


e 英汉对照

品味英文 

Beautiful
English Essays

美文如歌

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前言

培根在《谈读书》中曾说：“读书足以怡情，足以博彩，足以长才。”阅读的妙处可见一斑。好的美文清新犹如萋萋芳草，绚丽犹如璀璨的霞光，纯真犹如初生婴儿的吻，深邃犹如韵在骨子里的诗。它是一杯茶，当你以一种独特的心情去品尝时，你会发现它越品越香。

一篇篇美妙的文章因为真实而感动，因为感动而难忘。有时它们如铿锵的进行曲，有时又如舒缓的小夜曲，有时恰似一江春水，有时又如醇厚浓香的酒。经过我们一天一天积累、消化、沉淀、吸收，在一种不知不觉的优美的语言交融中，获得心灵上的洗涤，或是寂静空旷，或是唯美主义，或是悠远畅想，或是淡泊名利。

“腹有诗书气自华”。在中英双语美文的熏陶下，我们的气质日见提升，谈吐日见优雅。让我们在书中体验亲情的深度，领略友情的广度，感受爱情的纯度；让我们在书中体味对生活的认知，甚至对生命的感慨和激情；让我们随着书中的文字，重温成长的欢乐和烦恼，感受青春的热情和困惑，面对人生的抉择；让我们去开阔视野，洗涤和净化心灵，纯洁和美化语言；让我们在赏析美文的同时，与它擦出奇迹般的火花，在潜移默化之中陶冶高尚情操。它们犹如生命中的风景，在你展卷阅读时为你幻化出一番美景，等着你去欣赏。

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第三卷 人生智慧



God's Ideal Arrangement

第一章

爱之物语

■ 亲情是一种深度

■ 友情是一种广度

■ 爱情是一种纯度

1. 亲情教育



心灵导语

时间的流逝,许多往事已经淡化了。可在历史的长河中,有一颗星星永远闪亮,那便是亲情。时间可以让人丢失一切,可是亲情是割舍不去的。

God's Ideal Arrangement

Once upon a time there was a child ready to be born. So one day he asked God, "They tell me you are sending me to earth tomorrow but how am I going to live there being so small and helpless?"

God replied, "Among the many angels, I chose one for you. She will waiting for you and will take care of you."

But the child wasn't sure he really wanted to go. "But tell me, here in Heaven, I don't do anything else but sing and smile, that's enough for me to be happy."

"Your angel will sing for you and will also smile for you every day. And you will feel your angel's love and be happy."

"And how am I going to be able to understand when people talk to me," the child continued, "if I don't know

the language that men talk?”

God patted¹ him on the head and said, “Your angel will tell you the most beautiful and sweet words you will ever hear, and with much patience² and care, your angel will teach you how to speak.”

“And what am I going to do when I want to talk to you?”

But God had an answer for that question too. “Your angel will place your hands together and will teach you how to pray.”

“I’ve heard that on earth there are bad men, who will protect me?”

“Your angel will defend you even if³ it means risking her life!”

“But I will always be sad because I will not see you anymore.” the child continued warily⁴.

God smiled on the young one. “Your angel will always talk to you about me and will teach you the way for you to come back to me, even though I will always be next to you.”

At that moment there was much peace in Heaven, but voices from earth could always be heard. The child knew he had to start on his journey very soon. He asked God one more question, softly, “Oh God, if I am about to leave now, please tell me my angel’s name.”

God touched the child on the shoulder and answered, “Your angel’s name is not hard to remember. You will simply call her Mommy.”



Translation 译笔生花

上帝的完美安排

从前,有个孩子很快就要诞生了。因此有一天他问上帝:“他们告诉我明天你就要送我去人间了,但是,我这么弱小和无助,我在那儿怎么生活下去呢?”

上帝答道:“在众多的天使中,我特别为你挑了一位。她会一直守候你,无微不至地照顾你。”

小孩还是拿不准自己是否真的想去。“但是在天堂,我除了唱唱笑笑外,什么都不做。这就足以让我感到幸福了。”

“你的天使每天会为你唱歌,为你微笑。你会感受到她的爱,并且因此而幸福。”

“如果我不懂人类的语言,他们对我说话时,我怎么听得懂呢?”孩子继续问道。

上帝轻轻地拍了一下孩子的脑袋说:“你的天使会对你说最最美丽、最最动听的话语,而这些都是你从未听过的,她会用极大的耐心,不厌其烦地教你说话。”

“如果我想与你说话怎么办?”

上帝胸有成竹地回答:“你的天使会将你的双手合拢,教你如何祈祷。”

“听说尘世有很多坏蛋,谁来保护我呢?”

“即使冒着生命危险,你的天使也会保护你的!”

“但是再也见不到你,我会难过的。”小孩小心翼翼地

说道。

听到这儿，上帝对着小孩笑了。“我会一直陪伴你左右，而且你的天使仍会提起我，教你重返天堂之路。”

此时，天堂一片宁静，凡间的声音已可听到，小孩明白自己得赶紧上路了。他又轻声问了最后一个问题，“哦，上帝，假如我现在就出发，请你告诉我，我的天使叫什么名字。”

上帝把手放在小孩的肩上，答道：“你的天使的名字很容易记住，你就叫她——妈妈。”



Notes 解注菁华

1. pat [pæt] *v.* 轻拍 pat sb. on the back 对某人表示庆贺，鼓励或赞扬
2. patience [ˈpeɪʃəns] *n.* 耐性，忍耐 e. g. Patience is a virtue. 忍耐是美德。
3. even if/though 即使，纵然，尽管
e. g. Even if I have to walk all the way I'll get there.
即使我得一路走着去，我也要走到那里。
4. warily [ˈweərili] *adv.* 留心地，小心地，警惕地



Comments 文章赏析

母亲，她永远占据在你心底里最柔软的地方，你愿用自己的一生去爱她；母亲的爱，它让你肆意地索取、享用，却不要你任何的回报……每位母亲都是孩子心目中的天使。从孩子出生到长大，母亲付出了她所有的心血，教孩子说话，给孩子唱歌，不厌其烦，不辞辛劳。即使冒着生命危险，母亲也会不顾一切地保护自己的孩子。让我们永远感谢天下所有的母亲！

A Boy with a Secret

In 1945, a 12-year-old boy saw something in a shop window that set his heart racing. But the price—five dollars—was far beyond Reuben Earle's means. Five dollars would buy almost a week's groceries¹ for his family.

Reuben couldn't ask his father for the money. Everything Mark Earle made through fishing in Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, Canada. Reuben's mother, Dora, stretched like elastic² to feed and clothe their five children.

Nevertheless, he opened the shop's weathered door and went inside. Standing proud and straight in his floursack shirt and washed-out trousers, he told the shopkeeper what he wanted, adding, "But I don't have the money right now. Can you please hold it for me for some time?"

"I'll try," the shopkeeper smiled. "Folks around here don't usually have that kind of money to spend on things. It should keep for a while."

Reuben respectfully touched his worn cap and walked out into the sunlight with the bay rippling in a freshening wind. There was purpose in his loping stride³. He would raise the five dollars and not tell anybody.

Hearing the sound of hammering from a side street, Reuben had an idea.

He ran towards the sound and stooped at a con-

struction site. People built their own homes in Bay Roberts, using nails purchased in Hessian sacks from a local factory. Sometimes the sacks were discarded⁴ in the flurry⁵ of building, and Reuben knew he could sell them back to the factory for five cents a piece.

That day he found two sacks, which he took to the rambling⁶ wooden factory and sold to the man in charge of packing nails.

The boy's hand tightly clutched the five-cent pieces as he ran the two kilometers home.

Near his house stood the ancient barn that housed the family's goats and chickens. Reuben found a rusty⁷ soda tin and dropped his coins inside. Then he climbed into the loft of the barn and hid the tin beneath a pile of sweet smelling hay.

It was dinnertime when Reuben got home. His father sat at the big kitchen table, working on a fishing net. Dora was at the kitchen stove, ready to serve dinner as Reuben took his place at the table.

He looked at his mother and smiled. Sunlight from the window gilded⁸ her shoulder-length blonde hair. Slim and beautiful, she was the center of the home, the glue⁹ that held it together.

Her chores were never ending: sewing clothes for her family on the old Singer treadle machine, cooking meals and baking bread, planting and tending a vegetable garden, milking the goats and scrubbing soiled clothes on a washboard. But she was happy. Her family

and their well-being were her highest priority.

Every day after chores and school, Reuben scoured¹⁰ the town, collecting the Hessian nail bags. On the day the two-room school closed for the summer, no student was more delighted than Reuben. Now he would have more time for his mission.

All summer long, despite chores at home wedding and watering the garden, cutting wood and fetching water—Reuben kept to his secret task.

Then all too soon the garden was harvested, the vegetables canned and stored, and the school reopened. Soon the leaves fell and the winds blew cold and gusty from the bay. Reuben wandered the streets, diligently searching for his Hessian treasures.

Often he was cold, tired and hungry, but the thought of the object in the shop window sustained him. Sometimes his mother would ask: “Reuben, where were you? We were waiting for you to have dinner.”

“Playing, Mum. Sorry.”

Dora would look at his face and shake her head. Boys.

Finally spring burst into glorious green and Reuben's spirits erupted. The time had come! He ran into the barn, climbed to the hayloft and uncovered the rim can. He poured the coins out and began to count.

Then he counted again. He needed 20 cents more. Could there be any sacks left any where in town? He had to find four and sell them before the day ended. Reuben

ran down Water Street.

The shadows were lengthening when Reuben arrived at the factory. The sack buyer was about to lock up.

“Mister! Please don’t close up yet.”

The man turned and saw Reuben, dirty and sweat stained.

“Come back tomorrow, boy.”

“Please, Mister. I have to sell the sacks now—please.” The man heard a tremor in Reuben’s voice and could tell he was close to tears.

“Why do you need this money so badly?”

“It’s a secret.”

The man took the sacks, reached into his pocket and put four coins in Reuben’s hand. Reuben murmured¹¹ a thank you and ran home.

Then, clutching the tin can, he headed for the shop.

“I have the money.” he solemnly¹² told the owner.

The man went to the window and retrieved Reuben’s treasure.

He wiped the dust off and gently wrapped it in brown paper. Then he placed the parcel in Reuben’s hands.

Racing home, Reuben burst through the front door. His mother was scrubbing the kitchen stove. “Here, Mum! Here!” Reuben exclaimed as he ran to her side. He placed a small box in her work roughened hand.

She unwrapped it carefully, to save the paper. A blue-velvet jewel box appeared. Dora lifted the lid, tears beginning to blur her vision.