

双语美文悦读馆

# 让自己的心 永远微笑

(亲情美文)

主编 执云 / 高芬 译

SMILING IN HEART FOR LONG

微笑是长夜的启明星，是初雪后的莺啼，  
是一缕射入心灵的晨光。



光明日报出版社

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(Select Articles on Affection)



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## 主编寄语

每一次的相遇都会发生一些故事，相遇可以是人，亦可是物。如伯牙之于子期、陆游之于唐婉、伯乐之于千里马，而人与好书的相遇，也定会携带醉人的故事。

与一本好书相遇，如同十字路口寻获了地标，减少了些许的迷茫。

与一本好书相遇，如同都市尘嚣偶得了清茗，涤荡了几多的倦怠。

与一本好书相遇，如同夜深枯灯瞥见了后窗，增加了无限的遐思。

与一本好书相遇，如同历史遗迹发掘了珍宝，开拓了未知的视野。

每个人会与许多不同的好书相遇，这是人与物的牵绊，也是人与人的牵绊。每个人与好书相遇都在上演着各自不同的故事。当然你也不例外，现在你也与一本好书相遇了。这本书中有优美的英文及美丽的中文，她会给你山泉般甘甜的知识，待你畅游你未曾游览过的景致，而你又将与她上演怎样精彩的故事呢……





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## Of Parents and Children

Francis Bacon

弗兰西斯·培根（Francis Bacon, 1561-1626年），英国近代唯物主义哲学家和作家。他竭力倡导“读史使人明智，读诗使人聪慧，演算使人精密，哲理使人深刻，论理学使人有修养，逻辑修辞使人善辩”。

培根一生崇尚科学和知识，一生追求真理。马克思称其为“英国唯物主义和整个现代实验科学的真正始祖”。他在逻辑学、美学、教育学方面也提出许多思想。著有《新工具》、《论说随笔文集》等。《论说随笔文集》收录了58篇随笔，从各个角度广泛的论述人生问题，精妙、有哲理，拥有很多读者。

培根的其他著作有《学术的进步》（1605年）和《新工具》（1620年）等。培根尖锐地批判了中世纪经院哲学，认为经院哲学和神学严重地阻碍了科学的发展和进步，主张全面改造人类知识，让整个学术文化从经院哲学中解放出来，实现伟大的复兴。

他认为，科学必须追求自然界事物的原因和规律。要达到这个目的，就必须以感官经验为依据。他提出了唯物主义经验论的原则，认为知识和观念起源于感性世界，感官经验是一切知识的源泉。要获得自然的科学知识，就必须把认识建立在感觉经验的基础上。

他还提出了经验归纳法，主张以实验和观察材料为基础，经过分析、比较、选择、排斥，最后得出正确的结论。

The joys of parents are secret; and so are their grieves, and fears: they cannot utter the one; nor they will not utter the other. Children sweeten labours; but they make misfortunes more bitter they increase the cares of life; but they mitigate the remembrance of death. The perpetuity



by generation is common to beasts; but memory, merit, and noble works, are proper to men: and surely a man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men; which have sought to express the images of their minds where those of their bodies have failed: so the care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity. They that are the first raisers of then-houses, are most indulgent towards their children; beholding them, as the continuance, not only of their kind, but of their work; and so both children and creatures.

The difference in affection of parents towards their several children is many times unequal; and sometimes unworthy; especially in the mother, as Solomon saith; A wise son rejoiceth the father, but an ungracious son shames the mother. A man shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest respected, and the youngest made wantons; but in the midst, some mat are, as it were forgotten, who many times, nevertheless, prove the best The illiberality of parents, in allowance towards their children, is an harmful error, makes them base; acquaints them with shifts; makes them sort with mean company; and makes them surfeit more, when they come to plenty: and therefore, the proof is best, when men keep their authority towards their children, but not their purse. Men have a foolish manner (both parents, and schoolmasters, and servants) in creating and breeding an emulation between brothers, during childhood, which many times sorted to discord, when they are men; and disturbed families. The Italians make little difference between children, and nephews, or near kinsfolk; but so they be of the lump, they care not, though they passe not through their own body. And, to say truth, in nature it is much a like matter, in so much, that we see a nephew sometimes resembleth an uncle, or a kinsman, more then his own parent; as the blood happens.

Let parents choose betimes the vocations and courses they mean their

children should take; for then they are most flexible; and let them not too much apply themselves to the disposition of their children, as thinking they will take best to mat, which they have most mind to. It is true, that if the affection or aptness of the children be extraordinary, then it is good not to cross it; but generally, the precept is good; optimum elige, suave et facile illud faciet consuetude. Younger brothers are commonly fortunate, but seldom or never where the elder are disinherited.



汇空间

**misfortune** n. 不幸, 坏运气, 灾祸

**indulgent** adj. 纵容的; 溺爱的; 放纵的; 宽容的

**unworthy** adj. 不值得的, 不足取的

**kinsman** n. 男性亲戚; 同族者

**aptness** n. 适合性; 倾向; 性情; 才能



思路心语

亲情美文

让自己的心永远微笑

张莉



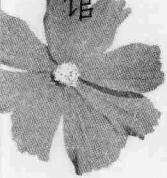
## 论家庭

〔英〕弗兰西斯·培根

在子女面前，父母要善于隐藏他们的一切快乐、烦恼还有恐惧。他们的快乐无须说，他们的烦恼与恐惧则更不能说。子女使他们的苦恼变甜，他们即使劳苦也会觉得很甜，但也使他们的不幸更苦。子女增加了他们生活的负担，但却减轻了他们对死亡的恐惧。所有生物都能通过生殖留下后代，但只有人类可以通过后代留下美名、事业和德行。然而，为什么有些没有后人的人却也一样流芳百世？因为他们虽未复制一个肉体，却全力以赴地复制了一种精神。因此这种无后继的人其实却是最关心后事的人。创业者对子女的期望最大，因为子女被他们看做不但是族类的继承者，又是所创事业的一部分。

作为父母，特别是母亲，对子女常常会有不合理的偏爱。所罗门曾告诫人们：“智慧之子使父亲快乐，愚昧之子使母亲蒙羞。”在家庭中，最大或最小的孩子都可能得到优遇。唯有居中的子女容易被忽视，但他们却往往是最有作为的。在子女小时不应对他们过于苛刻吝啬，否则就会使他们变得卑贱，甚至投机取巧，以至堕入下流，即使后来有了财富也不懂得正当使用。聪明的父母在对子女在管理上是严格的，而在用钱上则不妨略为宽松，这常会取得极好的效果。作为成年人，绝不应在一家的兄弟之间挑动竞争，以致积隙成仇，使兄弟间直至成年，依然不和。意大利风俗对子女和侄甥一视同仁，亲密无间。这是很可取的，因为这种风俗很合于自然的血缘关系。许多侄子不是更像他的一位叔伯，而不像父亲吗？

在子女还小时，父母就应当考虑他们将来的职业方向并加以培养，因为这时他们最易塑造。但在这一点上要注意，并不是孩子小时所喜欢的，就是他们终生所愿从事的。如果孩子的确拥有某种超群的才能，那当然应



该扶植发展。但就一般情况而言，下面这句格言是非常有用的：“长期的训练会通过适应化难为易。”还应当注意，子女中那种得不到遗产继承权的幼子，常常会通过自身的奋斗获得好的发展。而坐享其成者，却很少能成大业。

## 名言



The finest diamond must be cut.

玉不琢，不成器。



思路心语

亲情美文

让自己的心永远微笑





## I Observe

Charles Dickens

查尔斯·狄更斯（Charles Dickens, 1812-1870年），十九世纪英国最著名的小说家，批判现实主义的杰出代表人物，但他更是文学史上伟大的革新家。他开创了描写中下层社会小人物的先河，在文学作品中可说是空前的。高度的艺术概括，生动的细节描写，妙趣横生的幽默和细致入微的心理分析，是他独特的风格。主要作品有《匹克威克外传》、《老古玩店》、《大卫·科波菲尔》、《双城记》、《远大前程》、《艰难时世》等。

狄更斯于1812年2月7日出生于英国朴茨茅斯的波特西地区，他幼时就已读了大量的小说。由于家境贫寒，其父在他10岁时便因债务入狱，作为长子的狄更斯便担起了家长一职。以后，他父亲获得一笔小小的遗产，出了监狱，把查尔斯·狄更斯送到威林顿高等学校（相当于高小）去读书。家中仅有的一点钱财不久又用尽了，查尔斯·狄更斯不得不停学就业，为生活奔波。艰难的生活使狄更斯获得了非常丰富生活知识，为他以后的写作积累了宝贵的素材。

22岁时，狄更斯试着给一家杂志社投了一篇短篇小说，一个星期后小说被刊出了，就这样，狄更斯开始了业余写作。他最初为伦敦的《晨报》写一些特写，署名“鲍斯”。1837年他写成了第一部长篇小说《匹克威克外传》。这部作品发表以后，风行一时，畅销全国，并使他得以靠写作维持生活，开始了著作生涯。以后他又写了许多作品，主要是长篇小说，获得了极大的成功，最终成为英国文学史上伟大的作家之一。

他以高度的艺术概括和生动的细节描写，反映了英国十九世纪初叶的社会真实面貌。作品中表现了对生活在底层人民的无限同情，也对当时的丑恶现象和剥削阶级进行了揭露和批判。



The first objects that assume a distinct presence before me, as I look far back, into the blank of my infancy, are my mother with her pretty hair and youthful shape, and Peggotty with no shape at all, and eyes so dark that they seemed to darken their whole neighborhood in her face, and cheeks and arms so hard and red that I wondered the birds didn't peck her in preference to apples.

I believe I can remember these two at a little distance apart, dwarfed to my sight by stooping down or kneeling on the floor, and I going unsteadily from the one to the other. I have an impression on my mind which I cannot distinguish from actual remembrance, of the touch of Peggotty's forefinger as she used to hold it out to me, and of its being roughened by needlework, like a pocket nutmeg-grater.

This may be fancy, though I think the memory of most of us can go farther back into such times than many of us suppose; just as I believe the power of observation in numbers of very young children to be quite wonderful for its closeness and accuracy. Indeed, I think that most grown men who are remarkable in this respect, may with greater propriety be said not to have lost the faculty, than to have acquired it; the rather, as I generally observe such men to retain a certain freshness, and gentleness, and capacity of being pleased, which are also an inheritance they have preserved from their childhood.

Looking back, as I was saying, into the blank of my infancy, the first objects I can remember as standing out by themselves from a confusion of things, are my mother and Peggotty. What else do I remember? Let me see.

There comes out of the cloud, our house not new to me, but quite familiar, in its earliest remembrance. On the ground-floor is Peggotty's kitchen, opening into a back yard; a quantity of fowls that look terribly tall to me, walking about, in a menacing and ferocious manner. There

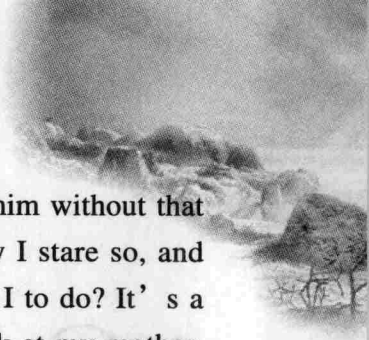


is one cock who gets upon a post to crow, and seems to take particular notice of me as I look at him through the kitchen window, who makes me shiver, he is so fierce. Of the geese outside the side-gate who come waddling after me with their long necks stretched out when I go that way, I dream at night: as a man environed by wild beasts might dream of lions.

Here is a long passage—what an enormous perspective I make of it! A dark store-room opens out of it, letting a mouldy air come out of the door, in which there is the smell of soap, pickles, pepper, candles, and coffee, all at one whiff; and that is a place to be run past at night; for I don't know what may be among those tubs and jars and old tea-chests, when there is nobody in there with a dimly-burning light. Then there are the two parlours: the parlour in which we sit of an evening, my mother and I and Peggotty, and the best parlour where we sit on a Sunday; grandly, but not so comfortably. There is something of a doleful air about that room to me, for Peggotty has told me—I don't know when, but apparently ages ago—about my father's funeral, and the company having their black cloaks put on.

There is nothing half so green that I know anywhere, as the grass of that churchyard; nothing half so shady as its trees; nothing half so quiet as its tombstones. The sheep are feeding there, when I kneel up, early in the morning, in my little bed in a closet within my mother's room, to look out at it; and I see the red light shining on the sun-dial, and think within myself, "Is the sun-dial glad, I wonder, that it can tell the time again?"

Here is our pew in the church. What a high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen, and is seen many times during the morning's service, by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the



clergyman. But I can't always look at him—I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire—and what am I to do? It's a dreadful thing to gape, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but she pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the aisle, and he makes faces at me. I look at the sunlight coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep—I don't mean a sinner, but mutton—half making up his mind to come into the church. I feel that if I looked at him any longer, I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of me then! I look up at the monumental tablets on the wall, and try to think of Mr. Bodgers late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when affliction sore, long time Mr. Bodgers bore, and physicians were in vain.

And now I see the outside of our house, with the latticed bedroom—windows standing open to let in the sweet-smelling air, and the ragged old rooks'—nests still dangling in the elm—trees at the bottom of the front garden. Now I am in the garden at the back where the fruit clusters on the trees, riper and richer than fruit has ever been since, in any other garden, and where my mother gathers some in a basket, while I stand by, bolting furtive gooseberries, and trying to look unmoved. A great wind rises, and the summer is gone in a moment. We are playing in the winter twilight, dancing about the parlour. When my mother is out of breath and rests herself in an elbow—chair, I watch her winding her bright curls round her fingers, and straitening her waist, and nobody knows better than I do that she likes to look so well, and is proud of being so pretty. That is among my very earliest impressions.



# 汇空间

**environ** 包围, 环绕, (敌意地或保护性地)围住

**apparently** adv. 显然地

**sun-dial** (通过太阳辨别时间的)日晷(仪)

**a stray sheep** 迷途羔羊。基督教将信徒称为羔羊,

迷途羔羊则指那些误入歧途的罪人。

**affliction** n. 苦恼, 苦难, 痛苦

**twilight** n. 微明; 微光; 薄暮; 黄昏



思路心语