

发光的房子

The House that Glowed

It was Spring Festival, and poor little Johann, an orphan with no home or family to go to, was trudging wearily through the snow. His coat was ragged, and wet with melted snow. His shoes were worn and split at the seams, so that his feet were numb with cold. Night was falling, and the gathering darkness found the homeless little boy still plodding on his sad and lonely way. *If only I could find some shelter, a place where I could get warm, he thought. If only someone would give me some food to eat, and something hot to drink!*

Soon he came to the entrance of a fine, big mansion. Surely, he thought, people who could live in such a house must have lots of money and would be only too pleased to help a poor, hungry little boy.



春节，可怜的小汉，一个没有家和家庭可去的孤儿，疲惫地在雪地中跋涉着。他的外衣很破旧，已被雪水弄湿了。他的鞋子也破了，并裂开了口子，所以他的脚被冻得麻了。夜幕低垂，这个无家可归的小男孩仍在悲伤和孤独中缓慢行地走着。“我真希望能找到一个庇护所或什么地方，好让我能暖和起来。”他想到：“我真希望有人能给我一些食物吃和热汤喝。”

不久，他来到了一幢又大又华美的大宅门口。窗户透露出好多的灯光，有一盏很明亮的灯挂在前门。他想，住在这样一幢房子里的人一定

很有钱，他们会很高兴地去帮助一个又穷又饿的小男孩儿。

Very bravely he walked up to the front door, and by standing on tiptoe, managed to catch hold of the handle of the bell. He pulled it hard, and there was such a noise inside that it frightened him. But he was more frightened still when the great oak door was thrown back and a big man dressed in the finest clothes looked out at him.

“Did you ring that bell?” asked the butler, frowning.

“Y-y-y-yes,” stammered Johann, “I-I-I’m very cold and hungry, and I thought you...”

“This is Spring Festival,” snapped the butler, “I’m sorry, but we haven’t time to bother with the likes of you just now. Good night.” And the door was shut.

Johann walked on down into the village itself, passing by the other big mansions for fear the people inside might also be too busy to care about hungry little boys on Spring Festival. From the first village house he reached there came sounds of music and laughter, and feeling sure that there must be very friendly people living there, he knocked on the door.

小汉很勇敢地走到前门，使劲地踮起脚尖设法抓住门铃的把手，然后很用力地往下拉。门铃在大声作响，吓住了他。眼前的那扇大橡木门被猛然拉开，当一个穿着很好的大男人盯着他时，使他很惊怕。

“是你拉的门铃吗？”男管家皱着眉头问道。

“是……是的，”小汉结结巴巴地说，“我……我又冷又饿，我想……”

男管家厉声地说：“这是春节。对不起，现在我们没有时间被你这样的人打扰。晚安。”门被关上了。

当路过另一些大房子的时候，因为害怕里面的人在新年不关心饥饿的孩子，所以他便朝着村里走去。他来到了村庄的头一栋房子，里面传出了音乐和笑声，因此他觉得住在那里的人一定会非常友好。他敲了敲门。

At last the door swung open, and a young man wearing a funny paper cap looked out.

“Excuse me,” said Johann, “but I wondered if you could...”

“Sorry,” the young man answered, “we’re having a New Year’s party in here, and we can’t stop now. Good night!” Bang! The door was shut.

Terribly disappointed, Johann went next door, but the people there were making so much noise that they didn’t even hear him at all, loud as he knocked. At the next house, a crabby old gentleman merely told him to run home and not bother the neighbors. “Run home?” thought Johann. “How can I do that?”

At another house he was told to call again another day. They would help him then, perhaps, the people said. But he needed help now!

So, going from house to house through the entire village, he sought shelter and food, and found none. Almost hopeless and heartbroken, he trudged out into the night, leaving the twinkling lights behind him. He felt like giving up. He was so tired, so hungry, so discouraged.

终于，门被打开了。一个戴着滑稽纸帽的年轻人向外张望着。

“打扰了。”小汉说，“但是……我想，你是否可以……”

“对不起，”年轻人回答道，“这儿有一个春节晚会，现在我们不能停下来。晚安！”砰！门被关上了。

小汉怀着极度的失望，走到了另一栋房子跟前，但是里面的噪声太大，不管他敲得多重，也没有人能够听到他。他只得走到下一所房跟前，一个老人厉声地对他吼道：“回家去，不要再打扰邻居们。”“回家？”小汉想道，“我哪有家呢？”

另一所房子的主人告诉他：换一天再来，那天可能会帮助他。但是，他现在就需要帮助啊！

于是，从一所房子走到另一所房子，他经过了整个村庄，寻找着庇护所和食物，但他什么也没有得到。夜间的跋涉，使他绝望心碎，他只能把闪耀的灯光留在身后。他想要放弃了，因为他是那么疲倦、饥饿和泄气。

Just then he happened to look up and found himself passing an old cottage, so dark and small that he probably wouldn't have seen it at all but for the white carpet of snow on the ground showing it up. A blind covered the one window, but faint streaks of light gleamed from under the door and through cracks in the woodwork.

Johann turned from the road up the snow-covered garden path and tapped gently on the door. A moment later the door opened cautiously, and an elderly woman peered out. "Bless my soul!" she exclaimed. "Whatever are you doing out there in the cold tonight?"

"Please....," began Johann. But before he could say another word she had flung the door wide open and pulled him inside.

"You poor little child!" she exclaimed. "You look so cold and hungry and wet through. Let's get those things off at once! Wait a moment while I stir up the fire and put the kettle on."

就在这时，小汉偶然抬头看见自己正经过一间小农舍。它是那么狭小和黑暗，他甚至几乎都没有看到它，只因为在白茫茫的雪地映衬下，才把它显露了出来。百叶窗遮住了房子唯一的窗户，但门下和房子的木墙缝里却透出了暗淡的光。



小汉从路上转到了被雪覆盖的、引向那所房子的小路上。他轻轻地敲了敲门。一小会儿，门被谨慎地打开了，一位老妇人向外张望着，“哎呀！”她大叫着，“这样冷的夜晚，你在外面干什么？”

“求您……”小汉开始说，但在他还没说完自己的话之前，那位老妇人已经把门猛然打开、并把他拉到了里面。

“你这个可怜的孩子！”她叫道，“天哪！你看起来又冷又饿，你已经湿透了。来，马上把湿衣服脱掉！等一下，我把火炉弄旺，再把水壶放上。”

Johann looked about him and saw that the little one-room cottage was as bare as could be. The light he had seen through the crack came from one lone candle set on the mantelpiece. But he hadn't time to see much else, for the kind woman was soon stripping off his wet rags, wrapping him in a blanket, and setting him up at the table before a bowl of steaming soup.

Then she went back to stir the pot on the stove. As she did so, she suddenly noticed something and looked up. Was it a dream, or were her eyes deceiving her? The candlelight had given place to a warm and lovely glow that seemed to be getting brighter every minute, filling every corner of the cottage with a heavenly radiance. Every drab piece of furniture seemed to be shining and glistening like polished gold.

And the rich man, looking down from his mansion on the hill, suddenly exclaimed, "There's a strange light in the valley. Look! Widow Greatheart's cottage is on fire!"

The news spread swiftly from house to house, and soon the parties were abandoned as the people, wrapping themselves up in their coats and shawls, rushed out to see what was the matter.

小汉环视了一下这个只有一个房间的小农舍，看到里面是空空的；他从门缝里看到的光线，是来自于壁炉台上的那只唯一的蜡烛。但他没有时间多看，因为好心的老妇人很快就脱掉了他那又破又湿的衣服，并用一块毯子把他裹了起来，然后把他带到了桌旁，又把一碗冒着热气的汤放在了他的面前。

随后，她又去搅动在火炉上的锅。当她这样做的时候，她突然注意到什么东西，因此往上看去。那是个梦、还是她的眼睛在哄骗她呢？蜡烛的光已变成了一个温暖可爱的融融红光，并且每分钟都在变得更明亮。农舍的每个角落都充满了天堂般的灿烂。

当住在山坡上大房子里的一个有钱人从自己的大宅院里往下看时，惊讶得大叫起来，“山谷里有一种奇怪的光！看哪！好心寡妇的农舍着火了。”

消息很快地传遍了一幢又一幢房子。不久，当人们穿上大衣、裹上披肩、冲出来看发生了什么事时，很多晚会也就由此而结束了。

Peering inside, all they could see was the dear old woman caring for the very same little boy who had called that night at all their homes. As the light faded, they knocked on the door to ask anxiously what could have happened.

“I really do not know,” said Widow Greatheart, with a smile of wondrous joy and satisfaction on her face. “I just seemed to hear a voice saying to me, ‘Blessed are the merciful.’”

他们也看到了那光，并跑向寡妇的农舍，去看那所发光的破房子。当他们向里面探视时，能看到的只是那个可爱的老妇人正在照顾那个当晚曾拜访过每家的小男孩。当那光芒暗淡下来的时候，他们便前去敲门，并急切地问她发生了什么事。

“我真的不知道。”好心的寡妇脸上带着非常快乐和满足的神情说：“我只是好像听到一个声音对我说：‘怜恤人的人有福了！’”

