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https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/470/2021_2022__E8_8B_B1_E8_AF_AD_E4_B8_93_E4_c67_470178.htm It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world where there are so many marriages and decisive battles, and where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto and despatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irretrievably into the bag which contains us. And it would seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of mans contentious life. And yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy for ever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill- directed theatre unless we have some interests in the piece. and to those who have neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colours, or a rough footway where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with

even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he wakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure. Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colours: it is they that make women beautiful or fossils interesting: and the man may squander his estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure. Suppose he could take one meal so compact and comprehensive that he should never hunger any more. suppose him, at a glance, to take in all the features of the world and allay the desire for knowledge. suppose him to do the like in any province of experience - would not that man be in a poor way for amusement ever after? One who goes touring on foot with a single volume in his knapsack reads with circumspection, pausing often to reflect, and often laying the book down to contemplate the landscape or the prints in the inn parlour. for he fears to come to an end of his entertainment, and be left companionless on the last stages of his journey. A young fellow recently finished the works of Thomas Carlyle, winding up, if we remember aright, with the ten note-books upon Frederick the Great. "What!" cried the young fellow, in consternation, "is there no more Carlyle? Am I left to the daily papers?" A more celebrated instance is that of Alexander, who wept bitterly because he had no more worlds to subdue. And when Gibbon had finished the DECLINE AND FALL, he had only a few moments of joy. and it was with a "sober melancholy" that he parted from his labours. Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows. our hopes are set on inaccessible El Dorado. we come to an

end of nothing here below. Interests are only plucked up to sow themselves again, like mustard. You would think, when the child was born, there would be an end to trouble. and yet it is only the beginning of fresh anxieties. and when you have seen it through its teething and its education, and at last its marriage, alas! it is only to have new fears, new quivering sensibilities, with every day. and the health of your childrens children grows as touching a concern as that of your own. Again, when you have married your wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go downward by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits. but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and goodwill. The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a life-long struggle towards an unattainable ideal. Unattainable? Ay, surely unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one. "Of making books there is no end," complained the Preacher. and did not perceive how highly he was praising letters as an occupation. There is no end, indeed, to making books or experiments, or to travel, or to gathering wealth. Problem gives rise to problem. We may study for ever, and we are never as learned as we would. We have never made a statue worthy of our dreams. And when we have discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the further side. In the infinite universe there is room for

our swiftest diligence and to spare. It is not like the works of Carlyle, which can be read to an end. Even in a corner of it, in a private park, or in the neighbourhood of a single hamlet, the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a lifetime there will be always something new to startle and delight us. There is only one wish realisable on the earth. only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining. A strange picture we make on our way to our chimaeras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest. indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal. it is even more than probable that there is no such place. and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessednes. for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour. 参考译文：黄金在这充满联姻婚嫁、决战厮杀的世界里，每天特定时刻，我们都欣然而又迅速地把一份食物一去不返地吞入包裹我们的皮囊。这个世界看上去似乎有很多东西都是可以得到的。猛然看来，尽可能地获取也成为纷繁人生的唯一目标。然而，对于精神世界来说，这只不过是表面现象。正是因为不停地追求进取，我们才感到生活幸福。一件事完成后，另一件随之而来，如此连绵

不绝，永无止境。对于往前看的人来说，眼前总有一番新天地。虽然我们蜗居于这颗小行星上，整日忙于锁事且生命短暂，但我们生来就有不尽的希望，如天上繁星，遥不可及。只要生命犹在，希望便会不止。真正的幸福在于怎样开始，而不是如何结束，在于我们的希冀，而并非拥有。渴望是永远的乐趣，一笔如地产般真实稳固的财富，用之不尽，取之不竭。每年我们都会因为拥有渴望而充满活力。一个人如有许多希望，精神便会富足。人生只不过是一场单调乏味且编导拙劣的戏，除非我们对这戏有些兴趣。对于既没有艺术细胞也没有科学细胞的人来说，这个世界只不过是各种颜色的堆积，或者是一条崎岖小路，一不小心就会摔伤小腿。正是因为希望与好奇，我们才会以加倍的耐心继续生存，才会着迷于纷繁复杂、多姿多彩的人或事，早晨醒来才会以崭新的热情投入新一天的工作和娱乐。希望和好奇是人观看这绚丽迷人的世界的一双眼睛：正是这双眼睛使得女人美丽妩媚，又使顽石妙趣横生。一个人可以倾家荡产，沦为乞丐，可是只要他还有这两个“护身符”，他就仍然可能拥有无限的欢乐。假如一个人一顿饭吃得紧凑而丰盛，那他就不会再感到饥饿；假如一眼就能看透人间世事，他就不会再有求知的欲望。如果他在生活中其它任何领域都是如此，那他的生活还有乐趣可言吗？一个徒步旅行的人，背包里只有一本书，他会精心的研读，不时停下来思考一番，还经常会放下书，凝视着风景，或者观赏酒馆里的装饰图案；他害怕一但读完，便没有什么乐趣了，剩下的旅程将寂寞而无以为藉。最近，一位年轻人读完了托马斯*卡莱尔的著作。如果我没记错的话，关于腓特列大帝的笔记他记了整整十本。“什么？”这个年

轻人惊恐地叫道：“没有卡莱尔的书可读了？那我只能看看日报了？”最有名的例子是亚历山大，他因为已没有国家供他征服而号啕大哭。当吉本完成《罗马帝国衰亡史》，也只不过高兴了一时，然后带着清醒而又抑郁的心情，他向往日的劳动成果挥手作别。我们欣然把箭射向月亮，却毫无结果；我们把希望建立在遥不可及的黄金国上，最终却一无所获。就像芥菜一样，兴趣的收割，只是为了下次的播种。你可能会认为等孩子出生了，一切麻烦也就结束了；然而这只是新麻烦的开始：你看着他长出牙齿，看着他接受教育，直到最后看着他结婚。天哪！每一天都会有新的担忧，新的感情冲击。儿孙的健康像你的健康一样牵动着你的心。当你步入婚姻的殿堂，你可能认为已经爬到了山顶，剩下的只是悠闲地沿着平缓的山坡下山。然而，这只是恋爱的结束，婚姻的开始。拥有一颗骄傲而又叛逆的心，坠入爱河与赢得爱情都是难事。但维持爱情也很重要，夫妻都应相敬如宾，互相关爱。当真爱起始于圣坛之时，夫妻之间便开始了一场智慧与慷慨的竞争，一场为了一个不可能实现的理想而持续一生的奋斗。不可能实现？啊，当然不可能，因为他们不是一个人，而是两个呀。传道者感叹到：“著书立说没有止境”，却没发觉他已高度评价了作家这一职业。的确，写作，旅行，积聚财富都是没有终结的。一个问题引发另外一个问题。我们不断学习，且永远达不到心中所渴望的那般学识渊博。我们永远雕刻不出自己心仪的塑像。当发现一个新大陆，或翻过一座山脉时，我们总会看到远方还有未曾涉足的海洋与陆地。宇宙浩渺，总会有供我们勤奋努力的东西，总会有供我们探索的空间。它不像卡莱尔的著作，可以读完。即使在其一角，在一个私人花园，或一个农庄附近，四季轮回，天气瞬息万变，哪怕在

那里生活了一辈子,也总会有让我们惊喜的事情.世上只有一种愿望可以实现,也仅有一种事物绝对能得到,那便是死亡.但因身处境地的不同,没人能告诉我们是否死得其所.我们不停向着梦想前进,不肯稍作休息,这形成了一幅奇异的画面:不知疲倦,勇于冒险的先锋.的确,我们永远不会达到目标,甚至目的地根本就不存在.即使活上几百年,被赋予神的力量,我们最终也不能接近目标多少.啊辛劳的双手!啊,不知疲倦的双脚,一直不停地奔走,却不知要到何方.不久,你便会发现,你必须登上某些显著的山头,然而在不远处,在夕阳的照耀下,你又会看到黄金国的尖顶.身处于幸福之中,你却没有觉察:满是信心地跋涉远比抵达要充满乐趣.真正的成功就在于奋斗. 100Test 下载频道开通,各类考试题目直接下载。详细请访问 www.100test.com