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MODERN ENGLISH READERS

(For Senior Middle Schools)

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MODERN ENGLISH READERS

For Senior Middle Schools

BOOK V

ed. with Chinese & English Notes

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編 輯 大 意

- 一 本書共分六冊，每冊配列課文二十篇，可供高級中學六學期英語教學及同程度者自習之用。
- 二 本書編制，根據編者教學經驗，特別注意適合於實際教學情形。
- 三 本書文體第一第二兩冊以故事為主。第三第四兩冊，其他各體文字分量漸次增加。第五第六兩冊故事與各體文字參半。內容除文藝作品外，有關於科學常識者，有關於英語國家社會生活者，有關於現代文化之批判者，有關於世界名人事蹟者。選材力求適合學習者的程度與興趣，同時並注意學習者知識之灌輸與思想之啓發。
- 四 本書註釋，中英文並用，英文註釋儘量設法不超出學生之字彙。遇有難於用簡單英文註釋者，則祇用中文。課文中之成語普通常用者並附例句，以資揣摩與練習。第一第二兩冊註釋較爲詳盡，除單字及成語外，動詞變化，亦復列入，因高中一年級學生根底較淺，不能自動學習。其餘四冊註釋漸次從略，僅注意字句之生僻者，及普通常見之字而含有歧義者。
- 五 本書第一第二兩冊課文，係參照重慶南開中學現行之高中一年級課本，酌予增減與編排而成，事前曾得該校同意，特此聲明。

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THE DIGNITY OF LABOR

Newman Hall

There ~~is~~ dignity in toil; in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head; in toil to provide for the bodily wants of an individual life, as well as in toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labor that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, in a word, all labor that is honest, is honorable too.

The Dignity of Labor! Consider its achievements.

Labor clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. Labor drives the plough, and scatters the seeds, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves them into raiment, soft, and warm, and beautiful. Labor moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and digs the stone, and shapes the column, and builds, not only the humble cottage, but the splendid palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome.

Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal, to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold.

Labor explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks for gold, silver, copper, and tin. Labor smelts the iron, and molds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament. Labor cuts down the oak, and makes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime.

Labor, laughing at difficulties, crosses majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountains with its dark tunnel, exploding rocks, filling hollows, and linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth.

Labor, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears; the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied flags, rises from the harbor. Science enlists the elements of earth and Heaven in its service; Art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty; Civilization smiles; Liberty is glad; Humanity rejoices; Piety exults; for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every side.

“Work for some good, be it ever so slowly.”

Work for some hope, be it ever so lowly;
Work for all labor is noble and holy!"

THE SCHOOLMASTER BEATEN

Charles Dickens

The cold feeble dawn of a January morning was stealing in at the windows of the common sleeping room, when Nicholas, raising himself on his arm, looked among the prostrate forms in search of the boy Smike. While he was occupied in this search, the voice of Squeers was heard calling from the bottom of the stairs.

"Now then, are you going to sleep all day up there?"

"We shall be down directly, sir."

"Down directly! You had better be down directly, or I'll be down upon some of you in less time than directly. Where's that Smike?"

"He is not here, sir."

"Don't tell me a lie. He is."

"He is not. Don't tell me one."

Mr. Squeers bounced into the dormitory, swinging his cane in the air ready for a blow, but the cane descended harmlessly. There was nobody there.

"What does this mean? Where have you hid him?"

"I have seen nothing of him since last night."

"Come, you won't save him this way. Where is he?"

“At the bottom of the nearest pond for aught I know.”

“What do you mean by that?” Without waiting for a reply, Squeers inquired of the boys whether any one among them knew anything of their missing schoolmate.

There was a general hum of denial, in the midst of which one shrill voice was heard to say— as indeed everybody thought—

“Please, sir, I think Smike’s run away, sir.”

“Ha!” cried Squeers, “Who said that?” He made a plunge into the crowd, and caught a very little boy, the perplexed expression of whose countenance as he was brought forward, seemed to intimate that he was as yet uncertain whether he was about to be punished or rewarded for the suggestion. He was not long in doubt.

“You think he has run away, do you, sir?” demanded Squeers.

“Yes, please sir,” replied the little boy.

“And what reason have you to suppose that any boy would want to run away from this establishment?”

The child raised a dismal cry by way of answer, and Mr. Squeers beat him until he rolled out of his hands, when he mercifully allowed him to roll away.

“There! now, if any other boy thinks Smike has run away, I should be glad to have a talk with him.”

There was a profound silence.

“Well, Nickleby, you think he has run away, I

suppose?"

"I think it extremely likely."

"Oh, you do, do you? Maybe you know he has?"

"I know nothing of the kind."

"He didn't tell you he was going, I suppose, did he?"

"He did not. I am very glad he did not, for it would then have been my duty to have warned you."

"Which no doubt you would have been sorry to do?"

"I should indeed," replied Nicholas. "You interpret my feelings with great accuracy."

Mrs. Squeers had listened to this conversation from the bottom of the stairs; but now, losing all patience, she hastily made her way to the scene of action.

"What's all this here to do? What on earth are you talking to him for, Squeery?"

"The cow house and the stable are locked up, so he can't be there; and he's not down stairs anywhere, for the girl has looked. He must have gone York way, and by a public road too. He must beg his way, and he could do that nowhere but on the public road. Now, if you take the chaise and go one road, and I borrow Swallow's chaise, and go the other, what with keeping our eyes open and asking questions, one or the other of us is pretty certain to lay hold of him."

The worthy lady's plan was adopted and put in execution without a moment's delay.

Nicholas remained behind in a tumult of feeling. Death, from want and exposure to the weather, was the best that could be expected from the protracted wandering of so poor and helpless a creature, alone and unfriended, through a country of which he was wholly ignorant.

There was little, perhaps, to choose between this fate and a return to the tender mercies of the Yorkshire School. He lingered on, in restless anxiety, picturing a thousand possibilities, until the evening of the next day, when Squeers returned alone and unsuccessful.

“No news of the scamp!”

Another day came, and Nicholas was scarcely awake when he heard the wheels of a chaise approaching the house. It stopped. The voice of Mrs. Squeers was heard.

Nicholas hardly dared to look out of the window, but he did so, and the very first object that met his eyes was the wretched Smike, bedabbled with mud and rain, haggard and worn and wild.

“Lift him out,” said Squeers. “Bring him in; bring him in!”

“Take care,” cried Mrs. Squeers. “We tied his legs under the apron, and made ’em fast to the chaise, to prevent him giving us the slip again.” With hands trembling with delight, Squeers unloosened the cord; and Smike, to all appearance more dead than alive, was brought into the house and securely locked up in a cellar, until such time as

Mr. Squeers should deem it expedient to operate upon him

The news that Smike had been caught and brought back in triumph ran like wildfire through the hungry community, and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it remained all the afternoon, when Squeers having refreshed himself with his dinner and an extra libation or so, made his appearance, accompanied by his amiable partner, with a fearful instrument of flagellation, strong, supple, wax-ended, and new.

“Is every boy here?”

Every boy was there, but every boy was afraid to speak; so Squeers glared along the lines to assure himself.

“Each boy keep his place. Nickleby! to your desk, sir.”

There was a very curious and unusual expression in the usher's face; but he took his seat, without opening his lips in reply.

Squeers, casting a triumphant glance at his assistant, left the room, and shortly afterwards returned, dragging Smike by the collar—or rather by that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar would have been.

“Have you anything to say?” demanded Squeers. “Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough.”

“Spare me, sir!”

“Oh! that’s all, is it? Yes, I’ll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that.”

One desperate cut had fallen on him when Nicholas Nickleby cried “Stop!”

“Who cried ‘stop?’ ”

“I,” said Nicholas. “This must not go on.”

“Must not go on!”

“No!” thundered Nicholas. “I say must not, shall not. I will prevent it.”

“You have disregarded all my quiet interference in the miserable lad’s behalf,” said Nicholas; “you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don’t blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself, not I.”

“Sit down, beggar.”

“Wretch, touch him again at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for I will not spare you if you drive me on!”

“Stand back,” cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.

“I have a long series of insults to avenge, and my indignation is aggravated by the cruelties practised in this foul den. Have a care; for if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head!”

Squeers, with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, spat upon him, and struck him a blow across the face. Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand, and beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy, and then flung Squeers from him with all the force he could muster. The violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers completely over an adjacent form; and Squeers striking his head against it in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and ascertained that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead (upon which point he had some unpleasant doubts at first), Nicholas marched boldly out by the front door, and struck into the road.

Then such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboys Hall had never echoed before, and were destined never to respond to again. When the sound had died away, the school was empty; and of the crowd of boys, which had peopled it but five minutes before, not one remained.

SHIPS THAT SAIL IN THE AIR

Laura Antoinette Large

A crowd of people were gathered in the public square of a little village in France one day. "We have a surprise for you," two wealthy brothers of the town had said when

they gave out the invitations.

The people were eager to see what was in store for them. "What can the great surprise be?" many asked.

Every one watched with interest while a great linen bag was brought to the square. It hung from a rope like a huge limp sail. There was a large round opening at the base of this bag, and about it the parts of the linen were sewed fast to a wooden ring. Beneath the ring was a pit, into which men had put straw, wood, and chopped wool to use in making a bonfire.

"Ready!" shouted one of the brothers. The other brother lighted the fuel with a torch and in a moment flames shot upward. A thick cloud of smoke arose too. The bag began to spread out in all directions as it filled with gas and smoke. Then it took the shape of a great ball that pulled and tugged at the ropes that were trying to hold it. The keepers let go and the globe arose into the air like a live creature. Up, up, higher and higher it went, while the people below clapped their hands and shouted.

The balloon went so high that it was soon hidden behind a patch of cloud. Then it appeared again. The people could see it rising until it reached a place in the heavens over a mile above the earth.

Every one shouted so loud that the noise was deafening. Some men tossed their hats into the air, the children danced about, while the women all started to talk at once because

they were so excited.

Some farmers were working in the fields about two miles from the spot where the balloon was launched. They did not know what had been going on in the public square of the French town. They did not even know that the brothers had promised a surprise for the people.

While they were at work, the great black balloon appeared in the sky and slowly began to come down to earth. The humble farmers thought that the Evil One was after them. They rushed at the balloon with their pitchforks and scythes! "The Evil One! We will destroy him!" they shouted. As the balloon gently struck the ground, they rushed at it, making holes and gashes in the linen covering.

You know what happens to a balloon when just one hole is made in it. With many holes and gashes the great linen bag was once again limp, and it was torn into shreds besides. Some of the farmers tied it fast to a horse's tail and the frightened creature galloped with it into the open country.

This was the first balloon that had ever really sailed into the heavens. It was called the Montgolfier balloon because it was made by the Montgolfier brothers. This first balloon could stay up in the air only a little more than ten minutes. The reason for this was the way in which the linen covering was made. It had small openings here and there through which the gas escaped little by little.

But people knew that a way had at last been found to make a ship sail in the air, and this made them very happy. More than this, it set men to thinking. They began to try to make ships that could sail about in the air for a longer time, and it was not long before it was found possible to do this.

Even then men did not stop working, for they were not satisfied. The balloons were at the mercy of the wind, which could blow them any way it chose. What men wanted was to be able to make their way through the air wherever they might wish to go. They wanted to fly like birds.

For many years men had wanted to do this. After the first balloon had been made, they tried harder than ever to learn to fly with make-believe wings.

One German named Lilienthal came nearer to doing this than any of the others. He studied the wings of birds and watched the young birds fly. Then he made himself a pair of wings and tried to learn to fly too.

Perhaps you can tell what troubles he had when he tried to do this. Birds are made for flying and can balance themselves with great ease. They are small too, and can lift themselves high up into the air with little trouble. With men it is different. They were not made to fly, and they are so big and heavy that it takes a good deal of power for them to be able to make their way through air.

Lilienthal faced toward the wind just as he had seen the young birds do when they were learning to fly. Then he ran fast and turned his make-believe wings up to catch the wind. He thought that he would surely fly, but he was only raised from the ground a short distance. It pleased him to be able to do even this much, but he knew that he must have more power. He had a hill made, with a long slope. He climbed to the top of the hill and tried to glide on his wings down into the valley below. It took him a long time to learn to do this without falling to the ground or turning over backwards. People gathered to see the "flying man" hanging through the wooden loop that held the two wings together. Some were almost afraid to watch him. "He will fall! How does he dare to go through the air like that?" some of the men cried. Every one thought Lilienthal a very brave man, which he truly was.

The more he glided, the more he enjoyed it, and the more risks he took. He wanted to be able to fly high in the air and to stay up for a long time. In trying to do this he forgot his own safety. One day he lost his balance while gliding along, and fell to the ground with great force.

The "flying man" was killed instantly but he was not forgotten. People began to study the birds for help in learning to fly, just as Lilienthal had done. They learned a great deal about shaping the wings and about placing them so that they might best catch the wind. They learned that

man was never made to fly like a bird. He must have a ship in which to ride, and this ship must have wings and a tail to help move it.

Finally, two American brothers made the first ship that could be guided through the air. The brothers were named Wilbur and Orville Wright, and they called their ship an aeroplane. They called it a biplane too, because it had two wings, or planes. One very good thing about it was the gasoline motor which gave it the power to force its way through the air wherever the pilot or guide might choose to send it.

MY THREE COMPANIONS

Oliver Wendell Holmes

I have lived on the shores of the great ocean, where its wave broke wildest and its voice rose loudest. I have passed whole seasons on the banks of mighty and famous rivers. I have dwelt on the margin of a tranquil lake, and floated through many a long, long summer day on its clear waters.

I have learned the "various language" of Nature, of which poetry has spoken,—at least I have learned some words and phrases of it. I will translate some of these as best I may into common speech.

The Ocean says to the dweller on its shores; "You are

neither welcome nor unwelcome. I do not trouble myself with the living tribes that come down to my waters. I have my own people, of an older race than yours, that grow to mightier dimensions than your elephants; more numerous than all the swarms that fill the air or move over the thin crust of the earth.

“Who are you that build your gay palaces on my margin? I see your white faces as I saw the dark faces of the tribes that came before you, as I shall look upon the unknown family of mankind that will come after you. And what is your whole human family but a parenthesis in a single page of my history? The raindrops stereotyped themselves on my beaches before a single living creature left his footprints there.

“What feeling have I for you? Not scorn,—not hatred,—not love,—not loathing. No!—indifference,—blank indifference to you and your affairs; that is my feeling, say rather absence of feeling, as regards you. Oh, yes; I will lap at your feet, I will cool you in the hot summer days, I will bear you up in my strong arms, I will rock you on my rolling undulations, like a babe in his cradle.

“Am I not gentle? Am I not kind? Am I not harmless? But hark! The wind is rising, and the wind and I are rough playmates! What do you say to my voice now? Do you see my foaming lips? Do you feel the rocks tremble as my huge billows crash against them. Is not my anger

terrible as I dash your argosy, your thunder-bearing frigate, into fragments, as you would crash an eggshell.

“No, not anger; deaf, blind, unheeding indifference, — that is all. Out of me all things rose; sooner or later, into me all things subside. All changes around me; I change not. I look not at you, vain man, and your frail transitory concerns, save in momentary glimpses.....

“Ye, whose thoughts are of eternity, come dwell at my side. Continents and islands grow old, and waste and disappear. The hardest rock crumbles; vegetable and animal kingdoms come into being, wax great, decline, and perish, to give way to others, even as human dynasties and nations and races come and go.

“Look on me! ‘Time writes no wrinkle’ on my forehead. Listen to me! All tongues are spoken on my shores, but I have only one language: the winds taught me their vowels, the crags and the sands schooled me in my rough or smooth consonants. Few words are mine, but I have whispered them and sung them and shouted them to men of all tribes from the time when the first wild wanderer strayed into my awful presence.

“Have you a grief that gnaws at your heartstrings? Come with it to my shore, as of old the priest of fardarting Apollo carried his rage and anguish to the margin of the loud-roaring sea. There, if anywhere, you will forget your private and short-lived woe, for my voice speaks to the

infinite and the eternal in your consciousness.”

To him who loves the pages of human history, who listens to the voices of the world about him, who frequents the market and the thoroughfare, who lives in the study of time and its accidents, rather than in the deeper emotions, in abstract speculation and spiritual contemplation, the River addresses itself as his natural companion:

“Come live with me. I am active, cheerful, communicative, a natural talker and story teller. I am not noisy like the ocean, except occasionally when I am rudely interrupted, or when I stumble and get a fall. When I am silent you can still have pleasure in watching my changing features. My idlest babble, when I am toying with the trifles that fall in my way, if not full of meaning, is at least musical.

“I am not a dangerous friend like the ocean; no highway is absolutely safe, but my nature is harmless, and the storms that strew the beaches with wrecks cast no ruins upon my flowery borders. Abide with me, and you shall not die of thirst, like the forlorn wretches left to the mercies of the pitiless salt waves. Trust yourself to me, and I will carry you far on your journey, if we are travelling to the same point of the compass.

“If I sometimes run riot and overflow your meadows, I leave fertility behind me when I withdraw to my natural channel. Walk by my side toward the place of my destina-

tion. I will keep pace with you, and you shall feel my presence with you as that of a self-conscious being like yourself. You will find it hard to be miserable in my company; I drain you of ill-conditioned thoughts as I carry away the refuse of your dwelling and its grounds."

But to him whom the ocean chills and crushes with its sullen indifference, and the river disturbs with its never-pausing and never-ending story, the silent Lake shall be a refuge and a place of rest for his soul.

"Vex not yourself with the thoughts too vast for your limited faculties," it says, "yield not yourself to the babble of the running stream. Leave the ocean which cares nothing for you or any living thing that walks the solid earth; leave the river, too busy with its own errand, too talkative about its own affairs, and find peace with me, whose smile will cheer you, whose whisper will soothe you. Come to me when the morning sun blazes across my bosom like a golden baldric; come to me in the still midnight, when I hold the inverted firmament like a cup brimming with jewels, nor spill one star of all the constellations that float in my ebon goblet.

"Do you know the charm of melancholy? Where will you find a sympathy like mine in your hours of sadness? Does the ocean share your grief? Does the river listen to your sighs? The salt wave, that called to you from under last month's full moon, to-day is dashing on the rocks of

Labrador; the stream, that ran by you pure and sparkling, has swallowed the poisonous refuse of a great city, and is creeping to its grave in the wild cemetery that buries all things in its tomb of liquid crystal.

“It is true that my waters exhale and are renewed from one season to another; but are your features the same, absolutely the same, from year to year? We both change, but we know each other through all changes. Am I not mirrored in those eyes of yours? And does not Nature plant me as an eye to behold her beauties while she is dressed in the glories of leaf and flower?”

THE BLUE FLOWER

Henry Van Dyke

The parents were abed and sleeping. The clock on the wall ticked loudly and lazily, as if it had time to spare. Outside the rattling windows there was a restless, whispering wind. The room grew light and dark, and wondrous light again, as the moon played hide-and-seek through the clouds. The boy, wide awake and quiet in his bed, was thinking of the stranger and his stories.

“It was not what he told me about the treasures,” he said to himself, “that was not the thing which filled me with so strange a longing. I am not greedy for riches. But the Blue Flower is what I long for. I can think of nothing

else. Never have I felt so before. It seems as if I had been dreaming until now—or as if I had just slept over into a new world.

“Who cared for flowers in the old world where I used to live? I never heard of any one whose whole heart was set upon finding a flower. But now I cannot even tell all that I feel—sometimes as happy as if I were enchanted. But when the flower fades from me, when I cannot see it in my mind, then it is like being very thirsty and all alone. That is what the other people could not understand.

“Once upon a time, they say, the animals and the trees and the flowers used to talk to people. It seems to me, every minute, as if they were just going to begin again. When I look at them I can see what they want to say. There must be a great many words that I do not know; if I knew more of them perhaps I could understand things better. I used to love to dance, but now I like better to think after the music.”

Gradually the boy lost himself in sweet fancies, and suddenly he found himself again, in the charmed land of sleep. He wandered in far countries, rich and strange; he traversed wild waters with incredible swiftness; marvellous creatures appeared and vanished; he lived with all sorts of men, in battles, in whirling crowds, in lonely huts. He was cast into prison. He fell into dire distress and want. All experiences seemed to be sharpened to an edge. He felt

them keenly, yet they did not harm him. He died and came alive again; he loved to the height of passion, and then was parted forever from his beloved. At last, toward morning, as the dawn was stealing near, his soul grew calm and the pictures showed more clear and firm.

It seemed as if he were walking alone through the deep woods. Seldom the daylight shimmered through the green veil. Soon he came to a rocky gorge in the mountains. Under the mossy stones in the bed of the stream, he heard the water secretly tinkling downward, ever downward, as he climbed upward.

The forest grew thinner and lighter. He came to a fair meadow on the slope of the mountain. Beyond the meadow was a high cliff, and in the face of the cliff an opening like the entrance to a path. Dark was the way, but smooth, and he followed easily on till he came near to a vast cavern from which a flood of radiance streamed to meet him.

As he entered he beheld a mighty beam of light which sprang from the ground, shattering itself against the roof in countless sparks, falling and flowing all together into a great pool in the rock. Brighter was the light-beam than molten gold, but silent in its rise, and silent in its fall. The sacred stillness of a shrine, a never-broken hush of joy and wonder, filled the cavern. Cool was the dripping radiance that softly trickled down the walls, and the light that rippled from them was pale blue.

But the pool, as the boy drew near and watched it, quivered and glanced with the ever-changing colors of a liquid opal. He dipped his hands in it and wet his lips. It seemed as if a lively breeze passed through his heart.

He felt an irresistible desire to bathe in the pool. Slipping off his clothes he plunged in. It was as if he bathed in a cloud of sunset. A celestial rapture flowed through him. The waves of the stream were like a bevy of nymphs taking shape around him, clinging to him with tender breasts, as he floated onward, lost in delight, yet keenly sensitive to every impression. Swiftly the current bore him out of the pool, into a hollow in the cliff. Here a dimness of slumber shadowed his eyes, while he felt the pressure of the loveliest dreams.

When he awoke again, he was aware of a new fulness of light, purer and steadier than the first radiance. He found himself lying on the green turf, in the open air, beside a little fountain, which sparkled up and melted away in silver spray. Dark-blue were the rocks that rose at a little distance, veined with white as if strange words were written upon them. Dark-blue was the sky, and cloudless.

All passion had dissolved away from him; every sound was music; every breath was peace; the rocks were like sentinels protecting him; the sky was like a cup of blessing full of tranquil light.

But what charmed him most, and drew him with

resistless power, was a tall, clear-blue flower, growing beside the spring, and almost touching him with its broad, glistening leaves. Round about were many other flowers, of all hues. Their odors mingled in a perfect chord of fragrance. He saw nothing but the Blue Flower.

Long and tenderly he gazed at it, with unspeakable love. At last he felt that he must go a little nearer to it, when suddenly it began to move and change. The leaves glistened more brightly, and drew themselves up closely around the swiftly growing stalk. The flower bent itself toward him, and the petals showed a blue, spreading necklace of sapphires, out of which the lovely face of a girl smiled softly into his eyes. His sweet astonishment grew with the wondrous transformation.

All at once he heard his mother's voice calling him, and awoke in his parents' room, already flooded with the gold of the morning sun.

THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG

E. B. Lytton

I

“Buy my flowers—oh buy—I pray!

The blind girl comes from afar;

If the Earth be as fair as I hear them say,

These flowers her children are!

Do they her beauty keep?

They are fresh from her lap, I know;
For I caught them fast asleep
In her arms an hour ago,
With the air which is her breath—
Her soft and delicate breath—
Over them murmuring low!

“On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,
And their cheeks with her tender tears are wet,
For she weeps—that gentle mother weeps—
(As morn and night her watch she keeps,
With a yearning heart and a passionate care)
To see the young things grow so fair;
She weeps—for love she weeps;
And the dews are the tears she weeps,
From the well of a mother’s love!

II

“Ye have a world of light,
Where love in the loved rejoices;
But the blind girl’s home is the House of Night,
And its beings are empty voices.

As one in the realm below,
I stand by the streams of woe!
I hear the vain shadows glide,

I feel their soft breath at my side.

And I thirst the loved forms to see,
And I stretch my fond arms around,
And I catch but a shapeless sound,
For the living are ghosts to me.
“Come buy—Come buy?—

Hark' how the sweet things sigh
(For they have a voice like ours),
“The breath of the blind girl closes
The leaves of the saddening roses—
We are tender, we sons of light;
We shrink from this child of night
From the grasp of the blind girl free us:
We yearn for the eyes that see us—
We are for night too gay,
In your eyes we behold the day—
Oh buy—oh buy the flowers!” ”

BLESSED BE THE CHILDREN

Ah Ying

Ever since the beginning of the war, I was so overburdened with work that I had scarcely time to stay home and to supervise the activities of my children. I only felt that they, too, on account of the war had shifted their

interests to a different direction. My daughter who used to spend her time on miscellaneous household duties now became a devoted newspaper reader and would ransack my brief-case for dailies and periodicals. My eldest son was somewhat of a book-worm and, though only thirteen years old, had built up a small library of his own with more than three thousand volumes, all orderly arranged and catalogued. Everyday after school, he used to busy himself in the study, but now he no longer touched his books for he was engaged with his brothers in playing the games of war.

Besides books, his interest lay in handicraft. Just before the war broke out, he had spent almost ten days in constructing with paper boards and twigs a large-sized model of a rural village of four feet square, placed in a hand-made tin tray so as to hold plenty of water. Sisters and brothers labored hard under his direction and when the work was completed, there were not only farm cottages with flowers, trees, and fields, but also winding streams and picturesque bridges. But this little bit of masterpiece now lay deserted under a big table in the parlor with trees withered, water dried up, and grass no longer green. Rural village, poetic and idyllic, had lost its hold on the heart of children amid this unintermittent bombing of planes and cannons. At present, besides paying attention to news on the front, they were exerting their efforts in the preparation of a mock war against foreign aggression.

The only difference between it and the real war is that they had to build up their own army as well as that of their imaginary foes.

At first, they cut thick paper boards into whole regiment of soldiers and officers, the latter raising big swords to command their men to kill the enemies. They wore colorful uniforms and stood row by row in the room. A few days later, there were added movable horses of different colors and gestures, each with a rider on its back. These, I believe, formed the cavalry. Later, they also placed squadrons of gray aeroplanes on my desk which, for the time being, became an airfield. Yesterday, when I got home, I found to my surprise, besides many heavy cannons and anti-aircraft guns, a long row of one-foot tanks with teeth-like chains on the edges. I was greatly amused and asked my youngest who is ten years old, "Whom are you fighting against with these weapons?" "Japanese!" he answered solemnly without hesitation. I was then filled with joy and could scarcely utter a word. I felt that our race can never be annihilated with these children as its patriotic heirs. In fact, it is also for them that we have to exert our utmost to resist our enemy and to create a new China. And I asked again, "Is everything ready now?" My eldest who was still working hard under the lamp light turned round and responded, "We only need ground to fight upon." In reply to my question how it was to be

secured, he revealed their entire plan as to how they would lay out battle fields, establish air bases, dig trenches, heap up sandbags, and place the opposing forces in their respective positions. The only trouble they found was that none of them was willing to be the Japanese Commander. "Then, probably, the war will never be fought," I said, and all the lads joined in a hearty laughter.

We are living in such a period of turmoil that even children are suffering from a painful life. Nevertheless, hardship is the best lesson, the severest training. Children who grow up under circumstance like this are sure to be brave youngsters who will be able to defend our much beloved fatherland. Every cannon shot fired by the enemy will awake our people and stir up a new life among those children who are to be future masters of the nation. In this world of tigers and wolves, a stage of transition has to be passed. The cannons of our merciless foes can roar and their bombs can explode, but even though the whole of China is reduced to a land of ashes, we will feel neither pain nor regret. We can still build up from our ruins a new and free country and our children can unite with the children of the world to form a new world. Though people of our generation may be killed in this war of defense, our children will grow up even stronger and succeed finally in destroying our relentless foes. Children! Children of China! Children of the world! I hope you will soon grow

up to create out of this old chaotic mass a new and brighter universe.

THE STORY OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Harry Pratt Judson

In the year 1564 Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, was a quiet little village that differed in no way from hundreds of others scattered over England at that time. In these little villages the houses were built commonly of wood, with the upper stories overhanging the lower, and with windows of latticework or horn, as glass was then seldom used except in the houses of the wealthy.

Each cottage had its garden wherein grew rosemary and fennel and all kinds of herbs, in closest neighborhood to the roses and daffodils and violets, which were the pride of the cottagers. In the fields beyond, the paths led through scarlet poppies and golden primroses to the great forests, which were then found all over England.

Quite outside the villages, and often far removed from them, were the manor houses of the wealthy squires, the castles of the great nobles, and the abbeys and cathedrals whose fine architecture so beautified the country.

But in Stratford itself the beauty consisted mainly in the prettily kept gardens; the beautiful river Avon, which flows past the village on its way to join the Severn; in the

graceful yew, elm, and lime trees which shaded the cottage roofs; and in the old church, built possibly in the days when the Normans were still trying to make the English nation become French.

In one of these cottages, which was richer than many of its neighbors, since it possessed two stories instead of one, and had, furthermore, some dormer windows in its roof, was born, in 1564, William Shakespeare, whose name stands far above every other in the story of English literature, and whose genius has made the village of Stratford immortal.

Very little is known of Shakespeare's childhood and boyhood, except that they were spent at Stratford. But we know that his father was a man of some importance in the village, and that the boy's early days must have been comfortable and happy.

When he was seven years of age, he entered the free grammar school of the village, where pupils were admitted as soon as they knew how to read. Here, for seven years, he learned from books the things that were then taught in the grammar schools, including no doubt some Latin and Greek and as much English as was considered necessary. In those days English was thought of little importance, and to be a scholar meant to know certain languages and sciences which the learner would probably never use.

Out of school Shakespeare learned much, and stored

the knowledge well in his mind. He knew all the flowers, plants, and trees which were to be found in the fields and meadows and woods for miles around. He spent hours in poring over the history of Stratford Church, where he had been christened, and to which he went regularly every Sunday. It joined the England of his day with a past that was full of the glorious and stirring history of the English nation.

Shakespeare learned much from the traffic which constantly passed through the village, for Stratford was cut into four sections by the two great public highways, which ran through the place from the great neighboring cities, and over which went all the traffic of that part of the kingdom.

In this way he heard of the great world beyond Stratford. He learned of those heroes of the sea, Frobi-
sher and Hawkins and Gilbert and Drake, and followed them in imagination in their voyages across the ocean to the unknown continents and islands of the New World. And he heard in the same way of the affairs of London—what the queen and the great nobles were about, and what was thought to be fine in the sight of London folk, and what they despised as poor and mean.

A few miles away from Stratford were the great castles of Warwick and Kenilworth. The former was rich in memories of the War of the Roses, when England was

a great battlefield from end to end, and second in interest only to Kenilworth, where Queen Elizabeth came from time to time, with her train of lords and ladies, to be entertained by Lord Leicester.

Most interesting of all the events connected with her visit were the shows and plays, which were given at the castle in her honor. One of the royal progresses to Kenilworth occurred when Shakespeare was about twelve years of age, and very likely the boy was present at the entertainments given there, and watched with eager eyes the scene before him.

Besides these entertainments in honor of the queen, Shakespeare saw from time to time the companies of regular players who traveled from London throughout the country, frequently stopping at Stratford, where they gave their performances, as was usual at a time when there were no theaters, in the courtyard of the inn.

In this way the boy Shakespeare became familiar with the best plays and players of the day, and this, joined with visits to Coventry, where great religious plays were given, must have given him many a glimpse of the life beyond his native village.

Amid such scenes and impressions Shakespeare grew to manhood, and it is easy to trace their influence in his works.

When Shakespeare was twenty-one, he went to London

to try his fortunes in that great city; and a very interesting place was the London of his day.

There was the famous London Bridge and St. Paul's Cathedral, and palaces and markets and taverns and bear gardens, and long streets full of shops.

Then, too, there were the daily crowds where could be seen people from all over the world. Knights and courtiers jostling county squires, and scholars and divines touching, as they passed, the highwayman or thief who had won notoriety by his clever robberies.

Here, also, were noblemen dressed in velvet and gold, from Italy and Spain and France; slaves from Spanish America, sea captains and priests, soldiers and servants—all held by chance or interest within the gray walls which circled London, and whose gates gave welcome to as strange a crowd as could be found in the world.

Into this curious crowd came Shakespeare, quick to see and eager to learn, and before long all these strange sights were as familiar to him as the faces of his own townsfolk. Each one told its story to him so plainly that, as before he had learned the secrets of the fields and woods, so now he learned men and the interests which make up the great world.

And he learned these lessons so well that when he came to write his plays he made such use of them as no writer ever made before or since; for it is the use of this

knowledge of the world, combined with his own genius, that makes Shakespeare the greatest dramatist that has ever lived.

But when Shakespeare first entered London, the objects of greatest interest to him were the theaters, for since his boyhood two or three regular theaters had been opened. One of the principal was that called Blackfriars, which had been made out of some dwelling houses, and which took its name from the monastery of Blackfriars near by.

It was this poor little playhouse—lit by candles, and with its floor of earth, and its stage covered with rushes, and with an audience that smoked, laughed, talked, and ate as the play went on—that Shakespeare entered soon after he reached London, and by so doing crowned it with a fame as immortal as that which rests upon Stratford itself.

The plays that were then the most popular were in many cases written by the actors themselves, and as the company at Blackfriars consisted of some of the leading actors of the day, Shakespeare was at once thrown into the society that would best bring out his talents as an actor and playwright. Shakespeare frequented the theaters and acted in a small way for a while, and then in a year or two began to write for the stage himself.

At first he simply joined with some fellow-actor in writing a new play or in rewriting an old one, but this only continued for a short time, and soon he began the

series of wonderful plays which stand alone in all literature.

Shakespeare gathered the materials for his plays from many sources, for nearly all the authors of ancient times had been translated into English, and the playwright of the day could choose his plot from many different scenes. In fact, the literature that was open to Shakespeare was as rich and varied as a casket of precious stones, and he made good use of it.

He was familiar with the old writers of Greece and Rome, and knew all the old tales of love and adventure and revenge which filled the pages of Italian writers. He was wise in the old chronicles of England, whose history was as romantic and interesting as a fairy tale.

And besides this, he read the tales of those adventurers who had traveled in the Far East and told thrilling stories of Arab and Moor and Turk, or excited the imagination by relating the dangers of the Southern Ocean or the Arctic Sea, and the perils among the hostile tribes and savage beasts in distant America.

And all this knowledge of books he combined with his knowledge of men, and put both into his plays, and made them so real and true that when people saw them on the stage, they forgot that what they saw was acting, and could fancy that they were looking at the real scenes which Shakespeare had in mind when he was writing. And so

they laughed over his clowns and fools and jesters, and wept over his unhappy kings and wretched queens and murdered princes, whose pitiful stories made them think the more tenderly of their own children safe at home. And when the play was over, and they came back to everyday life again, it was to declare that this Shakespeare was the greatest writer of dramas that had yet appeared.

Shakespeare always considered Stratford his home, and bought there an estate, where he visited his family from time to time. When he had made a good sum of money, he retired to Stratford. There he died four years later, on the fifty-second anniversary of his birth-day, and was buried in the parish church so closely connected with his first childish memories.

Outside of his plays he is known as the author of a few poems and songs, and more than a hundred sonnets full of beauty, but it is his great dramas which have won for Shakespeare the fame which has placed his name far above and beyond any other writer in the history of the world.

PRISON LETTERS TO INDIRA

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru

I

Central Prison,

Naini, United Provinces.

October 26, 1930.

For Indira on her thirteenth birthday

My dear,

On your birthday you have been in the habit of receiving presents and good wishes. Good wishes you will still have in good measure, but what present can I give you from Naini prison? My presents cannot be very material or solid. They can be only of the air and of the mind and spirit, something that even the high walls of prison cannot stop.

You know, sweetheart, how I dislike sermonizing and doling out good advice. But what am I to do then? A letter can hardly take the place of a talk; at best it is a one-sided affair. So if I say anything that sounds like good advice do not take it as if it were a bad pill to swallow. Imagine that I have made a suggestion for you to think over, as if we really were having a talk.

The year you were born in—1917—was one of the great years of history, when a great leader, with a heart full of love and sympathy for the poor and suffering, made his people write a noble and never-to-be-forgotten chapter of history. In the very month you were born, Lenin started his great revolution which has changed the face of Russia and Siberia. And today in India another great leader, also full of love for all who suffer and passionately eager to help them, has inspired our

people to great endeavor and noble sacrifice so that they may again be free and the striving and the poor and the oppressed may have their burdens removed from them. Bapuji (Mahatma Gandhi) lies in prison, but the magic of his message steals into the hearts of India's millions, and men and women and even children came out of their little shells and become India's soldiers of freedom.

How shall we bear ourselves in this great movement, what part shall we play in it? I cannot say what part will fall to our lot, but, whatever it may be, let us remember that we can do nothing which may bring discredit to our cause or dishonor to our people. If we are to be India's soldiers we have India's honor in our keeping, and that honor is a sacred trust. Often we may be in doubt as to what to do. It is no easy matter to decide what is right and what is not. One little test I shall ask you to apply whenever you are in doubt. Never do anything in secret or anything that you would wish to hide. For the desire to hide anything means that you are afraid, and fear is a bad thing and unworthy of you. You know that in our great freedom movement, under Bapuji's leadership, there is no room for secrecy or hiding. We work in the sun and in the light. And if you do so, my dear, you will grow up a child of the light, unafraid and serene and unruffled, whatever may happen.

There is so much I should like to tell you. How can

a letter contain it? You are fortunate, I have said, in being a witness to this great struggle to freedom that is going on in our country.....Gooy-by, little one, and may you grow up into a brave soldier in India's service.

With all my love and good wishes,

Your loving Papu.

II

January 5, 1931.

Indu darling,

What shall I write to you, my dear? Where shall I begin? When I think of the past, vast numbers of pictures rush through my mind. Unconsciously, almost, I compare past happenings with what is taking place to-day, and try to find a lesson in them for my guidance. But what a strange jumble is one's mind, full of disconnected thoughts and ill-arranged pictures—like a gallery with no order in the arrangement of pictures.

A study of history should teach us how the world has slowly but surely progressed. Man's growth from barbarism to civilization is supposed to be the theme of history. In some of my letters I have tried to show you how the idea of co-operation, or working together, has grown, and how our ideal should be to work together for the common good. But sometimes when we look at great stretches of history, it is not quite clear that this ideal has made much progress or that we are very civilized or

advanced. If after millions of years of progress we are still so backward and imperfect, how much longer will it take us to behave like sensible and reasonable persons? Our own country has surely had brilliant periods in the past, far better in every way than our present.

In one of our old Sanskrit books there is a verse which can be translated as follows: "For the family sacrifice the individual; for the community, the family; for the country, the community; and for the soul, the whole world." What the soul is, few of us can know or tell, and each one of us can interpret it in a different way. But the lesson this Sanskrit verse teaches us is the same lesson of co-operation and sacrifice for the larger good. We in India had forgotten this sovereign path to real greatness for many a day, but again we seem to have glimpses of it, and all the country is astir. How wonderful it is to see men and women, and boys and girls, smilingly going ahead in India's cause and not caring for a little pain or suffering! Well may they smile and be glad; for the joy of serving in a great cause is theirs, and to those who are fortunate comes the joy of sacrifice also. Today we are trying to free India, that is a great thing. But an even greater is the cause of humanity itself. And because we feel that our struggle is a part of the great human struggle to end suffering and misery, we can rejoice that we are doing our little bit to help the progress of the world.

Meanwhile you sit in Anand Bhawan, and Mummie sits in Malacca jail and I here in Naini prison...and we miss each other sometimes, rather badly, do we not? But think of the day when we shall all three meet again! I shall look forward to it, and the thought of it will lighten and cheer my heart.

Love,

From Papu.

COLUMBUS DISCOVERS LAND

Washington Irving

The situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crews augmented. The favorable signs which increased his confidence, were derided by them as delusive; and there was danger of their rebelling, and obliging him to turn back, when on the point of realizing the object of all his labors. They beheld themselves with dismay still wafted onward, over the boundless wastes of what appeared to them a mere watery desert, surrounding the inhabitable world. What was to become of them should their provisions fail? Their ships were too weak and defective even for the great voyage they had already made, but if they were still to press forward, adding at

every moment to the immense expanse behind them, how should they ever be able to return, having no intervening port where they might victual and refit?

In this way they fed each other's discontents, gathering together in little knots, and fomenting a spirit of mutinous opposition; and when we consider the natural fire of the Spanish temperament and its impatience of control, and that a great part of these men were sailing on compulsion, we cannot wonder that there was imminent danger of their breaking forth into open rebellion and compelling Columbus to turn back. In their secret conferences they exclaimed against him as a desperado, bent, in a mad fantasy, upon doing something extravagant to render himself notorious. What were their sufferings and dangers to one evidently content to sacrifice his own life for the chance of distinction? What obligations bound them to continue on with him; or when were the terms of their agreement to be considered as fulfilled? They had already penetrated unknown seas, untraversed by a sail, far beyond where man had ever before ventured. They had done enough to gain themselves a character for courage and hardihood in undertaking such an enterprise and persisting in it so far. How much further were they to go in quest of a merely conjectured land? Were they to sail on until they perished, or until all return became impossible? In such case they would be the authors of

their own destruction.

On the other hand, should they consult their safety, and turn back before too late, who would blame them? Any complaints made by Columbus would be of no weight; he was a foreigner without friends of influence; his schemes had been condemned by the learned, and discountenanced by people of all ranks. He had no party to uphold him, and a host of opponents whose pride of opinion would be gratified by his failure. Or, as an effectual means of preventing his complaints, they might throw him into the sea, and give out that he had fallen overboard while busy with his instruments contemplating the stars; a report which no one would have either the inclination or the means to controvert.

Columbus was not ignorant of the mutinous disposition of his crew; but he still maintained a serene and steady countenance, soothing some with gentle words, endeavoring to stimulate the pride or avarice of others, and openly menacing the refractory with signal punishment, should they do anything to impede the voyage.

On the twenty-fifth of September, the wind again became favorable, and they were able to resume their course directly to the west. The airs being light, and the sea calm, the vessels sailed near to each other, and Columbus had much conversation with Martín Alonso Pinzón on the subject of a chart, which the former had sent

three days before on board of the *Pinta*. Pinzón thought that, according to the indications of the map, they ought to be in the neighborhood of Cipango, and the other islands which the admiral had therein delineated. Columbus partly entertained the same idea, but thought it possible that the ships might have been borne out of their track by the prevalent currents, or that they had not come so far as the pilots had reckoned. He desired that the chart might be returned, and Pinzón tying it to the end of a cord, flung it on board to him. While Columbus, his pilot, and several of his experienced mariners were studying the map, and endeavoring to make out from it their actual position, they heard a shout from the *Pinta*, and looking up, beheld Martín Alonso Pinzón mounted on the stern of his vessel, crying "Land! land! Señor, I claim my reward!" He pointed at the same time to the southwest, where there was indeed an appearance of land at about twenty-five leagues' distance. Upon this Columbus threw himself to his knees and returned thanks to God: and Martín Alonso repeated the *Gloria in excelsis*, in which he was joined by his own crew and that of the admiral.

The seamen now mounted to the masthead or climbed about the rigging, straining their eyes in the direction pointed out. The conviction became so general of land in that quarter, and the joy of the people so ungovernable,

that Columbus found it necessary to vary from his usual course, and stand all night to the southwest. The morning light, however, put an end to all their hopes, as to a dream. The fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud, and had vanished in the night. With dejected hearts they once more resumed their western course, from which Columbus would never have varied, but in compliance with their clamorous wishes.

For several days they continued on with the same propitious breeze, tranquil sea, and mild, delightful weather. The water was so calm that the sailors amused themselves with swimming about the vessel. Dolphins began to abound, and flying fish, darting into the air, fell upon the decks. The continued signs of land diverted the attention of the crews, and insensibly beguiled them onward.

On the first of October, according to the reckoning of the pilot of the admiral's ship, they had come five hundred and eighty leagues west since leaving the Canary Islands. The reckoning which Columbus showed the crew, was five hundred and eighty-four; but the reckoning which he kept privately, was seven hundred and seven. On the following day, the weeds floated from east to west; and on the third day no birds were to be seen.

The crews now began to fear that they had passed between islands, from one to the other of which the birds had been flying. Columbus had also some doubts of the

kind, but refused to alter his westward course. The people again uttered murmurs and menaces; but on the following day they were visited by such flights of birds, and the various indications of land became so numerous, that from a state of despondency they passed to one of confident expectation.

Eager to obtain the promised pension, the seamen were continually giving the cry of land, on the least appearance of the kind. To put a stop to these false alarms, which produced continual disappointments, Columbus declared that should any one give such notice, and land not be discovered within three days afterwards, he should thenceforth forfeit all claim to the reward.

On the evening of the sixth of October, Martin Alonso Pinzór began to lose confidence in their present course, and proposed that they should stand more to the southward. Columbus, however, still persisted in steering directly west. Observing this difference of opinion in a person so important in his squadron as Pinzón, and fearing that chance or design might scatter the ships, he ordered that, should either of the caravels be separated from him, it should stand to the west, and endeavor as soon as possible to join company again: he directed, also, that the vessels should keep near to him at sunrise and sunset, as at these times the state of the atmosphere is most favorable to the discovery of distant land.

On the morning of the seventh of October, at sunrise, several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it lest he should be mistaken, and forfeit all chance of the reward; the Nina, however, being a good sailor, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a little while a flag was hoisted at her masthead, and a gun discharged, being the preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud built hopes faded away, and before evening the fancied land had again melted into air.

The crew now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement; but new circumstances occurred to arouse them. Columbus, having observed great flights of small field birds going toward the southwest, concluded they must be secure of some neighboring land, where they would find food and a resting place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following which they had discovered most of their islands. He had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of Cipango; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the seventh of October to

alter his course to the west-southwest, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue that direction for at least two days. After all, it was no great deviation from his main course, and would meet the wishes of the Pinzóns, as well as be inspiriting to his followers generally.

For three days they stood in this direction, and the further they went the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colors, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued towards the southwest, and others were heard also flying by in the night. Tunny fish played about the smooth sea, and a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen, all bound in the same direction. The herbage which floated by was fresh and green, as if recently from land, and the air, Columbus observed, was sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville.

All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when on the evening of the third day they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless ocean, they broke forth into turbulent clamor. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning homeward, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words, and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamor, he assumed a

decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately, the manifestations of the vicinity of land were such on the following day as no longer to admit of doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a

promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorized such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant lookout to be kept from the fore-castle, promising to whosoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were plowing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, for her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station at the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the

time the latter had ascended the roundhouse, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first described by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established: he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man, at such a moment; or the conjectures which must have

thronged upon his mind, as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination was prone in those times to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself; the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of Oriental civilization.

It was on Friday morning, the twelfth of October, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned, he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods and running to the shore. As they stood gazing at the ships, they appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be

lost in astonishment. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and holding the royal standard. On landing, he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus then rising drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereign, giving the island the name of San Salvador.

THE DEAD BEAT

Vicente Blasco Ibanez

“Here is the notice,” said Perez, laying down his newspaper, “of the death of a friend of mine. I saw him only once, but he has been often in my thoughts. A fine man, he was!

“It was on the night train from Valencia to Madrid that we met. I was in a first-class compartment, and its only other occupant got off at Albacete. I was not sorry to be alone, for I could stretch out as much as I pleased, and the cushions looked very inviting. And so, confident that I should sleep like a log, I put out the light, threw my overcoat over me, and settled down full length with a sigh of

relief that there was no one there to be bothered by my feet.

“The train was crossing the great plains of La Mancha: The engine was pulling at top speed, and the car groaned and jolted like an old stagecoach. The continual lurching kept me swaying back and forth on my shoulder, the suitcase was jiggling overhead, the windows were rattling, and a terrible screeching of steel came from the wheels and brakes. But as soon as I closed my eyes I began to succumb to the rhythm and imagine myself back in childhood, lulled to sleep by the low voice of my nurse.

“Lost in these foolish fancies, I fell asleep, with the steady noise in my ears and the train never stopping.

“Suddenly a change in the air wakened me. A cold wind was blowing across my face. Opening my eyes, I found the compartment still empty and the door in front of me still closed. I was just drowsing off again when I felt another blast of chill night air, and starting up, saw that the door by my head was wide open and that there was a man sitting on the floor with his feet out on the steps.

“I was too startled to think; my brain was only half awake. My first sensation was one of superstitious terror. A man suddenly appearing there, with the train going at full speed, could be nothing less than a ghost. Then I thought of train robbers, holdups, murders, and I realised that I was alone, without any way of warning even those

sleeping on the same side of the wooden partition. The man, of course, was a bandit!

“Impelled by the instinct of self-defence, I threw myself upon the creature, pushing against him with my elbows and knees; he lost his balance but clung to the edge of the door desperately, while I went on pushing, trying to weaken his grip and to shove him out. Certainly, I had the advantage of the situation.

“For God’s sake, leave me alone! I won’t hurt you!” he gasped so meekly that I was ashamed of my behavior and obeyed. He sat down again, panting and trembling, while I turned on the light.

“Then I saw what he looked like. He was a peasant, of rather slight build, dressed in an old leather jacket and faded breeches. His black cap was not much darker than his swarthy face, which set off a pair of huge staring eyes and a broken set of yellow teeth.

“The latter he was exposing in a broad grin of stupid gratitude, but at the same time he was fumbling in his sash—a detail that made me regret my generosity; so that while he was still searching I put my hand to my hip pocket and felt for my revolver. He was not going to catch me unawares!

“Slowly the man pulled something from his sash, and I imitated him, drawing my revolver half way out of my pocket. But what he produced was merely a little scrap

of crumpled paper, which he held out to me in triumph.

“See, I’ve got a ticket.”

“I looked at it and laughed.

“But it’s an old one!” I said. ‘It hasn’t been good for years. And besides, does that excuse you jumping on trains and frightening people in this way?’

“At that he turned pale, as if he were actually afraid I would try again to throw him off; but, nervous as I was, I was beginning to feel sorry for the fellow.

“You might as well come inside and shut the door.”

“No, thanks!” he said firmly, ‘I haven’t the right to ride in there; I’ll stay out here. I have no money!’

“And he stubbornly kept to his seat in the doorway. I was sitting just beside him, my knees touching his shoulders. The wind was coming in like a hurricane as we sped along, and across the face of the barren plain skimmed a little patch of light from the open door, with our huddled shadows in it. Telegraph poles slipped by like yellow pencil strokes on the black curtain of night, and firefly sparks kept flying back from the engine.

“The poor fellow seemed restless, as though he were not used to sitting long unmolested. I offered him a cigar, and after a time we fell to talking.

“He told me that he had been making this same trip every Saturday. He waited for the train outside of Albacete, made a running leap for the steps, and then

sneaked along the plank until he found a vacant compartment. Just before getting into a station, he would jump off the train, and then hop on again after it had started, always trying to get on a different car so as to escape the notice of hard-hearted trainmen.

“‘But where are you bound for?’ I asked. ‘And why do you take such a risk every week?’

“‘It seemed he wanted to spend Sundays with his family. He and his wife were too poor to live together; she worked in one town, he in another. At first he used to make the journey on foot, walking all night long; but when he got there he would have to lie down exhausted, too weak to talk to his wife or to play with the children. By and by he grew desperate, and found an easier way to get there. Just seeing his children gave him strength to work hard all the rest of the week. He had three babies, the youngest was not old enough to walk yet, but she knew him and threw out her arms for a kiss whenever he came.

“‘But don’t you realise that one of these trips may be your last?’ I asked.

“‘He smiled confidently. No, he was not afraid of the train as it came rushing towards him like a wild horse; puffing and blowing sparks. He had plenty of nerve; one leap, and there he was; and as for getting off, well, he might get a bump now and then, but he managed to keep clear of the wheels.

“His only fear was the passengers. Of course, a firstclass car was apt to have empty compartments; but such narrow escapes as he had had! Once he got into a place reserved for ladies where there were two nuns, and their screams gave him such a scare that he dropped off and had to go the rest of the way on foot.

“One night, as he was stealthily opening a door, some one knocked him over the head and pitched him off. He certainly thought that was his last trip!

“As he spoke he pointed to a huge scar across his forehead.

“Yes, he got rough treatment, but he did not complain; he could not blame people for being frightened and trying to defend themselves. He deserved all he got, and more; but how could he help it, when he had no money and wanted to see his children?

“Just then the train began to slow down, as if we were coming to a station. He stood up in dismay.

“‘See here,’ I said. ‘There is another stop before we get to your station and I’ll pay your fare for you!’

“‘No, sir’, he replied candidly. ‘The guard would get me going through the gate. He has never had a good look at me, and I don’t mean to let him. But I wish you a pleasant trip, sir. You are the kindest man I’ve ever met!’

“And with that he went down the steps and disap-

peared along the plank.

“Pretty soon we stopped at a small station. I was about to have another nap, when all at once I heard excited voices on the platform. It was the train crew and the station porters directing the Guardia Civil in hot pursuit of some one.

“‘There he goes! One of you on the other side, so he can’t get away!.....Now he’s on top of the car!.....Hurry!’

“And in a few seconds the roof above me was shaking under the heavy feet of the frantic police.

“I leaned out of my window just in time to see a man hurl himself from the roof of the car ahead. He landed in an heap, crept some distance on hands and feet, and then began to run at breakneck speed, soon lost in the cover of night.

“Meanwhile the conductor and the others were arguing and waving their hands excitedly.

“‘What’s the matter?’ I enquired of one of them.

“‘It’s that fellow again who is all the time stealing rides,’ he informed me. ‘He is the parasite of the railroad! He’s a dead beat, that’s what he is! But we’ll get him yet!’

“I never saw the ‘dead beat’ again. Often on winter nights I have wondered whether he were standing out in the blinding snow or rain somewhere, waiting for the unfriendly train to come along and then stepping on with

all the nonchalance of a soldier taking a trench.

“And here it says,” ended Perez, pointing to his newspaper, “that a mangled body had been found on the track near Albacete. It’s he—no need of identification to convince me. ‘He that seeketh danger shall perish in it.’ For four long years he must have kept it up, hunted like a wild animal every time he wanted to kiss his little ones, until at last pitiless daylight found him lying on the track, where black night had so often seen him challenge death with the coolness of a hero.”

THE COAST OF NORWAY

Harriet Martineau

Every one who has looked at the map of Norway must have been struck with the singular character of its coast. On the map it looks so jagged, such a strange mixture of land and sea, that it appears as if there must be a perpetual struggle between the two—the sea striving to inundate the land, and the land pushing itself out into the sea, till it ends in their dividing the region between them. On the spot, however, this coast is very fine.

The long, straggling promontories are mountainous, towering ridges of rock, springing up in precipices from the water; while the bays between them, instead of being rounded with shelving, sandy shores on which the sea

tumbles its waves, as in bays of our coast, are, in fact, long, narrow valleys, filled with sea, instead of being lain out in fields and meadows. The high, rocky banks shelter these deep bays, called fiords, from almost every wind, so that their waters are usually as still as those of a lake.

For days and weeks together, they reflect each separate tree-top of the pine forests which clothe the mountain sides, the mirror being broken only by the leap of some sportive fish, or the oars of the boatman as he goes to hunt the sea-fowl from islet to islet of the fiord, or carries out his nets or his rod to catch the sea-trout, cod, or herring, which abound in their seasons on the coast of Norway.

It is difficult to say whether these fiords are more beautiful in the summer or the winter. In summer, they glitter with golden sunshine; and purple and green shadows from the forest and mountain lie on them; and these may be more lovely than the faint light of the winter noons of those latitudes, and the snowy pictures of frozen peaks which then show themselves on the surfaces; but before the day is half over, out come the stars,—the glorious stars—which shine like nothing we have ever seen.

There the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with us; these planets, and the constellations

of the sky, as they silently glide over from peak to peak of these rocky passes, are imaged on the waters so clearly that the fisherman, as he unmoors his boat for his evening task, feels as if he were about to shoot forth his vesse into another heaven, and to cleave his way among the stars.

Still as everything is to the eye, sometimes for a hundred miles together along these deep sea valleys, there is rarely silence. The ear is kept awake by a thousand voices. In the summer there are cataracts leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks; and there is the bleating of the kids that browse; and the flap of the great eagle's wings, as it dashes abroad from its aerie; and the cries of whole clouds of sea-birds that inhabit the islets; and all these sounds are mingled and multiplied by the strong echoes till they become a din as loud as that of a city.

Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold, and the birds at roost, and the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is occasionally a sweet music heard, too soft for even the listening ear to catch by day.

Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine forests, wakes this music as it goes. The stiff, spiny leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze, like the strings of a musical instrument, so that every breath of the night wind, in a Norwegian forest, wakens a myriad of tiny harps; and this gentle and mournful music maybe

heard in gushes the whole night through.

This music, of course, ceases when each tree becomes laden with snow; but yet there is sound in the midst of the longest winter night. There is the rumble of some avalanche, as, after a drifting storm, a mass of snow, too heavy to keep its place, slides and tumbles from the mountain peak. There is also, now and then, a loud crack of the ice in the nearest glacier; and, as many declare, there is a crackling to be heard by those who listen when the Northern Lights are shooting and blazing across the sky.

Nor is this all. Wherever there is a nook among the rocks on the shore where a man may build a house, and clear a field or two, wherever there is a platform beside the cataract where the sawyer may plant his mill, and make a path from it to join some great road,—there is a human habitation and the sounds that belong to it. Thence, in winter nights, come music and laughter and the tread of dancers, and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a social and hospitable people; and they hold their gay meetings, in defiance of their arctic climate, through every season of the year.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

Nathaniel Hawthorne

“Sam,” said Mr. Michael Johnson of Lichfield one morning, “I am very feeble and ailing to-day. You must go to Uttoxeter in my stead, and tend the bookstall in the market place there.”

The speaker was an elderly man, a bookseller in Lichfield, England, who used to go every market day and sell books at a stall in the neighboring village of Uttoxeter.

When Mr. Michael Johnson spoke, Sam pouted and grumbled; then he looked his old father in the face, and said, “Sir, I will not go to Uttoxeter market.”

“Well, Sam,” said Mr. Johnson, as he took his hat and staff, “if, for the sake of your foolish pride, you can suffer your poor sick father to stand all day in the noise and confusion of the market, when he ought to be in his bed, I have no more to say. But you will think of this, Sam, when I am dead and gone!”

So the poor old man, perhaps with a tear in his eye, certainly with sorrow in his heart, set forth to Uttoxeter. Sam looked after Mr. Johnson with a sullen countenance until the latter was out of sight. But when the old man's figure, as he went stooping along the street, was no more

to be seen the boy's heart began to smite him.

His fancy tormented him with the image of his father standing in the market place of Uttoxeter and offering his books to the noisy crowd around him. "My poor father!" thought Sam to himself, "how his head will ache, and how heavy his heart will be! I am almost sorry that I did not do as he bade me."

Then the boy went to his mother, who was busy about the house. She did not know of what had passed between her husband and Sam.

"Mother," said he, "did you think father seemed very ill to-day?"

"Yes, Sam," answered his mother, turning with a flushed face from the fire, where she was cooking their scanty dinner, "your father did look very ill, and it is a pity he did not send you to Uttoxeter in his stead. You are a big boy now, and you would rejoice, I am sure, to do something for your poor father, who has done so much for you."

Sam spoke nothing in reply; but he thought within his own heart, "Oh, I have been a cruel son! God forgive me! God forgive me!" Had he been truly sorry, he would have hastened away that very moment to Uttoxeter, and have fallen at his father's feet, even in the midst of the crowded market place. There he would have confessed his fault and besought Mr. Johnson to go home and leave the rest of the

day's work to him. But such was Sam's pride that he could not bring himself to yield.

Fifty years passed away. It was again market place in the village of Uttoxeter. The streets were crowded with buyers and sellers, with cows, pigs, carts, and horses. In one place there was a puppet show, with a ridiculous merry-andrew, who kept the people in a roar of laughter.

At the busiest hour of the market—the hour before noon—a strange old gentleman was seen making his way among the crowd. He was tall and bulky, but he walked with a slouching gait. He wore a brown coat and small clothes, with black worsted stockings and buckled shoes. On his head was a three-cornered hat, beneath which a bushy gray wig thrust itself out, all in disorder.

The old gentleman elbowed the people aside, and forced his way through the midst of them, rolling his body hither and thither, so that he needed twice as much room as any other person there. "Make way, sir!" he would cry out in a loud, harsh voice, when somebody happened to interrupt his progress; "sir, you push forward your person into the public thoroughfare!"

"What a queer old fellow that is!" muttered the people among themselves, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to be angry. But when they looked into the venerable stranger's face, not the most thoughtless among them dared to offer him the least rudeness. There was in

his look something of authority and wisdom which impressed them all with awe.

So they stood aside and let him pass; and the old gentleman made his way across the market place, and paused near the corner of the ivymantled church. Just as he reached it, the clock struck twelve.

On that very spot of ground where the stranger now stood, some aged people remembered that old Michael Johnson had formerly kept his bookstall. The children who had bought picture books from him were now fathers and grandfathers.

“Yes, here is the very spot,” muttered the old gentleman to himself. There this unknown personage took his stand, and removed the three-cornered hat from his head. It was the busiest hour of the day. What with the hum of the human voices, the lowing of cattle, the squeaking of pigs, and the laughter caused by the merry-andrew, the place was in very great confusion.

But the stranger seemed not to notice the bustle any more than if the silence of a desert had been around him. He was wrapt in his own thoughts. Sometimes he raised his furrowed brow to heaven, as if in prayer; sometimes he bent his head, as if under a great weight of sorrow.

The hot sun blazed upon his unprotected head, but he seemed not to feel its fervor. A dark cloud swept across the sky, and raindrops pattered in the market place; but

the stranger heeded not the shower. The people began to gaze at the mysterious old gentleman with fear and wonder. Who could he be? Where had he come from? Wherefore was he standing, bareheaded in the market place? Even the schoolboys left the merry-andrew and came to gaze with open eyes at the tall, strange-looking old man.

There was a cattle dealer in the village who had recently made a journey to London. No sooner had this man forced his way through the throng, and taken a look at the unknown personage, than he whispered to one of his friends, "I say, neighbor Hutchins, would you like to know who this old gentleman is?"

"Ay, that I should," replied neighbor Hutchins; "for a queerer fellow I never saw in my life. Somehow it makes me feel small to look at him. He is more than a common man."

"You may well say so," answered the cattle dealer. "Why, that is the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson, who, they say, is the greatest and the most learned man in England! I saw him one day in the streets of London walking with Mr. Boswell."

Yes, the poor boy, the friendless Sam, had become the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson! He was generally considered the wisest man and the greatest writer then living in England.

He had given shape and permanence to his native language by his Dictionary. Thousands upon thousands of people had read his books. Noble and wealthy men and beautiful ladies were his companions. Even the king of Great Britain had sought his friendship, and had told him what an honor he considered it that such a man had been born in his dominions. He was now at the summit of literary fame.

But all his fame could not extinguish the bitter remembrance which had tormented him through life. Never had he forgotten his father's sorrowful look. Never, though the old man's troubles had been over for so many years, had the son forgiven himself for inflicting such a pang upon his heart.

And now in his old age he had come to the market place of Uttoxeter to do penance by standing at noonday on the very spot, where Michael Johnson had once kept his bookstall.

The aged and illustrious man had done what the poor boy had refused to do. By thus expressing his deep repentance and humiliation of heart, he hoped to gain peace of conscience and forgiveness of God.

INSTINCT AND REASON

Jane Taylor

One great difference between man and the other animals consists in this, that the former has reason, whereas the latter have only instinct. In order to understand what we mean by the terms "reason" and "instinct," it will be necessary to mention three things, in which the difference very distinctly appears.

To bring the parties as nearly on a level as possible, let us consider man in a savage state, wholly occupied, like the beasts of the field, in providing for the wants of his animal nature. And here the first distinction that appears between him and the creatures around him is the use of implements. When the savage provides himself with a hut, or a wigwam for shelter, or that he may store up his provisions, he does no more than is done by the rabbit, the beaver, the bee, and birds of every species. But the man cannot make any progress in this work without tools; he must provide himself with an axe even before he can lop down a tree for its timber; whereas these animals form their burrows, their cells, or their nests, with no other tools than those with which nature has provided them. In cultivating the ground, also, man can do nothing with a spade or a plough, nor can he reap what he has sown till he has shaped

an implement with which to cut down his harvest. But the inferior animals provide for themselves and their young without any of these things.

Now for the second distinction. Man in all his operations makes mistakes; animals make none. Did you ever hear of such a thing as a bird sitting disconsolate on a twig, lamenting over her half-finished nest, and puzzling her little poll to know how to complete it? Or did you ever see the cells of a beehive in clumsy irregular shapes, or observe anything like a discussion in the little community as if there were a difference of opinion among the architects? The lower animals are even better physicians than we are; for when they are ill, they will, many of them, seek out some particular herb which they do not use as food, and which possesses a medicinal quality exactly suited to the complaint, whereas the whole college of physicians will dispute for a century about the virtues of a single drug. Man undertakes nothing in which he is not more or less puzzled; he must try numberless experiments before he can bring his undertakings to anything like perfection; even the simplest operations of domestic life are not well performed without some experience; and the term of man's life is half wasted before he has done with his mistakes, and begins to profit by his lessons.

The third distinction is, that animals make no improvements; while the knowledge, skill, and success of man are

perpetually on the increase. Animals, in all their operations, follow that instinct which God has implanted in them; and hence their works are more perfect and regular than those of man. But man, having been endowed with the faculty of thinking or reasoning about what he does, is enabled by patience and industry to correct the mistakes into which he at first falls, and to go on constantly improving. A bird's nest is, indeed, a perfect and beautiful structure; yet the nest of a swallow of the nineteenth century is not at all more commodious or elegant than that which was built amid the rafters of Noah's ark. But if we compare the wigwams of the savage with the temples and palaces of ancient Greece and Rome, we then shall see to what man's mistakes, rectified and improved upon, conduct him.

THE MARCH OF THE MARSEILLAIS

Felix Gras

What an uproar! The whole square, blazing with sunlight, was crammed full of people, all talking and shouting and gesticulating at once, while the National Guard was getting into line. No one seemed to know what had happened.

“What is it all about?” I asked.

“What is it all about?” repeated one of the soldiers.

“The king of France is a traitor. We are betrayed by our

king. The Marseille battalion is on its way to Paris. It will pass through Avignon. We are going to welcome these brave patriots.”

Scarcely were we in line when a number of children came running toward us, screaming, “Here they are! here they are!”

And then, around the turn of the road, brave in their red-plumed cocked hats, appeared the leaders of the Marseille battalion, while all the men together burst forth with

Forward, forward countrymen!

The glorious day has come!

It was the “Marseillaise” that they were singing; and that famous hymn, heard then for the first time, stirred us down to the very marrow of our bones!

On they came—a big fellow carrying at their head a banner on which was painted in red letters, “The Rights of Man.” On they came; we presented arms, and they passed between our files, still singing the “Marseillaise.”

Oh, what a sight it was,—five hundred men, sunburnt as locust beans, with black eyes blazing, like live coals under bushy eyebròws all white with the dust of the road! They wore green cloth coats turned back with red, like mine. Some wore cocked hats with waving feather; some, red liberty caps with the strings flying back over their shoulders and the tricolor cockade perched over one ear. Each man

had stuck in the barrel of his gun a willow or a poplar branch to shelter him from the sun, and all this greenery cast warm, dancing shadows over their faces that made the look of them still more fantastic and strange.

The whole battalion passed onward and was swallowed up in the city gate. As it disappeared we heard a strange noise like the clanking of chains or the rattle of loose iron, and then came four men hauling after them a rusty truck on which was a cannon. These men were harnessed to the truck as are oxen to the plow, and like oxen, pulled from head and shoulders. With every muscle at full stretch they bent forward to their heavy task. Following this truck came another and still another. Gasping though the men were for breath, and almost spent with weariness, yet they too raised their heads and shouted as they passed through our ranks, "Long live the nation!"

Day was dawning as we began our march with the battalion, and soon we were on the highroad under a blazing sun, kicking up the dust like twenty flocks of sheep and making our throats as dry as limekilns.

In spite of heat and dust, in spite of thirst and weariness, no one complained as we tramped steadily on, one body and one soul, with one will and one aim,—and that to make the traitor king and those Parisians who were traitors with him cry mercy.

At midday we reached Orange, where the whole town

came to meet us. I can tell you I was a proud boy as I entered that town! From my shoes to my eyebrows I was white with dust. My red cap was cocked over one ear. I kept my eyes glaringly wide open, so as to look fierce and dangerous. I howled the "Marseillaise" at the top of my voice as I marched—and I was sure that no one saw or heard anybody but me.

House went by; onward we marched through the black night. Oh, how long was that night and how weary that road! The darkness grew blacker and blacker. We were too tired to talk. The only sounds we heard were the rumbling of the cannon on the road and the chirping of crickets and croaking of frogs in the darkness near us in the fields. Drowsily we plodded on.

At last we came to a village just as the dawn began to whiten the sky. On the straw of some threshing floors we laid ourselves down for an hour's sleep. At sunrise we were in line again.

This time I stationed myself in the rear, beside the cannon. A tremendous longing to help pull the guns had taken hold of me, for I thought that if only I could be harnessed up with the others in that hard work I should not seem so young. I fancied to myself how I should look as we passed through the towns and villages—bending over and tugging at the straps, my eyes wide open and rolling ferociously, and all the while shouting in a voice as hoarse

as I could make it, "Liberty forever."

"Your turn will come in good time, little man." I was told. "We are not in Paris yet, and before we get there you will have quite enough to do to carry your bundle and your gun and your sword, that is a good deal longer than you are!"

This setback made me turn red with shame; but suddenly the drum beat the quickstep and we steadied our lines. We were entering a town crowded with people. After a short halt, we went to encamp beside a river.

How delicious it was to go down on one's elbows and stretch out at full length on the soft grass in the shade of the poplars and willows. I let my head fall between my hands and watched with great interest an ant who was carrying through the grass a crumb of bread bigger than himself. The little creature would get lost in a thick tangle of grass blades, or would slip down from a tall stem. In pity for him I would take a twig and help him on his way, putting the twig under him very gently so as not to hurt him, and so lifting him over a hard pass that would have cost him an hour of climbing to get over alone. And so the afternoon wore away.

We marched all night. Now we were coming to the frontiers of the north. There were no more olive trees and the soft sea wind of the Mediterranean was far away. But this was only the beginning of the march. We went

steadily on, drinking the water of brooks and ditches, and taking only snatches of sleep as the chance came.

The endless road was always the same long, weary way. Footsore, hungry, weary, still we toiled on. Some of the men began to drag behind, limping on bleeding feet, but they struggled bravely along. To drown the murmurs of pain, which even the best of them could not wholly stifle, we sang the "Marseillaise." And at last, after days of weariness and hunger and thirst, we saw on the edge of the green plain the towers and spires of Paris.

A great crowd followed us into the city,—drawn on partly by the steady roll of the drums, but more strongly by the terrible chant of the "Marseillaise," which all the five hundred men of the battalion sang in one tremendous voice. Soon the crowd caught the words of the chorus and sang with us; and then it was no longer five hundred, but a thousand, ten thousand, twenty thousand, singers, singing with one voice.

Our weeks and weeks of marching were over. Now it seemed as if a great mountain were galloping after us, with its peaks and valleys and forests shaken and riven by the avalanche, the tempest, the earthquake of God!

THE MARSEILLAISE

Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!

Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!

Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,

Affright and desolate the land

While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

To arms, to arms, ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathe!

March on! march on! all hearts resolved

On liberty or death!

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,

Which treacherous kings, confederate raise,

The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,

And lo! our fields and cities blaze;

And shall we basely view the ruin,

While lawless force, with guilty stride,

Spreads desolation far and wide,

With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

To arms, to arms, ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On liberty or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air!
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
The blood-stained sword our conquerors wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing!
To arms, to arms, ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathed!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS

Henry D. Thoreau

One day when I went out to my woodpile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a duellum, but a bellum, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black.

It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war, the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so

resolutely.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumbings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle cry was "Conquer or die."

In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hillside on this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle,—probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs,—whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus.

He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang

upon the black warrior and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded, in Concord history at least, if not in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed.

THE SONG OF THE RIVER

Somerset Maugham

You hear it all along the river. You hear it, loud and strong, from the rowers as they urge the junk with its high stern, the mast lashed alongside, down the swift-running stream. You hear it from the trackers, a more breathless chaunt, as they pull desperately against the current, half a dozen of them, perhaps, if they are taking up a wupan, a couple of hundred if they are hauling a splendid junk, its

square sail set, over a rapid. On the junk a man stands amidships beating a drum incessantly to guide their efforts, and they pull with all their strength, like men possessed, bent double; and sometimes in the extremity of their travail they crawl on the ground on all fours, like the beasts of the field. They strain, strain fiercely, against the pitiless might of the stream. The leader goes up and down the line and when he sees one who is not putting all his will into the task he brings down his split bamboo on the naked back. Each one must do his utmost or the labor of all is in vain. And still they sing a vehement, eager chaunt, the chaunt of the turbulent waters. I do not know how words can describe what there is in it of effort. It serves to express the straining heart, the breaking muscles, and at the same time the indomitable spirit of man which overcomes the pitiless force of nature. Though the rope may part and the great junk swing back, in the end the rapid will be passed; and at the close of the weary day there is the hearty meal and perhaps the opium pipe with its dreams of ease. But the most agonizing song is the song of the coolies who bring the great bales from the junk up the steep steps to the town wall. Up and down they go, endlessly, and endless as their toil rises their rhythmic cry. He, aw—ah, oh. They are barefoot and naked to the waist. The sweat pours down their faces and their song is a groan of pain. It is a sigh of despair. It is heart-rending. It is hardly human. It

is the cry of souls in infinite distress, only just musical, and that last note is the ultimate sob of humanity. Life is too hard, too cruel, and this is the final despairing protest. That is the song of the river.

THE NEKLACE

Guy de Maupassant

She was one of those pretty and charming girls who, as if by a mistake of destiny, are born in a family of employees. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of becoming known, understood, loved, wedded by any rich and distinguished man; and so she let herself be married to a petty clerk in the Bureau of Public Instruction.

She was simple in her dress because she could not be elaborate, but she was as unhappy as if she had fallen from a higher rank, for with women there is no inherited distinction of higher and lower. Their beauty, their grace, and their natural charm fill the place of birth and family. Natural delicacy, instinctive elegance, a lively wit, are the ruling forces in the social realm, and these make the daughters of the common people the equals of the finest ladies.

She suffered intensely, feeling herself born for all the refinements and luxuries of life. She suffered from that

poverty of her home as she looked at the dirty walls, the worn-out chairs, the ugly curtains. All those things of which another woman of her station would have been quite unconscious tortured her and made her indignant. The sight of the country girl who was maid-of-all-work in her humble household filled her almost with desperation. She dreamed of echoing halls hung with Oriental draperies and lighted by tall bronze candelabra, while two tall footmen in knee-breeches drowsed in great armchairs by reason of the heating stove's oppressive warmth. She dreamed of splendid parlors furnished in rare old silks, of carved cabinets loaded with priceless bric-a-brac, and of entrancing little boudoirs just right for afternoon chats with bosom friends—men famous and sought after, the envy and the desire of all the other women.

When she sat down to dinner at a little table covered with a cloth three days old, and looked across at her husband as he uncovered the soup and exclaimed with an air of rapture, "Oh, the delicious stew! I know nothing better than that," she dreamed of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestries which peopled the walls with antique figures and strange birds in fairy forests; she dreamed of delicious viands served in wonderful dishes, of whispered gallantries heard with a sphinx-like smile as you eat the pink flesh of a trout or the wing of a quail.

She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing; and she loved!

nothing else. She felt made for that alone. She was filled with a desire to please, to be envied, to be bewitching and sought after. She had a rich friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, whom she no longer wished to visit because she suffered so much when she came home. For whole days at a time she wept without ceasing in bitterness and hopeless misery.

Now, one evening her husband came home with a triumphant air, holding in his hand a large envelope.

“There,” said he, “there is something for you.”

She quickly tore open the paper and drew out a printed card, bearing these words:—

“The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Rampouneau request the honor of M. and Mme. Loisel’s company at the palace of the Ministry, Monday evening, January 18th.”

Instead of being overcome with delight, as her husband expected, she threw the invitation on the table with disdain, murmuring:

“What do you wish me to do with that?”

“Why, my dear, I thought you would be pleased. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity! I had awful trouble in getting it. Every one wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. You will see all the official world.”

She looked at him with irritation, and said, impatiently:

“What do you expect me to put on my back if I go?”

He had not thought of that. He stammered:

“Why, the dress you go to the theater in. It seems all right to me.”

He stopped, stupefied, distracted, on seeing that his wife was crying. Two great tears descended slowly from the corners of her eyes toward the corners of her mouth. He stuttered:

“What’s the matter? What’s the matter?”

By a violent effort she subdued her feelings and replied in a calm voice, as she wiped her wet cheeks:

“Nothing. Only I have no dress and consequently I cannot go to this ball. Give your invitation to some friend whose wife has better clothes than I.”

He was in despair, but began again:

“Let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable dress, which you could wear again on future occasions, something very simple?”

She reflected for some seconds, computing the cost, and also wondering what sum she could ask without bringing down upon herself an immediate refusal and an astonished exclamation from the economical clerk.

At last she answered hesitatingly:

“I don’t know exactly, but it seems to me that with four hundred francs I could manage.”

He turned a trifle pale, for he had been saving just that

sum to buy a gun and treat himself to a little hunting trip the following summer, in the country near Nanterre, with a few friends who went there to shoot larks on Sundays.

However, he said:

“Well, I think I can give you four hundred francs. But see that you have a pretty dress.”

The day of the ball drew near, and Madame Loisel seemed sad, restless, anxious. Her dress was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

“What is the matter? Come, now, you’ve been looking queer these last three days.”

And she replied:

“It worries me that I have no jewels, not a single stone, nothing to put on. I shall look wretched enough. I would almost rather not go to this party.”

He answered:

“You might wear natural flowers. They are very fashionable this season. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses.”

She was not convinced.

“No; there is nothing more humiliating than to look poor among a lot of rich women.”

But her husband cried:

“How stupid you are! Go and find your friend Madame Forestier and ask her to lend you some jewels. You are intimate enough with her for that.”

She uttered a cry of joy.

“Of course. I had not thought of that.”

The next day she went to her friend's house and told her distress.

Madame Forestier went to her handsome wardrobe, took out a large casket, brought it back, opened it and said to Madame Loisel:

“Choose, my dear.”

She saw first of all some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross of gold set with precious stones of wonderful workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the glass, hesitated, could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

“You have nothing else?”

“Why, yes. But I do not know what will please you.”

All at once she discovered, in a black satin box, a splendid diamond necklace, and her heart began to beat with boundless desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her throat, over her high-necked dress, and stood lost in ecstasy as she looked at herself.

Then she asked, hesitating, full of anxiety:

“Would you lend me that, — only that?”

“Why, yes, certainly.”

She sprang upon the neck of her friend, embraced her

rapturously, then fled with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Madame Loisel was a success. She was prettier than all the others, elegant, gracious, smiling, and crazy with joy. All the men stared at her, asked her name, tried to be introduced. All the cabinet officials wished to waltz with her. The minister noticed her.

She danced with delight, with passion, intoxicated with pleasure, forgetting all in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of mist of happiness, the result of all this homage, all this admiration, all these awakened desires, this victory so complete and so sweet to the heart of woman.

She left about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been dozing since midnight in a little deserted anteroom with three other gentlemen, whose wives were having a good time.

He threw about her shoulders the wraps which he had brought for her to go out in, the modest wraps of common life, whose poverty contrasted sharply with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wished to escape, that she might not be noticed by the other women who were wrapping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back.

“Wait here, you will catch cold outside. I will go and find a cab.”

But she would not listen to him, and rapidly descended the stairs. When they were at last in the street, they could find no carriage, and began to look for one, hailing the cabmen they saw passing at a distance.

They walked down toward the Seine in despair, shivering with the cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient nocturnal cabs that one sees in Paris only after dark, as if they were ashamed to display their wretchedness during the day.

They were put down at their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly mounted the steps to their apartments. It was all over, for her. And as for him, he reflected that he must be at his office at ten o'clock.

She took off the wraps which covered her shoulders, before the mirror, so as to take a final look at herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She no longer had the necklace about her neck!

Her husband, already half undressed, inquired:

“What is the matter?”

She turned madly toward him.

“I have—I have—I no longer have Madame Forestier’s necklace.”

He stood up, distracted.

“What!—how!—it is impossible!”

They looked in the folds of her dress, in the folds of her cloak, in the pockets, everywhere. They could not find

a trace of it.

He asked:

“You are sure you still had it when you left the ball?”

“Yes. I felt it on me in the vestibule at the palace.”

“But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab.”

“Yes. That’s probable. Did you take the number?”

“No. And you, you did not notice it?”

“No.”

They looked at each other thunderstruck. At last Loisel put on his clothes again.

“I am going back,” said he, “over every foot of the way we came, to see if I cannot find it.”

So he started. She remained in her ball dress without strength to go to bed, sitting on a chair, with no fire, her mind a blank.

Her husband returned about seven o’clock. He had found nothing.

He went to police headquarters, to the newspapers to offer a reward, to the cab companies, everywhere, in short, where a trace of hope led him.

She watched all day, in the same state of blank despair before this frightful disaster.

Loisel returned in the evening with cheeks hollow and pale; he had found nothing.

“You must write to your friend,” said he, “that you

have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it repaired. It will give us time to turn around."

She wrote as he dictated.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope.

"We must consider how to replace the necklace."

The next day they took the box which had contained it, and went to the place of the jeweller whose name they found inside. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, madame, who sold the necklace; I must simply have furnished the casket."

Then they went from jeweller to jeweller, looking for an ornament like the other, consulting their memories, both sick with grief and anguish.

They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly what they were looking for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six thousand.

So they begged the jeweller not to sell it for three days. And they made an arrangement that he should take it back for thirty-four thousand francs if the other were found before the end of February.

Loisel had eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, made ruinous engagements, dealt with usurers,

with all the tribe of money-lenders. He compromised the rest of his life, risked his signature without knowing if he might not be involving his honor, and terrified by the anguish yet to come, by the black misery about to fall upon him, by the prospect of every physical privation and every mental torture, he went to get the new necklace, and laid down on the dealer's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Madame Loisel took the necklace back to Madame Forestier, the latter said coldly:

“You should have returned it sooner, for I might have needed it.”

She did not open the case, to the relief of her friend. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought? What would she have said? Would she have taken her friend for a thief?

Madame Loisel now knew the horrible life of the needy. But she took her part heroically. They must pay this frightful debt. She would pay it. They dismissed their maid; they gave up their room, they rented another, under the roof.

She came to know the drudgery of housework, the odious labors of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, staining her rosy nails on the greasy pots and the bottoms of the saucepans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts and the dishcloths, which she hung to dry on a line; she

carried the garbage down to the street every morning, and carried up the water, stopping at each landing to rest. And, dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer's, the grocer's, the butcher's, her basket on her arm, bargaining, abusing, defending sou by sou her miserable money.

Each month they had to pay some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

The husband worked every evening, neatly footing up the account books of some tradesman, and often far into the night he sat copying manuscript at five sous a page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything—everything, with the exactions of usury and the accumulations of compound interest.

Madame Loisel seemed aged now. She had become the woman of impoverished households, —strong and hard and rough. With hair half combed, with skirts awry, and reddened hands, she talked loud as she washed the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window and thought of that evening at the ball so long ago, when she had been so beautiful and so admired.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows, who knows? How strange life is, how changeful! How little a thing is needed for us to be

lost or to be saved!

But one Sunday, as she was going for a walk in the Champs Elysées to refresh herself after the labors of the week, all at once she saw a woman walking with a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Madame Loisel was agitated. Should she speak to her? Why, of course. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all. Why not?

She drew near.

“Good morning, Jeanne.”

The other, astonished to be addressed so familiarly by this woman of the people, did not recognize her. She stammered:

“But—madame—I do not know you. You must have made a mistake.”

“No, I am Mathilde Loisel.”

Her friend uttered a cry.

“Oh! my poor Mathilde, how changed you are!”

“Yes, I have had days hard enough since I saw you, days wretched enough—and all because of you!”

“Me? How so?”

“You remember that necklace of diamonds that you lent me to wear to the ministerial ball?”

“Yes. Well?”

“Well, I lost it.”

“How can that be? You returned it to me.”

“I returned to you another exactly like it. These ten years we’ve been paying for it. You know it was not easy for us, who had nothing. At last it is over, and I am very glad.”

Madame Forestier was stunned.

“You say that you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?”

“Yes; you did not notice it, then? They were just alike.”

And she smiled with a proud and naive pleasure.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took both her hands.

“Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste. It was worth five hundred francs at most.”

MY FRIEND GORKI

Feodor Chaliapin

Gorki and I used to go to the Turkish baths very often. I once noticed that he had something like a hump on his back—well, not quite a hump, but the shoulder blades were very prominent, while the chest was sunken, and there were many thickened veins in his legs, not to mention a host of calluses and scars all over his body. I said to Gorki —

“What is it, old man, that makes you stoop so, and causes your veins to stand out that way?”

And this is what he told me, and what I shall remember all my life:—

“Ekh! brother Feodor, now it is easier, but before—well, you can see for yourself” And he showed me a scar on his chest, right over the heart. “This is where, like a fool, I tried to take my own life with a home-made pistol.”

“How so? Why?”

“I didn’t see any sense in going on—so many lies and sorrows around me. When they took me to the hospital and some friends came to see me, one of them looked at me reproachfully, shook his head, and said. ‘Ehk, you blockhead, and you want to be a writer, too! Aren’t you ashamed!’ When he said that, believe it or not, Feodor, all of a sudden I felt such a desire for life as I don’t feel even now. As for my shoulder blades and veins and all the rest of me—I suppose it is all just as it should be. Here I tried to shoot myself and here I had some ribs broken!”

“Well, whatever is the matter with you?” said I jokingly. “Either you try to shoot yourself, or you break your ribs.”

“I did not break my ribs; they were broken for me. This is how it happened. Once, on my way through a village, I saw a naked woman, with her hair down, standing between the shafts of a hay wagon where the horse belonged. The peasants sitting in the wagon were whipping her, for being unfaithful to her husband. A priest stood to

one side--quietly and approvingly, you understand. I came over and shouted: 'What is this, you sons of bitches? Have you lost your wits? What are you doing?' And the priest says to me, 'And who may you be? What do you want here?' So I hauled off and let fly at the priest..... Afterwards I came to myself in a ditch—I think only because, luckily, it began to rain and the cold water brought me to. Somehow I crawled to a village hospital. Whence the broken ribs...."

I believe that all these scars and all the things for which they stood were registered in this man's heart of hearts. A woman publicly whipped, a homeless life on the Volga, not only his own hopeless work and despair, not only his own doubt in the sense and truth of life, but that of the obscure and helpless millions around him--this is what loaded Gorki's home-made pistol.

Whatever I am told about Alexei Maximovich, I profoundly and firmly know without the slightest tinge of doubt, that all his thoughts, feelings, works, merits and faults, came from one root--from the Volga, the great Russian river, and the groans of the people living on it. If Gorki strode ahead impetuously and confidently, it was because he was striding toward a better future for his people, and if perhaps he strayed from the way which others might deem the only right one, it was still in the pursuit of that one purpose.

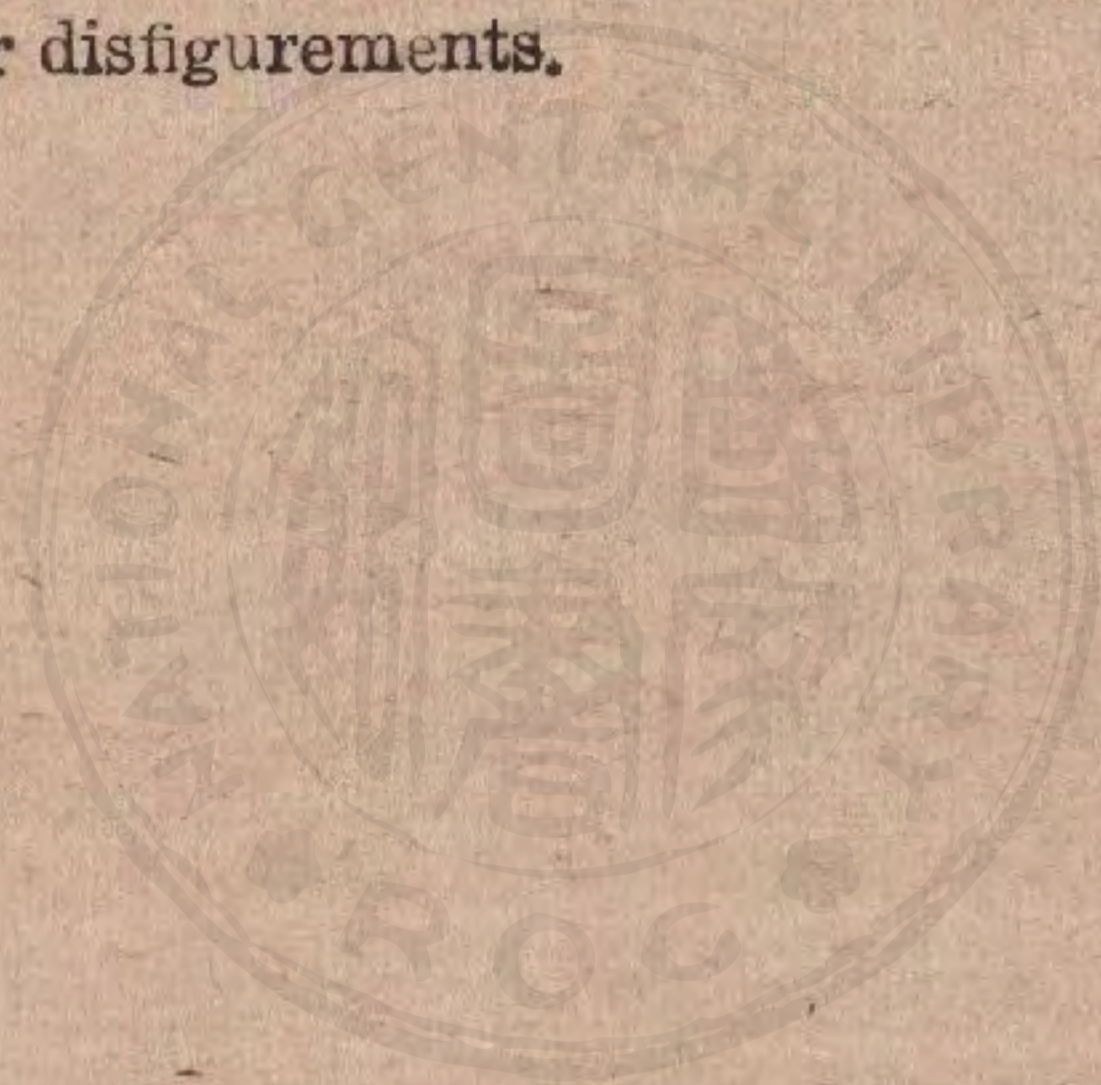
When I hear about Gorki's avarice, about his magnificent life in his Capri and Sorrento villas, about his riches, I feel ashamed for the people who say these things. I can safely say, for I know perhaps better than anybody else, that Gorki was one of those men who are always penniless, no matter how much they earn or acquire. Once, I remember, I lent him some money. That happened sometimes between us. Then I asked a little later whether he needed some more. "Don't you worry, Feodor," he wrote me. "There is not enough trash in the world to fill that void." Indeed, there could never be enough money for what he so generously and open-handedly scattered abroad.

I spoke about his eternal heartache for his people; I should like to say a word or two about his other passion—his love for Russia. I remember how this question came up between us two. It happened many, many years later. The Russian upheaval scattered us to all sides. I lived in Paris. Gorki was coming from Sorrento to Rome on his way to Moscow. I must say that at the time I left Russia, Gorki felt that I had acted wisely. He said himself: "This is no place for you, brother." When we met in Rome in 1928, when, in my friend's opinion, many things had changed in Russia and it was now possible for me to go and work there, he said to me severely:—

"And now, Feodor, is the time to go to Russia."

There is no need of explaining why I refused to follow

Gorki's advice. I can honestly say that I still do not know which one of us was right. But I do know that it was love both for me and for Russia that was speaking in Gorki at that time. Gorki felt deeply that we all belonged to our country, to our people, and that we must be with them not only morally—as I often console myself with the thought that I am—but also physically—with all our scars, all our wounds, all our disfigurements.



NOTES

讀者注意：凡普通習見之字，在本書課文中含有歧義者，概用斜體字標明，以便識別。

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR

Page 1.

dignity—true worth or excellence
尊貴；至善

(The dignity of Labour—勞動神聖)

provide for—furnish with supplies, 供給

Ex. He provided for the education of his son.

in a word—to sum up, 總之

Ex. In a word, his horse has every desirable quality.

drains—carries off superfluous water of 排去多餘之水

morass—a tract of soft, wet ground 澤地

drives—directs the course of (the plough) 使用；引用

staff of life—any article much used for food and drink, and thus very serviceable in sustaining the body 日用必需之飲食品

Ex. Bread is the staff of life

for most persons.

gossamer web—fine, filmy web
絲網

caterpillar—毛蟲；青蟲

fleece—coat of wool covering a sheep or similar animal 羊及同類獸之毛

raiment—clothes 衣服

slate—a kind of rock which splits into thin plates 板石

tapering spire—the top part of a tower that becomes gradually smaller toward one end (禮拜堂) 高塔之尖頂

stately dome—the grand high arched roof with a circular base 莊巍之圓頂

defy—challenge; resist 抵抗

Page 2.

veins—礦脈

smelts—refines by melting 鑄鍊

clime—a region 地方

viaducts—long bridge-like structures for carrying roads or railways over valleys or dips in the ground 高架道; 懸橋

magician—one skilled in magic 魔術家

anvil—an iron block on which metals are hammered 鐵砧

mart—a market 市場

rear—raise; lift up 豎起
fronts—main entrances of a building 正面的大門

exults—rejoices exceedingly 狂喜

Page 3.

be it—though it be; let it be 此雖;
任此

THE SCHOOLMASTER BEATEN

prostrate—lying at length 平臥

now then—an exclamation, giving a reproving or threatening tone to a sentence 表示告誡語氣之詞

Ex. Now then, what mischief are you at?

be down upon—fall upon 攻擊

Ex. The critics would be down upon the author as an absurd bungler.

in less time than directly—immediately 立即

Don't tell me one—即 Don't tell me a lie

bounced—lept suddenly 突然跳起

Page 4.

for aught I know—as far as I know 就余所知

Ex. He may be very rich for aught I know.

made a plunge—plunged; went forward rashly 突進: 突向前去

Ex. The horse made a plunge down the bank.

intimate—hint 暗示

in doubt—subject to doubt 懷疑

Ex. I am in doubt about it.

establishment—a public institution such as a school 學校

dismal—gloomy to the ear 悽慘

by way of—as an instance of; as being 藉作; 作為

Ex. Let us add a lottery by way of additional entertainment.

Page 5.

nothing of the kind—no such thing 沒有此種事情

Ex. He swears that he knows nothing of the kind.

made her way—proceeded 前進

Ex. I made my way up the steep.

scene of action—the place where any thing happens or is done 出事地點

Ex. At the battle of Waterloo, the Prussian army reached the scene of action just in

time to defeat Napoleon Bonaparte.

on earth—an intensive expression, of tenest used in questions or exclamations 強語氣之詞

Ex. What on earth shall I do?

Squeery—西俗常在人名或稱呼後面，加 y，以表示親暱如 deary, sweety, Johnny 等。故 Mrs. Squeers 以此稱呼其夫

gone York way—去 York 的路上。

(York=約克，為英國北部一大城)

chaise—a two-wheeled, covered, one-horse carriage 兩輪有篷之單馬車

what with……what with—

between; partly by (or because)

……partly by 一面由於……一面

由於此句 and 及 asking questions 中間之 what with, 被省去

Ex. What with fatigue, and what with hunger, I could not walk any farther.

lay hold of—catch 捉住

Ex. Lay hold of him! he is a thief.

put in execution—carried into effect 實行

Ex. His plan has been put in execution.

Page 6.

protracted—prolonged 延續

Yorkshire—county of North England 約克郡

scamp—a rascal 壞蛋; 流氓

bedabbled—stained; splashed 染污; 濺濕

haggard—anxious in appearance

面帶憂色; 憔悴

giving us the slip—escaping from us, 從我們逃走

Ex. The thief gave the policeman the slip.

to all appearance—so far as can be seen; apparently 就其所能見者; 顯然

Ex. This report is, to all appearance, correct.

Page 7.

operate upon—bring force or influence to bear upon 用強力處置; 感化

on tiptoe—awake or alive to anything; expectant 引領待之; 切望, (expectation was on tiptoe—翹企以待)

Ex. Every body is on tiptoe to learn the result of the presidential election.

libation—drinking 飲酒

flagellation—a scourging 鞭打

usher—an assistant school-master; under teacher 助教師 (此處指 Nicholas Nickleby. 渠為 Squeers 之助教)

casting a glance at—looking at 視

Ex. He cast a glance at the letter.

stand a little out of the way—stand a little away so as not to obstruct 站遠一些, 可不礙事

spare me—don't punish me; have mercy on me 請饒我

flog you within an inch of your

life—whip you almost to the point of death 鞭汝幾至死境
spare you that—spare you your life 饒你一命

Page 8.

desperate cut—violent blow with whip 重重的鞭打

interference—interposition 干涉
in……'s, behalf—on the part of ……爲……

Ex. The lawyer made a very strong plea in behalf of his client.

brought it upon yourself—caused it to begin yourself 你自己惹起了這事情

at your peril—with risk or danger to you 冒險。(touch him again at your peril—你再碰他一下, 就得自冒危險)

Ex. If a soldier showed his head above the breast works, he did it at his peril.

stand by—be a spectator 袖手旁觀

Ex. I will not stand by and see him ill-treated.

My blood is up—I am in a passion 我發怒

Ex. His blood is up at that taunt.

brandishing—waving 揮舞

aggravated—increased; provoked 增強; 惹怒

in this foul den—in this small dirty place 在這個污垢的巢窟。(此處指 Squeers 之學校)

raise the devil—stir up confusion, a violent agitation or the like 擾亂; 引起激動……

Page 9.

wrested—pulled or forced away 扭奪

ruffian—a boisterous, cruel fellow 暴徒; 混蛋

mustered—collected; gathered 集合

an adjacent form—somebody near by 旁邊的一人

stunned—rendered senseless 暈

termination—end 結局

struck into—turned off or went suddenly into 忽然轉入或行入

Ex. As it began raining, we struck into an inn along the road.

Dotheboys Hall—name of the school 該校校名

died away—disappeared 消失

Ex. The breeze died away at night.

peopled—occupied; inhabited 居住

SHIPS THAT SAIL IN THE AIR

square—open space bounded by streets on four sides 方場

two wealthy brothers—Joseph

Michel Montgolfier (1740—1810) and Jacques Étienne Montgolfier (1745—99) who made the first

historical flight in 1783, 指蒙高飛兄弟, 發明輕氣球, 於一七八三年作首次飛行

Page 10.

gave out—sent out 發出

Ex. The stars give out light.

limp—not stiff; flexible 柔軟的; 痛的

bonfire—a fire to express public joy, or for amusement 祝火

tugged—pulled with great effort 用力拖

live—having life 有生命的

balloon—a bag of light material, filled with hydrogen gas or heated air, so as to rise and float in the atmosphere 氣球

a patch—a piece 一塊; 一片

heavens—sky 天空

Page 11.

launched—set afloat; sent off 使飄; 送出

The Evil One—the Devil 惡魔

pitchforks—forks for pitching hay, sheaves of grain, etc. 乾草叉; 叉竿

gashes—deep and long cuts; clefts 深長之砍痕; 洞

torn into shreds—pulled apart into small pieces 撕成碎片

Ex. He tore the cloth into shreds.

stay up—remain in an elevated place 高高地停留

Ex. He stayed up there for a long time.

Page 12.

set men to thinking—caused men to think 使人們思考

at the mercy of—wholly at the discretion or disposal of; liable to danger from 全在……掌握中; 不免受……危害

Ex. The shipwrecked sailors were at the mercy of the winds and waves.

make-believe—feigned 假裝的
came nearer to (doing)—more nearly (did) 更爲接近

Ex. I have come near to breaking my father's heart many a time.

Lilienthal Otto (1848—96)—German inventor and aeronaut 德國發明家及航空家

Page 13.

turning over—rolling over 翻轉

Ex. He turned over on his back.

loop—curved fastening 圈; 環

the more……the more—愈……愈

Ex. The more nearly full the moon is, the more light it gives.

Page 14.

biplane—an aeroplane having two main supporting planes, in typical forms one above the other 雙翼飛機

gasoline motor—a machine by which gasoline does mechanical

work 汽油發動機
pilot—a person navigating

aircraft or qualified to do so
(航空) 駕駛員

MY THREE COMPANIONS

various—changeable; variable 多
變; 千變萬化

as best I may—as well as I can
under the circumstances 余極力
設法; 盡余能事

Ex. He had to shift for himself
as best he might.

Page 15.

mightier dimensions—greater
magnitudes; large sizes 更大的
體積 (海有自己的種族, 其中鯨魚—
whale, 較象爲更大)

crust of the earth—outer layer
of the earth 地殼

on my margin—i.e. on the
seashore 在海濱上

I see your white faces…… that
came before you—此句指在世界
各處初爲有色人種所佔據, 白人復逐
有色民族而代替之, 如在非洲及美洲

parenthesis—a word, clause or
sentence, inserted into a passage
to which it is not grammatically
essential, and usually marked
off by brackets, dashes or com-
mas 插字; 插句

stereotyped—formed in a fixed,
unchangeable manner 使永不改
變 (此句意“在人類能把其足跡遺留
在海灘上之前, 兩點早在那兒造成不
易的形狀了。”))

as regards—so far as relates to
關於

Ex. As regards this journey,
we can now decide
nothing.

bear up—support; keep from
falling or sinking 支持; 使浮起或
舉起

Ex. Religions hope bears up
the mind under sufferings,
undulations—gentle rises and
falls; wavy motions 起伏; 波動

Page 16.

argosy—a large merchant-vessel
大商船

thunder-bearing—carrying
thunder 雷聲轟轟的 (此處用以比喻
軍艦上大砲之吼聲)

frigate—a warship next in size
and equipment to ships of the
line 帆船時代之巡海艦

sooner or later—at some unknown
but certain time 必有一日

Ex. He will discover his
mistake sooner or later.

transitory concerns—affairs or
interests continuing only for a
short time 短暫的事務或利益

save—except 除去

vegetable and animal kingdoms
—the two prime divisions of

nature which include all vegetables and animals 植物界與動物界
wax—grow 增長

look on me—look at me 請注視我
time writes no wrinkle on my forehead—time does not make me grow old 光陰沒有使我衰老

school—taught 教
heartstrings—heart; deepest affections 心弦; 最深之感情
of old—of ancient times 古時

Ex. Of old, the Egyptians were among the most civilized peoples.

fardarting—shooting (arrows, or sun-beams) a long way off 箭射得很遠的; 光芒遠射的

Apollo—The Greek sun-god. He was also The God of archery, medicine, prophecy, poetry and music 亞普羅, 希臘之日神, (同時亦為射術, 醫療, 豫言, 詩歌與音樂之神) 手執弓箭, 象徵日光. 但亞普羅亦為懲罰之神, 以矢放射死亡及疫病, 故有上文 fardarting 之形容字

Page 17.

speculation—meditation 考慮; 思維

communicative—talkative 好談
babble—idle talk 空談

forlorn—deserted; helpless 見棄; 孤獨無助

the same point of the compass—the same direction 同一方向

run riot—act wildly and without restraint 行動狂暴, 不受約束

Ex. The workers ran riot in

the city, when they were on a strike.

Page 18.

keep pace with—keep step with, 並進

Ex. His luxuries kept pace with the affluence of his fortune.

ill-conditioned of evil disposition; in bad condition 惡意的; 情狀不佳的

vex—trouble or annoy 煩擾

yield to—give way to 聽從

Ex. Old people don't yield readily to new customs and fashions.

baldric—a broad belt, worn over one shoulder and under the opposite arm 肩帶; 飾帶

the inverted firmament—i.e. the sky reflected in the lake 指倒影於湖中的天空

brimming with—(being) full of 充滿

constellations—stars 星宿

ebon—black 烏木色的; 黑的

Page 19.

Labrador—a peninsula in North America 臘布拉多 (北美之一半島)
wild cemetery... tomb of liquid crystal 此處指大海, 為衆河歸宿之處

exhale—rise or be given off, as vapor 蒸散

mirrored—reflected 反映

THE BLUE FLOWER

time to spare—leisure 閒暇

Ex. When I had time to spare,
I would finish reading
this book.

played hide-and-seek 玩捉迷藏戲

longing—an eager desire 熱望

Page 20.

whose whole heart was set upon
finding a flower—who longed
earnestly to find a flower 彼切
望找一花

lost himself—became abstracted
出神

Ex. He lost himself in reverie.
charmed—endowed with magic;
enchanted 迷人的

traversed—wandered over 行過
dire—terrible 可怕

Page 21.

to the height—to the highest
degree 到極度

shimmered—glistened 閃光

gorge—a defile between moun-
tains 山峽

tinkling—making small, quick,
sharp sounds 作叮噠聲

radiance—light issuing in rays
光芒

molten—melted 鎔化的

shrine—casket, especially one
holding sacred relics 神龕

rippled—flowed in ripples 起漣

Page 22.

opal—a gem that shows beautiful
changes of color 玳瑁: 蛋白石
slipping off—taking off quickly
急忙脫去

Ex. He slipped off his coat.

bevy—a company 一羣

Nymphs—goddesses of the moun-
tains, forests, meadows, or
waters 山林水澤之女神

taking shape—assuming a
definite form 具一定形狀

Ex. His intentions are gra-
dually taking shape.

clinging to—sticking to 緊貼; 依附

Ex. He clung to his party.

melted away—dissolved; disap-
peared 融化; 消失

Ex. Since the settlement of the
country by the Europeans,
the North-American
Indians have been steadily
melting away.

veined with white—covered with
white veins 有白紋

sentinels—soldiers set to guard
an army, camp, etc. from
surprise 巡卒

Page 23.

hues—colors 顏色

drew themselves up—formed
themselves in regular order;

assumed an erect attitude 排列;
端立
chord—harmony 調和
sapphires—transparent blue

precious stones 藍寶石
transformation—change in form
or appearance; metamorphosis
變形; 化形

THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG

Page 24.

her watch she keeps—she is
attentive or vigilant 注意; 看守
Ex. If you keep watch on the
night of Nov. 12, you may
often see meteors in the
sky.

a yearning heart—a heart filled
with compassion or tenderness
慈愛之心

well—fountain 泉源

beings—things that exist; human
beings 存在之物; 人

the realm below—hell 地獄

Page 25.

thirst—long 渴望

fond—loving 撫愛的

shrink from—turn away from
引避

Ex. He shrinks from entering
official life because of its
responsibilities.

this child of night—i. e. the blind
girl 指唱此歌之盲女孩

yearn for—are filled with a long-
ing desire for 渴望

Ex. Every man yearns for
sympathy in sorrow.

BLESSED BE THE CHILDREN

“Blessed Be the Children”—本文
原題為“祝福孩子們,” 阿英作, 柳
無忌譯

The war—the present Sino-Jap-
anese war 指中日戰爭而言
shifted—changed 變換

Page 26.

miscellaneous—of diverse sorts
各種

ransack—search thoroughly 搜索

brief-case—a portable case for

loose papers, books, etc. 手提皮包
dailies—newspapers printed
every day 日報

periodicals—magazines or other
publications published at stated
intervals 定期刊物; 雜誌

book-worm—person who is very
fond of reading 書癡

catalogued—entered in a complete
list 編目

paper boards—硬紙板

picturesque—fit to be the subject

of a striking picture 入畫的
 masterpiece—a consummate piece
 of workmanship 傑作
 idyllic—simple and charming
 like a pastoral poem 純樸美麗，
 像一首牧詩
 unintermittent—without inter-
 mission 不斷的
 mock—imitating reality, but not
 real 摹擬；假

Page 27.

cavalry—horse-soldiers 騎兵隊
 for the time being—for the
 present 目下；暫時

Ex. I was, for the time being,
 a little prince among my
 fellow.

airfield—an aerodrome 飛機場
 to my surprise—against my ex-
 pectations 出乎意料的

Ex. To my surprise, he was
 still alive.

Anti-aircraft guns—guns for
 shooting down hostile aircraft
 高射砲

tanks—坦克車

annihilated—destroyed 消滅
 heirs—persons receiving or
 entitled to receive properties or
 ranks as legal representatives
 of former owners 承繼人
 in fact—really 其實

Ex. He appears ignorant, but
 in fact he is very wise.

exert our utmost—try our best
 盡力

Ex. He exerted his utmost to
 defeat his enemy.

in reply to—in answer to 回答

Ex. He said nothing in reply
 to my question.

Page 28.

air bases—空軍基地

trenches—ditches 戰壕

youngsters—young people 少年

reduced to a land of ashes—burnt
 down or destroyed 化為焦土

relentless—unmoved by sympathy
 殘忍

Page 29.

chaotic—disorderly 紛亂

THE STORY OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

William Shakespeare (1564—1616)
 —English poet and dramatist
 莎士比亞英國詩人及戲劇家

Stratford-on-Avon—a municipal
 borough in Warwickshire,
 England 斯特拉得福，在亞馮河上
 一小鎮

Warwickshire—a county in
 central England 窩立克郡（在英
 國中部）

in no way—in no manner 毫不

Ex. The new bell on the church
 is in no way superior to
 the old one.

upper stories—樓房；二層樓
lattice-work—wooden strips 格子
花樣

rosemary—a shrub growing in
warm climates, and having a
fragrant smell and pungent
taste 迷迭香

fennel—a plant, cultivated for
its aromatic seeds 茴香

daffodils—bulbous flowering
plants 水仙

primroses—early flowering
plants allied to the cowslip 蓮
馨花

manor houses—country houses of
some importance; mansions (田
主之) 邸宅

consisted in—had its essence in
其特色存於……之中

Ex. I can not tell in what the
beauty of this place
consists.

The Severn—a river in England
塞汶河

Page 30.

yew, elm, and lime trees—水松,
榆, 及菩提樹

The Normans—the mixed Scand-
inavian and Frankish people
who conquered England in 1066,
under William the Conqueror
諾曼人

dormer windows—vertical
windows in a sloping roof 屋背窗

Grammar school—a school in
which grammar is taught;
specifically, one in which Latin

and Greek are chief subjects of
instruction 文法學校 (以教授拉丁
希臘文為主之學校)

Page 31.

poring over—reading or study-
ing with continued and abstract-
ed application 熟讀

Ex. What is that book you are
poring over now?

Sir Martin Frobisher (1535?—1594)
—an English navigator 夫洛比
瑟, 英國航海家

Sir John Hawkins (1532—1595)—
an English rear admiral 和琴茲,
英國海軍少將

Sir Humphrey Gilbert (1539?—
1583)—an English navigator
and pioneer colonist, 吉爾伯特,
英國航海家及殖民前驅

Sir Francis Drake (1540?—1596)—
an English navigator and
admiral 德類克, 英國航海家及海軍
統帥

Warwick and Kenilworth—two
great castles in Warwickshire,
窩立克堡與墾尼衛司堡 (在窩立克郡)

War of the Roses—an English
civil war in the fifteenth
century, between the Houses of
York and Lancaster, the white
rose being the badge of the
House of York, and the red rose
being the badge of the House of
Lancaster 薔薇戰爭 (十五世紀英國
約克家與蘭加斯德家爭奪王位之戰
爭, 約克家以白薔薇為記, 蘭加斯德
家以紅薔薇為記, 故名薔薇戰爭.)

Page 32.

from end to end—from one extremity to the other, 自一端至他端

Queen Elizabeth (1533—1603)—

Queen of England 伊麗莎白女王

Lord Leicester (1532?—1588)—

Favorite of Queen Elizabeth 勒司特, 伊麗莎白女王之寵臣

Coventry—a town in Warwickshire 科芬德里 (在窩立克郡)

Page 33.

bear gardens—places where bears are kept for diversion or fighting 熊園。(在莎士比亞時代, 鬥熊為一般民衆最愛好之娛樂, 熊園即為飼熊及 熊之處)

divines—clergymen 教士

highwayman—one who robs on the public road 路賊

Page 34.

Black-friars—Dominicans; so called because the Dominicans wore black cloaks 豆米尼叩派之僧徒, 黑袍僧。該戲院建築於黑袍僧僧院舊址之旁, 因以得名。

crowned—adorned; glorified 盛飾; 使增光

bring out—cause to come out; make manifest 使現出; 表示

Ex. You can bring out the

lustre by polishing the stone.

playwright—dramatist 戲劇作家
frequented—visited habitually
常往

Page 35.

chronicles—historical accounts 編年史

Arab and Moor and Turk—亞拉伯人, 非洲黑人, 與土耳其人

Arctic Sea—北極洋

Page 36.

laughed over—recalled or repeated with laughter or mirth 反覆地笑着

Ex. He laughed over the joke that I had told him.

clowns—buffoons 丑角

fools—professional court jesters
宮中之弄臣

jesters—those who jest 詼諧者; 弄臣

wept over—shed tears for; lamented over 哭; 哀慟

Ex. He wept over his friend's death.

sonnets—short poems, each consisting of fourteen lines 十四行短詩

above and beyond—高出與勝過; 超越

PRISON LETTERS TO INDIRA

Indira—Nehru's daughter, 印第拉, 尼赫魯之女。(尼氏為印度國民大會黨之領袖, 曾多次被捕入獄)

Naini—a town in United Provinces, India 南尼
United Provinces—United Pro.

vinces of Agra and Oudh in North India 亞格刺澳德聯合州, 在印度北部

Page 37.

in good measure—to a considerable extent 甚多

solid—substantial 具體的; 實質的
of the air—not solid; empty 不實在; 空洞

sermonizing—preaching 講道
doling out—giving in limited quantity or grudgingly 施給

Ex. The man was doling out charities.

take the place of—take the position and perform the function of 代替

Ex. The vice-president took the place of the president who had died.

at best—under the most favorable circumstances 充其量

Ex. Life is at best very short.
a bad pill to swallow—something unpleasant (難吞的藥丸); 不甚愉快的事情

think over—consider carefully 仔細思量

Ex. She was left alone to think over the sudden and wonderful events of the day.

Lenin (1870—1924)—Russian Bolshevik leader 列寧 (俄國革命領袖)

Page 38.

Bapuji—father 父之意

Mahatwa Gandhi (1869—)

Hindu reformer 聖雄甘地 (印度領袖)

came out of their little shells—threw off reserve; became communicative 解除隔閡; 開懷相與
bear ourselves—behave 處身

Ex. He bears himself with soldierly erectness.

what part shall we play - what part (rôle) shall we act 我們將扮演那一角色

fall to our lot—be our appointed duty or lot 歸我們担任

Ex. It fell to the lot of the colorbearer to carry the flag to a distant part of the field during the battle.

discredit—loss of repute 不名譽
in our keeping—in our charge 交我們保管

Ex. I placed the valuables in the keeping of the captain.

in secret—in privacy 私下

Ex. The good which is done in secret will be rewarded openly.

unworthy of—unbecoming 不配

Ex. He is unworthy of your kindness.

in the sun—in the sunshine 在日光中 (in the sun and in the light—在光天化日之下)

Ex. He stands in the sun.

unruffled—calm; tranquil 沈着; 泰然

Papu—Indian word for Papa or father 爸爸

Page 39.

Indu—即 Indira 之縮寫,表示親暱
jumble—a confused mixture 雜亂
gallery—a room for exhibition of
works of art 美術品展覽室

stretches—continuous periods 延
續的時代;階段

made much progress—greatly
advanced 大有進步

Ex. The child has made much
progress in learning to
read.

Page 40.

Sanskrit books—books written in
the ancient language of the
Hindus 梵文書

for the larger good—爲大眾的好處

sovereign—chief; supreme 至上的
for many a day—for a long time
有許多日子;長久地

Ex. For many a day did the
parents await the return
of their son who ran away
from home.

Page 41.

Anand Bhawan—印度地名

Mummie—Indian word for
mammy, or mother (the author
refers to his wife, Indira's
mother) 媽媽 (作者意指其妻,即印
第拉之母)

Malacca—麻刺甲, (馬來半島西岸一
海口)

badly—much 甚

COLUMBUS DISCOVERS LAND

Christopher Columbus (1446?—
1506)—discoverer of America
哥倫布 (發現美洲者)

in proportion as—according as
按照;以……爲比例

Ex. Men are happy in propor-
tion as they are virtuous.

derided—ridiculed 嘲弄

delusive—deceptive 欺騙;虛妄

dismay—loss of courage through
fear 喪膽;驚恐

press forward—move forward
urgently 推進

Ex. The man who entered the
crowd from behind pressed
forward, that he might

hear the speaker.

Page 42.

immense expanse—vast spread-
ing surface (of water) 渺茫廣闊
的水面

intervening—lying between 在中
間的

victual—obtain stores or food 得
到糧食

refit—obtain fresh supplies or
equipment 修理;重行裝備

fed each other's discontents—
sustained and promoted each
other's dissatisfactions 相互地鼓
動不滿的意念

knots—groups; bands 羣
fomenting—stirring up; instigating 煽動; 醞釀

on compulsion—on being subjected to force 被迫

Ex. The tribute would not be forthcoming except on compulsion.

breaking forth—bursting out 突然爆發

Ex. They broke forth into singing.

desperado—a reckless, furious man 橫行無忌之人

bent upon doing...—inclined to do... 偏要作; 執意作...

Ex. He is bent upon doing me some mischief.

notorious—well-known (以惡事) 出名

in quest of—looking for 尋求

Ex. They went to South Africa in quest of gold.

Page 43.

of no weight—of no importance 不重要

Ex. His opinion is of no weight.

foreigner—哥倫布是意大利的熱內亞人, 故對於舟中的西班牙水手, 他是一個外國人

friends of influence—influential or powerful friends 有勢力的朋友

discountenanced—discouraged; disapproved 不贊助; 拒斥

fallen overboard—fallen from within ship into water 自船上落

於水中

give out—announce 宣佈

Ex. It is given out that we shall march at ten o'clock.

controvert—dispute; deny 爭辯

refractory—stubborn; rebellious 執拗; 倔強

signal punishment—exemplary punishment 可以示儆的懲罰

Martin Alonso Pinzón (1440?—1493) a Spanish navigator with Columbus 品宋 (同哥倫布航行的西班牙航海家)

chart—navigator's sea map 航海地圖

Page 44.

Pinta—the name of a ship 船名. 品宋即該船之船長

Cipango—Japan 日本

admiral—commander of the fleet 船隊司令, 此處指哥倫布

Senor—a spanish title corresponding to Sir or Mr. 西班牙人尊稱 (猶先生老爺或君之稱呼)

leagues—measures of distance, usually about three miles 約三哩之長度

Gloria in excelsis—Glory to God in the highest 榮歸上帝

masthead—highest part of mast as place of observation 桅梢

rigging—ropes, chains, etc. that support or adjust the sails 索具

straining—aiming; pointing 指向

Page 45.

stand—hold specified course 航行

(指一定之方向)

put an end to—terminated 終止

Ex. Death put an end to all his sufferings.

in compliance with—in accordance with; in submission or active obedience to 按照; 遵從

Ex. In compliance with your suggestion, I visited Mt. Blanc when I was in Europe.

propitious—favorable 順利的

amused themselves with—were pleasantly occupied in 以…自娛

Ex. He amused himself with reading short stories.

dolphins—a kind of fish 海豚

beguiled them onwards—誘引他們向前進着

Canary Islands—a group of mountainous islands in the Atlantic Ocean, off the north-western coast of Africa, a province of Spain 加那列羣島

Page 46.

on the least appearance of the kind—祇要一點兒這樣的情形

put a stop to—cause to cease 停止

Ex. Our new teacher has put a stop to ball-playing in the yard.

false alarms—false warnings 虛報

caravels—small light, fast ships chiefly Spanish and Portuguese of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries 輕便之小快船。(特指十五

世紀及十六世紀西班牙及葡萄牙此類之船)

Page 47.

Niña—the name of ship 船名

sailor—a sailing vessel 船

preconcerted—arranged or agreed upon beforehand 預定的

melted into air—disappeared 消失

Ex. All his hopes had melted into air.

be secure of—have a sure prospect of 確信

Ex. The Chinese are secure of victory.

latitude—distance north or south of the equator, measured on a meridian 緯度

Page 48.

the Pinzóns—the Pinzón brothers, 指 martin alonso Pinzón 與他的弟弟 Vincente Yañez Pinzón (1460?—1524)

inspiring—encouraging 鼓舞

the further……the more frequent 愈遠……愈常有……

Ex. The further you go, the colder it becomes.

tunny fish—large fish of the Mackerel family 金鱈魚

heron—a wading bird, having a long, sharp bill, and long legs 蒼鷺

pelican—a large web-footed bird, having an enormous bill, to the lower edge of which is attached

a pouch for storing captured fishes 鰓鰔

Seville—a city in Spain 塞維爾

Page 49.

The Indies (East Indies)—a collective name applied, some what vaguely, to India, Indochina, and especially Malay Archipelago 東印度羣島

happen what might—no matter what might happen 任有何事發生
at open defiance—at open enmity 公開對敵

Ex. They were at open defiance with one another.

admit of—be capable of 能; 容許

Ex. It admits of exceptions.

sanguine—confident; warm 熱誠的

on the watch—on the lookout 看守; 留神

Ex. They are on the watch for an opportunity to go abroad.

Salve regina—a devotional verse 天主教之一種星期唱和歌

vesper hymn—evening hymn 晚禱時所唱之讚美詩

Page 50.

make sail—set sail 航行

Ex. We shall make sail tomorrow morning.

make land—come in sight of land 看見

forecastle—raised deck at the forward part of a vessel 船首檣

in addition to—besides 除……之外
Ex. The new pupil has taken geometry in addition to history.

poop—aftermost and highest deck 船尾高樓

Pedro Gutierrez—the name of a sailor or officer with Columbus 古提埃克斯

gentleman of the king's bed-chamber—國王侍從

in the affirmative—answering "yes" to a question 肯定的

Ex. He answered my question in the affirmative.

Rodrigo Sanchez—the name of a sailor with Columbus 散起斯

Segovia—a province in central Spain 塞古維亞 (西班牙中部省名)
made the same inquiry—asked the same question 問同一問題

Page 51.

roundhouse—cabin on after part of quarterdeck 甲板室

adjudged—awarded 判給; 賞給

took in sail—diminished the amount of sail spread 縮小帆幅

Ex. The sailors took in sail, when they saw the storm approaching.

laid to—ceased from advancing 停止進行

Ex. The ship laid to because of the storm.

scoff—ridicule 嘲笑

Page 52.

aromatic—fragrant; spicy 馨香
有香味

prone—inclined 傾向於

fanés—temples 寺院

Page 53.

cast anchor—anchor 拋錨

Ex. The sailors cast anchor in
the bay of San Francisco.

manned—supplied with men 配置

人員

standard—flag 旗

Castilian—pertaining to Castile,
a former kingdom in central
Spain 卡斯提爾的

San Salvador—one of the Bahama
Islands northeast of Cuba, the
first land seen by Columbus in
the New World 聖塞爾瓦多爾

THE DEAD BEAT

dead beat—a worthless idler who
sponges on others; rascal 依靠他
人之懶漢; 光棍

Valencia—a city in Spain 法連
西牙

Madrid—the capital of Spain 馬
德里

got off—alighted from the train
下火車

Ex. I shall get off at the next
station.

Albacete—a city in south-east
Spain 西班牙東南部一城市

stretch out—伸展肢體

inviting—attractive; tempting
令人動心; 引誘的

sleep like a log—sleep soundly or
heavily 熟睡

Ex. The wounded soldier slept
like a log.

put out—extinguished 撲滅; 熄

Ex. Tell him to put out the
fire.

full length—with the body fully
extended 全身躺直

Page 54.

La Mancha—an old province in
central Spain 拉·曼察

at top speed—as fast as it could
pull; at highest speed 儘速; 極大
的速度

stagecoach—a coach that runs
regularly between stations, to
convey passengers 驛站馬車

lurching—sudden leaning to one
side 驟然傾側

jiggling—jerking lightly 搖動

screeching—uttering shrill harsh
cries 發尖銳聲

succumb to—be overcome by;
yield to 爲…所克服; 聽從

lost in these foolish fancies—耽
于那些癡想

drowsing off—dozing; falling
half asleep 假寐; 昏昏入睡

starting up—rising suddenly 突然
起來

Ex. As we passed through the
wood, numerous birds

started up.

At full speed—at the highest rate of speed 開足速度

Ex. The horse runs at full speed.

nothing less than—quite the same as; just 正是

x We expected nothing less than a revolution.

holdups—assaults on travelers or passengers for the purpose of robbery 攔劫

Page 55.

threw myself upon—attacked suddenly 突然襲擊

Ex. He threw himself upon his enemy.

for God's sake—a phrase that introduces a strong appeal 用於懇切祈求時之成語

turned on—開 (電門, 水管, 煤氣管等); turned on the light 開燈

Ex. It is impossible to turn on the water.

build—proportions of the human body; form 體格; 形體

swarthy—dark hued 黑色的

set off—rendered more attractive or more impressive by contrast; 使更引人; 襯托出

Ex. The ruby sets off the diamond.

broad grin—張口大笑

fumbling—seeking clumsily 笨摸

felt for—sought with caution 摸索

Ex. I felt for the book in the

dark room, but could not find it.

Page 56.

crumpled—crushed together 摺爛的

in triumph—with joy and exultation 興高采烈

Ex. The soldiers shouted in triumph.

kept to—adhered strictly to 固守

Ex. Old people are apt to keep to old customs.

hurricane—violent wind 颶風

skimmed—glided along in air 掠過

telegraph poles—電線桿

firefly sparks—螢火虫似的火花

unmolested—not vexed 無煩擾的

fell to—began 開始

Ex. He fell to working at once.

Page 57.

sneaked—went furtively 潛走

trainmen—subordinate workers on a railroad train 鐵路員役

Where are you bound for—where are you going? 你到那裏去?

take a risk—assume danger 冒險

Ex. He has taken a great risk.

puffing and blowing—panting 喘息; 噴吐

nerve—bodily or mental strength 膽量

bump—a dull-sounding blow 重撞

keep clear of—keep free from;

avoid 使免於; 避免

Ex. The merchant would have gained, by keeping clear of speculation in stocks.

Page 58.

dropped off—went away; left 走開; 離去

Ex. The guests dropped off one by one.

pitched him off—threw him off 將他拋開或擲走

Page 59.

train crew—火車工役

Guardia Civil—police 警察

run at breakneck speed—run at the highest speed involving risk of life 拼命快跑

conductor—person in charge of passengers on a train 列車管理者
steal rides—偷着乘車

Page 60.

nonchalance—indifference; coolness 漠然; 冷靜

mangled—hacked by blows 要斷的; 支離殘酷的

THE COAST OF NORWAY

Norway—挪威

singular—strange; unusual 奇特; 異乎尋常的

jagged—with points sticking out 參差不齊的

inundate—deluge 泛濫; 沖

on the spot—at the precise place 當處; 當地

Ex. This picture of a skirmish was made on the spot.

straggling—irregular and rambling 參差羅縷的

promontories—high points of land projecting into the sea 岬; 海角

shelving—sloping gradually 傾斜的

Page 61.

fjords—narrow inlets of the sea, between high rocks 峽江

sea-trout—海產鱒魚

cod—鱈魚

herring—青魚

in their seasons—at the time when they are plentiful 在牠們盛出的時期

planets—celestial bodies revolving about the sun 行星

Page 62.

passes—narrow passages through mountains 關口

unmoors—looses from anchorage 起錨

ledge—projection on side of rock 懸崖

bleating—crying made by sheep 羊鳴

kid—young goats 小山羊

aerie—the nest of a bird of prey

鷹類之巢

clouds—great crowds 成羣

fold—a sheep pen 羊欄

at roost—resting or sleeping on the roost; said of birds 棲於樹上
Ex. It is midnight when men are in bed and birds at roost.

spiny—thorny 多針的

harps—stringed musical instruments 豎琴

Page 63.

gushes—outpourings 湧出

rumble—heavy rolling sound 重響

avalanche—a large body of snow sliding down a mountain side 山上之雪崩

drifting—driving along by the force of wind 大風飄逐的

glacier—a field of ice, formed in the region of perpetual snow, and moving down a valley 冰川

Northern Lights—北光; 北極光

in defiance of—in opposition to

defying 反對; 反抗或不顧

Ex. I went my own way in defiance of public opinion

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

Page 64.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, (1709—84)
—English lexicographer and author 撒穆爾·約翰生博士, 英國辭學家與作者

Sam—contraction of “Samuel,”
“Samuel” 一字之縮寫

Michael Johnson—father of Dr. Samuel Johnson 馬可·約翰生(撒穆爾·約翰生博士之父)

Lichfield—a city in Staffordshire, England 利池菲爾

Uttoxeter—a town near Lichfield 阿頓克西特

in my stead—instead of me, 替我

tend—look after 照料

pouted—protruded lips looked sullen, 努嘴; 現不悅狀

looked his father in the face—

looked boldly at his father's face 直視其父之面

Ex. I looked him in the face.

suffer—allow 讓

dead and gone—死去

looked after—followed with the eye 目送

Ex. He was looking after the girl who had just passed the door of his house.

Page 65.

The boy's heart began to smite him—The boy's conscience began to punish him 小孩開始受到良心的懲罰

heavy—troubled; melancholy 煩惱; 憂鬱

busy about the house—busy at housework 忙於家事

scanty—not abundant 不豐富

Mr. Johnson—指 Sam 之父親

Page 66.

bring himself to yield—make himself give way 使自己屈服

puppet show—puppet play 傀儡戲

merry-andrew—a buffoon 小丑

with a slouching gait—in a careless, ungainly manner 不雅或難看的樣子

small clothes—knee-breeches 短褲

worsted—made of well twisted yarn from long-staple wool 毛線作的

buckled—fastened with buckles (以帶扣) 扣住的

bushy—growing thickly 鬢鬢的

wig—artificial covering of hair for the head 假髮

elbowed the people aside—pushed the people aside with the elbow 用肘推開衆人

hither and thither—backward and forward 來來回回

Ex. In the darkness I went hither and thither in search of food.

make way—step aside, so as to leave a passage 讓道

Ex. He made way for the lady. that is—that (fellow) is.

Page 67.

ivy-mantled—covered with ivy

被常春藤所覆的

took his stand—stood 站住

lowing—crying (of cow) 牛鳴

wrapt in—engrossed in or with 專心於……

Ex. He was wrapt in his studies.

furrowed brow—wrinkled brow 有皺紋的額

Page 68.

cattle dealer—man engaged in selling and buying cattle 販賣家畜者

James Boswell (174—1795)—Scottish biographer, author of the “Life of Dr. Johnson” 波斯衛爾，蘇格蘭傳記家，“約翰生傳”作者

Page 69.

his Dictionary—Dr. Johnson’s “Dictionary of the English Language” 指約翰生所著“英文字典”

the old man’s troubles had been over for so many years—i. e. the old man (Dr. Johnson’s father) had been dead for so many years 他的老父已死去了這麼多年了

pang—shooting pain 劇痛

to do penance—to punish himself for a wrong done 懺悔罪過

INSTINCT AND REASON

Page 70.

instinct—The natural impulse guiding an animal to an action

本能

reason—the intellectual faculty characteristic especially of human beings, by which conclusions are drawn from premisses

理性; 理智

parties—groups (羣) 方面, 此處指人與獸

on a level—on an equality 同樣, 相等

Wigwam—a North American Indian's tent or hut of skins, mats or bark 北美土人之小屋

beaver—a soft furred animal 海獺

lurrows—holes dug in the ground 窟穴

Page 71.

Marseillais—the inhabitants of Marseilles, a famous seaport in Southeast France 馬賽居民

crammed—filled; crowded 擁滿

gesticulating—making gestures 作手勢

at once—together; simultaneously 一同; 同時

operations—actions 動作

poll—the head 頭

community—a body of people or animals living in the same place under the same conditions 社會; 團體

complaint—disease 疾病

The whole college of physicians—the entire society of physicians 所有醫生的社團

Page 72.

on the increase—increasing 在增加

Ex. The prices of commodities are on the increase.

implanted—instilled 培植; 灌注

Noah's ark—a covered floating vessel in which Noah was saved at the Deluge. See Genesis 世界大洪水時諾亞所乘大船之稱。(見舊約創世紀)

THE MARCH OF THE MARSEILLAIS

Marseillais—the inhabitants of Marseilles, a famous seaport in Southeast France 馬賽居民

crammed—filled; crowded 擁滿

gesticulating—making gestures 作手勢

at once—together; simultaneously 一同; 同時

Ex. They all moved at once.

National Guard—a burgher guard first introduced at Paris in 1789, abolished in 1827, but reestablished in 1830; now superseded by the military reorganization of 1870 法國國民軍 (1789 首先設於巴黎, 1827 廢除,

1830 復設, 1870 兵制重定, 遂永廢)
 getting into line—forming or entering a line 排成或進入隊伍
 the king of France—Louis the Sixteenth 指路易十六

Page 73.

Marseille—pertaining to Marseilles 馬賽的

Avignon—a French city, northwest of Marseilles 亞威農

red-plumed—adorned with red feathers 飾以紅羽毛的

cocked hat—a hat with parts of the brim turned up, worn by military and naval officers in full dress 豎邊帽子 (陸海軍官穿全身制服時所戴者)

Marseillaise—the national song of the French republic, written in April 1792, by Rouget de Lisle, an officer of engineers at Strasburg 馬賽曲 (法國國歌, 當 1792 年大革命時所作)

marrow—a soft substance which fills the hollow central part of bones; hence the inmost part 骨髓; 深處. (stirred us down to the very marrow of our bones 刺入我們的骨髓; 深深地激動着我們)

presented arms—saluted by holding weapons perpendicularly in front of the body 舉槍敬禮

Ex. In saluting the general the regiment presented arms.

files—lines 行列

locust beans—beans taken from the honey pods of the carob tree

稻子豆

live coals—burning coals 燒紅的煤
 like mine—i.e. like my coat.

liberty caps—a kind of close-fitting caps of en used as a symbol of liberty 自由帽 (一種便帽, 常用爲自由之表號者)

tricolor cockade—a badge of three colors, worn on the hat 紅, 藍, 白三色帽徽

Page 74.

a poplar branch—a branch of the poplar tree 白楊樹枝

fantastic—grotesque 奇異的

spent with weariness—exhausted 筋疲力盡

limekilns—kilns or furnaces in which limestone or shells are burned and reduced to lime 石灰窯

Parisians—inhabitants of Paris 巴黎居民

cry mercy—beg for pardon or forgiveness 求免; 乞恕

Orange—a French town 奧倫治

Page 75.

plodded on—walked laboriously; trudged 苦步, 徐行; 艱步前進

Ex. We plodded on along the bank of the river.

Page 76.

in good time—at the right moment 在適當之時

Ex. He will be here in good

time.

retback—discouragement 挫折

quickstep—a spirited march,
especially one in military quick
time 急進曲

we steadied our lines—我們的陣線
整齊起來

go down on one's elbows—躺下以
肘支在地上

stretch out at full length—儘量地
舒展着四肢 at full length—fully
extended 盡力展伸

Ex. He lay down on the ground
at full length.

a hard pass—a narrow road

difficult to pass through 一條不
易通過的狹道

wore away—passed away by
degrees 漸消磨過去

Ex. Three years have thus
worn away.

olive trees—橄欖樹

Page 77.

snatches—short periods 短時間
drown—overpower (especially if
a louder sound making voice,
etc. inaudible) 使不能聞; 掩蔽

roll—sound 隆隆之聲

riven—broken 裂; 碎

THE MARSEILLAISE

Page 78.

grandsires hoary—white haired
grandfathers 白髮蒼蒼的祖父們

mischief breeding—breeding mis-
chief 作惡

hireling—serving for hire 傭役的;
被僱的

ruffian—brutal 兇惡

affright—frighten 使震驚

to arms!—a summons to war or
battle 武裝起來; 準備戰鬥

unshathe—draw from the sheath
自鞘中拔出

confederate—united in a league
聯合的

dogs of war—famine, sword, and
fire 戰爭之慘禍 (如饑饉, 殺戮, 兵
燹等)

let loose—released from restraint

釋放; 放縱

Ex. He has let loose the boy I
looked for.

far and wide—everywhere 到處

Ex. The news of the victory
soon spread far and wide.

his hands—此處 his 指 lawless
force (不法的武力), 該二字被視為
人之化身故前二行用 guilty stride
(犯罪的步子), 此處用他的手

imbruing……with—staining……
with 用……染污

Ex. He imbrued his sword with
blood.

Page 79.

with luxury and pride surrounded
……此句句法構造較為複雜, 可為之分
析如下: The vile, insatiate des-
pots (subj); with luxury and

pride surrounded (adj. phrase, modifying the subj.); Their thirst for gold and power unbounded (nominative absolute) dare to mete and vend the light and air (predicate)

insatiate—insatiable 無饜的

despots—tyrants 暴君

mete—measure 量

vend—sell 賣

beasts of burden—animals employed in carrying burdens

馱獸; 負重之牲畜

dungeons—close, dark prisons, commonly under ground 地牢

wield—hold and use 使用

their—our conquerors'

arts—artful contrivances 詭計

unavailing—useless; of no avail

無用; 無效

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS

Page 80.

woodpile—a collection of fire-wood, heaped in a pile 柴堆

stumps—projecting remnants of cut or fallen trees 殘幹; 餘木

chips thin pieces cut from wood 木屑

combatants—fighters 戰士

duellum—the Latin word for duel, a combat between two persons 二人間之決鬪

bellum—the Latin word for war, a contest between two races 戰爭

pitted—fighting 戰鬪

legions—the legion was a body of ancient Roman foot soldiers and cavalry. The word is used here to denote a military force. 原為古羅馬軍隊之軍團之意, 此地則為兵隊之意

Myrmidons—a warlike Thes-salian race who followed

Achilles; fighters of desperate character 原為 Achilles 部下之勇士, 此地乃精兵或最勇敢的戰士之意

hills and vales—the uneven ground 起伏不平之地

raging—being furiously fought 酣鬪

internecine—mutually destructive 互相殘殺的; 同歸於盡的

Page 81.

fast locked in each other's embraces—互相緊抱

the sun went down—night came 天黑

life went out—they were killed 戰死

vice—a vise or instrument for holding work, as in filing 虎頭鉗

feelers—觸角

go by the board—suffer destruction 覆滅

Ex. This shop has gone by the

board, by reason of debts.
divested—deprived 剝去
bulldogs—a bulldog is a species
of dog, of remarkable ferocity
and courage 猛犬

neither manifested the least
disposition to retreat—neither
showed any inclination to
withdraw 沒有一個表示有些微撤
退的意思

dispatched—put to death 殺死
probably the latter—probably
had not yet taken part in the
battle 大概尚未參加戰鬪

return with his shield or upon it
—return with his shield victor-
ious and live; or be carried back
upon his shield, honored among
the dead 攜盾勝利歸來, 不然戰死被
置於盾上昇歸安葬。(此原為古代斯
巴達之母親送兒子出征時之贈言。按
當時習慣, 戰士如死於疆場, 則置於其
盾上, 昇歸安葬)

Achilles—The foremost hero of
Homer's Iliad 阿奚里 (荷馬史詩
“伊里亞特”中之英雄)

Patroclus—a friend whose death
Achilles avenged 派特羅克拉斯 (亦
“伊里亞特”中一角色, 阿奚里之友,
彼被殺後, 阿奚里代其報仇)

sprang upon—darted suddenly at

躍襲; 猛撲

Ex. The cat sprang upon a
mouse.

Page 82.

there were three united for life—
the three ants were so closely
embraced together that they
seemed to make one ant instead
of being three separate ants. 三
個連成一個

Locks and cements—all things
that serve the purpose of link-
ing things together or of fusing
them 鎖與水門汀皆為用以連接或凝
固之物

put to shame—inflicted disgrace
on 使赧顏

Ex. The Good recitation of the
diligent student put the
idle student to shame.

national airs—national songs
國歌

the while—in the meantime 當
時

Concord—a town in east Mas-
sachusetts 康科特, 美國麻省東部一
小鎮, 本文作者 Thoreau 即卜居
該處

THE SONG OF THE RIVER

junk—a flat-bottomed sailing
vessel used by the Chinese 民船;
大船

lashed—fastened with cord 以繩

細綁

trackers—boatmen who walk
along the edge of the river and
tow the boat up the river

against the river current 拉繹者
chant—a simple melody; song
歌曲

Wupan—a small boat 五板船

Page 83.

possessed—dominated powerfully
着魔; 被迷住

bent double—with body bent over
into an inverted V position 將身
彎曲得成了一個倒 V 的姿勢

in the extremity of their travail
—in the great intensity of their
toil 在他們工作得極度緊張的時候
on all fours—with hands and feet
on the ground 匍匐

Ex. He was down on all fours
playing with his little
child.

he brings down his split bamboo
on the naked back—he beats
them on the naked back with a
piece of bamboo 他把竹鞭子打着他

們赤裸的背

do his utmost—do it with all his
power 竭力爲之

Ex. He did his utmost to please
his wife.

still—always 時常

breaking muscles—muscles ready
to come apart 要裂的肌肉

indomitable—unconquerable 不可
征服的

hearty meal—abundant meal 豐
富的一餐

bales—large bundle of mer-
chandize (貨物之) 包; 綑

their rhythmic cry—their chant
指他們的歌曲

heart-rending—distressing 悽慘的

Page 84.

the ultimate sob of humanity—
the most distressing sob of
human beings 人類最悽慘的悲咽

THE NECKLACE

necklace—ornament of precious
stones; or metal, or beads etc.

worn around the neck 項鍊; 項珠

The Bureau of Public Instruction
—The Board of Education in
France 法國教育部

ruling—controlling; chief 主宰的;
重要的

social realm society 社交界

Page 85.

worn-out—made useless or
impaired by use 用壞; 破損

station—rank; condition of life
身分; 位置

maid-of-all-work—a female
servant who does all the work
of a household 雜役女僕

draperies—textile fabrics for
decorative purpose 帷布; 用作裝
飾之織物

cand labra—branched candles

ticks 燈臺

cabinets—cases with drawers for keeping valuables or displaying curiosities 裝貴重物品之盒或箱

bric-a-brac—curiosities 奇異珍寶；古董

boudoirs—ladies' small private rooms 婦女之小私室

bosom friends—very intimate friends 知交

stew—a dish prepared by stewing 燉煮之食肴

tapestries—woven hangings of wool and silk 掛帷

whispered gallantries—polite or amorous speeches said in a low voice 低聲趨承的話（指趨承婦女的話）

sphinx-like smile—a restrained or incomprehensible smile 不自然的或神祕的一笑

quail—a bird of the partridge kind 鶉鴉

and she loved nothing else—and she loved nothing else besides dresses and jewels 而且她（別的不喜歡）；就是喜歡華服與珠飾

Page 86.

she felt made for that alone—she felt that she was made only for all that finery 她覺得她生下來就為着穿佩那些華飾

convent—a building occupied by a community of religious people, usually women, who live in seclusion from the world 女修道院

Mme. Georges Ramponneau—i.e. the wife of the Minister of Public Instruction 教育部長太太
M. (法)—(Monsieur), Mr. 先生
Mme. (法)—(Madame), Mrs. 太太
select—choice; exclusive 精選；挑選

official world—官場

Page 87.

stuttered—hesitated or stumbled in uttering words 口吃

Mathilde—Mme. Loisel is Christian name, Mme Loisel 之名

Franc—a silver coin, the French monetary unit 法郎

a trifle pale—rather pale 面色有點發白

Ex. He seemed a trifle angry.

Page 88.

treat himself to—entertain himself with 以……自享

Ex. I shall treat myself to some delicacy.

Nanterre—a French town 南德爾
drew near—was near; approached 臨近

Ex. Christmas is drawing near.

stone—precious stone 寶石

Page 89.

Venetian—made in Venice, a famous city in Italy 威尼斯製造的

tried on—tested the fit of by putting on 試戴

Ex. He tried on his new necklace.

part with—let go 放手

Ex. Men will not part with what they have unless you give them something better.

lost in ecstasy—crazy with joy
狂喜

Page 90.

cabinet officials—officials in the cabinet 內閣官員

waltz—dance a waltz in which partners progress round each other in embrace 跳旋轉舞

anteroom—waiting room 接待室；
候廳室

were having a good time—were enjoying themselves 享受快樂

Ex. Whenever he has spent a pleasant day, he will tell me that he has had a good time.

wraps—outer garments 外衣

Page 91.

The Seine—a river in France 塞
茵河

quay—a wharf, for loading or unloading vessels 碼頭

nocturnal—moving about at night 夜間行動的

Rue des Martyrs—Street of the Martyrs, a street in Paris 巴黎街名

Page 92

vestibule—porch or entrance of a house 入屋之走廊

thunderstruck—amazed 震驚

to see if I cannot find it—to see if I can find it or not 去看我是否能找到牠。(此處 cannot 係加強語氣, 並非否定)

Page 93.

turn around—revolve in the mind
轉着念頭; 熟思

jeweller—one who deals in or makes jewels, precious stones, etc. 珠寶商

Palais Royal (Royal Palace)—a street in Paris 巴黎街名

made an arrangement that—agreed that 同意……; 協議……

Louis—a French gold coin of about twenty francs 法國金幣名
(約值二十法郎)

notes—legal papers acknowledging a debt and promising payment 票據

made ruinous engagements—作着招致破產的債約

usurers—people who exact exorbitant interest 放高利貸者

Page 94.

compromised—put to hazard 連累; 危殆

involving—drawing into complication 拖累

taken ... for—supposed.....to be 認作; 以為

Ex. The stranger took the policeman for a soldier.

Page 95.

- garbage—refuse 垃圾; 污物
 landing—the level part of a staircase, at the top of a flight of stairs 梯頭
 a woman of the people—a common woman 一個民間的婦女
 fruiterer's—fruit dealer's shop 水果鋪子
 sou—a French copper coin 法國銅幣名。(sou by sou——一文錢一文錢的)
 footing up—adding up 總計
 compound interest—interest both on the original principal and on accrued interest from the time it fell due 複利
 swishes—splashes (水) 濺灑

Page 96.

- Champs Elysées (Elysian Fields)—a famous avenue in Paris 巴黎街名(一著名之散步場)
 Jeanne—Mme. Forestier's Christian Name, Forestier 夫人之名

Page 97.

- ministerial ball—dancing party given by the minister 部長的跳舞會
 stunned—bewildered 感亂; 不知所措
 naive—having unaffected simplicity 天真; 自然
 paste—an imitations gem 假寶石; 假鑽石

MY FRIEND GORKI

- Maxim Gorki (1868—1936)—Russian novelist 高爾基(俄國小說家.)
 作者 Chaliapin, 俄國音樂家, 爲高爾基之好友
 Turkish baths—baths in which sweating is induced by exposure to hot air, which is followed by douches of water and by rubbing, kneading, etc. 土耳其式之浴
 hump—protuberance, especially on the back of a camel 駝背
 shoulder blades—肩胛骨
 not to mention—not speaking of 姑置不論; 更不必提
 Ex. The teacher has a superior

faculty of instructing youth, not to mention his fine scholarship.

- calluses—thickened parts of skin 繭皮; 胼胝

Page 98.

- How so?—How did that happen? 怎麼回事? 何以如此?
 going on—continuing to live 活下去
 blockhead—dolt 愚人; 蠢貨(罵人的話)
 they were broken for me—牠們是給人家打斷的

shafts—poles of a vehicle 車杠

Page 99.

bitches—harlots 賣淫婦; 娼妓。(此地乃罵人之詞)

lost your wits—lost your mental faculties 神志錯亂

Ex. He lost his wits and acted very irrationally.

hauled off—drew the arm back so as to gain impetus for a blow 伸回手臂, 以便用力猛擊

let fly at—attacked 襲擊

Ex. He let fly at the elephant. came to myself—recovered my senses 蘇醒

Ex. He fainted and then came to himself.

brought me to—restored me to consciousness 使我復省人事

Ex. The fainting person was brought to by being carried into the open air.

stood for—represented 代表

Ex. In this war, the United Nations stand for justice and democracy.

heart of hearts—inmost heart 中心; 五衷

Ex. In my heart of hearts I

regret having done it.

The Volga—a river in European Russia 窩瓦河

loaded—put a charge of powder and shot for a gun 裝彈藥

Alexei Maximovich Pyeshkoff—Gorki's real name (Maxim Gorki is a pen name) 乃高爾基真名。(“高爾基”實乃筆名)

without the slightest tinge of doubt—沒有絲毫的疑問。(tinge—degree of some color touch 些許)

Page 100.

Capri—an island, Naples bay, Italy 喀普里

Sorrento—a coast town in Italy 索稜托

trash—that which is worthless 無價值之物(指金錢)

open-handedly—liberally 慷慨好施的

The Russian upheaval—The Russian revolution of 1917 指俄國革命而言

Page 101.

disfigurements—deformations 畸形; 破相

高級中學教學及自修適用

現代英語

柳無忌 張鏡潭 李田意合編

本書係供高中學生英語教學和同等程度的青年自習之用。本書共分六冊，由淺入深。內容除文藝作品外，有關於科學知識的，有關於英語國家社會生活的，有關於現代文化之批判的，有關於世界名人事蹟的，不但適合學習者的程度和興趣，且能增進知識，啓發思想。所附註釋詳明，扼要，極便自學，並附有很多的例句，尤爲本書一大特色。

第一冊 ○·四五 第二冊 ○·五〇
第三冊 ○·六〇 第四冊 ○·五五
第五冊 ○·六〇 第六冊 ○·六五

現代英語會話

柳無垢著
○·六〇

本書是作者根據幾年教學經驗，和一般青年的需要編寫的。凡是和青年現實生活有關的問題，如國際新聞，戰時工作，物價，失學，失業，學習方法，社交等，都被作者別出心裁，用活潑清新的現代口語寫成了對話。無論就內容說，或就適用的價值說，迥非一般會話書籍所能比擬。我們相信它一定能成爲學習英語的青年的良友。

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合 編

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本書目標在於使讀者有學習現代通行活用的英語的機會，而聽，講，寫，讀四者並重；但是為切合實用以及便於學習起見，第二冊比較注重聽與講，所以會話特別多，至於寫作，在第二，第三兩冊中，也同時顧及。

本書程度相當於初中的英文課程，因為是給失學或就業的人自修用的，所以與普通初中的課本略有不同，以文法來說，就比初中課本講得深切，自修的人不比在校的學生，無法向師長質疑，因此本書之敘述不厭求其詳盡。

本書內容包括商業及社交上之會話，請帖，商業信札，兒歌，歐美神話，寓言，故事，科學知識，西人觀念型式，英文文學史等。每課課文後面附有譯文，講義及書法，發音，文法等各種練習，務使讀者對課文能澈底理解。

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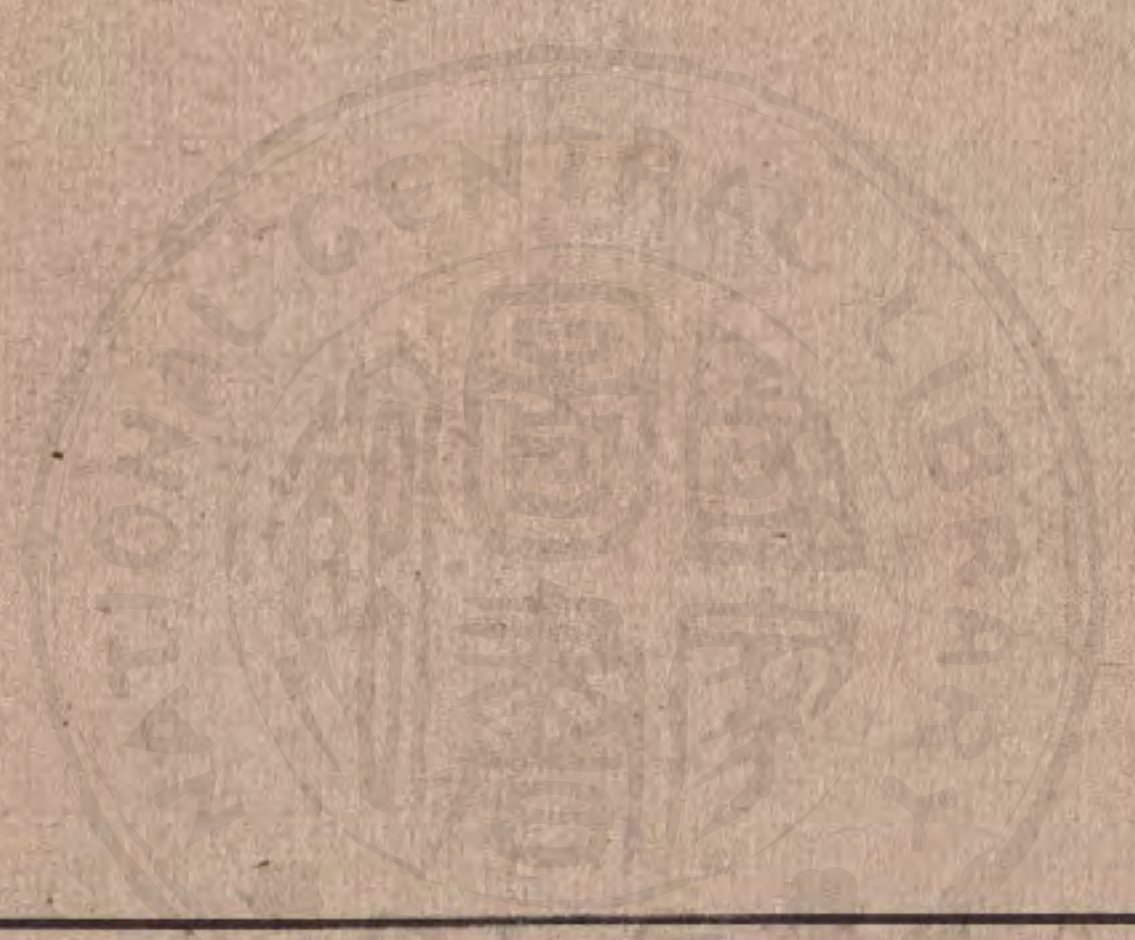
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