



英汉双语对照

世纪才女

诗文锦集

A Collection of
Modern Chinese Women Writers

林徽因 苏雪林 陆小曼等 著 李珍 编译

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作 者 苏雪林 庐 隐 石评梅 冰 心
林徽因 陆小曼 萧 红 丁 玲
编 译 李 珍
责任编辑 田 智
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原名苏小梅,祖籍安徽太平,1897年3月26日生于浙江瑞安一个官僚世家。母亲善良谦恭,对她的性格有很大的影响。1914年考入安徽省立初级女子师范学校,毕业后留教该校附小,与庐隐做过短暂的同事。1918年秋天北京国立女子高等师范专科学校开始招生前夕,和庐隐一样,苏雪林也来到北京,初作旁听生,一年后正式考入该校国文系。此外,她的同时代人还有石评梅、冯沅君等才女,老师中也有胡适、李大钊、周作人等名家。受到他们的影响,她开始对写作产生浓厚的兴趣。1921年还未毕业,苏雪林考取了在法国里昂的中法学院,两年后正式进入里昂国立艺术学院,初习美术,后改文学。

1925年还未完成学业的苏雪林奉母之命回国,与素昧平生的工程师张宝龄结婚。她的成名之作、散文《绿天》一文即记述了其婚后不久的幸福生活。不幸的是,这段无爱的婚姻只维持了几年便以双方分居告终。她稍后出版的自传体小说《棘心》即可视为对这段婚姻始末的一个完整注解;在这本书的前言中她写道:我以我的血和泪,刻骨的疚心,永久的哀慕写成这本书,纪念我最爱的母亲。此后她一直与姐姐生活在一起。从1928年起,苏雪林先后任教苏州东吴大学、上海沪江大学、安徽大学及武汉大学。在武大任教期间,她结识了同为中国现代文学史上著名女作家的袁昌英和凌叔华,三人经常在武大所在的珞珈山上谈诗论画,因此享有“珞珈三杰”的美誉。1949年她去了香港,在真理学会任编辑。1950年到台湾教书,同年前往巴黎研究神话两年。1952年回国后,先后任教台湾师范大学、台南成功大学及新加坡南洋大学。期满后回台,继续任教成功大学,一直到退休。1999年4月21日,在她任教半生的成功大学,苏雪林走过了她漫长的人生旅程,享年102岁。

苏雪林是一个多产作家。但是,除了她早年的成名作之外,她的作品在大陆并不为人所知。这一方面是由于她长期居台,另一方面与她大半生的“反鲁”立场不无关系。但君子不因人废言。20世纪30年代初,现代著名文艺批评家阿英曾称其为“女性作家中最

优秀的散文作者”，她的多篇散文至今仍是台湾中学国文课本的保留篇目。

“雪满山中高士卧，月明林下美人来”出自明代诗人高启的《梅花九首》中的第一首，《红楼梦曲·终身误》中的“空对着，山中高士晶莹雪，终不忘，世外仙姝寂寞林”即由此化来，苏雪林的名字也来源于此。

绿天¹

亚当和夏娃的地上乐园²，真是太令人神往了，数千年来，有着不少口碑来传述它，不少诗歌来咏叹它，不少散文来铺张它，连学习工科，平日对于《圣经》素少寓目的石心，也常常对我说：“我想寻找一区隔绝市嚣，水木清华³的地方，建筑一所屋子，不和俗人接见。在那儿，你做夏娃，我便做亚当，岂不好吗？”

石心的性格原是很孤僻的，所以有这样的想法。我却颇爱热闹，虽也不喜交际，却爱有几个知心的朋友，互相往还，但对于尘嚣，也同他一样厌恶。因为我的祖父，都是由山野出来的，我也曾在乡村生活过多少时候，我原完全是个自然的孩子啊！

石心因为职务的关系，住在上海。他每天到远在二三十里外的工厂去工作。早晨六点钟动身，晚上六点钟才得回家，只有星期日方能自由。

他上工去后，我就把自己关闭在一个又深又窄的天井底，沉沉寂寂，度过我水样的年华。偶然出门在马路上散散步，眼睛里所见的无非工厂烟囱袅袅上升的黑烟，耳朵里所听的无非是隆隆轧轧的电车和摩托车。我渴想着我从前所爱的花、鸟、云、阳光、绿野……但这些事物不但闪躲着，不和我的实际相接触，连我的梦境里都不来现一现，于是我的心灵，便渐渐陷于枯寂和烦闷之中了。

我曾读过都德《磨房书札》，最爱《西简先生的小羊》那一篇。⁴咳，现在我也变成这小白羊了，它虽然被系在芳草芊芊的圈子里，受着主人百端爱抚，却永远翘望着那边的崇山峻岭，幻想着那垂枝的青松，清香的野桐花，银色的瀑布，晚风染紫了的秋山，鼻子向着遥天，“咩！”“咩！”发出一声声悠长的叫唤。

某年，即上海为五十年所未有的酷热所燃烧之一年，某月，即秋声和鸿雁同来之月，我们由上海搬到苏州城里来了。

起先⁵，石心接着苏州东吴大学的聘书，请他为该大学理科主任，并允许由学校赁给我们屋子一所。那时我们并不知新屋是怎样一个形式，想象

那或是几间平房，有一个数丈长宽的庭院，庭中或者还有一两株树，少许的花草；不过这样于我已经很好，我只要不再做天井底的蛙，耳畔不再听见喧闹的车马声，于愿已足，住宅就说狭小一点，外边旷阔清美的景物，是可以补偿这个缺点的⁶。吴城这个文化古城环境的幽静，我也算闻名已久了，所以石心接到聘书之后，心里尚在踌躇不决，我却极力地怂恿。啊，西简先生的小羊已经厌倦了栅和圈，它要毅然投向大自然的怀抱里去了！

于是石心决定了赴苏州教书的计划。

我们的行李运去之后，石心先去布置房子，我于第二天带了些零杂用品离开了上海。

我虽然已在苏州生活过，但对于东吴大学许给我们居住的屋子所在，却弄不明白，我便到景海女师，请校长洛宾孙女士引导我去。

洛女士是美国人，性情极为和蔼，见我来得很高兴；听见石心也来苏州教书，更为欢喜。她请我坐了，请出她朋友沙女士来陪我，又倒给我一杯冰柠檬水。两个钟头在火车里所受的暑热，正使我焦渴呢，喝了那杯水，真感到甘露沁心般的爽快⁷。

我谈起请她引导去看新居的话，她说：“那屋子很好，我常想住而不可得，你们能够得到这样住所，运气真不错呀！”

“她们住在这样精雅的屋子里，还羡慕我们的住所，那么，那屋子一定不怎样坏吧。”我心里这样想着。

喝完冰水后，她和沙女士引我走出学校，逆着刚才我走来的道路，沿着天赐庄河走了十分钟，进了一堵墙，我们便落在一片大空场之中，场中只有一个小茅舍，余无别物。我正在疑惑，洛女士指着屋后一道矮墙和一丛森森的树木对我说：“你们的屋子在这墙里。”

推开板扉，里面竟有一园，园里有一座虽不精致而极适宜于居住的双幢屋子。

呀，这真是“山穷水尽疑无路，柳暗花明又一村”⁸！

走到屋前，石心听见我们的声音，含笑由屋中走出。洛女士和他寒暄了几句话，便作别去了。

等她出了板扉，我就牵着石心的手，快乐得直跳起来，说道：“有这样一

个好园庭给我们住，我简直做梦也没有想到！”

我们牵着手在园里团团走了一转，这园的景物便都了然在心了。

园的面积，约有四亩大小，一座坐北朝南，半中半西的屋子，位于园的后边。屋之前面及左右，长廊环绕，夏季可以招纳凉风，而冬天则可以在廊子上躺着软椅负暄⁹，这一点，可说是最中我意了。

这园的地势颇低，而且园中杂树蒙密，日光不易穿漏，地上常觉潮湿，所以屋子是架空的。它离地约六七尺高，看去似乎是楼，其实并不是楼。屋子下面不能住人，只好堆煤，积柴，或者放置不用的家具。

园中尚有一个丈许高的土墩，登其上，可以眺望墙外广场中青青的草色，和东吴大学附近的那一双秀丽的塔影。

园中的草似乎多时没人来刈除了，高下杂乱地生长着。草里缠纠着许多牵牛花和茑萝花，猩红万点，映掩浅黄浓绿间，画出新秋的诗意。¹⁰还有白的雏菊，黄的红的大理花，繁星似的金钱菊，丹砂似的鸡冠，都在荒园里争妍斗艳。秋花不似春花：桃李的秾华，牡丹芍药的富丽，不过给人以温馨之感，你想于温馨之外，更领略一种清健的韵致，幽峭的情绪么？那么，你应当认识秋花。¹¹

讲到树，最可爱的莫如那几株榆树了，树干臃肿丑怪，大皆合抱，有如图画中所画的古木。青苔覆足，长春藤密密蒙盖了一身，测其高寿，至少都在一两百岁以上。西边一株榆树已经枯死了，紫藤花一株，攀附其根，蜿蜒而上，到了树巅，忽又倒挂下来，变成渴蛟饮涧的姿势。可惜未到春天，藤花还没有开，不然，绿云堆里，香雪霏霏，手执一卷，坐于树下，真如置身华严世界中呢。¹²

有一株双叉的榆树最高。天空里闲荡的白云，结着伴儿常在树梢头游来游去，树儿伸出带瘰的突兀的瘦臂，向空奋拏，似乎想攫住它们，云儿却也乖巧，只不即不离地在树顶上游行，不和它的指端相触；这样撩拨得树儿更加愤怒，臂伸得更长，好像要把青天抓破！

春风带了新绿来，阳光又抱着树枝接吻，老树的心也温柔了。¹³它抛开了那些顽皮讨厌的云儿，也来和自然嬉戏了。你看，它有时童心发作，将清风招来密叶里，整天缥缈地奏出仙乐般声音。它又拼命使自己叶儿茂盛，苍

翠的颜色，好像一层层的绿波，我们的屋子便完全浸在空翠之中。在树下仰头一望，那一片明净如雨后天光的秋天，也几乎看不见了。呀，天也给它们涂绿了。绿天深处，我们真个在绿天深处！

“这园子虽荒凉，却富有野趣，”石心笑着对我说道，“要是隔壁没有别人搬来，便也可以算作我们俩的地上乐园了啦！”

我没回答他的话，只注视着那些大榆树，眼前仿佛涌现了一个幻象。¹⁴

杲杲秋阳，忽然变得眩目地强烈，似乎是赤道一带的日光。满园的树木，也像经了魔杖的指点，全改了模样：梧桐亭亭直上，变成热带的棕榈，扇形大叶，动摇微风中，筛下满地的日影。榆树也化成参天拔地的大香木，满树缀着大朵的红花，垂着累累如宝石如珊瑚的果实。空气中香气蓬勃，非檀非麝，闻之只令人陶然欲醉而已。¹⁵

长尾的猴儿，在树梢头窜来窜去，轻捷如飞。有时用臂钩着树枝，将身子悬在空中，晃晃荡荡地打秋千顽耍。骄傲的孔雀，展开它们锦屏风般的大尾，带着催眠的节拍，徐徐打旋，在向它们的情侣献着殷勤。红嘴绿毛的鹦鹉和各式各样的珍禽异鸟，穿梭般在树叶间飞来飞去，悠扬宛转的歌声使整个静穆空间为之震颤。¹⁶

树下还有许多野兽呢，但它们都驯扰不惊，亲睦无猜，像是一个家庭里长大的。毛鬣壮丽的狮子却抱着小绵羊睡觉。长颈鹿静悄悄地在数丈高的树梢，摘食新鲜叶儿，摆出一副哲学家的神气。金钱豹和梅花鹿在林中竞走。白象用鼻子汲取河水，仰天喷射，做出一股奇异的喷泉，引得河马们张开阔口，哈哈大笑。

这里没有所谓害人的东西，凶恶的鳄鱼懒洋洋地躺在河边，在做着它们的沙漠之梦。一条条红绿斑斓的蛇，并不想噬人，也不想劝人偷吃什么智慧之果¹⁷，只悠闲地蟠绕树上，有时也吱吱地唱着它们蛇的曲儿。那声音悠长、幽抑，如洞箫之咽风。响尾蛇则摇着尾巴，发出咚咚的鼓声，像是按和着节拍。

这里的空气，是鸿蒙开辟以来的清气。它尚未经过闹市红尘的溷浊，也没有经过潘都拉箱中虫翅的扰乱¹⁸，所以是这样新鲜，这样澄洁，包孕着永久的和平、快乐，和壮严灿烂的将来。

树木深处，瀑布像月光般静静地泻下。小溪儿带着沿途野花野草的新消息，不知流到什么地方去。朝阴夕晖，气象变化，林中的光景，也就时刻不同：时而包裹在七色的虹霓光中，时而隐现于银纱的薄雾里。¹⁹……

流泉之畔，隐约有一男一女在那里闲步。这就是人类的元祖，天主用黄土抟成的人，地上乐园的管领者。²⁰……

“你又痴痴儿地在想什么呢？我们的屋子还没有收拾妥帖，进去吧。”石心用手在我肩上一拍，啊，一切的幻象都消失了，我们依然置身于这红尘世界里！

但是，世上哪有什么真的幸福，我们又何妨就把这个庭院当作我们的地上乐园呢？

一切我们过去心灵上的创痕，一切时代的烦闷，一切将来世途上不可避免的苦恼，都请不要闯进这个乐园来，让我们暂时做个和和平平的好梦。这不是什么过奢的愿望，我想命运之神是可以垂允的吧！

乌鸦，休吐你的不祥之言；画眉，快奏你的新婚之曲。

祝福，地上的乐园。祝福，园中的万物。祝福，这绿天深处的双影。

In the Bosom of a Sky Green

The Garden of Eden where Adam and Eve lived has long been viewed as a paradise on earth and dreamed of by many people. For thousands of years there have been countless tales relating it, countless poems exalting it, and countless proses exploring it. Even my husband Shi Xin who is an engineer with little interest in the Bible constantly says to me, “I want to find a place secluded, riverine and wooded, where I shall build a cottage and meet no worldly man. And there you can be Eve and I Adam. Isn't it a good idea?”

A born introvert as he is, it is natural that Shi Xin possesses such an idea.

Also disliking social intercourse, I belong to the sociable kind though. I enjoy very much the existence of several bosom friends on visiting terms. But when it comes to city life, my disgust is no less than that of my husband, for my grandfather is a farmer, and I myself have also once lived in the countryside for quite a while. I was a born child of nature!

We lived in Shanghai then, as Shi Xin's job was there. Traveling nearly ten miles to work every day, he would set off at 6:00 am and arrive home at 6:00 pm; and only on Sunday can he have a day off.

After he left for work, I would shut myself inside the deep, narrow yard, idling away my flowery days in its drowsy, dreamy atmosphere. Occasionally I would take a walk into the street. But what came into sight was nothing but murky clouds of smoke, while what poured down into ears was all rumbling of streetcars, motorbikes and trucks. I longed for the pleasing flowers, birds, clouds, sunshine and also fields, but they were all dodging me; and even in dreams I could not catch a glimpse of them. Thus my heart gradually sunk into ennui and gloom.

I have once read the French writer Alphonse Daudet's *Letters from My Mill*, of which the story of *Mr Seguin's Goat* is my favorite. I was very much like the goat at the moment. In spite of the verdant pasture inside her hedge, and regardless of her master's loving care, the little goat dreamt of gamboling and grazing on the mountains, where there supposed to be old pines with long branches, scented wildflowers, silver waterfalls, and slopes dyed violet by the evening breeze of autumn. Thus head towards the mountains, nostrils open, she would be bleating all day, "Meh, meh ..."

Then in the year when the weather in Shanghai was the hottest for the past fifty years, in the autumn season when all swallows flied here to spend their winter, we really got such an opportunity to leave Shanghai and head for the city of Suzhou.

The whole story went like this. Shi Xin received a letter from Dongwu University of Suzhou, in which they invited him to be head of its Science Department, and offered to let us a house as the dwelling. We had no idea of what the new house would be at that time; we only imagined it as several bungalows with a small yard, in which there might even be one tree or two,

and some grass perhaps. But that was enough for me, one who had long dreamt to jump out of that deep and narrow yard, and get rid of the rumbling of the vehicles. In one way it might be somewhat small, but in another way the open, beautiful scenery about served a good redeeming point. Besides, Suzhou is an old city steeped in culture heritage and known for its quietness. So when the letter of invitation arrived and Shi Xin was still hesitating, I added my words of persuasion in good time. Oh, Mr Seguin's goat had been bored of her stake and stable, and decided resolutely to fling herself into the bosom of nature!

Thus Shi Xin decided upon the plan to teach in Suzhou.

After our luggage was mailed to the destination, Shi Xin went ahead of me to tidy up the house, while I departed on the second day with some trivial household articles.

Although I had once lived in Suzhou for a time, I had no idea where our new house was located. Thus I visited Jinghai Female Normal Institute first, planning to ask Ms Robinson who was the school's president to accompany me there.

Ms Robinson was a kind-hearted American. She showed great delight in my appearance, and was very glad to learn that my husband was also to teach there. Having me seated, she introduced her friend Ms Sarah to me, and offered me a glass of icy lemonade. The two hours' sweltering trip on the train had made me extremely thirsty; the drink well refreshed me with its cool sweetness.

I then asked if she could accompany me to our new dwelling, on which she commented, "It was a good house indeed. I have long desired to live there but had no chance. A nice dwelling. You are really lucky."

"She has such an exquisite dwelling but still admires ours. Then it cannot be too bad," I said to myself.

After the drink, Ms Robinson and her friend showed me out of the school, and onto the road I previously took. Together we walked in the opposite direction along a river, for about ten minutes, when we entered a gate and came to a great, open ground. What appeared before eyes was nothing but a small thatched cottage. I was wondering where to go when Ms

Robinson pointed to a dwarf wall behind the cottage with a thick grove of trees, and spoke to me, "Your house is there, inside the wall."

Opening the door, I really found a garden, and also two houses, which though not exquisite, were extremely suitable for living.

Oh, "Where hills bend, streams wind and the pathway seems to end, / Past dark willows and flowers in bloom lies another village." The word said it!

As we approached the house, our voices resonating in the air, Shi Xin came out of the house with a big smile. Ms Robinson chattered with him for a while, and then took her leave.

As soon as she walked out of the door, I took Shi Xin by the hand and jumped in glee. "Oh, it should be a dwelling so beautiful! I couldn't have dreamt it better!"

Hand holding with each other, we took a walk around the garden, and then everything was kept in mind.

The garden took up an area of about two thirds of an acre, with a south-facing house on the merits of both Chinese and Western styles lying behind. Porches were built in front, and along the two sides of the house, offering an ideal place for us to enjoy the cool in summer and recline basking in the sun in winter. This feature satisfied me most.

Located in a rather low position and thickly shaded by overhanging trees which stopped the sunshine, the earth in the garden was quite damp. So the houses were built suspending in the air. About six feet high above the earth, they looked like storied buildings but were actually different from a storied building. The ground floor was not suitable for living and thus could only be used to store coals, firewood or wasted furniture.

Besides, in the garden there was also a mound about ten feet high. Standing above it, you can see both the grass in the open ground outside the dwarf wall and the beautiful silhouette of the pagoda by Dongwu University unfolding themselves.

Overgrown with weeds, the garden seemed to have stayed unattended for a long time. The grass was studded with morning glories and star glories, whose scarlet red livened up the ocean of yellowish-green, and added to the season a poetic touch. Besides, there were also white daisies, yellow or pink

dahlias, dense calliopsis, and hot-colored cockscombs; all were in their full bloom. Autumn flowers are different from the flowers in spring. The spectacular peach and plum blossoms or the voluptuous peonies only give visual pleasures. To appreciate a unique kind of beauty that is both plain and elegant, a unique kind of disposition that is both sentimental and soothing, you are supposed to know autumn flowers.

As regards trees, I could find nothing more lovely than those several elms. Their trunks were gnarled and clumsy, as those often shown in traditional Chinese paintings, whose perimeter fitting right into your arm. With a mossy base and ivy leafage about, they were all known for their longevity, even the youngest of which was over one hundred years old. Along a withered elm tree on the western side, a Chinese wisteria had winded its vines into the treetop, but twisted down suddenly to the earth again at its twig, like a thirsty dragon drinking from a valley. A pity that it was not spring yet, and the vine had not yet blossomed, or else what a romantic thing it would be to take a book and be seated under the tree, with an eye-ful of greenness overhead and refreshing fragrance permeating around!

Of all the elm trees, the one in a dichotomous pattern was the highest. From time to time, a few amber clouds floated across his crest in clusters; unable to resist the temptation, the tree extended his gnarled, lanky arms to the air, in an attempt to seize them. The clouds though, were clever enough to keep a proper distance from his head, precariously avoiding physical touch with him. Such flirtation irritated the tree even more; he stretched his arms to such an extent that it seemed as if he were to tear the sky apart!

Catching this, the breeze appeared in time, caressing his leaves with her tender fingers; and the sun too, came to hold his branches to her bosom and kept kissing him, which touched the old tree's heart deeply. He forgot about those mischievous, annoying clouds, and went to frolic with nature as well. Like a child, sometimes he would invite the breeze to his leaves, and play ethereal music for him. Sometimes he tried to make himself an ocean of foliage producing waves of greenness, which drowned our house completely in its shade. Seen from beneath the tree, the former autumn sky as clear and serene as a washed lake was almost invisible! And even the sky had been dyed