

The 50 Most
Soul-stirring Proses in the World

世界上最优美的 50篇散文

(美) 海伦·凯勒等著 曲英姿译

英汉双语
典藏版

百年时光历练出的优美文字
世界文学史上最美妙的华章

世界上最美丽的英文



机械工业出版社
CHINA MACHINE PRESS



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鲁迅在《怎么写》中指出：“散文的体裁，其实是大可以随便的。”冰心在《谈散文》中说：“散文比较自由。”正是由于具有“形散神不散”的不拘一格的表现方式，散文才成为古今中外无论山野村夫抑或达官显贵的最爱。本书精选了世界上最优美的 50 篇散文，其文笔清新隽永，语言优美凝练，构思别具匠心，感情深厚真挚。希望精彩的文字会给你带来精彩的生活。

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前 言

PREFACE

世界上最优美的散文是哪一篇?世界上最感人的书信是谁写的?世界上最美丽的风景在哪里?一个个问题牵动我们的思绪,勾起我们的遐思。我们的心底泛起层层波澜,我们幻想着陶醉于自然美景中的惬意,我们心灵深处的清泉为它而流淌——“世界上最美丽的英文”。

我们无法一睹原作者的尊容,可是他们笔尖下的情诗依旧散发着馨香,他们讲台上的演讲仍然萦绕在我们耳畔,他们亲切的话语在信纸上娓娓道来,他们楚楚生情的语言滋养着我们的心灵,他们展示给我们的梦幻旖旎的风景令我们身心舒畅。

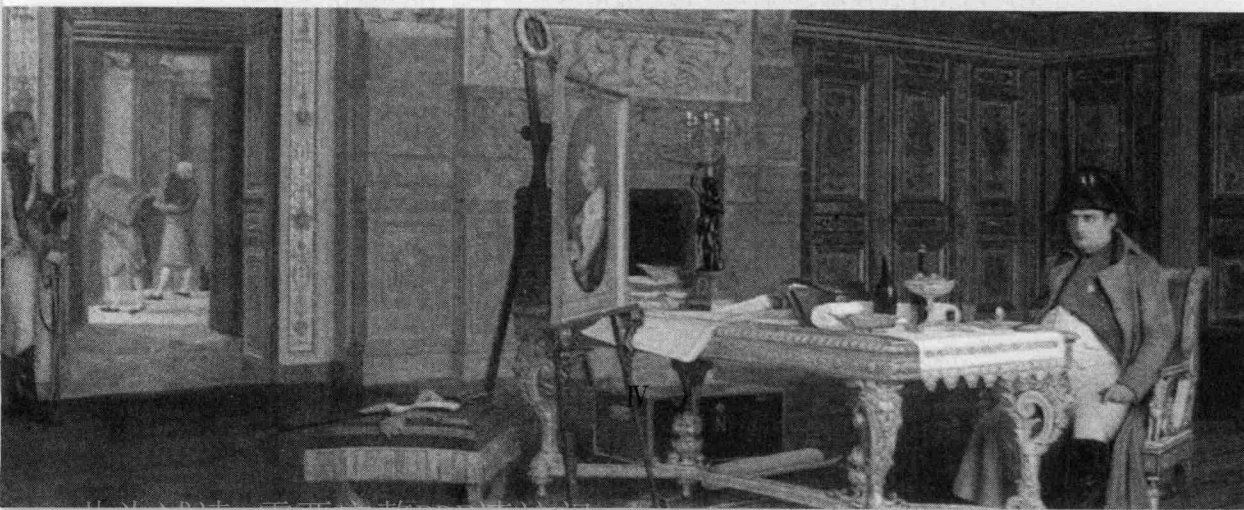
“世界上最美丽的英文”系列共8本,囊括了散文、诗歌、书信和演讲词等各种体裁,以满足不同读者的阅读口味。散文取材广泛,融合了记叙、说明、抒情、议论、描写等丰富多彩的表达方式,如同五彩斑斓的风景画,惹人喜爱,让人陶醉。诗歌融合了多种抒情方式,语言高度凝练,思想内容集中,想象丰富,集节奏感和韵律美于一身。书信以真实情感为核心,或抒情,或议论,或叙述,都是围绕作者的心灵体验和感悟而展开,亲切感人。演讲词语言绚丽多彩,既具美感,又催人奋进。

“世界上最美丽的英文”系列中各分册的文章皆选自外国名篇，并配有中文译文。英文原汁原味，中文凝聚着中国的文化韵味。二者思想境界相同而语言风格各具风采。不同的民族和地域都有自己独特的文化渊源、文化底蕴、文化精髓以及文化传统。西方文学是世界文学的一部分，也是世界文坛上一颗耀眼的明珠，与东方文学遥相媲美。

和东方文化的重精神性相比，西方文化更重物质性。因此，无论是议论、抒情，还是描写，西方文学都更加贴近现实物质世界，语言直白却又不失诙谐幽默，艺术表现形式直接而又不乏韵味。

无论是古代的还是现代的，无论是名人的大作还是普通人的小感触，它们都要么歌颂伟大的爱情，要么描写自然景观，要么催人奋进，要么赞颂生命，或悲凉或激昂，或扣人心弦或发人深思；它们都向我们展示了一种美——容貌的美、心灵的美、爱情的美、精神的美、生命的美、自然的美……大自然把美赐予我们，文学把这种美表现出来。唯有敞开心扉，才能让这种美流入我们的心田，滋润我们的生命。纵然年华易逝，但只要有美，生命的魅力就会像陈年佳酿一样，历久弥香。

考虑到广大读者的理解和欣赏需要，我们为部分分册适当增加了作者简介、作品赏析、背景赏析以及单词解析等，以便帮助读者更好地阅读和学习，做到学有所获。



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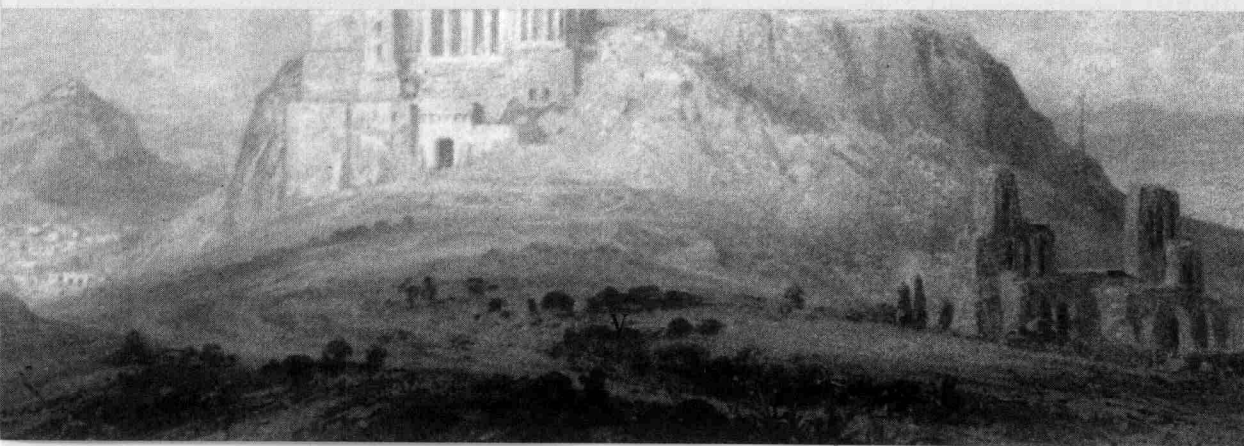
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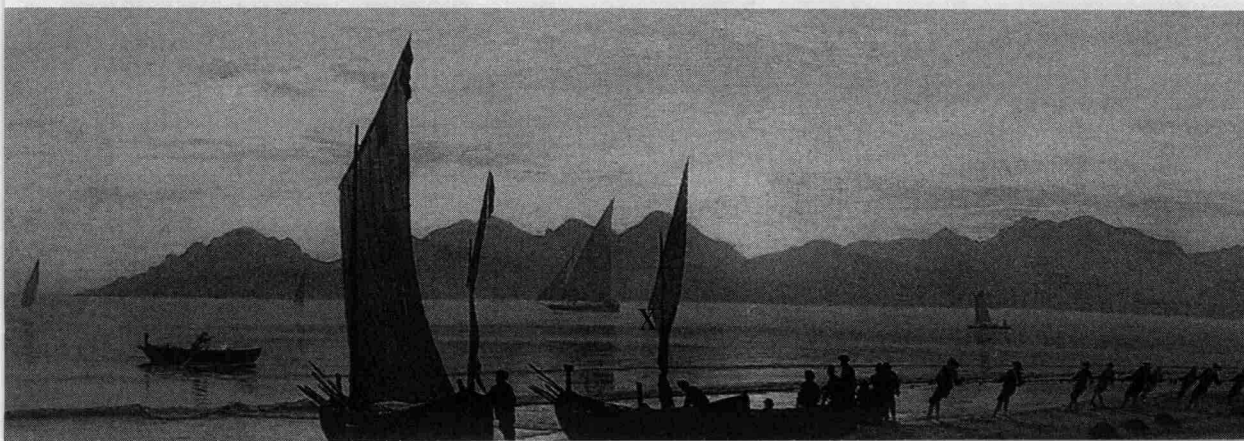
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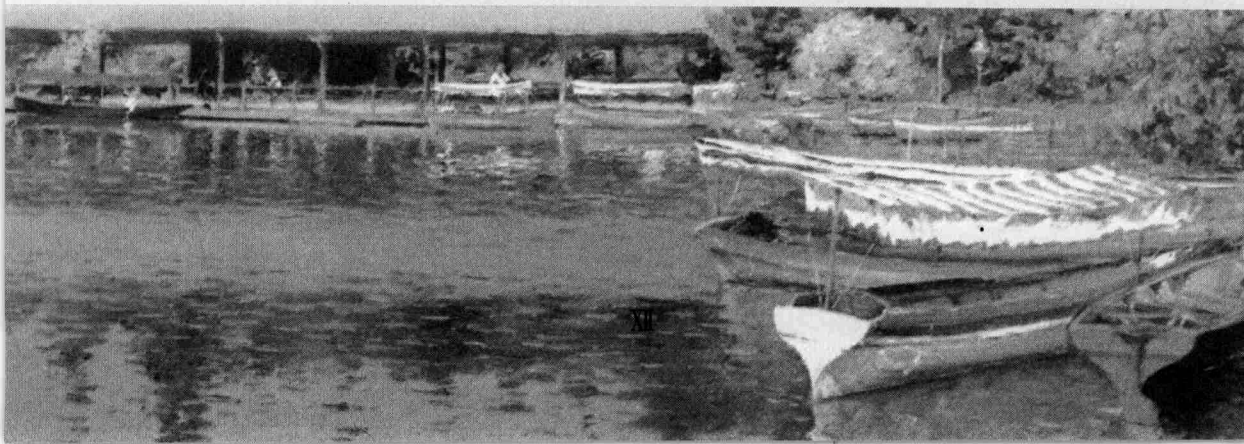
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Part 1

The Road to Success

我相信,个人拥有至高无上的价值,拥有生存、自由与追求幸福的权利。

我相信,每一项权利都必然包含着一种责任,每一个机会都必然包含着一种义务,每一次获得都必然包含着一种职责。

我相信,法律是为人而制,人却并非为法律而生;政府是人民的仆人,而非人民的主人。

我相信,不论是脑力或体力劳动,都拥有尊严;世界不会让人不劳而获,但会给人一次谋生的机会。



第一卷

成功之路

Three Days to See

Helen Keller

作者简介

海伦·凯勒 (Helen Keller, 1880—1968), 美国盲聋哑女作家和残障教育家。她自强不息, 凭借惊人的毅力掌握了英文、法文、德文、拉丁文和希腊文五种文字, 并走遍美国和世界其他地区, 为盲人学校募集资金, 把自己的一生献给了盲人福利和教育事业。她赢得了世界各国人民的赞扬, 并得到许多国家政府的嘉奖。

All of us have read thrilling stories in which the hero had only a limited and specified time to live. Sometimes it was as long as a year; sometimes as short as twenty-four hours. But always we were interested in discovering just how the doomed man chose to spend his last days or his last hours. I speak, of course, of free men who have a choice, not condemned criminals whose sphere of activities is strictly delimited.

Such stories set us thinking, wondering what we should do under similar circumstances. What associations should we crowd into those last hours as mortal beings? What happiness should we find in reviewing the past, what regrets?

Sometimes I have thought it would be an excellent rule to live each day as if we should die tomorrow. Such an attitude would emphasize sharply the values

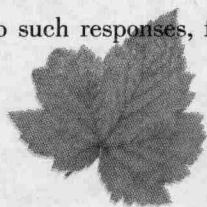
of life. We should live each day with a gentleness, a vigor, and a keenness of appreciation which are often lost when time stretches before us in the constant panorama of more days and months and years to come. There are those, of course, who would adopt the epicurean motto of "eat, drink, and be merry", most people would be chastened by the certainty of impending death.

Most of us take life for granted. We know that one day we must die, but usually we picture that day as far in the future. When we are in buoyant health, death is all but unimaginable. We seldom think of it. The days stretch out in an endless vista. So we go about our petty tasks, hardly aware of our listless attitude towards life.

The same lethargy, I am afraid, characterizes the use of our faculties and senses. Only the deaf appreciate hearing, only the blind realize the manifold blessings that lie in sight. Particularly does this observation apply to those who have lost sight and hearing in adult life. But those who have never suffered impairment of sight or hearing seldom make the fullest use of these blessed faculties. Their eyes and ears take in all sights and sounds hazily, without concentration, and with little appreciation. It is the same old story of not being grateful for what we have until we lose it, of not conscious of health until we are ill.

I have often thought it would be a blessing if each human being were stricken blind and deaf for a few days at some time during his early adult life. Darkness would make him more appreciative of sight; silence would teach him the joys of sound.

Now and then I have tested my seeing friends to discover what they see. Recently I was visited by a very good friend who had just returned from a long walk in the woods, and I asked her what she had observed. "Nothing in particular," she replied. I might have been incredulous had I not been accustomed to such responses, for long ago I became convinced that the seeing see little.



How was it possible, I asked myself, to walk for an hour through the woods and see nothing worthy of note? I who cannot see find hundreds of things to interest me through mere touch. I feel the delicate symmetry of a leaf. I pass my hands lovingly about the smooth skin of a silver birch, or the rough shaggy bark of a pine. In spring I touch the branches of trees hopefully in search of a bud, the first sign of awakening Nature after her winter's sleep. I feel the delightful, velvety texture of a flower, and discover its remarkable convolutions; and something of the miracle of Nature is revealed to me. Occasionally, if I am very fortunate, I place my hand gently in a small tree and feel the happy quiver of a bird in full song. I am delighted to have cool waters of a brook rush through my open fingers. To me a lush carpet of pine needles or spongy grass is more welcome than the most luxurious Persian rug. To me the pageant of seasons is a thrilling and unending drama, the action of which streams through my finger tips. At times my heart cries out with longing to see all these things. If I can get so much pleasure from mere touch, how much more beauty must be revealed by sight. Yet, those who have eyes apparently see little. The panorama of color and action which fills the world is taken for granted. It is human, perhaps, to appreciate little that which we have to long for that which we have not, but it is a great pity that in the world of light the gift of sight is used only as mere convenience rather than as a means of adding fullness to life.

Oh, the things that I should see if I had the power of sight for three days!

