

CHAPTER XXXI Chinese

MY home, then,- when I at last find a home,- is a cottage; a little room with whitewashed walls and a sanded floor, containing four painted chairs and a table, a clock, a cupboard, with two or three plates and dishes, and a set of tea-things in delf. Above, a chamber of the same dimensions as the kitchen, with a deal bedstead and chest of drawers; small, yet too large to be filled with my scanty wardrobe: though the kindness of my gentle and generous friends has increased that, by a modest stock of such things as are necessary.

It is evening. I have dismissed, with the fee of an orange, the little orphan who serves me as a handmaid. I am sitting alone on the hearth. This morning, the village school opened. I had twenty scholars. But three of the number can read: none write or cipher.

Several knit, and a few sew a little. They speak with the broadest accent of the district. At present, they and I have a difficulty in understanding each other's language. Some of them are unmannered, rough, intractable, as well as ignorant; but others are docile, have a wish to learn, and evince a disposition that pleases me. I must not forget that these coarsely-clad little peasants are of flesh and blood as good as the scions of gentlest genealogy; and that the germs of native excellence, refinement, intelligence, kind feeling, are as likely to exist in their hearts as in those of the best-born. My duty will be to develop these germs: surely I shall find some happiness in discharging that office. Much enjoyment I do not expect in the life opening before me: yet it will, doubtless, if I regulate my mind, and exert my powers as I ought, yield me enough to live on from day to day.

Was I very gleeful, settled, content, during the hours I passed in yonder bare, humble schoolroom this morning and afternoon? Not to deceive myself, I must reply- No: I felt desolate to a degree. I felt- yes, idiot that I am- I felt degraded. I doubted I had taken a step which sank instead of raising me in the scale of social existence. I was weakly dismayed at the ignorance, the poverty, the coarseness of all I heard and saw round me. But let me not hate and despise myself too much for these feelings; I know them to be wrong- that is a great step gained; I shall strive to overcome them. To-morrow, I trust, I shall get the better of them partially; and in a few weeks, perhaps, they will be quite subdued. In a few months, it is possible, the happiness of seeing progress, and a change for the better in my scholars may substitute gratification for disgust.

Meantime, let me ask myself one question- Which is better?- To have surrendered to temptation; listened to passion; made no painful effort- no struggle;- but to have sunk down in the silken snare; fallen asleep on the flowers covering it; wakened in a southern clime, amongst the luxuries of a pleasure villa: to have been now living in

France, Mr. Rochester's mistress; delirious with his love half my time- for he would- oh, yes, he would have loved me well for a while. He did love me- no one will ever love me so again. I shall never more know the sweet homage given to beauty, youth, and grace- for never to any one else shall I seem to possess these charms. He was fond and proud of me- it is what no man besides will ever be.- But where am I wandering, and what am I saying, and above all, feeling?

Whether is it better, I ask, to be a slave in a fool's paradise at Marseilles- fevered with delusive bliss one hour- suffocating with the bitterest tears of remorse and shame the next- or to be a village-schoolmistress, free and honest, in a breezy mountain nook in the healthy heart of England?

Yes; I feel now that I was right when I adhered to principle and law, and scorned and crushed the insane promptings of a frenzied moment. God directed me to a correct choice: I thank His providence for the guidance!

Having brought my eventide musings to this point, I rose, went to my door, and looked at the sunset of the harvest-day, and at the quiet fields before my cottage, which, with the school, was distant half a mile from the village. The birds were singing their last strains- 'The air was mild, the dew was balm.'

While I looked, I thought myself happy, and was surprised to find myself ere long weeping- and why? For the doom which had reft me from adhesion to my master: for him I was no more to see; for the desperate grief and fatal fury- consequences of my departure- which might now, perhaps, be dragging him from the path of right, too far to leave hope of ultimate restoration thither. At this thought, I turned my face aside from the lovely sky of eve and lonely vale of Morton- I say lonely, for in that bend of it visible to me there was no building apparent save the church and the parsonage, half-hid in trees, and, quite at the extremity, the roof of Vale Hall, where the rich Mr. Oliver and his daughter lived. I hid my eyes, and leant my head against the stone frame of my door; but soon a slight noise near the wicket which shut in my tiny garden from the meadow beyond it made me look up. A dog- old Carlo, Mr. Rivers' pointer, as I saw in a moment- was pushing the gate with his nose, and St. John himself leant upon it with folded arms; his brow knit, his gaze, grave almost to displeasure, fixed on me. I asked him to come in.

'No, I cannot stay; I have only brought you a little parcel My sisters left for you. I think it contains a colour-box, pencils, and paper.'

I approached to take it: a welcome gift it was. He examined my face, I thought, with austerity, as I came near: the traces of tears were doubtless very visible upon it.

'Have you found your first day's work harder than you expected?' he asked.

'Oh, no! On the contrary, I think in time I shall get on with my scholars very well.'

'But perhaps your accommodations- your cottage- your furniture- have disappointed your expectations? They are, in truth, scanty enough; but-' I interrupted-

'My cottage is clean and weather-proof; my furniture sufficient and commodious. All I see has made me thankful, not despondent. I am not absolutely such a fool and sensualist as to regret the absence of a carpet, a sofa, and silver plate; besides, five weeks ago I had nothing- I was an outcast, a beggar, a vagrant; now I have acquaintance, a home, a business. I wonder at the goodness of God; the generosity of my friends; the bounty of my lot. I do not repine.'

'But you feel solitude an oppression? The little house there behind you is dark and empty.'

'I have hardly had time yet to enjoy a sense of tranquillity, much less to grow impatient under one of loneliness.'

'Very well; I hope you feel the content you express: at any rate, your good sense will tell you that it is too soon yet to yield to the vacillating fears of Lot's wife. What you had left before I saw you, of course I do not know; but I counsel you to resist firmly every temptation which would incline you to look back: pursue your present career steadily, for some months at least.'

'It is what I mean to do,' I answered. St. John continued-

'It is hard work to control the workings of inclination and turn the bent of nature; but that it may be done, I know from experience.'

God has given us, in a measure, the power to make our own fate; and when our energies seem to demand a sustenance they cannot get- when our will strains after a path we may not follow- we need neither starve from inanition, nor stand still in despair: we have but to seek another nourishment for the mind, as strong as the forbidden food it longed to taste- and perhaps purer; and to hew out for the adventurous foot a road as direct and broad as the one Fortune has blocked up against us, if rougher than it.

'A year ago I was myself intensely miserable, because I thought I had made a mistake in entering the ministry: its uniform duties wearied me to death. I burnt for the more active life of the world- for the more exciting toils of a literary career- for the destiny

of an artist, author, orator; anything rather than that of a priest: yes, the heart of a politician, of a soldier, of a votary of glory, a lover of renown, a luster after power, beat under my curate's surplice. I considered; my life was so wretched, it must be changed, or I must die. After a season of darkness and struggling, light broke and relief fell: my cramped existence all at once spread out to a plain without bounds- my powers heard a call from heaven to rise, gather their full strength, spread their wings, and mount beyond ken. God had an errand for me; to bear which afar, to deliver it well, skill and strength, courage and eloquence, the best qualifications of soldier, statesman, and orator, were all needed: for these all centre in the good missionary.

'A missionary I resolved to be. From that moment my state of mind changed; the fetters dissolved and dropped from every faculty, leaving nothing of bondage but its galling soreness- which time only can heal.

My father, indeed, opposed the determination, but since his death, I have not a legitimate obstacle to contend with; some affairs settled, a successor for Morton provided, an entanglement or two of the feelings broken through or cut asunder- a last conflict with human weakness, in which I know I shall overcome, because I have vowed that I will overcome- and I leave Europe for the East.'

He said this, in his peculiar, subdued, yet emphatic voice; looking, when he had ceased speaking, not at me, but at the setting sun, at which I looked too. Both he and I had our backs towards the path leading up the field to the wicket. We had heard no step on the grass-grown track; the water running in the vale was the one lulling sound of the hour and scene; we might well then start when a gay voice, sweet as a silver bell, exclaimed-

'Good evening, Mr. Rivers. And good evening, old Carlo. Your dog is quicker to recognise his friends than you are, sir; he pricked his ears and wagged his tail when I was at the bottom of the field, and you have your back towards me now.'

It was true. Though Mr. Rivers had started at the first of those musical accents, as if a thunderbolt had split a cloud over his head, he stood yet, at the close of the sentence, in the same attitude in which the speaker had surprised him- his arm resting on the gate, his face directed towards the west. He turned at last, with measured deliberation. A vision, as it seemed to me, had risen at his side.

There appeared, within three feet of him, a form clad in pure white-a youthful, graceful form: full, yet fine in contour; and when, after bending to caress Carlo, it lifted up its head, and threw back a long veil, there bloomed under his glance a face of perfect beauty. Perfect beauty is a strong expression; but I do not retrace or qualify it: as sweet features as ever the temperate clime of Albion moulded; as pure hues of rose

and lily as ever her humid gales and vapoury skies generated and screened, justified, in this instance, the term. No charm was wanting, no defect was perceptible; the young girl had regular and delicate lineaments; eyes shaped and coloured as we see them in lovely pictures, large, and dark, and full; the long and shadowy eyelash which encircles a fine eye with so soft a fascination; the pencilled brow which gives such clearness; the white smooth forehead, which adds such repose to the livelier beauties of tint and ray; the cheek oval, fresh, and smooth; the lips, fresh too, ruddy, healthy, sweetly formed; the even and gleaming teeth without flaw; the small dimpled chin; the ornament of rich, plenteous tresses- all advantages, in short, which, combined, realise the ideal of beauty, were fully hers. I wondered, as I looked at this fair creature: I admired her with my whole heart.

Nature had surely formed her in a partial mood; and, forgetting her usual stinted step-mother dole of gifts, had endowed this, her darling, with a grand-dame's bounty.

What did St. John Rivers think of this earthly angel? I naturally asked myself that question as I saw him turn to her and look at her; and, as naturally, I sought the answer to the inquiry in his countenance. He had already withdrawn his eye from the Peri, and was looking at a humble tuft of daisies which grew by the wicket.

'A lovely evening, but late for you to be out alone,' he said, as he crushed the snowy heads of the closed flowers with his foot.

town some twenty miles distant) 'this afternoon. Papa told me you had opened your school, and that the new mistress was come; and so I put on my bonnet after tea, and ran up the valley to see her: this is she?' pointing to me.

'It is,' said St. John.

'Do you think you shall like Morton?' she asked of me, with a direct and naive simplicity of tone and manner, pleasing, if child-like.

'I hope I shall. I have many inducements to do so.'

'Did you find your scholars as attentive as you expected?'

'Quite.'

'Do you like your house?'

'Very much.'

'Have I furnished it nicely?'

'Very nicely, indeed.'

'And made a good choice of an attendant for you in Alice Wood?'

'You have indeed. She is teachable and handy.' (This then, I thought, is Miss Oliver, the heiress; favoured, it seems, in the gifts of fortune, as well as in those of nature! What happy combination of the planets presided over her birth, I wonder?)

'I shall come up and help you to teach sometimes,' she added. 'It will be a change for me to visit you now and then; and I like a night, or rather this morning, I was dancing till two o'clock. They are the most agreeable men in the world: they put all our young knife-grinders and scissor merchants to shame.'

It seemed to me that Mr. St. John's under lip protruded, and his upper lip curled a moment. His mouth certainly looked a good deal compressed, and the lower part of his face unusually stern and square, as the laughing girl gave him this information. He lifted his gaze, too, from the daisies, and turned it on her. An unsmiling, a searching, a meaning gaze it was. She answered it with a second laugh, and laughter well became her youth, her roses, her dimples, her bright eyes.

As he stood, mute and grave, she again fell to caressing Carlo.

'Poor Carlo loves me,' said she. 'He is not stern and distant to his friends; and if he could speak, he would not be silent.'

As she patted the dog's head, bending with native grace before his young and austere master, I saw a glow rise to that master's face.

I saw his solemn eye melt with sudden fire, and flicker with resistless emotion. Flushed and kindled thus, he looked nearly as beautiful for a man as she for a woman. His chest heaved once, as if his large heart, weary of despotic constriction, had expanded, despite the will, and made a vigorous bound for the attainment of liberty. But he curbed it, I think, as a resolute rider would curb a rearing steed.

He responded neither by word nor movement to the gentle advances made him.

'Papa says you never come to see us now,' continued Miss Oliver, looking up. 'You are quite a stranger at Vale Hall. He is alone this evening, and not very well: will you return with me and visit him?'

'It is not a seasonable hour to intrude on Mr. Oliver,' answered St. John.

'Not a seasonable hour! But I declare it is. It is just the hour when papa most wants company: when the works are closed and he has no business to occupy him. Now, Mr. Rivers, do come. Why are you so very shy, and so very sombre?' She filled up the hiatus his silence left by a reply of her own.

'I forgot!' she exclaimed, shaking her beautiful curled head, as if shocked at herself. 'I am so giddy and thoughtless! Do excuse me. It had slipped my memory that you have good reasons to be indisposed for joining in my chatter. Diana and Mary have left you, and Moor House is shut up, and you are so lonely. I am sure I pity you. Do come and see papa.'

'Not to-night, Miss Rosamond, not to-night.'

Mr. St. John spoke almost like an automaton: himself only knew the effort it cost him thus to refuse.

'Well, if you are so obstinate, I will leave you; for I dare not stay any longer: the dew begins to fall. Good evening!' She held out her hand. He just touched it. 'Good evening!' he repeated, in a voice low and hollow as an echo. She turned, but in a moment returned.

'Are you well?' she asked. Well might she put the question: his face was blanched as her gown.

'Quite well,' he enunciated; and, with a bow, he left the gate. She went one way; he another. She turned twice to gaze after him as she tripped fairy-like down the field; he, as he strode firmly across, never turned at all.

This spectacle of another's suffering and sacrifice rapt my thoughts from exclusive meditation on my own. Diana Rivers had designated her brother 'inexorable as death.' She had not exaggerated.

#p#听力原文#e#

第三十一章

我的家呀——我终于找到了一个家——是一间小屋。小房间里墙壁已粉刷过，地面是用沙铺成的。房间内有四把漆过的椅子，一张桌子，一个钟，一个碗橱。橱里有两三个盘子和碟子，还有一套荷兰白釉蓝彩陶器茶具。楼上有一个面积跟厨房一般大小的房间，里面有一个松木床架和一个衣柜，虽然很小，盛放我为数不

多的衣物绰绰有余, 尽管我的和蔼可亲、慷慨大方的朋友, 已经为我增添了一些必要的衣服。

这会儿正是傍晚时分, 我给了当我女仆的小孤女一个桔子, 打发她走了。我独自坐在火炉旁。今天早上, 村校开学了。我有二十个学生, 但只有三个能读, 没有人会写会算, 有几个能编织, 少数几个会一点缝纫, 她们说起话来地方口音很重。眼下我和她们彼此难以听懂对方的语言。其中有几个没有礼貌, 十分粗野。难以驾驭, 同时又很无知。但其余的却容易管教, 愿意学习, 显露出一种令人愉快的气质。我决不能忘记, 这些衣衫粗陋的小农民, 像最高贵血统的后裔一样有血有肉的; 跟出身最好的人一样, 天生的美德、雅致, 智慧、善良的情感, 都可能在她们的心田里发芽, 我的职责是帮助这些萌芽成长, 当然在尽责时我能获得某种愉快。但我并不期望从展现在我面前的生活中尝到多大乐趣。不过无疑要是我调节自己的心态, 尽力去做, 它也会给我以足够的酬报, 让我一天天生活下去。

今天上午和下午我在那边四壁空空、简陋不堪的教室里度过的几小时, 难道自己就快乐、安心、知足吗, 为了不自欺欺人, 我得回答——没有。我觉得有些孤寂, 我感到——是呀, 自己真愚蠢——我感到有失身份。我怀疑我所跨出的一步不是提高而是降低了自己的社会地位。我对周围见到和听到的无知、贫穷和粗俗略微有点失望。但别让我因为这些情感而痛恨和蔑视自己。我知道这些情感是不对的——这是一大进步。我要努力驱除这些情感。我相信明天我将部分地战胜它们; 几周之后或许完全征服它们; 几个月后, 我会高兴地看到进步, 看到学生们大有进展, 于是满意就会取代厌恶了。

同时, 也让我问自己一个问题——何者为好? ——经不住诱惑听凭欲念摆布, 不作痛苦的努力——没有搏斗——落入温柔的陷阱, 在覆盖着陷阱的花丛中沉沉睡去。在南方的气候中一觉醒来, 置身于享乐别墅的奢华之中, 原来已住在法国, 做了罗切斯特先生的情妇, 一半的时间因为他的爱而发狂——因为他会——呵, 不错, 他暂时会很爱我。他确实爱我——再也没有谁会这么爱我了。我永远也看不到有谁会美丽、青春、优雅如此虔敬了——因为我不会对任何其他他人产生这样的魅力。他非常喜欢我, 为我感到自豪——而其他他人是谁也做不到的——可是我会去哪儿漫游, 我会说什么, 尤其是我会有什么感觉呢? 我问, 在马赛愚人的天堂做一个奴隶——一会儿开心得浑身发烧, 头脑发昏——一会儿因为羞愧和悔恨而痛苦流涕, 是这样好呢, 还是——在健康的英国中部一个山风吹拂的角落, 做一个无忧无虑老老实实的乡村女教师好呢?

是的, 我现在感到, 自己坚持原则和法规, 蔑视和控制狂乱时刻缺乏理智的冲动是对的。上帝指引我作了正确的选择, 我感谢上苍的指导!

薄暮时分, 我想到这里便站了起来, 走向门边, 看看收获日子的夕阳, 看看小屋前面静悄悄的田野, 田野与学校离村庄有半英里。鸟儿们正唱着它们最后的一曲。

“微风和煦, 露水芬芳。”

这么瞧着感到很愉快, 而且惊异地发觉自己不久哭起来了——为什么? 因为厄运硬是把两情依依的我与主人拆开; 因为我再也见不到他了; 因为绝望的忧伤和极度的愤怒——我离开的后果——这些也许正拉着他远远离开正道, 失去了最后改邪归正的希望。一想到这里我从黄昏可爱的天空和莫尔顿孤独的溪谷转过脸来——我说孤独, 那是因为在山弯里, 除了掩映在树从中的教堂和牧师住宅, 以及另一头顶端住着有钱的奥利弗先生和他的女儿的溪谷庄园, 再也看不见其他建筑了。我蒙住眼睛, 把头靠在房子的石门框上。但不久那扇把我的小花园与外边草地分开的小门附近, 传来了轻轻的响动, 我便抬起头来。一条狗——不一会儿我看到是里弗斯先生的猎狗卡罗——正用鼻子推着门。圣.约翰自己抱臂靠在门上, 他双眉紧锁, 严肃得近乎不快的目光盯着我, 我把他请进了屋。

“不, 我不能久呆, 我不过给你捎来了一个小包裹, 是我妹妹们留给你的。我想里面有一个颜色盒, 一些铅笔和纸张。”

走过去收了进来, 这是一件值得欢迎的礼品。我走近他时, 我想他用严厉的目光审视着我。毫无疑问, 我脸上明显有泪痕。

“你发觉第一天的工作比你预料的要难吗?” 他问。

“呵, 没有! 相反, 我想到时候我会跟学生们处得很好。”

“可是也许你的居住条件——你的房子——你的家具——使你大失所望? 说真的是够寒碜的, 不过——” 我打断了他:

“我的小屋很干净, 也经得住风雨。我的家具很充足, 使用起来也方便。我所看到的只能使我感到幸运, 而不是沮丧。我绝不是这样一个傻瓜和享乐主义者, 居然对缺少地毯、沙发、银盘而懊悔不已。更何况五周前我一无所有一——我当时是一个弃儿、一个乞丐、一个流浪者。现在我有熟人, 有了家, 有了工作。我惊异于上帝的仁慈, 朋友的慷慨, 命运的恩惠。我并不感到烦恼。”

“可是你不觉得孤独是一种压抑吗? 你身后的小房子黑咕隆咚, 空空荡荡, ”

“我几乎还没有时间来欣赏一种宁静感, 更没有时间为孤独感而显得不耐烦了。”

“很好。我希望你体会到了你自己所说的满足, 不管怎么说, 你健全的理智会告诉你, 像罗得的妻子那样犹犹豫豫, 畏首畏尾, 还为时过早。我见到你之前你遇到了什么, 我无从知道, 但我劝你要坚决抵制回头看的诱惑, 坚守你现在的事业, 至少干它几个月。”

“那正是我想做的, ” 我回答。圣.约翰继续说:

“要控制意愿, 改变天性并不容易, 但从经验来看是可以做到的。上帝给了我们一定力量来创造自己的命运。我们的精力需要补充而又难以如愿的时候——我们的意志一意孤行, 要走不该走的路的时候——我们不必因食物不足而挨饿, 或者因为绝望而止步。我们只要为心灵寻找另一种养料, 它像渴望一尝的禁果那样滋养, 也许还更为清醇。要为敢于冒险的双脚开辟出一条路来, 虽然更加坎坷, 却同命运将我们堵塞的路一样直, 一样宽。”

“一年之前, 我也极其痛苦, 觉得当牧师是一大错误。它千篇一律的职责乏味得要死。我热烈向往世间更活跃的生活——向往文学经历更激动人心的劳作——向往艺术家、作家、演说家的命运, 只要不当牧师, 随便当什么都可以。是的, 一个政治家、一个士兵、一个光荣事业的献身者、一个沽名钓誉者、一个权力欲很强的人的一颗心, 在牧师的法衣下跳动。我认为我的生活是悲惨的, 必须加以改变, 否则我得死去。经过一段黑暗和挣扎的时期, 光明到来, 宽慰降临。我那原先狭窄的生活, 突然间扩展到一望无垠的平原——我的能力听到了上天的召唤, 起来, 全力以赴, 张开翅膀, 任意飞翔。上帝赐予我一项使命, 要做到底做得好, 技巧和力量、勇气和雄辩等士兵、政治家、演说家的最好质都是必不可少的, 因为一个出色的传教士都集这些于一身。”

“我决心当个传教士。从那一刻起我的心态起了变化, 镣铐融化了, 纷纷脱离我的官能, 留下的不是羁绊而是擦伤的疼痛——那只有时间才能治愈。其实我父亲反对我的决定, 但自他去世以后, 我已没有合法的障碍需要排除。一些事务已经妥善处理, 莫尔顿的后继者也已经找到。一两桩感情纠葛已经冲破或者割断——这是与人类弱点的最后斗争, 我知道我能克服, 因为我发誓我一定要克服它——我离开欧洲去东方。”

他说这话的时候用的是奇怪、克制却又强调的口吻。说完了抬起头来, 不是看我, 而是看着落日, 我也看了起来。他和我都背朝着从田野通向小门的小径。在杂草丛生的小径上, 我们没有听到脚步声, 此时此刻此情此景中, 唯一让人陶醉的声音是潺潺的溪流声。因此当一个银铃似的欢快甜蜜的嗓音叫起来时, 我们很吃了一惊:

“晚上好, 里弗斯先生, 晚上好, 老卡罗。你的狗比你先认出了你的朋友来呢, 我还在底下田野上, 他已经竖起耳朵, 摇起尾巴来了, 而你到现在还把背向着我。”

确实如此。尽管里弗斯先生刚听到音乐般的声调时吃了一惊, 仿佛一个霹雳在他头上撕裂了云层似的。但就是对方把话说完了, 他还是保持着说话人吓了他时的姿势, 胳膊靠在门上, 脸朝西。最后他从容地转过头来, 我似乎觉得他旁边出现了一个幻影。离他三尺的地方, 有一个穿着纯白衣服的形体——年青而优美的形体, 丰满而线条很美。这人弯下腰下去抚摸卡罗时, 抬起了头, 把长长的面纱扔到后头, 于是一张花也似的美妙绝伦的面孔, 映入了他的眼帘。美妙绝伦是说重了一点, 但我不愿收回这个词, 或者另加修饰。英格兰温和的气候所能塑造的最可爱的面容, 英格兰湿润的风和雾蒙蒙的天空所能催生, 所能庇护的最纯正的

玫瑰色和百合色这种描绘,在眼前这个例子中证明是恰到好处的。不缺一丝妩媚,不见任何缺陷。这位年轻姑娘面部匀称娇嫩,眼睛的形状和颜色就跟我们在可爱的图画上看到的无异,又大又黑又圆,眼睫毛又长又浓,以一种柔和的魅力围着一对美丽的眼睛。画过的眉毛异常清晰。白皙光滑的额头给色泽与光彩所形成的活泼美增添了一种宁静。脸颊呈椭圆形,鲜嫩而滑润。嘴唇也一样鲜嫩,红通通十分健康,外形非常可爱。整齐而闪光的牙齿,没有缺点,下巴有一个小小的酒窝。头发浓密成了一个很好的装饰。总之,合在一起构成理想美的一切优点都是属于她的,我瞧着这个漂亮的家伙,不胜惊讶,对她一心为之赞叹。大自然显然出于偏爱创造了她,忘记给予她通常吝啬的后母会给的小礼,而授予了她外祖母会给的慷慨恩赐。

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冲?焯樯涎罢艺飧鑫侍獾拇鸢浮K 寻涯抗獯诱饕幌膳 砵弦瓶 谱懦ひ诱
症叩囊淮夭黄鹂鄯某 铡?br>

“是个可爱的傍晚,不过你一个人外出就有些太晚了,”他一面说,一面用脚把没有开的雪白的花头踩烂了。

“呵,我下午刚从S市回来(她提了一下相距大约二十英里的一个城市)。爸爸告诉我你已经开办了一所学校,新的女教师已经来了,所以我用完茶后戴上草帽跑到山谷来看她了。就是她吗?”她指着我说。

“是的,”圣·约翰说。

“你觉得会喜欢莫尔顿吗?”她问我,语调和举止里带着一种直率而幼稚的单纯,虽然有些孩子气,但讨人喜欢。

“我希望我会这样。我很想这么做。”

“你发现学生像你预料的那么专心么?”

“十分专心。”

“你喜欢你的房子吗?”

“很喜欢。”

“我布置得好吗?”

“真的很好。”

“而且选了爱丽丝。伍德来服侍你，不错吧？”

“确实这样。她可以管教，也很派用处。（那么我想这位就是继承人奥利弗小姐了。她似乎既在家产上又在那些天生丽质上得到了偏爱！我不知道她的出生碰上了什么行星的幸运组合呢？）”

“有时我会上来帮你教书，”她补充说。“这么时时来看看你，对我也可以换换口味，而我喜欢换口味。里弗斯先生，我呆在S市的时候非常愉快。昨天晚上，或者说今天早晨，我跳舞一直跳到两点。那，那个，——自从骚乱以后，那个团一直驻扎在那里，而军官们是世上最讨人喜欢的人，他们使我们所有年青的磨刀制剪商相形见绌。

我好像觉得圣.约翰先生的下唇突了出来，上唇卷起了一会儿。这位哈哈笑着的姑娘告诉他这些情况时，他的嘴看上去紧抿着，下半个脸异乎寻常地严肃和古板。他还从雏菊那儿抬起眼来凝视着她。这是一种没有笑容、搜索探寻、意味深长的目光。她再次一笑，算是对他的回答。笑声很适合她的青春年华，她那玫瑰色的面容，她的酒窝，她那晶莹的眸子。

圣.约翰默不作声十分严肃地站着时，她又开始抚摸起卡罗来。“可怜的，卡罗喜欢我，”她说，“它对朋友不严肃，不疏远。而且要是它能说话，它是不会不吭声的。”

她以天生的优美姿态，在年青而严峻的狗主人面前弯下腰，拍拍狗头时，我看见主人的脸上升起了红晕，看见他严肃的目光，已被突如其来的火花所融化，闪烁着难以克制的激情，因此他的脸烧得通红。作为一个男子，他看上去几乎象她作为一个女人那么漂亮。他的胸部一度起伏着，仿佛那颗巨大的心对专横的约束感到厌倦，已经违背意志扩展起来，强劲有力地跳动了一下，希望获得自由。但他把它控制住了，我想就像一位坚定的骑手勒住了腾起的马一样。对她那种饱含温情的友好表示，他既没用语言也没通过动作来回答。

“爸爸说你现在从不来看我们了，”奥利弗小姐抬起头来继续说。“你简直成了溪谷庄园的陌生人了。今天晚上他只有一个人，而且不大舒服。你愿意同我一起回去看看他吗？”

“现在这个时候去打扰奥利弗先生是不合时宜的，”圣.约翰回答。

“不会不合时宜的！但我宣布现在恰是时候，这是爸爸最需要有人陪伴的时刻。工厂一关，他便没事可干了。好吧，里弗斯先生，你可一定得来。你干嘛这么怕羞，这么忧郁？”她自己作了回答，填补了他的沉默所留下的空隙。

“我倒忘了，”她大叫起来，摇着美丽的、头发卷曲的脑袋，仿佛对自己感到震惊。“我实在是昏头昏脑，太粗心大意了！一定得原谅我。我倒是忘了你有充分

理由不愿跟我闲聊。黛安娜和玛丽已经离开了你，沼泽居已经关闭，你那么孤独。我确实很同情你，一定要来看看爸爸呀。”

“今晚不去了，罗莎蒙德小姐，今晚不去了。”

圣·约翰先生几乎像一台机器那样说着话。只有他自己知道要拒绝对方所要付出的力气。

“好吧，要是你那么固执，我就离开你了，可不敢再这么呆下去，露水已开始落下来了，晚安！”

她伸出手来。他只碰了一碰。“晚安！”他重复道，音调低沉，而且像回音那么沉闷。她转过身去，但过了一会儿又回过身来。

“你身体好吗？”她问。她难怪会提出这个问题来，因为他的脸色像她的衣服那么苍白。

“很好，”他宣称，随后点了点头离开了大门。她走一条路，他走的是另一条路。她像仙女一样轻快地走下田野时，两次回头盯着他；而他坚定地大步走过，从没回头。

别人受苦和作出牺牲的情景，使我不再只耽于对自己的受苦和牺牲的沉思了。黛安娜·里弗斯曾说她的哥哥“象死一般的冷酷，”她并没有夸张。

#p#参考译文#e#