

Stave One

Marley's Ghost

Marley was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change¹, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail².

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the



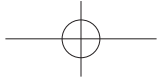
sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnised it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot—say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance—literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names: it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a³ squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No

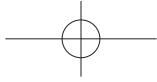


warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often 'came down' handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, 'My dear Scrooge, how are you? when⁴ will you come to see me?' No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, 'no⁵ eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!'

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call 'nuts' to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside, go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement-stones to warm them. The City clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already: it had not been light all day: and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog



came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

'A merry⁶ Christmas, uncle! God save you!' cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

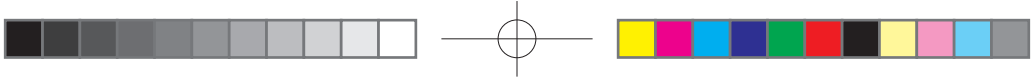
'Bah!' said Scrooge. 'Humbug!'

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

'Christmas a humbug, uncle!' said Scrooge's nephew. 'You don't mean that, I am sure?'

'I do,' said Scrooge. 'Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.'

'Come, then,' returned the nephew gaily. 'What right have you



to be dismal? what⁷ reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.'

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, 'Bah!' again; and followed it up with 'Humbug.'

'Don't be cross, uncle!' said the nephew.

'What else can I be,' returned the uncle, 'when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em⁸ through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will,' said Scrooge, indignantly, 'every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas," on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!'

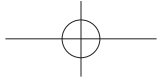
'Uncle!' pleaded the nephew.

'Nephew!' returned the uncle sternly, 'keep⁹ Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.'

'Keep it!' repeated Scrooge's nephew. 'But you don't keep it.'

'Let me leave it alone, then,' said Scrooge. 'Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!'

'There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say,' returned the nephew; 'Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent



to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever.

‘Let me hear another sound from *you*,’ said Scrooge, ‘and you’ll keep your Christmas by losing your situation. You’re quite a powerful speaker, sir,’ he added, turning to his nephew. ‘I wonder you don’t go into Parliament.’

‘Don’t be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow¹⁰.’

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

‘But why?’ cried Scrooge’s nephew. ‘Why?’

‘Why did you get married?’ said Scrooge.

‘Because I fell in love.’

‘Because you fell in love!’ growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. ‘Good afternoon!’

‘Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?’

‘Good afternoon,’ said Scrooge.

‘I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?’

‘Good afternoon!’ said Scrooge.



'I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle!'

'Good afternoon' said Scrooge.

'And A¹¹ Happy New Year!'

'Good afternoon!' said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

'There's another fellow,' muttered Scrooge, who overheard him: 'my clerk, with fifteen shillings a-week¹², and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam.'

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

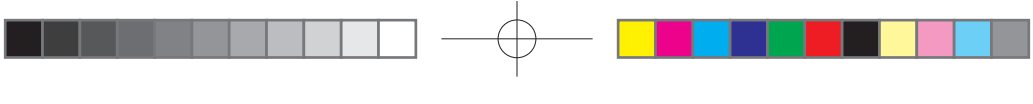
'Scrooge and Marley's, I believe,' said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. 'Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?'

'Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years,' Scrooge replied. 'He died seven years ago, this very night.'

'We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner,' said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word 'liberality' Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

'At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge,' said the gentle-



man, taking up a pen, 'it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.'

'Are there no prisons?' asked Scrooge.

'Plenty of prisons,' said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

'And the Union workhouses?' demanded Scrooge. 'Are they still in operation?'

'They are. Still,' returned the gentleman, 'I wish I could say they were not.'

'The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then?' said Scrooge.

'Both very busy, sir.'

'Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course,' said Scrooge. 'I am very glad to hear it.'

'Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude,' returned the gentleman, 'a few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?'

'Nothing!' Scrooge replied.

'You wish to be anonymous?'

'I wish to be left alone,' said Scrooge. 'Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to



Preface to the Chinese Translation 中文譯本序

我在這本關於鬼的小書裏，竭力想召來一個“意念之鬼”，它決不致使我的讀者們對於他們自己，對於彼此之間，對於這季節，或是對於我，感到不愉快。願這隻鬼愉快地出沒於他們的屋裏，而沒有人想要去驅除它！

一八四三年十二月這是狄更斯寫的第一篇聖誕故事，也是他最著名的作品之一。這一年他目睹天寒歲暮，平民生活困苦，為喚起對於平民的同情，他創作了這篇小說，在聖誕節前出版。法國作家莫洛亞在他的《英國名人研究》的狄更斯篇中，開頭寫道：“當狄更斯的死訊傳到英國、美國、加拿大和澳洲的家庭中時，人們就像死掉了親人一樣。一個小孩問道：‘如果狄更斯先生死了，聖誕老人是不是也會死呢？’”可見本書影響之大。

汪儷然



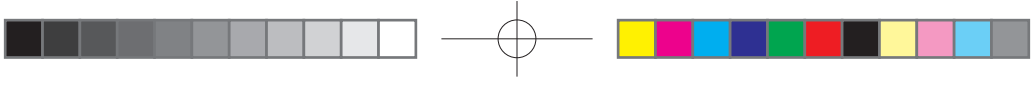
第一節歌

馬利的鬼魂

話說馬利死了。千真萬確地死了。在他安葬的登記簿上有牧師、辦事員、殯儀承辦人和主要送殯人的簽名。史高治在上面簽了名。而史高治的這姓氏在交易所裏是很吃得開的，不管他高興着手做甚麼事情都行。老馬利已經像一顆門釘似的死死的。

請注意！我的意思並不是說，我憑自己的知識，知道一顆門釘會死到甚麼程度。我自己倒還是想把一顆棺材釘當作五金業買賣中最死絕的東西。但是門釘這個比喻表現了我們祖先的智慧，我不應該用我這雙不敬神明的手來竄改它，否則我們的祖國就要滅亡了。因此，請各位准許我再強調：馬利已經像一顆門釘似的死死的了。

史高治是否知道馬利死了呢？他當然是知道的。他怎麼會不知道呢？史高治跟他合夥做生意已不知道有多少年了。史高治是他唯一的遺囑執行人、唯一的財產管理人、唯一的財產受讓人、唯一的財產繼承人、唯一的朋友和唯一的送殯人。史高治並沒有

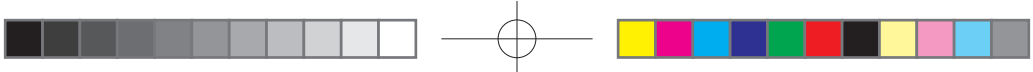


因為這喪事而極度悲傷，在老馬利落葬那一天仍然是一位出色的生意人，做了一筆挺划算的交易來舉行這次葬禮。

談到馬利的葬禮，我又要從頭說起。毫無疑問，馬利已經死了。這件事情一定要知道得一清二楚，否則，我下面要說的故事就一點也不稀奇了。正好像我們若不是深信哈姆雷特的父親是在戲開場以前就死掉的，那麼，他夜裏冒着東風漫步在自己的城牆上，也就跟任何別的中年紳士在天黑以後魯莽地出現在一個風颯颯的地方——比方說聖保羅大教堂的墳場吧——來嚇唬他那個懦怯的兒子，一樣不足為奇了。

史高治始終沒有把老馬利的姓氏塗掉。好些年以後，貨倉的大門頂上還是這數個字：“史高治與馬利”。這家商行就叫做“史高治與馬利”。剛做這行買賣的人，有時候把史高治叫作史高治，有時候把他叫作馬利，但不管叫哪個姓氏他都回應。對於他，這反正都是一樣。

噢，史高治這人真是一個吝嗇鬼！一個巧取豪奪、能搜善刮、貪得無厭的老黑心！又硬又厲害，像一塊打火石，隨便哪種鋼從它上面都打不出甚麼星火來；行跡隱秘、沉默寡言、孤孤單單的，像一隻蠓。他心中的冷酷，令他那蒼老的五官凍結了起來，尖鼻子凍壞了、臉頰乾癟了，步伐也僵硬了；也令他的眼睛發紅、薄薄的嘴唇發青；他說話尖酸刻薄、聲音尖銳刺耳。他頭髮已經白得像霜一樣，一雙眉毛和瘦削結實的下巴也都是這樣。他總是帶着自己一身的寒氣，人走到哪兒，就帶到哪兒；在大熱天裏，他調低空調，使自己的辦公室冰凍起來；即使到了聖誕節，還是不讓氣溫上升一度來解凍。

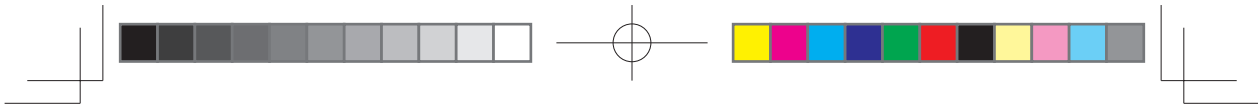


外面轉冷變熱，對於史高治絲毫不起作用。無論怎樣炎熱都不能使他溫暖，無論怎樣酷寒也不能夠使他發冷。風颳得怎樣兇，也比不上他的心那樣狠；雪下得怎樣猛，也比不上他求財之心那樣迫切；雨下得怎樣大，也比不上他從來不聽人懇求那樣無情。惡劣的天氣也不知道怎樣才能征服他。即使猛烈的雨、雪、冰雹和凍雨也只是一點可以自誇勝過他。它們常常“出手”很大方，而史高治卻是從來不會這樣的。

在街上，從來沒有人迎上他，用一種高興的神情對他說：“親愛的史高治，你好嗎？你甚麼時候來看看我？”沒有哪一個乞丐會請求他施捨一個小錢，沒有哪一個小孩會問他現在是何時。在史高治的一生中，從來沒有一個男人或女人問過他路。連瞎子養的狗似乎都認得他，一看見他走過來，就趕快拖着牠們的主人躲到門洞裏，或者跑進院子裏去；接着牠們還會搖搖尾巴，彷彿在說：“失明的主人啊，生着一雙兇惡的眼睛，還不如沒有眼睛的好！”

但是史高治才不在乎這一切呢！這正是他想要的。對史高治來說，在擁擠不堪的人生道路上，側着身體一路擠過去，同時叫人世間的同情心都對他遠而避之，這正是那些明眼人所說的“正中下懷”之事。

話說從前有一次——偏偏是在一年之中的這個最好的節日，聖誕節的前夕——老史高治坐在他的賬房裏忙着。天氣陰寒砭骨，而且有霧；他聽得見外面院子裏人們喘着氣在走來走去，用手拍着胸部，用腳在石板地上跺着取暖。城裏鐘樓上的大鐘剛剛敲過三時，但是天色已經很黑了。——這一整天就沒有怎麼亮過



——附近那些辦公室的窗裏，蠟燭都已經在燃燒着，彷彿給這觸摸得到的棕色空氣抹上了一些紅色。霧從每一道隙縫和每一個鑰匙孔裏湧進來；在外面，霧濃得連對面的屋（雖然只隔着一個極其狹小的院子）看起來也好像幻影一樣了。看見這片陰暗的雲霧低垂下來，遮蔽住一切東西，人們不禁要以為大自然就住在附近，正在那裏大規模地醞釀着氣候的劇變。

史高治賬房的門是開着的，因為這樣他才可以時刻留意他的辦事員，那人坐在外面那間像一個水槽似的陰森的小房間裏，正在抄寫信件。史高治屋裏生着一爐很小的火，可是辦事員的那爐火比他的還要小得多，看起來就像是只燒着一塊煤。他可沒法加點煤上去，因為史高治把煤箱放在他自己的房間裏；只要這辦事員拿了煤鏟進去，老闆就準要預告說，他們看來非分別不可了。於是辦事員只可披上了白圍巾，嘗試在蠟燭上面取暖；可惜他並不是一個想像力很強的人，他這番努力失敗了。

“祝聖誕快樂，舅舅！上帝保佑你！”一把快活的聲音說。說話的人是史高治的外甥，因為他來得這麼突然，史高治聽見他的聲音，才知道他來了。

“呸！”史高治說。“胡鬧！”

史高治的這位外甥，因為是冒着霧霜匆匆趕來，走得很熱，所以滿面紅光，臉蛋又紅潤又漂亮；他的眼睛閃閃發亮，他的呼吸又冒起熱氣來了。

“聖誕節真胡鬧，舅舅！”史高治的外甥說。“你的意思不會真是這樣吧，我相信！”

“我的意思就是這樣，”史高治說。“聖誕快樂！你有甚麼權



利值得快樂？你有甚麼理由值得快樂？你已經夠窮了。”

“那，”他的外甥快活地回答說。“你有甚麼權利值得不快活？你有甚麼理由值得悶悶不樂？你已經夠富有了。”

史高治一時想不出甚麼好的回答來，就又說了聲“呸！”接着又是一聲“胡鬧！”。

“別生氣，舅舅！”外甥說。

“我不生氣可以怎樣呢，”舅舅回答說，“我就生活在這麼一個滿是傻瓜的世界裏！快樂的聖誕節！滾它的聖誕快樂！對你而言，聖誕節不過是一個沒有錢還賬的時節；一個發現自己大了一歲，可是隨着時光流逝並不多一點錢的時節；一個年底結賬，結果發現整整十二個月裏筆筆賬都是虧空的時節；除此以外，還有甚麼意義？如果我的願望能夠實現的話，”史高治憤怒地說，“凡是跑來跑去把‘聖誕快樂’掛在嘴上的笨蛋，都應該把他跟自己的布丁一起煮熟了，再給他當胸插上一根冬青樹枝，埋掉了他。他本應如此！”

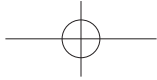
“舅舅！”外甥懇求道。

“外甥！”舅舅嚴厲地回答，“你照你自己的方式去過聖誕節，讓我照我自己的方式來過聖誕節吧。”

“過節！”史高治的外甥重複了一遍。“但是你並不過節呢。”

“那麼，就讓我不過節吧，”史高治說。“但願這個節日會給你許多好處！它到底給過你多少好處！”

“有許多事情，我本來可以從中得到好處，可是我並沒有去撈取好處，我敢說，”他外甥回答。“聖誕節就是其中一例。但是我確信，我每逢這個節日到來的時候——且不說它那神聖的名



字和起源所引起的崇敬，如果任何屬於聖誕節的事情可以撇開這種崇敬不談的話——我總是把它當作一個好日子，一個友好、寬恕、慈善、快樂的日子；據我所知，在漫長的一年之中，只有在這時節，男男女女才似乎不約而同地把他們那緊閉的心房敞開，把那些比他們卑微的人真的看作是一起走向墳墓的旅伴，而不是走向其他路程的另一種生物。因此，舅舅，聖誕節雖則從來沒把絲毫金銀放進我的口袋，我還是相信它的確給了我好處，而且以後還會給我好處；所以我說，上帝保佑它！”

“水槽”裏的那個辦事員禁不住喝起彩來。他立刻感覺到這是不當的舉動，就去撥弄那爐火，卻把最後一顆微弱的星火都弄熄了。

“我如果聽見你再哼一聲，”史高治說，“那你就丟了你的飯碗，去過你的聖誕節吧！你真是一位很有力的演說家，先生，”他接着轉身向着他的外甥說。“我奇怪的是，你怎麼不進國會去。”

“不要生氣，舅舅。來吧！明天來跟我們一起吃飯。”

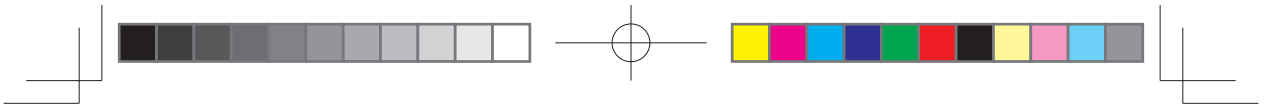
史高治說他寧願先看見他外甥……是的，他的確是這樣說的。他把這句咒人的話都說了出口，說是他寧願先看見他外甥死難臨頭。

“這是為甚麼呢？”史高治的外甥叫道。“為甚麼呢？”

“你為甚麼結了婚？”史高治說。

“因為我當初戀愛了。”

“因為你當初戀愛了！”史高治咆哮着說，彷彿這是世界上唯一比快樂的聖誕節更荒唐可笑的事情。“再見！”



“不，舅舅，即使在我結婚以前，你也從沒有來看過我呀，為何現在要把這件事作為不來的理由呢？”

“再見，”史高治說。

“我不需要你給我任何東西；我不向你要求任何東西；我們為甚麼不能友好相處呢？”

“再見，”史高治說。

“看見你這樣堅決，我心裏實在覺得難過。在我們兩人的爭吵裏，我從來不是一個參與者。我如今作這次嘗試，是為了向聖誕節表示敬意，所以我一定要把我的聖誕節歡樂心情保持到底。我還是要祝你聖誕快樂，舅舅！”

“再見！”史高治說。

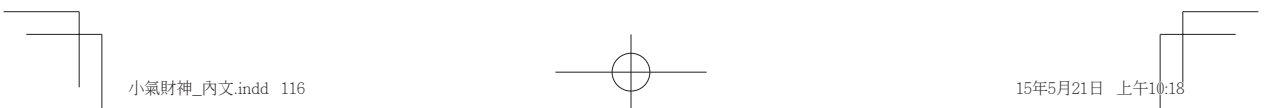
“並祝新年快樂！”

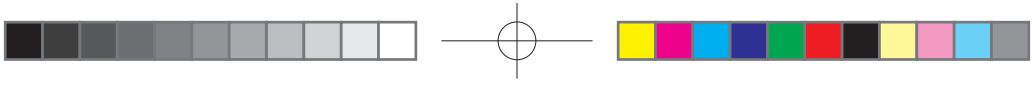
“再見！”史高治說。

然而他外甥還是不說一句生氣的話，就離開了這房間。他在外面門口停了一下，向那辦事員致以節日的祝賀，而那人雖則身上寒冷，心裏卻比史高治溫暖得多，因為他滿腔熱誠地回答他的祝賀。

“又一個這樣的人，”史高治偷聽到他的答話，嘀咕道，“我這個辦事員，一個禮拜賺十五個先令，有老婆和一家人，卻還在說甚麼聖誕快樂。我真要躲進瘋人院去了。”

這個瘋子讓史高治的外甥出去時，同時讓另外兩個人進來。他們都是肥頭胖耳的紳士，看起來親切友好；這時他們都脫下了帽，站在史高治的辦公室裏。他們手裏拿着簿冊和一些紙張，向他鞠躬致意。





“是史高治與馬利商行吧，我相信，”紳士中的一個說，參看着他手中的那張表。“請問您是史高治先生，還是馬利先生？”

“馬利先生已經死去七年，”史高治回答。“他是七年前去世的，就在今天這樣的聖誕夜。”

“我們深信，這位健在的合夥老闆的慷慨之心一定不下於他的，”這位紳士說，一面拿出證明文件來。

這倒確實如此；因為他們一直就是兩個性格相同的人。一聽見“慷慨”這個不祥的字眼，史高治就眉頭一皺，搖搖頭，把證明書還給了他。

“逢到一年之中的這個節日，史高治先生，”這紳士說，拿起一枝筆來，“我們就格外需要替那些窮苦人，稍微提供一點補助物品，因為他們目前正在水深火熱之中。成千上萬的人缺乏日用必需品；數十萬人缺乏生活福利上所需要的東西，先生。”

“難道沒有監獄嗎？”史高治問。

“監獄多得很，”那紳士說，又把筆放下來。

“還有聯合救濟院呢？”史高治問。“現在還辦不辦？”

“都辦的。可是，”這紳士回答，“我也想說一聲，它們都不辦了。”

“那麼，踏車¹和濟貧法²現在還都在發揮充份的影響力嗎？”史高治說。

“兩者都不斷運作着，先生。”

“哦！我起初聽了你的話，還生怕發生了甚麼事情，使它們不能夠進行這種有益的工作，”史高治說。“現在聽你這樣說，我就放心了。”