

# ACRES OF DIAMONDS

[英] 拉塞尔·康韦尔/著

Russell H · Conwell

中英对照



激励世界的经典演讲丛书

# [没理由] 过穷日子

一部全球巡讲**6124**次的励志类演讲稿  
被誉为“美国最伟大的演讲”之一

中国书籍出版社

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# [没理由] 过穷日子

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You ought to get rich,  
and it is your duty to get rich.

What is now the opportunity of the smaller man.

The time never came in the history of the world  
when you could get rich so quickly manufacturing without  
capital as you can now.

Your wealth is too near to you.

You are looking right over it.

.....



你们应该过上富裕的生活，

这是你们的责任。

小人物的机会来了。

以前从来没有过这么好的时机，

让没有资本的人也能很快通过制造业富裕起来。

财富就在身边，

只要你低头就能看见。



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





很多年前，我和一支英国旅行队一起沿着底格里斯河及幼发拉底河沿河而下。导游是我们在巴格达雇的一位阿拉伯老向导，直到现在我还经常想起他，我觉得他在某些精神特征上与我们非常接近。他觉得既然拿了我们的报酬，就应该履行职责，带领我们沿河而下，而且还应该讲些各种各样的故事逗我们开心，缓解旅途中的劳累。他讲的故事既有古代的也有现代的，既有我们熟悉也有不熟悉的。他那些千奇百怪的故事我大多已经忘得干干净净了，但值得庆幸的是，其中有一个我却永生难忘。

记得当时这位可爱的老向导抓着缰绳，牵着我的骆驼沿着那条古老的河流向前走，一路上都在不停地讲故事，我后来实在有点厌烦，不想再听下去了。老向导看我不再听了很生气，但我并不恼火。我透过眼角的余光看到他摘下那顶土耳其帽子用力挥舞，想吸引我的注意，我决定不用正眼看他，免得他接着讲故事。但尽管我不是女人，却也难敌好奇心，最后还是忍不住看了他一眼，结果他立即又开始了下一个故事。

他说：“接下来的这个故事是专门留给特别的朋友听的。”他



particular friends." When he emphasized the words "particular friends," I listened, and I have ever been glad I did. I really feel devoutly thankful. 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 field, 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 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





竟用了个“特别的朋友”这几个字，让我产生了极大的兴趣，于是认真听了起来——我一直为自己当时明智的做法而感到高兴。我很感谢老向导和他的这个故事。老向导告诉我：从前在离印度河不远的地方，住着一位年老的波斯人，名叫阿里·哈菲德，他拥有一个很大的农场，农场里有果园、稻田和花园，他还能提供贷款，赚取利息，生活很富有，也很满足。有一天，一位年长的佛教僧人前来拜访这位波斯老人。这位僧人是东方的贤明之士，他在哈菲德家的火炉旁坐下，开始向这位农场主描述世界的形成。僧人说这个世界在最原始的时期只是一团浓雾，佛祖把手伸进浓雾中开始慢慢转动，转动的速度越来越快，最后把浓雾旋转成了一个实心的火球。火球旋转着穿越宇宙，一路燃烧着穿透其他浓雾，外部的湿气逐渐浓缩，表面下起了大雨，火球的表层经历大雨后冷却下来了，这时火球内部的火焰喷发出来，把我们这个美妙世界大大小小的山峰、峡谷、平原和草原全都烧得一塌糊涂。



wonderful world of ours. If this internal molten 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 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. I know by experience that a priest is very cross when awakened early in the morning, and when he shook that old priest out of his dreams, Ali Hafed said to him:



喷出来的岩浆如果快速冷却，就变成了花岗石；冷却速度稍慢一些的就变成了铜；再慢一些的变成了银；然后是金子；最后冷却下来的就是钻石。

僧人说：“钻石是阳光的凝结物。”这一点已经被科学证明属实，钻石实际上就是来自太阳的碳沉积物。老僧人对阿里·哈菲德说，倘若你拥有一颗拇指大小的钻石，就可以买下整个城镇，倘若有一座钻石矿，孩子们就会富甲天下，足以当上国王。

哈菲德听僧人说了很多关于钻石的事，了解了钻石的价值。当天晚上睡觉时他生平第一次觉得自己很穷。其实他的财产并没有减少，只是不满足的情绪让他觉得自己很穷，而他之所以不满足，又是因为害怕贫穷。他对自己说，“我想要一个钻石矿。”那天晚上他彻夜未眠。

他第二天一早就去寻找那位僧人。凭我的经验，僧人一大早被人叫醒通常都会大发雷霆，而阿里·哈菲德就把老僧人从睡梦中惊醒，问他：



"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,



“你能告诉我哪里能找到钻石吗？”

“钻石！你要钻石干什么？”

“我想变得很富有。”

“唔，是这样，那就去找吧，只要你去找，就会得到钻石的。”

“但我不知道去哪里找。”

“要是能找到一条穿过高山，流过一片白色沙滩的河流，就可以在那片沙滩上找到钻石。”

“我不相信有这样的河流。”

“当然有，而且有很多。你只要去寻找，就会找到钻石。”

哈菲德说，“那我就去找了。”

于是哈菲德卖掉了农场，委托邻居帮他看家，带着钱踏上了寻找钻石的旅程。他是从“月亮山脉”开始的，后来去了巴勒斯坦，然后去了欧洲，到最后花光了所有的钱，变得衣衫褴褛，穷困潦倒。他站在西班牙巴塞罗纳海岸，看到一股巨浪冲进赫尔克



wretchedness, and poverty, he stood on the shore of that bay at Barcelona, in Spain, when a great tidal wave came rolling in between the pillars of Hercules, and the poor, afflicted, 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.

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, and would be the first one I ever read, in which the hero was killed in the first chapter. I had but one chapter of that story, and the hero was dead.

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



里斯石竹中间，于是穷苦不堪、饱受折磨、奄奄一息的哈菲德跳入汹涌而来的波浪中，再也没有露出水面。

老向导讲完这个悲惨的故事后，把我的骆驼停下来，回头重新固定另一匹骆驼身上即将滑落的行李。这样我正好有机会独自思考这个故事。我问自己，“他为什么要把这个故事留给‘特别的朋友’呢？”这个故事既没有精彩的开端，也没有激动人心的高潮，更没有出其不意的结局，根本算不上一个好故事。主人公在故事一开始就死了，我还从来没有听过，也没有读到过这样的故事呢。

老向导回来重新牵起我的骆驼缰绳，接着往下讲，就像从来没有中断过一样。买下阿里·哈菲德农场的人有一天牵着骆驼到花园饮水，就在骆驼把鼻子伸进园中里的浅溪时，男人突然注意到小溪旁的白色沙滩上发出一道耀眼的光。于是他拣起了那块黑色





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 Giaconda, the most magnificent diamond mine in all the history of mankind, excelling the Kimberly itself. The Kohinoor, and the Orloff of



的石头，石头在阳光下反射出五颜六色的光芒。他把石头拿进屋，放在火炉架上，过后就把这件事忘了。

几天后，那位老僧人前来拜访这位新任农场主人。他一打开客厅的大门就看到壁炉架上耀眼的光芒，立即冲过去大声说，“这有一颗钻石！是阿里·哈菲德回来了吗？”“不，他没回来，那不是钻石，只不过是我们在花园里拣到的一颗石子。”“不，”老僧人说，“我绝不会认错，我敢肯定这是颗钻石。”

随后他们一起冲进那个古老的花园，趴在河滩上用手指翻找，天啊！他们发现了比第一颗更漂亮更值钱的宝石。“就这样，”老向导对我说，朋友们，他的话是千真万确的，“他们发现了人类历史上最大的钻矿，‘戈尔康达’钻石矿，它的产量比‘金伯利’矿还要大。后来英国和俄国王冠上的‘科依诺尔钻’和‘沃罗弗

