



國立臺灣師範大學

第三十二屆梁實秋文學獎

翻譯類譯文組題目

I. Morgan, Edmund S., ed. "The Diary of Michael Wigglesworth." *Transactions 1942-1946*. Vol. 35. Boston: The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, 1950. 311-444. 378-379.

I discover this day slouth again in not using betimes to seek the Lord. o prophane heart to whom god is not worth abiding a little hardship for. A confused spirit distracted me in private prayer though not in the performance of publick dutys. Carnal security, that Laodicean frame that I am rich and feel no present pinching wants when I come to gods ordinances, that I haue lost the sence of sin and desire after christ for my self and desire him onely or cheefly for others; the thoughts of this dismayeth me. When I come to be desired to repeat the sermon publickly, being assisted pretty wel to perform it pride seizeth on me, for which presently in prayer I judge and desire to loath my self before god. Lord teach me once to think lowly of my own doings. After this it was told me that some sayd I made the sermon better than it was preached; here I excused and put from me such a thing. the Lord sets this upon my spirit and layes me at his foot under the guilt and acknowledgement of hypocrisy. o cleanse me my god from falshood and all guil; wash me from my guilt I beseech thee and redeem from the power of my iniquitys for thou art my god. overcome my unbeleef and all my evil with thy goodness.

Tuesday at night I was at a private meeting where I found the Lord awakening my heart by a sermon repeated out of that text because of the abounding of iniquity the love of many shall wax could. abundance of iniquity is therefore in my heart whose loue to christ is waxt so could.

Thursday I spent in study to prepare for the next day which was a day of private humiliation in our colledge. I found the Lord somewhat affecting my heart upon the fast day morning, but afterward again heart very hard, and little sence of my owne wants and woes, stirrings of pride I think even then when I should haue been onely self vile. yet toward the evening when I came to speak my self out of 1 samuel 7. 3 the Lord mightily flowed in upon my spirit, both affecting and emboldning my owne heart, and



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furnishing me both with variety of matter and heart breaking expressions, and did even wonder at the divine assistance for I had had little time to study and scarce time to read over what I had writ. the like enlargement I found in prayer so that I admired at gods lifting me aboue my self and the rather because he hath twice shut up my heart before when I came to speak before the students. I was affraid of a storm of pride after this and I begged of the Lord power against it which in some measure he graunted blessed o blessed for ever be his name.



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II. Stein, Gertrude. *Gertrude Stein: Selections*. Ed. Joan Retallack. Berkeley: U of California P, 2008. 99.

I am writing for myself and strangers. This is the only way that I can do it. Everybody is a real one to me, everybody is like some one else too to me. No one of them that I know can want to know it and so I write for myself and strangers.

Every one is always busy with it, no one of them then ever want to know it that every one looks like some one else and they see it. Mostly every one dislikes to hear it. It is very important to me to always know it, to always see it which one looks like others and to tell it. I write for myself and strangers. I do this for my own sake and for the sake of those who know I know it that they look like other ones, that they are separate and yet always repeated. There are some who like it that I know they are like many others and repeat it, there are many who never can really like it.

There are many that I know and they know it. They are all of them repeating and I hear it. I love it and I tell it. I love it and now I will write it. This is now the history of the way some of them are it.

I write for myself and strangers. No one who knows me can like it. At least they mostly do not like it that every one is of a kind of men and women and I see it. I love it and I write it.

I want readers so strangers must do it. Mostly no one knowing me can like it that I love it that every one is a kind of men and women, that always I am looking and comparing and classifying of them, always I am seeing their repeating.