



❧ 西方家庭学校经典教材读本 ❧

加拿大语文

NEW
CANADIAN
READERS



AUTHORIZED BY
THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

加拿大教育部/编

天津出版传媒集团

天津人民出版社

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❧ LESSON 1 ❧

ON MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles Time’s tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o’er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life’s journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;



Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! —it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? —It was. —Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And disappointed still was still deceived,
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more;
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! But the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there



BOOK FIVE

Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this, still legible in memory's page
And still to be so till my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may,
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart; —the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might. —
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved and thou so much,



That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, —as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay—
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
“Where tempests never beat nor billows roar”;
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed, —
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise, —
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell, —Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;



BOOK FIVE

To have renewed the joys that once were mine
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic form of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft, —
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

— WILLIAM COWPER



❧ LESSON 2 ❧

DORA

WITH Farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son
And she his niece. He often look'd at them
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all
And yearn'd toward William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora. Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son and said, "My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die,
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora: she is well
To look to, thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter; he and I
Had once hard words and parted, and he died
In foreign lands, but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora; take her for your wife,
For I have wish'd this marriage night and day
For many years." But William answer'd short:
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life
I will not marry Dora," Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands and said,
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law



And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William; take a month to think
And let me have an answer to my wish,
Or by the Lord that made me you shall pack
And never more darken my doors again.”

But William answer'd madly, bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her, and his ways were harsh
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house
And hired himself to work within the fields,
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said, “My girl, I love you well,
But if you speak with him that was my son
Or change a word with her he calls his wife
My home is none of yours. My will is law.”
And Dora promised being meek. She thought,
“It cannot be; my uncle's mind will change!”

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him,
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy and thought



Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said,
“I have obey’d my uncle until now,
And I have sinn’d for it was all thro’ me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that’s gone
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest; let me take the boy
And I will set him in my uncle’s eye
Among the wheat, that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest he may see the boy
And bless him for the sake of him that’s gone.”

And Dora took the child and went her way
Across the wheat and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not, for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him
But her heart fail’d her; and the reapers reap’d,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came she rose and took
The child once more and sat upon the mound
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle’s eye.
Then, when the farmer pass’d into the field,
He spied her and he left his men at work
And came and said, “Where were you yesterday?



Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again,
"Do with me as you will but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy,
But go you hence and never see me more."

So saying he took the boy that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head
Remembering the day when first she came
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret, and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answered Mary, "This shall never be,



That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself;
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy
For he will teach him hardness and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy and bring him home,
And I will beg of him to take thee back;
But if he will not take thee back again
Then thou and I will live within one house
And work for William's child until he grows
Of age to help us." So the women kiss'd
Each other and set out and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch; they peep'd and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretch'd out
And babbled for the golden seal that hung
From Allan's watch and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
His mother he cried out to come to her;
And Allan set him down, and Mary said,
"O Father! —if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora; take her back; she loves you well.
O, Sir, when William died he died at peace
With all men; for I asked him, and he said
He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife; but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus: