

西方学校原版阅读教材



# 澳大利亚学生 文学读本

AUSTRALIAN  
LITERATURE READERS



Authorized by the Ministry  
of Victorian Education

澳大利亚维多利亚教育部 / 编

CLASS ENGLISH READERS FOR CHINESE LEARNERS

天津出版传媒集团  
天津人民出版社

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## *LESSON 1*

### SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

[In *The Spectator*, a daily paper of the early eighteenth century, were printed many stories about Sir Roger de Coverley, one of the famous characters in English literature. Here is one of the stories. In it the writer describes a Sunday spent with Sir Roger at his country home.]

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country

fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after the sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common prayer-book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for, if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them. Several of the old knight's peculiarities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms half a minute after the rest

of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen!" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend in the midst of the service calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father is, whom he does not see in church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the

person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that, upon a catechizing day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

*Author.*—JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719) is one of the earliest and most famous of English essayists. "The Spectator," a noble monument to his success as a light essayist, as an "abstract and brief chronicle" of the manners of the time is incomparable. His criticism, though not profound, shows sobriety and good sense. His style reflects a singular grace and breeding, yet a subtle irony is conveyed in his beautifully lucid sentences. "The Spectator" and "The Tatler" contain most of his best essays. His poetry is not very important; perhaps his best-known verses are those beginning thus: "The spacious firmament on high .

*General notes.*—Sir Roger de Coverley, as pictured in various numbers of Addison's "Spectator," was the beau-ideal of an amiable English country gentleman in the reign of Queen Anne. He was

courteous to his neighbours, kind to his servants, loving to his family. He had charming little follies and eccentricities, which endear him still more. See how many examples you can find in "Sir Roger at Church" of his whimsicalities; his pardonable vanity, and his delightful pomposity.

*LESSON 2*  
WANDERERS

As I rode in the early dawn,  
While stars were fading white.  
I saw upon a grassy slope  
A camp-fire burning bright;  
With tent behind and blaze before,  
Three loggers in a row  
Sang all together joyously—



"Three loggers in a row."

Pull up the stakes and go!  
As I rode on by Eagle Hawk,  
The wide, blue deep of air,  
The wind among the glittering leaves,  
The flowers so sweet and fair,  
The thunder of the rude salt waves,  
The creek's soft overflow,  
All joined in chorus to the words—  
Pull up the stakes and go!  
Now, by the tent on forest skirt,  
By odour of the earth,  
By sight and scent of morning smoke,  
By evening camp-fire's mirth,  
By deep-sea call and foaming green,  
By new stars' gleam and glow,  
By summer trails in antique lands—  
Pull up the stakes and go!  
The world is wide, and we are young,  
And sounding marches heat,  
And passion pipes her sweetest call  
In lane and field and street;  
So rouse the chorus, brothers all,  
We'll something have to show  
When Death comes round and strikes our tent—  
Pull up the stakes and go!

JAMES HEBBLETHWAITE.



*Author.*—JAMES HEBBLETHWAITE (1857-1921) was born in Lancashire, England. He followed the teaching profession for twelve years, and also gave public lectures on English literature. He came to Tasmania in 1890, and engaged in teaching, then took orders in the Anglican Church, 1903. His works include *Verses* (published by the Hobart “Mercury”); *A Rose of Regret* (The “Bulletin” Co.); *Meadow and Bush* (“Bookfellow,” Sydney); *Poems* (E. A. Vidler), and *New Poems* (E. A. Vidler).

*General Notes.*—Do you like the care-free, open-air sound of these verses? Of what does the swing of the rhythm remind you—gallop, canter, trot, walk, or amble? Can you find any anapaests, which are so common in galloping rhymes (“With a leap—and a bound—the swift an—apæsts thron”)? How many “beats” in each line? Pick out the rhyming lines. What line acts as a refrain! Explain the metaphor in the second last line of the poem.

