

The Oil Lamp and the Lighthouse

一盏油灯与灯塔

On an island off the coast of a rocky shore stood a stately lighthouse. During the day, the white walls of the lighthouse shimmered and sparkled under the sunlight, while at night it burned a light for those at sea that outshone even the stars. Many people visited the lighthouse, and when they did, they commented on its size and strength and admired the artistic beauty that it added to the surrounding landscape. Some told its keeper of how its light had saved them during a storm.



在嶙峋的石滩外面，有一座小岛，岛上矗立着一座灯塔。在白天，这座灯塔的

白色墙壁在阳光的照射下闪耀着；在晚上，它则为那些在海上的人们化为一道亮光，耀眼的程度甚至更甚于天空的星星。许多人来参观这座灯塔，当他们来的时候，他们赞扬它的巨大及坚实，并欣赏它为周围景观加添的

优雅美丽。有些人告诉这座灯塔的看守者，它在暴风雨中指引和拯救了他们。

All loved the lighthouse, with one exception: a little oil lamp that lived in the lighthouse. By day it hung forgotten at the bottom of the stairs. At dusk it helped the keeper of the lighthouse make his way from the bottom of the stairs to the lantern room. It seemed to the oil lamp that he fell far short. To his way of thinking, his shortcomings were magnified by his nearness to one so much greater than he. Always, the oil lamp labored under this heaviness of heart.

所有人都喜爱灯塔，只有一个例外，就是住在灯塔里面的一盏小油灯。在白天，油灯被挂在令人遗忘的楼梯底层。到了傍晚，它照亮灯塔看守者从楼下走到楼上灯室的走道。油灯就觉得自己比灯塔矮了一大截。以油灯的立场来想，因为它靠近比它更伟大的事物，它的短缺就看来更明显而巨大了。油灯一直担着这种沉重的心情来服侍看守者。



Then one day, after a particularly brilliant afternoon when many visitors had come to play on the sandy turf of the island, there was a knock at the door. It was a boy, searching for a friend who was lost. The sun had set, and what had seemed such friendly shores hours before were now dark and foreboding. Could the kindly keeper of the lighthouse help him find his friend?

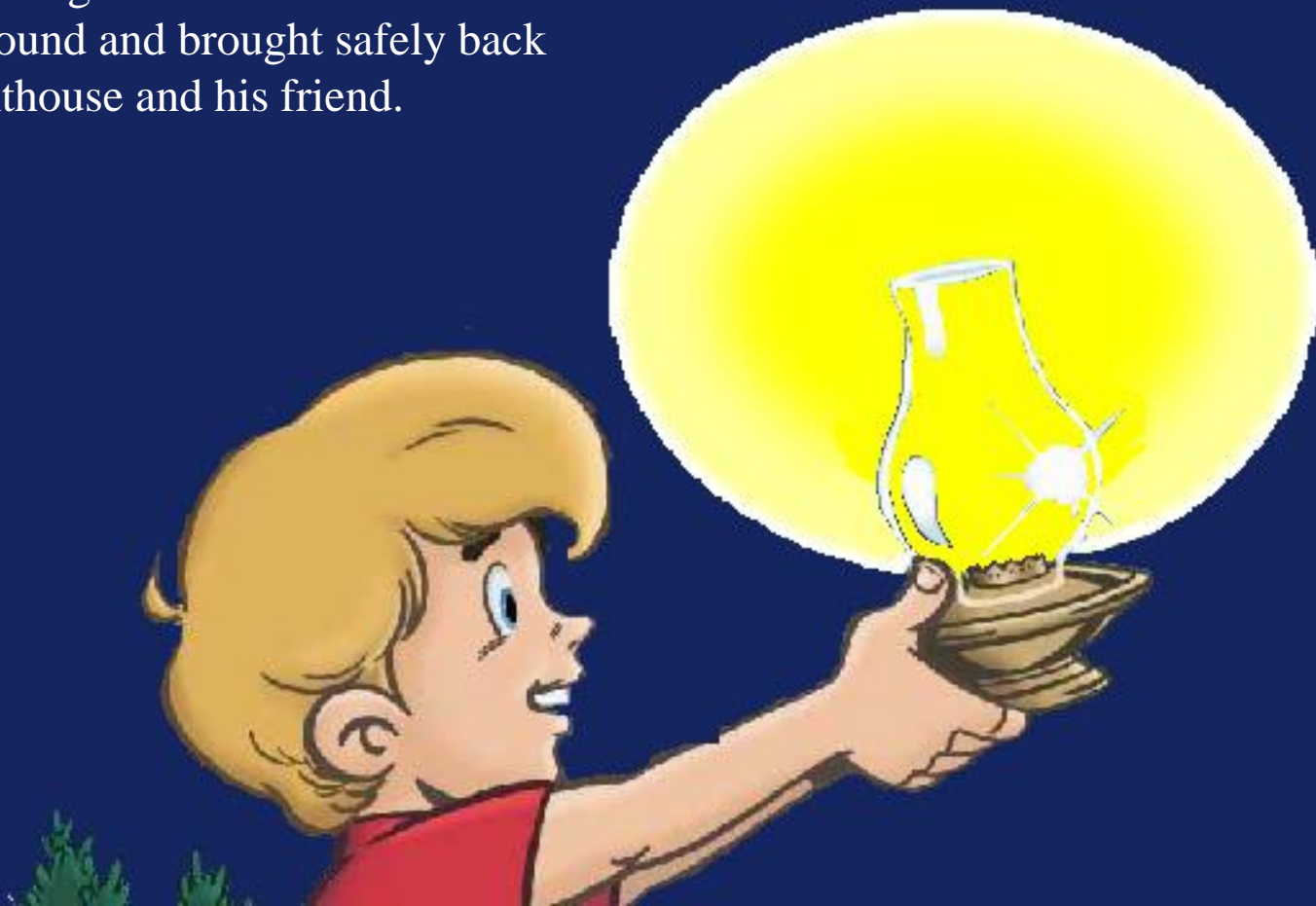
The keeper quickly took the youth inside and, after bundling him into a blanket, turned to get his own coat to protect himself from the night chill. Then he reached to the hook between the door and the stairs, and took down the little oil lamp. After carefully making sure that the wick was wet with oil and the tank full, the keeper lit the lamp and whispered, "Burn bright tonight, faithful friend. I cannot take the lighthouse with me. He serves his purpose here, but you were made for times like this. It is now that I need you most!"

一天，阳光分外灿烂，许多观光客来到岛上的沙质草地游玩。这个下午过后，有人敲灯塔的门。那是个小男孩，他在寻找与他一起玩耍时失踪了的同伴。太阳下山了，之前原本看起来很怡人的海岸，现在已经变得阴森黑暗。那孩子请问友善的灯塔看守者，是否能帮助他找到他的同伴呢？

看守者快速地带小男孩进入灯塔内，并替他围上毯子保暖。之后他穿上大衣来御寒，走向门与楼梯之间的挂钩，拿下挂钩上的小油灯。确认灯蕊被油浸湿、油槽被注满了之后，看守者点燃了油灯，并向它低语：“忠诚的朋友，好好照亮这个晚上吧！我不能随身携带灯塔，因为它的用途是在这里照明；但是你的功用就是要照亮这种时刻，现在我最需要你！”

In that instant, all of the oil lamp's misgivings were replaced by joy - joy in knowing that here was something only he could do. All through the night, through brambles and brush, the oil lamp burned brighter and more steadily than ever before. He had to; the keeper was depending on him. At last the lost boy was found and brought safely back to the lighthouse and his friend.

瞬间，油灯心中的所有疑虑都由喜悦所取代，因为它发觉有些事只有它才能完成。经过了一整夜，穿过无数荆棘和树丛，油灯燃烧得比以前更为明亮且稳定。它必须这样做，因为灯塔的看守者依赖着它的光辉。最后，走失的小男孩被发现了，也被带回了灯塔与同伴会合。



Never again did the oil lamp doubt his place or purpose. He had learned a great lesson that night: He was happiest and most useful being himself.

You, too, have a special place and purpose that no one else can fill. Never think your light too small to make a difference.

之后，小油灯再也没有质疑自己的岗位或功用，因为在那一夜，它学到了十分重要的一课：接受自己，才是人生最快乐及最有用的事情。

你的生命也有一个特别的岗位和功用，是别人无法取代的。千万别认为你自己不够明亮、就无法有所成就。

