / 50
Common Sense, Not Copper Cents
- 致富的奥秘 / 54
The Secret of Success
- 创造财富的方法 / 58
Knowledge of a Fortune
- 财富与你近在咫尺 / 62
Your Wealth Is Too Near to You

品格的力量 [英]塞缪尔·斯迈尔斯
Character / By Samuel Smiles

- 劳动 / 69
Work
- 勇气 / 75
Courage
- 自制 / 82
Self-Control
- 职责 / 89
Duty — Truthfulness
- 风度 / 95
Manner — Art

通往名望与财富的阶梯 [美]奥里森·马登
Stepping-Stones to Fame and Fortune / By Orison Swett Marden

- 做一个堂堂正正的人 / 103
First, Be A Man
- 抓住机遇 / 108
Seize Your Opportunity

113 / 万事开头难
How Did He Begin?

118 / 人尽其才
Out of Place

123 / 成功的代价
Will You Pay the Price

127 / 成功的基石
Foundation Stones

131 / 克服困难
The Conquest of Obstacles

136 / 集中精力就能成功
To Be Great, Concentrate

140 / 警惕你的弱点
Guard Your Weak Point

145 / 节俭
Save

150 / 积极向上
Live Upward

155 / 心灵的阳光
Moral Sunshine

159 / 书籍与成功
Books and Success

[美]查尔斯·汉尼尔 **万能钥匙**
By Charles F. Haanel / The Master Key System

167 / 和谐的内心世界
Conscious Harmony

172 / 实现自我价值
The "I"

177 / 视觉化你的目标
Visualize Your Purpose

182 / 心中充满希望
Full of Desires

渴望中诞生希望 / 188

Faith Consist in Desire

战胜恐惧 / 193

Overcome Fear

成功的极致 / 197

Leading to Success

||||| **爱,生活与工作** [美]阿尔伯特·哈伯德
Love, Life and Work / By Elbert Hubbard

时间与机遇 / 203

Time and Chance

精神状态 / 207

Mental Attitude

外来者 / 211

The Outsider

爱与信任 / 215

Love and Faith

快乐的真正含义 / 218

The True Meaning of Happy

服从 / 221

The Law of Obedience

||||| **个人魅力的艺术与科学** [美]塞隆·Q·迪蒙
Art and Science of Personal Magnetism / By Theron Q. Dumont

个人魅力 / 227

Personal Magnetism

魅力的两个方面 / 232

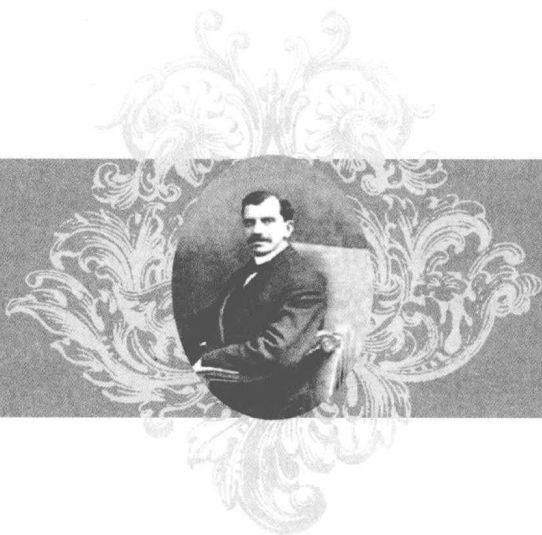
Mental and Physical Poles

精神方面 / 237

The Mental Phase

物质方面 / 241

The Physical Phase

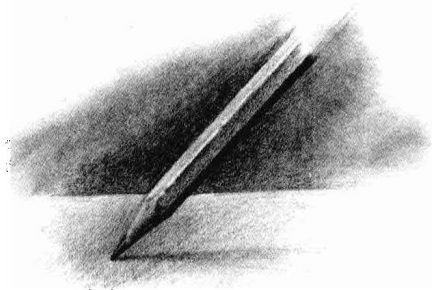


钻石宝地

Acres of Diamonds

[美] 拉塞尔·康维尔 著

By Russell H. Conwell



拉 塞尔·康维尔(1843—1925),美国著名律师、作家、演讲大师。他曾是一位德高望重的牧师,后来成为一名备受欢迎的演讲者,并因其渊博的知识、独到的见解及富于爱心的行动而名振一方。《钻石宝地》是根据他在家乡费城的一次著名讲演整理而成。自问世以来,一直畅销不衰。其中所倡导的关于自我与梦想的观点影响了无数的读者,帮助许多寻梦的美国人实现自己的愿望。

《钻石宝地》是一幕追求“生活在别处”的悲剧。一个原本安乐富足的农场主因为一个奇异的故事而变卖了自己所有的家业,背井离乡,渴望找到传说中的钻石宝地。他一路辗转迁徙,跋山涉水,几年过去了,他依然一无所获。有一天,已弹尽粮绝、精疲力竭的农场主绝望地来到海边,不幸被突然卷起的巨浪冲走,再也没有起来。几年后,购买他农场的人却在农场的溪流中发现了钻石。后来,这块土地成了世界上最大的钻石矿藏……

是的,不要总以为别人比自己强,不要总以为美好的生活离自己很遥远。其实,只要你善于关注自我,关注你周围的一切,你会发现,你自己就是一座从未被开启的宝藏。挖掘自己的潜力,你或许就能寻找到一片属于自己的天空;关注周围的一切,或许就会发现致富的契机。可事实上,人们总是舍近求远,而忽略了自己貌似最平常但又是最重要的东西。要知道,你所拥有的、离你最近的,才是最宝贵的。

斯宾诺莎曾说：

贪婪、野心、欲望，尽管没有被列为疾病，
但都是疯狂病症之一。

一个悲惨的故事

A Sad Story

When going down the Tigris and Euphrates rivers many years ago with a party of English travelers, I found myself under the direction of an old Arab guide whom we hired up at Bagdad, and I have often thought how that guide resembled our barbers in certain mental characteristics. He thought that it was not only his duty to guide us down those rivers, and do what he was paid for doing, but also to entertain us with stories curious and weird, ancient and modern, strange and familiar. Many of them I have forgotten, and I am glad I have, but there is one I shall never forget.

The old guide was leading my camel by its halter along the banks of those ancient rivers, and he told me story after story until I grew weary of his story-telling and ceased to listen. I have never been irritated with that guide when he lost his temper as I ceased listening. But I remember that he took off his Turkish cap and swung it in a circle to get my attention. I could see it through the corner of my eye, but I determined not to look straight at him for fear he would tell another story. But although I am not a woman, I did finally look, and as soon as I did he went right into another story.

Said he, "I will tell you a story now which I reserve for my particular friends." When he emphasized the words "particular friends," I listened, and I have ever been glad I did. The old guide told me that there once lived not far from the River Indus an ancient Persian by the name of Ali Hafed. He said that Ali Hafed owned a very large farm, that he had orchards, grain-fields, and gardens; that he had money at interest, and was a wealthy and contented man. He was contented because he was wealthy, and wealthy because he was contented.

One day there visited that old Persian farmer one of these ancient Buddhist priests, one of the wise men of the East. He sat down by the fire and told the old

farmer how this world of ours was made. He said that this world was once a mere bank of fog, and that the Almighty thrust His finger into this bank of fog, and began slowly to move His finger around, increasing the speed until at last He whirled this bank of fog into a solid ball of fire. Then it went rolling through the universe, burning its way through other banks of fog, and condensed the **moisture**¹ without, until it fell in floods of rain upon its hot surface, and cooled the outward crust. Then the internal fires bursting outward through the crust threw up the mountains and hills, the valleys, the plains and prairies of this wonderful world of ours. If this internal **molten**² mass came bursting out and cooled very quickly it became granite; less quickly copper, less quickly silver, less quickly gold, and, after gold, diamonds were made.

Said the old priest, “A diamond is a **congealed**³ drop of sunlight.” Now that is literally scientifically true, that a diamond is an actual deposit of carbon from the sun. The old priest told Ali Hafed that if he had one diamond the size of his thumb he could purchase the county, and if he had a mine of diamonds he could place his children upon thrones through the influence of their great wealth.

Ali Hafed heard all about diamonds, how much they were worth, and went to his bed that night a poor man. He had not lost anything, but he was poor because he was discontented, and discontented because he feared he was poor. He said, “I want a mine of diamonds,” and he lay awake all night.

Early in the morning he sought out the priest. When he shook that old priest out of his dreams, Ali Hafed said to him:

“Will you tell me where I can find diamonds?”

“Diamonds! What do you want with diamonds?”

“Why, I wish to be immensely rich.”

“Well, then, go along and find them. That is all you have to do: go and find them, and then you have them.”

“But I don’t know where to go.”

“Well, if you will find a river that runs through white sands, between high mountains, in those white sands you will always find diamonds.”

“I don’t believe there is any such river.”

“Oh yes, there are plenty of them. All you have to do is to go and find them, and then you have them.”

Said Ali Hafed, “I will go.”

So he sold his farm, collected his money, left his family in charge of a neighbor, and away he went in search of diamonds. He began his search, very properly to my mind, at the Mountains of the Moon. Afterward he came around into Palestine, then

wandered on into Europe, and at last when his money was all spent and he was in rags, wretchedness, and poverty, he stood on the shore of that bay at Barcelona, in Spain, when a great **tidal**⁴ wave came rolling in between the pillars of Hercules, and the poor, **afflicted**⁵, suffering, dying man could not resist the awful temptation to cast himself into that incoming tide, and he sank beneath its foaming crest, never to rise in this life again.



许多年以前,我和一群英国旅游者沿底格里斯河和幼发拉底河旅行,我们的向导是一位在巴格达雇佣的阿拉伯老人。我常常觉得,他的某种气质与我们的理发师很相似。他认为,他的职责不仅仅是带领我们沿河而行,做他所得的费用分内的事,而且还应该给我们讲许多故事——古怪的或神秘的、古老的或现代的、陌生的或熟悉的故事。他讲的许多故事我都忘记了,对此我并不遗憾,但是,有一个故事,我却永远不会忘记。

当时,老向导一边牵着我的骆驼缰绳走在古老的河岸上,一边给我讲着一个又一个的故事,直到我感到厌倦,再也听不下去了。我不听的时候,他就发脾气,但是我从来没有生他的气。我记得,他摘下那顶土耳其式的帽子,把它转成一个圆圈,以吸引我的注意力。我从眼角瞥了一下,但我决心不直视他,以免他再讲一个故事。可是尽管我不是一个像女人一样好奇的人,我最后还是看了看他;一见我看他,他就立刻开始讲一个新的故事。

他说:“现在我要给你讲一个故事,我总是把它留给我的特殊的朋友。”当他加重语气说“特殊的朋友”这几个字时,我决定用心倾听,我一直都很高兴我那样做了。老向导说,古时候,有一个叫阿里·哈菲德的波斯人,住在离印度河不远的地方。哈菲德有一个很大的农场,还拥有果园、田地和花园;他还放贷收取利息;他是个非常富足的人。他因富裕而知足,也因知足而富裕。

有一天,一位僧侣拜访了这个波斯农场主,僧侣是一位来自东方的智者。他在炉火边坐下后,便给农场主讲述我们的世界是怎样形成的。他说,这个世界最初只是一团雾,万能的神将一个手指插进这团雾里,开始慢慢搅动,并越搅越快,直到最后把这团雾搅成一个结实的火球。然后,火球在宇宙中滚动,燃烧着滚过其他的一团团雾,火球四周的水气逐渐凝结起来,直到变成滂沱大雨,降落在高温的表面,使外层的壳冷却。后来,里面的燃烧的火焰冲破了外壳,耸起了山脉、丘陵,形成了山谷、草

原,这才有了我们这个美妙的世界。熔解的物质从火球里喷出来,迅速冷却的就变成了花岗岩;随后冷却而成的是铜,然后是银,接下来是金,金之后,钻石就形成了。

僧侣说:“一颗钻石就是一粒凝固的阳光。”现在,从科学的角度来看,这种说法也是正确的,因为钻石实际上正是来自太阳的碳沉积而成的。僧侣告诉哈菲德,如果他有拇指大的一颗钻石,他就能买下这个小镇;如果他有一个钻石矿,他就能凭巨大的财力让他的孩子们登上王位。

听了钻石的故事,知道它们的价值之后,哈菲德当晚睡觉的时候,感觉自己已经是个穷人了。他并没有丢失任何东西,但却因为感到不满足而觉得自己贫穷了,也因为对贫穷的恐惧而变得不满。他对自己说,“我想要一个钻石矿”,并为此而失眠了。

第二天清早,哈菲德就去找僧侣。他将僧侣从梦乡中摇醒,对他说:

“请你告诉我在哪里能找到钻石?”

“钻石!你要钻石干什么?”

“哦,当然是想非常富有。”

“那么,好吧,去找钻石吧。你所要做的就是:去找它们,然后你就会拥有它们。”

“但是我不知道到哪里去找。”

“嗯,如果你找到了一条河,河水从白色的沙上流过,两边是高山,那么你就能在这些白沙里找到钻石。”

“我不相信有这样一条河。”

“有的,这样的河很多。你该做的就是,去寻找它们,然后你就会拥有它们。”

哈菲德说:“我会去的。”

于是他卖掉了农场,收回了贷款,并将家人托给一个邻居照顾,然后就上路去寻找钻石了。我想,他肯定是从月亮山开始寻找的。之后,他又来到巴勒斯坦,接着辗转进入欧洲,最后,他身无分文,衣衫褴褛,穷困潦倒,一贫如洗。一天,当他站在西班牙巴塞罗纳海湾的岸边,一个巨浪从两侧的峭壁间向他打来时,这个历尽艰辛、奄奄一息的可怜人,抵抗不住一种可怕的冲动,纵身跳进了迎面而来的潮水中,沉入白沫翻滚的浪涛中,再也没有浮上来。



珍惜此刻所拥有的,就等于在积累财富。然而,人的欲望是一种可怕的东西,它可以为人们成就一番伟业,也可以使人变得癫狂。当然,人若没有欲望就没有前进的动力,我们所要强调的是:欲望与贪婪和野心不同,若将这三者混淆在一起,必定祸患无穷。

热词盘点

1. moisture ['mɔɪstʃə] n. 潮湿, 湿气

例 The drug has lost its potency by being exposed to moisture.
这药因受潮失去了效力。

2. molten ['mɒltən] adj. 熔化的, 熔解的

例 The rising sun danced in water like molten gold.
初升的太阳犹如熔化的金子在水中荡漾。

3. congeal [kən'dʒi:əl] vt. (使)凝结

例 Water can congeal be ice, sweat can congeal be splendence.
水凝固成冰, 汗水凝固成辉煌!

4. tidal ['taɪdəl] adj. 潮汐的

例 Continuous energy flows include geothermal, solar, and tidal energy.
源源不绝的能源包括地热, 太阳能和潮汐能。

5. afflict [ə'flɪkt] vt. 使苦恼、疼痛或悲痛

例 The poor old man was afflicted with diabetes.
那可怜的老人受到糖尿病的折磨。

佳句欣赏

1. He thought that it was not only his duty to guide us down those rivers, and do what he was paid for doing, but also to entertain us with stories curious and weird, ancient and modern, strange and familiar.

他认为, 他的职责不仅仅是带领我们沿河而行, 做他所得的费用分内的事, 而且还应该给我们讲许多故事——古怪的或神秘的、古老的或现代的、陌生的或熟悉的故事。

2. He had not lost anything, but he was poor because he was discontented, and discontented because he feared he was poor.

他并没有丢失任何东西, 但却因为感到不满而觉得自己贫穷了, 也因为对贫穷的恐惧而变得不满。

理解测试

1. How did the old guide get my attention?

答 _____

2. What happened to Hafed at last?

答 _____

波伊提乌曾说：

在所有的不幸中，最不幸的就是曾经幸福过。

最大的钻石矿

The Most Magnificent Diamond-Mine

When that old guide had told me that awfully sad story, he stopped the camel I was riding on and went back to fix the baggage that was coming off another camel, and I had an opportunity to muse over his story while he was gone. I remember saying to myself, “Why did he reserve that story for his ‘particular friends’?” There seemed to be no beginning, no middle, no end, nothing to it. That was the first story I had ever heard told in my life, in which the hero was killed in the first chapter.

When the guide came back and took up the halter of my camel, he went right ahead with the story, into the second chapter, just as though there had been no break.

The man who purchased Ali Hafed’s farm one day led his camel into the garden to drink, and as that camel put its nose into the shallow water of that garden brook, Ali Hafed’s successor noticed a curious flash of light from the white sands of the stream. He pulled out a black stone having an eye of light reflecting all the hues of the rainbow. He took the pebble into the house and put it on the mantel which covers the central fires, and forgot all about it.

A few days later this same old priest came in to visit Ali Hafed’s successor, and the moment he opened that drawing-room door he saw that flash of light ‘on the mantel, and he rushed up to it, and shouted: “Here is a diamond! Has Ali Hafed returned?”

“Oh no, Ali Hafed has not returned, and that is not a diamond. That is nothing but a stone we found right out here in our own garden.”

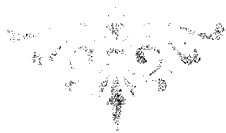
“But,” said the priest, “I tell you I know a diamond when I see it. I know positively that is a diamond.”

Then together they rushed out into that old garden and stirred up the white sands with their fingers, and lo! There came up other more beautiful and valuable gems than the first.

“Thus,” said the guide to me, and, friends, it is historically true, “was discovered the diamond-mine of Golconda, the most magnificent diamond-mine in all the history of mankind, excelling the Kimberley itself. The Kohinoor, and the Orloff of the crown jewels of England and Russia, the largest on earth, came from that mine.”

When that old Arab guide told me the second chapter of his story, he then took off his Turkish cap and swung it around in the air again to get my attention to the moral. Those Arab guides have morals to their stories, although they are not always moral. As he swung his hat, he said to me, “Had Ali Hafed remained at home and dug in his own cellar, or underneath his own wheat-fields, or in his own garden, instead of wretchedness, starvation, and death by suicide in a strange land, he would have had ‘acres of diamonds.’ For every acre of that old farm, yes, every shovelful, afterward revealed gems which since have decorated the crowns of monarchs.”

When he had added the moral to his story I saw why he reserved it for “his particular friends.” But I did not tell him I could see it. It was that mean old Arab’s way of going around a thing like a lawyer, to say indirectly what he did not dare say directly, that “in his private opinion, there was a certain young man then traveling down the Tigris River that might better be at home in America.” I did not tell him I could see that, but I told him his story reminded me of others, and I told them to him quick, and I think I will tell them to you.



讲完了这个极其悲惨的故事后,老向导停下了脚步,回身去扶另一匹骆驼身上滑下来的行李。趁他走开的工夫,我回想着这个故事,并问自己:“他为什么要把这样一个故事留给‘特殊的朋友’呢?”这个故事听起来没头没尾,也没有中间情节,什么也没有。那是我生平第一次听到这样的故事——在故事的第一部分主角就死了。

向导回来后,拿起了我那匹骆驼的缰绳,然后立即开始讲故事的第二部分,仿佛根本没停顿过一样。

有一天,买了哈菲德农场的那个人,牵着他的骆驼到花园里饮水。当骆驼将鼻子伸到花园小溪的浅水里的时候,这位买主发现在小溪底部的白沙中,一道奇异的

光芒在闪烁。他用手翻开白沙，挖出了一块熠熠生辉、闪耀着彩虹般光泽的石头。他把这块石头拿进屋，放在中央壁炉架上，随后就把它忘在脑后了。

几天后，那位僧侣来拜访哈菲德的这位买主。一打开客厅的门，他就看到了壁炉架上的那道闪光；他冲过去，喊道：“这是钻石！阿里·哈菲德回来了吗？”

“不，阿里·哈菲德没有回来，那也不是钻石，只不过是块石头，就在我们家的花园里找到的。”

“但是，”僧侣说，“我告诉你，只要看到钻石，我就能认出来。我可以肯定它是钻石。”

然后，他们一起冲到花园里，用手指在白沙中翻动，看啊！他们挖出了几块比先前那一块更美丽、更有价值的宝石。

老向导告诉我：“戈尔康达钻石矿就是这样被发现的，这是人类历史上最辉煌的钻石矿，远胜于金伯利钻石矿。世界上最大的钻石——英国国王王冠上的科依诺尔钻石和俄罗斯国王王冠上的奥尔洛夫钻石，就是从这个钻石矿挖掘出来的。”朋友们，这都是真实的历史。

讲完了故事的第二部分之后，这个阿拉伯老向导摘下他的土耳其式帽子，再次抛向空中，以使我留意故事的寓意。尽管故事并非总蕴含着深刻的道理，但那些阿拉伯导游却总是强调他们所讲的故事中的寓意。他一边抛帽子，一边对我说：“如果哈菲德待在家里，挖一挖自己的地窖、麦田和花园，而不是在陌生的土地上历尽艰辛、饥寒交迫，以致于最后自杀身亡，那么，他就会拥有那片‘钻石宝地’。是的，在他农场的每一亩地、每一铲土中，后来都挖出了钻石，这些钻石都曾经被镶嵌在国王的王冠上。”

当他讲出了故事的寓意后，我明白了他为什么要把这个故事留给“特殊的朋友”；但是我并没有告诉他我知道了其中的奥妙。这是这个狡猾的阿拉伯人的手段，他像律师一样转弯抹角地说出了他不敢直接说出的话，那就是“他私下认为，有一个本应待在美国家中的年轻人，现在却正沿着底格里斯河旅行”。我没有说我看穿了他的企图，反而告诉他，他的故事使我想起了另外几个故事。于是我很快便把这几个故事讲给了他，我认为也应该讲给你们听。



人类历史的进步向来都是循序渐进的，然而，当一个人被欲望冲昏了头脑之时，他往往会被一种虚幻的梦境所牵引，为此，他可以抛妻弃子，远赴重洋，甚至将一切抛诸脑后。他忘记了脚踏实地的重要性，更忘记了这种孤注一掷的做法除了获得成功之外还可能有一种结局。