

西方原版教材与经典读物

英国语文

THE ROYAL READERS

[英] 托马斯-尼尔森公司/编 刘巍 邱宏 李旭大 范晓伟 周逸/译

英汉双语版



天津出版传媒集团

天津人民出版社

014005794

H31
1949
V2

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C1692670

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THE SHELTERING ROCK (II)

遮风避雨的岩石 (二)

MORE than half a century passed away. That aged and faithful man of God had long ago been gathered to his fathers. though his memory still lingered in many a retired glen, among the children's children of parents whom he had baptized. His son, whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities.

The subject of his discourse was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that "love which seeketh not her own," he narrated the above story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood, and he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart, if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory; and if the sight of her poor tattered shawl, which she had wrapped around him, in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if, in memory of your Saviour's sacrifice of himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love and with adoring gratitude?"

A few days later, a message was sent to this clergyman by a dying man, who requested to see him. The request was speedily complied with.

The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and, gazing intently in his face, said, "You do not, you cannot recognize me. But I know you, and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country.

“I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health. Last Lord’s day I entered your church—the church of my countrymen—where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son.” Here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried, “I am that son!” and burst into a flood of tears.

“Yes,” he continued, “I am that son! Never, never did I forget my mother’s love. Well might you ask what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me. Dear, very dear to me is her memory; and my only desire now is, to lay my bones beside hers in the old church-yard among the hills.

“But sir, what breaks my heart and covers me with shame is this—until now I never truly saw the love of my Saviour in giving himself for me. I confess it! I confess it!” he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and, pressing the minister’s hand close to his breast, he added, “It was God who made you tell that story.

“Praise be to his holy name that my dear mother did not die in vain; and that the prayers which, I was told, she used to offer for me have been at last answered: for the love of my mother has been blessed in making me see, as I never saw before, the love of my Saviour. I see it; I believe it. I have found deliverance in old age where I found it in my childhood—in the clift of the Rock; but it is the ROCK OF AGES!”

And clasping his hands, he repeated, with intense fervour, “Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? They may forget, yet will I not forget thee!”

❖ 中文阅读 ❖

大半个世纪过去了，那个忠诚侍奉上帝的上了年纪的牧师离开了人世，但是他的传道依然徘徊在很多受过他洗礼的孩子们以及他们后代的脑海中。他那已经满头银发的孩子正在高地上一个非常著名的城市里向一群人传教。

他演讲的主题是上帝之爱。为了说明“无私的爱”这类自我奉献的天性，他引述了上面提到的苏格兰高地上流传的关于这个寡妇的故事——这个他自己在童年时代就很熟悉的故事。“如果这个孩子现在还活着，你们认为他的心里是怎样想的？他是否会为了纪念他的母亲而珍惜这种强烈的感情？他是否会牢牢记住那件破旧的裹住他的衣服？记得她为了保护他而牺牲自己？这些是否会让他的心里充满一种无法用言语表达的爱与感激？同样的，我的听众，你们的心里难道感受不到伟大的受难者耶稣为了你们的幸福牺牲自己吗？你们不会感受到这种深刻的爱以及由此生出的带着敬意的感激吗？”

一些日子之后，一个将死之人托人带信给了这位牧师，他要求见他。牧师很快就应允了他的请求。

这位病得很重的男人抓着牧师的手，费尽力气瞪着他说：“你不知道，你肯定认不出我来。但是我知道你，在你之前，我认识你父亲。我曾经在很多地方流浪过，我曾经去过世界上的每一个角落，也曾经为我的国家和国王流血战斗过。

“我在几个星期之前来到这里，那时候我的身体已经很不好了。上一个星期天我去了你的教堂——那个我们地区的教民常去的教堂——在这里，我能够再一次听见我少年时代的乡音，能够全身心地祈祷。我听见你说起那位寡妇和她儿子的故事。”

说到这里，这位老兵的声音开始颤抖，他的情感几乎堵住了他的喉咙让他说不出话来，不过，一会儿之后，他终于哭道，“我就是那个孩子。”这么说着，他的脸上流下两行泪水。

“是的，”他继续道，“我就是那个孩子。我从来、从来都不敢忘记我妈妈对我的爱。你问过，如果我忘记了她，我的心里会是如何感受的。但是，对于我来说，最最亲爱的就是她留给我的回忆，而我现在唯一的愿望就是能够让我这把老骨头埋在她的身边，埋在她在群山环抱中的教堂墓地里。

“但是，先生，让我感到羞愧，并且感到伤心的是，到现在为止我也从来没有能够感受到耶稣基督对我的爱，和他为了我的牺牲。我必须忏悔！我要为此忏悔！”他大喊着，仰头望着上天，眼里蓄满泪水，他紧紧地抓住牧师的手，把它按向他的胸膛，说：“这大概是上帝的旨意让你说起这个故事。”

“感谢他，多亏他的圣名，我的母亲没有枉死，就像是我被那虔诚的祷告所告之的那样，至少她曾经给予我的已经部分被应答了：我妈妈的爱已经保佑我感受到那些我从前没办法了解的基督的爱。我现在看见了，我也深信了。我现在看见了我儿时曾经在那些岩石的缝隙里看到的東西，现在，在我这把年纪我看到了它带给我的解脱，而这解脱实在是经过太多年了。”

紧紧握住牧师的手，他又以高涨的热情重复道：“一位母亲能忘记她正受苦难的孩子吗？她能够对这从她的子宫里孕育出的孩子没有一点感情吗？别人也许能够忘记，但我永远也不能够忘记！”

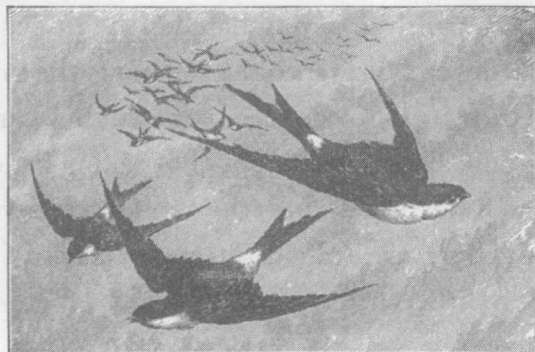
THE SWALLOW

燕子

THE winter was long and dreary; but it is all over now. Indeed you have almost forgotten it, as you sally forth on this sweet spring morning, to gather primroses from the bank, and to see if the cowslips are out in the fields.

Everything is full of life and joy; and just as you stoop over the green springing meadow-grass, to look for those golden honeycups, something black skims along in front of you, and is away in an instant. "Ah, there is the first swallow!" you say. And the old man coming along the foot-path at the same moment looks after it just as eagerly as you do, though he has seen it come and go for seventy years, and you only for a few summers. Yes! and if you grow to be seventy, you will find, I hope, that you have still a welcome to give to the returning swallow.

It has been spending the winter in the sunny lands of the South; and now it has come back to its old home, to rear its young and live its life anew. Why it should depart, and how it finds its way over land and sea back to the very spot which it left last year, are questions which we cannot answer; and the uncertainty and the mystery give a kind of romantic interest to all birds of passage, as they are called, but especially to the swallows.



The swallows gay
In sunshine play,
And frolic all the summer day.

On nimble wing,
Alert, they spring,
Then wheel about in airy ring.

New troops advance,
In mazy dance,
Then onward shoot with lightning glance.

Far off we spy
Their play-place high,
In the blue vault of summer sky;

And fain would know
Which way they go
Ere winter brings its frost and snow.

As they live entirely upon insects, and as the insect tribes either die or remain torpid^① in the winter, something warns them that they must leave the place which can no longer supply them with food. But when the warmth of spring hatches the insect eggs, and brings out myriads^② of tiny creatures into the sunshine, the same something teaches them to return again to the place whence they came. We call it instinct; but that is only another name for the guiding hand of that great Creator who, as the Bible tells us, bids the swallow observe the time of her coming.

There are four different species of swallow which visit us—the swift, the chimney swallow, the house martin, and the sand martin.

① Torpid, *inactive; asleep.*

② Myriads, *immense numbers.*

They are all much alike as we see them on the wing, except that the first two are of swifter flight. The martins are smaller, and have more white about their under parts, so that on a summer evening the rays of the setting sun are thrown back from their snowy breasts like flashes of light.

The house martin makes his nest against the sides of houses, as you must often have seen. It is formed of mud taken from the ruts in the lanes and the edges of ponds. The eggs are of a beautiful clear white. He is as cunning as well as a clever little workman; so he only builds a small bit of his house-wall every day, and that early in the morning, that the heat of the sun may dry it well before he goes on.

Last summer, I watched a pair of martins at their work, and it took them five days, from the time that they stuck the first dab of mud against the house, till the outside was finished. After that, they had to put the inside to rights, and make it snug and comfortable, which took several days more.

They almost always avoid a south aspect, as they know that the heat of the mid-day sun would crack their mud-built house. Next year, the same pair will come back again; and, if possible, they will put the old nest in repair, instead of making a new one.

The swallows are the first to return to us; the martins follow; and they always keep the same order. They all go away together; but when they come back we only see them as stragglers—first one, then another, and at last numbers.

❖ 中文阅读 ❖

冬天漫长又难捱，现在它终于过去了。实际上，当你在这个美妙的春天早晨醒来，从河岸上采来樱花草的时候，当你在田野里张望着寻找立金草的身影的时候，你早已遗忘了那个冬天。

所有东西都充满了生气和快乐。就如同你从这片绿色原野走过来，想要寻找的那金色蜂窝一样。一些黑色的生物正从你面前轻轻掠过，瞬间又离去。

“哈！第一只春燕来了！”你说。而那些老年人正同时从人行道走过来，像你一样焦急地寻找春燕的身影。尽管它早已目送它南去北归的身影超过了七十年，而你仅仅经历过几个不多的夏天。

是的！我希望当你七十岁的时候，那时候你依然能够对燕子的归来表示欣喜。

它在阳光充裕的南方享受了整个冬季，现在回到了它的老家，繁衍后代，开启新的生活。它为什么要离开，之后又是怎样找到跨越大陆和海洋回到去年离开的地方，这些是我们无法回答的问题，而这种不可确定性甚至神秘感给了所有的候鸟一种浪漫的意趣，特别是燕子这种生物所带来的诗意。

燕子归来

在阳光下嬉玩

嬉闹过整个夏日

它们灵巧的翅膀

带来春天的活力

在云团里悠游

新的旅行

如穿行迷宫般的舞蹈

惊鸿一瞥间远去高飞

极目远送

它们在高空翱翔

在夏日的碧空里

而我们乐意知道

它们去向何处

在冬天的雨雪冰霜来临之前

由于它们完全靠着昆虫活着，而昆虫们在冬天要么就死了，要么就蛰伏在大地里，这些都迫使它们不得不离开这个不再能够维持它们日常生活所需食

物的地方。但当温暖的春风孵化了这些昆虫的幼虫，把它们从泥土里唤醒，催赶到太阳下的时候，这些又提醒它们是时候回来了。我们把这个叫做本性。不过，这只是伟大的造物主那指挥一切的手的另一种叫法罢了，这是《圣经》里面告诉我们的：它让燕子看见它的来去，并成为传递这一切的使者。

有四种燕子作为候鸟来来回回——雨燕，烟囱燕，家燕和岩沙燕。它们从翅膀上看都十分相像，除了前两种燕子可以更轻灵迅捷地翱翔之外。家燕更小一些，而且在肚子下面的白色部分更多，所以在夏天的夜晚，西沉的太阳像是从它们如万丈光芒一样的雪白胸脯里生出一样。

就像你一定曾经见过的那样，家燕把它的鸟巢筑在屋子的一侧。鸟巢是由泥土垒成的，这些泥土是从车道上的车辙或者池塘边缘取来的湿土。家燕的鸟蛋是非常漂亮的纯洁的白色。它是一个奸诈狡猾同时也十分聪慧的劳动者，所以它每天只建一点点它的鸟巢，因为早晨太阳的热量将会把昨天筑巢的湿土晒干夯牢，在这之后，它才能开始第二天的工作。

去年夏天，我曾经观察过一对筑巢的家燕，它们用了五天筑好自己的巢穴。我目睹了从它们在第一天往房子的墙上敷泥开始，直到外观完工的全过程。这之后，它们得好好装修巢的内部，让鸟巢舒适温暖，而这些工程又花了好几天才完成。

它们总是避免在向南的方位筑巢，因为正午时候的阳光会晒裂它们用泥土筑起的房子。下一年这对燕子夫妇将会再次飞回来，如果可能的话，它们不会再造一间新的房子，而是会修修补补再次住进这间房子里。

四种燕子中，前两种先回到我们的身边，后两种则跟随它们行动。它们总是成群结队离去，但当它们飞回时，我们看见它们离群而归——一只，另一只，到最后几只燕子。

THE GOLDEN EAGLE'S NEST (I)

金色鹰的鸟巢 (一)

ALMOST all the people in the parish were leading in their meadow-hay on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind; and huge heaped-up wains,^① that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions toward the snug farm-yards. Never before had the parish seemed so populous. Jocund^② was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song.

But the trees threw the shadow of “one o’clock” on the green dial-face of the earth; the horses were unyoked, and took instantly to grazing; groups of men, women, and children collected under grove, and bush, and hedge-row; and the great Being, who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his eternal home on many a thankful heart.

The great golden eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and flew away with something in its talons. One single, sudden, female shriek arose; and then shouts and outcries, as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at service. “Hannah Lamond’s bairn!”^③ Hannah Lamond’s bairn!” was the loud, fast-spreading cry; —“the eagle has ta’en^④ off Hannah Lamond’s bairn!”

And many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying toward the mountain. Two miles of hill and dale, and copse^⑤ and shingle,^⑥ and

① Wains, *waggon*s.

② Jocund, *lively; merry*.

③ Bairn(Sc.), *child*.

④ Ta’en (Sc.), *taken*.

⑤ Copse, *brush-wood*.

⑥ Shingle, *loose gravel*.

many brooks, lay between; but in an incredibly short time the foot of the mountain was alive with people.

The aerie^① was well known, and both the old birds were visible on the rocky ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Steuart, the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing their hands, rooted to the ground, or running backward and forward, like so many ants essaying their new wings. "What's the use—what's the use o' ony^② puir^③ human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies.

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the aerie. Nobody had noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eye-sight.

"Only last week was my sweet wee wean^④ baptized!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes^⑤



and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death, fearless as a goat playing among the precipices.

No one doubted—no one could doubt—that she would soon be dashed to pieces.

① Aerie, the nest of an eagle or a bird of prey.

② Ony (Sc.), any.

③ Puir(Sc.), poor.

④ Wee wean (Sc.), little child.

⑤ Brakes, tall, coarse ferns, forming a thicket.

No stop, no stay. She knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear but once crossed her heart, as she went up—up—up—to the little image of her own flesh and blood. “The God who holds me now from perishing,—will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?” Down came the fierce rushing of the eagle’ wings, each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes!

All at once they quailed and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract; and the frantic mother, falling across the aerie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—not dead, as she had expected, but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay, in a nook of the harvest field!

Oh, what a pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint, feeble cry, “It lives—it lives—it lives!” and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the fount of life and love!

Below were cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees, far, far down, and dwindled into specks; and a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary, or running to and fro!

Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath^①? and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die; and, when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And these horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, will return, and her child will be devoured at last even within the dead bosom that can protect it no more!

— PROFESSOR WILSON

① Strath, valley.

中文阅读

这个教区几乎所有人都在仲夏的同一天在田里拉着它们的干草垛。阳光和风都那么干热。马车上堆积成山的干草垛几乎把拉着它们的马都给挡住了。而草地已经开始第二次的生长，满眼的绿色开始温馨地向牧场的各个方向蔓延。牧区从没有像现在这样显得这么有生气。快乐的细语声和歌声让空气也变得和煦。

树木的阴影在覆满绿色如同钟面一般的大地上指向一点钟。马儿已经从轡头里面被解放出来，争分夺秒在吃草，一群群的男人女人和孩子在树林、灌木丛和灌木树篱下捡干草。而赐予他们每日所需面包的最伟大造物主正从那永恒的住所俯瞰着大地上这许多心怀感激的人们。

金色的苍鹰，这个教区的骄傲，同时也是麻烦，蜻蜓点水一样往下俯冲，抓了什么东西之后又飞走了。一个一惊一乍的单身女人忽然直起身子大叫起来，那样子好像是教堂的塔尖忽然在弥撒进行的过程中往人群中倒下来一样，“汉娜·拉蒙的孩子！汉娜·拉蒙的孩子！”那高亢的声音很快在人群里传了开来，“那只鹰把汉娜·拉蒙的孩子抓走了！”

下一个瞬间，几百个人就往山里疾行而去。在田地和大山之间的两英里路隔着山和谷，河岸和树丛，但在极短的时间里人们都不可思议地聚集在了山脚下。

埃尔利（老鹰的窝）是一个有名的地方，人们可以看见在岩石边的上了年纪的鸟儿，可是谁有胆量爬上那让人颤抖的悬崖呢？连经历过大风大浪的水手马克·斯图亚特都无功而返。所有的人都摩拳擦掌，跃跃欲试，跑来跑去，好像正在试炼新翅膀的飞蚁。“这有什么用呢？只有这些平常人有什么用呢？我们一点儿办法都没有，只有祈祷啊！”他们中的很多人跪了下来——为人父母的那些都想到了自己的孩子。

汉娜·拉蒙脸色惨白地被安顿在一块岩石上，目睹了这一切。她的眼神呆滞，紧紧盯着老鹰的窝，好像一个疯子。没有人注意到她，人们将对她强烈的同情转变成为了对老鹰的强烈愤怒——他们现在已经开始愤怒地瞪着老鹰所在的山崖了。

“我那亲爱的孩子上个星期才刚刚受洗！”喊出这些词语之后，她飞身

穿过那些巨大的旅行车和石头，开始向山上爬过去，她比任何猎人爬得还要快，她无惧地迎向死亡，好像山羊在悬崖间玩耍。

没有人怀疑，毫无疑问，她很快就会被撕成碎片。

不停顿，不停留。她甚至不知道她屏住了呼吸。在她的脚下上帝凑紧了每一块松垮的岩石，上帝为她把手上的每一个藤条重新拧紧。她又怎么会后退？那种恐惧一旦经过了她心里就只能促使她不断地往上攀爬，往上，往上，再往上，不断地向着她那小小的亲骨肉靠近。

“上帝这么善良地对待我，如果孩子在我怀里的时候上帝难道会不救我们吗？”凶猛的苍鹰向她飞下来，那么凶猛的野兽凶残地向她头上猛冲过来，近到她几乎能够看见那愤怒的眼睛！

忽然之间，它们受惊似的畏惧起来，叫嚣着向岩缝里的一段盖着灰尘的残根腐木飞了出去，那里比大瀑布高一千英尺。而被老鹰激怒的情绪狂乱的母亲进入了老鹰的窝，在一堆骨头和血肉之间抱起了她的孩子。就像她期待的那样，孩子还没有死，也没有变成如同破布一样丝丝缕缕的碎片。孩子在襁褓间安稳地睡着，就好像她把他搁在丰收的田野里那捆新鲜的干草垛上那时候一样！

哦！她的胸中涌起了怎样的一阵感激之情啊！这让她颤抖，无力地哭泣起来，“还活着！还活着！活着！”她把他紧紧地按在胸口，她大笑，尽管眼睛干涩，她却能够感觉到嘴唇在无意识地赞颂着爱 and 生命。

在他们脚下是悬崖峭壁和一片一片的岩石，还有腐朽的老树。再远一点的地方就因为距离太过遥远而仅仅缩小成为一些微尘了，在那里，还有成百上千的与她一样的生物正等待着或者为了他们来回奔走。

那是瀑布的声音，还是人们颤抖的大叫声？或者是她家乡河谷的流水声？还有那一树一树的树木，它们中是否有一棵是她孩子的摇篮？但是她脚下有这么多无可逾越的岩石，在这里她会死，当她疲劳而死之后，她的孩子也会死去！而这些可怕的鹰嘴、眼睛和爪子将会回来，她的孩子将最终被它们贪婪地分食，那时候就算死去的她的胸膛也不能够保护孩子！

（威尔逊教授）

THE GOLDEN EAGLE'S NEST (II)

金色鹰的鸟巢 (二)

WHERE, all this time, was Mark Steuart, the sailor? Half way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim, and his heart sick; and he, who had so often reefed^① the top-gallant-sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared not look on the swimming heights.

“And who will take care of my poor bed-ridden mother?” thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered, “God.” She looked around, expecting to see an angel; but nothing moved except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye watched its fall; and it seemed to stop, not far off, on a small platform.

Her child was bound within her bosom—she remembered not how or when, but it was safe; and, scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm, rootbound soil, with bushes appearing below.

With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier, and broom, and heather, and dwarf-birch. There, a loosened stone leaped over a ledge, and no sound was heard, so far down was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the rocks, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous^② as the cliff.

① Reefed, *taken in, and fastened to the yard.*

② Callous, *insensible: hardened.*