

Ch 1

“...she really must exclude me from privileges intended only for contented, happy little children.”
Narrator Quoting Mrs. Reed

“Be seated somewhere; and until you can speak pleasantly, remain silent.” Mrs. Reed

Ch. 2

“...you should try to be useful and pleasant, then perhaps you would have a home here; but if you become passionate and rude, missus will send you away, I am sure.” Bessie

“Why was I always suffering, always brow-beaten, always accused, forever condemned? Why could I never please? Why was it useless to try to win anyone’s favor?” Narrator

“I dared commit no fault; I strove to fulfil every duty; and I was termed naughty and tiresome, sullen and sneaking, from morning to noon, and from noon to night.” Narrator

“Yet in what darkness, what dense ignorance, was the mental battle fought! I could not answer the ceaseless inward question - *why* I thus suffered; now, at the distance of - I will not say how many years, I see it clearly.” Narrator

“I know that, had I been a sanguine, brilliant, careless, exacting, handsome, romping child, though equally dependent and friendless, Mrs. Reed would have endured my presence more complacently.” Narrator

“All said I was wicked, and perhaps I might be so...” Narrator

“...and to see an uncongenial alien permanently intruded on her own family group.” Narrator on Mrs. Reed

“...prepared as my mind was for horror, shaken as my nerves were by agitation, I thought the swift-darting beam was a herald of some coming vision from another world.” Narrator

Ch. 3

“...but my worst ailment was an unutterable wretchedness of mind: a wretchedness which kept drawing from me silent tears...” Narrator

“...to stir in me a most enthusiastic sense of admiration...” Narrator

“...the world *book* acted as a transient stimulus...” Narrator

"Poverty looks grim to grown people; still more so to children: they have not much idea of industrious, working, respectable poverty; they think of the world only as connected with ragged clothes, scanty food, fireless grates, rude manners, and debasing vices; poverty for me was synonymous with degradation." Narrator

"I was not heroic enough to purchase liberty at the price of caste." Narrator

Ch. 4

"...she was smart in all she did, and had a remarkable knack of narrative..." Narrator

"Even for me life had its gleams of sunshine." Narrator

Ch. 5

"As yet, I had spoken to no one, nor did anybody seem to take notice of me. I stood lonely enough; but to that feeling of isolation I was accustomed; it did not oppress me much." Narrator

"Gateshead and my past life seemed floated away to an immeasurable distance; the present was vague and strange, and of the future I could form no conjecture." Narrator

"I hardly know where I found the hardihood thus to open a conversation with a stranger; the step was contrary to my nature and habits; but I think her occupation touched a chord of sympathy somewhere." Narrator

"You ask rather too many questions. I have given you answers enough for the present; now I want to read." Helen Burns

Ch. 6

"...without a companion, yet not feeling lonely..." Narrator

"It is far better to endure patiently a smart which nobody feels but yourself, than to commit a hasty action whose evil consequences will extend to all connected with you." Helen Burns

"Yet it would be your duty to bear it, if you could not avoid it. It is weak and silly to say you *cannot bear* what it is your fate to be required to bear." Helen Burns

"No ill usage so brands its record on my feelings. Would you not be happier if you tried to forget her severity, together with the passionate emotions it excited? Life appears to me too short to be spend in nursing animosity or registering wrongs." Helen Burns

“...and only the spark of the spirit will remain, the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature: whence it came it will return...” Helen Burns

“I can so clearly distinguish between the criminal and his crime; I can so sincerely forgive the first while I abhor the last; with this creed, revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low. I live in calm, looking to the end.”
Helen Burns

Ch. 7

“The fear of failure in these points harassed me worse than the physical hardships of my lot; those these were no trifles.” Narrator

“...it becomes my duty to warn you that this girl, who might be one of God’s own lambs, is a little cast-away; not a member of the true flock, but evidently and interloper and an alien.” Mr. Brocklehurst on Jane

“...punish her body to save her soul; if, indeed, such salvation be possible...” Mr. Brocklehurst on Jane

“...a pedestal of infamy...” Narrator on herself

“What a smile! I remember it now, and I know that it was the effluence of fine intellect, of true courage...” Narrator on Helen Burns

“Such is the imperfect nature of man - such spots are there on the disk of the clearest planet; and eyes like Miss Scatcherd’s can only see those minute defects, and are blind to the full brightness of the orb.” Narrator

Ch. 8

“...left to myself, I abandoned myself...”

“If all the world hated you and believed you wicked, while your own conscience approved you, and absolved you from guilt, you would not be without friends.” Helen Burns

“Why, then, should we ever sink overwhelmed with distress, when life is so soon over, and death is so certain an entrance to happiness - to glory?” Helen Burns

“We shall think you what you prove yourself to be, my child.” Miss Temple

“..a beauty neither of fine color, nor long eyelash, nor pencilled brow, but of meaning, of movement, of radiance. Then her soul sat on her lips, and language flowed, from what source I cannot tell.” Narrator

“...her spirit seemed hastening to live within a very brief span as much as many live during a protracted existence.” Narrator

“I feasted, instead, on the spectacle of ideal drawings which I saw in the dark; all the work of my own hands. “ Narrator

“Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.” Narrator quoting Solomon.

Ch. 9

“...she was qualified to give those who enjoyed the privilege of her converse a taste of far higher things.” Narrator

Ch. 10

“Hitherto I have recorded in detail the events of my insignificant existence.” Narrator

“I remembered that the real world was wide, and that a varied field of hopes and fears, of sensations and excitements, awaited those who had courage to go forth into its expanse to seek real knowledge of life amid its perils.” Narrator

Ch. 11

“It is a very strange sensation to inexperienced youth to feel itself quite alone in the world; cut adrift from every connection, uncertain whether the port to which it is bound can be reached, and prevented by many impediments from returning to that it has quitted. The charm of adventure sweetens that sensation, the glow of pride warms it; but then the throb of fear disturbs it;” Narrator

“...I remember my best was always spurned with scorn.” Narrator

Ch. 12

“...more of intercourse with my kind, of acquaintance with variety of character, than was here within my reach.” Narrator

“...I believed in the existence of other and more vivid kinds of goodness, and what I believed in I wished to behold.” Narrator

"...the restlessness was in my nature; it agitated me to pain sometimes." Narrator

"...in the silence and solitude of the spot, and allow my mind's eye to dwell on whatever bright visions rose before it..." Narrator

"...a tale my imagination created, and narrated continuously, quickened with all of incident, life, fire, feeling, that I desired and had not in my actual existence." Narrator

"It is vain to say human beings ought to be satisfied with tranquillity; they must have action; and they will make it if they cannot find it." Narrator

"It is thoughtless to condemn them, or laugh at them; if they seek to do more or learn more than custom has pronounced necessary for their sex." Narrator on Women

"To pass its threshold was to return to stagnation..." Narrator on Thornfield

Ch. 13

"...one should consider all before pronouncing an opinion as to its nature." Jane Eyre

"Far from it. I was tormented by the contrast between my idea and my handiwork..." Jane on her Art

"Partly because it is his nature - and we can none of us help our nature; and partly, he has painful thoughts, no doubt, to harass him, and make his spirits unequal." Mrs. Fairfax

Ch. 14

"His changes of mood did not offend me, because I saw that I had nothing to do with their alteration; the ebb and flow depended on causes quite disconnected with me." Narrator

"Most things free-born will submit to anything for a salary;" Mr. Rochester

"...a memory without blot or contamination must be an exquisite treasure - an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment; is it not?" Mr. Rochester

"...remorse is the poison of life." Mr. Rochester

"Repentance is said to be its cure, sir." Jane Eyre

"...but where is the use of thinking of it, hampered, burdened, cursed as I am?" Mr. Rochester

Ch. 15

“... your soul sleeps; the shock is yet to be given which shall waken it.” Mr. Rochester

“I will break obstacles to happiness, to goodness...” Mr. Rochester

“...you, with your gravity, considerateness, and caution, were made to be the recipient of secrets.” Mr. Rochester

“A woman who could betray me for such a rival was not worth contending for; she deserved only scorn; less however, than I, who had been her dupe.” Mr. Rochester

“So happy, so gratified, did I become with this new interest added to life, that I ceased to pine after kindred.” Narrator on Mr. Rochester

“Silence composes the nerves.” Narrator

“You are no talking fool; say nothing about it.” Mr. Rochester

“...there are grains of truth in the wildest fable.” Mr. Rochester

“Sense would resist delirium; judgement would warn passion.” Narrator (Jane) on Loving Mr. Rochester

Ch. 16

“And now I looked much better than I did when Bessie saw me - I had more color and more flesh; more life, more vivacity; because I had brighter hopes and keener enjoyments.” Narrator

“...expectation has been so long baffled that it is grown impatient.” Jane on wanting to see Mr. Rochester badly.

“*You*,” I said, “a favourite with Mr. Rochester? *You* gifted with the power of pleasing him? *You* of importance to him in anyway? Go! Your folly sickens me. And you have derived pleasure from occasional tokens shown preference - equivocal tokens shown by a gentleman of family, and a man of the world, to a dependent and a novice. How dared you? Poor stupid dupe? Could not even self-interest make you wiser? You repeated to yourself this morning the brief scene of last night? Cover your face and be ashamed! He said something in praise of your eyes, did he? Blind puppy. Open their bleared lids and look on your own accursed senselessness! It does good to no woman to be flattered by her superior, who cannot possibly intend to marry her; and it is madness in all women to let a secret love kindle within them, which, if unreturned and unknown, must devour the life that feeds it; and, if discovered and responded to, must lead, *ignis fatuus* - like, into miry wilds, whence there is no extrication.” Narrator

“...is it likely he would waste a serious thought on this indigent and insignificant plebeian?”
Narrator

Ch. 17

“I was actually permitting myself to experience a sickening sense of disappointment...” Narrator

“...so don't make him the object of your fine feelings, your raptures, agonies, and so forth. He is not of your order; keep to your caste; and be too self respecting to lavish the love of the whole heart, soul, and strength, where such a gift is not wanted and would be despised.” Narrator

“...as companionless as a prisoner in his dungeon.” Narrator

“Genius is said to be self-conscious...” Narrator

“...he seems to have more length of limb than vivacity of blood or vigor of brain.” Narrator

“...the reader knows I had wrought hard to extirpate from my soul the germs of love there detected; and now, at the first renewed view of him, they spontaneously revived green and strong!” Narrator on seeing Mr. Rochester

“He is not to them what he is to me,” I thought; “he is not of their kind. I believe he is of mine; I am sure he is - I feel akin to him..” Narrator on Mr. Rochester and his snooty friends

“Blasphemy against nature! Every good, true, vigorous feeling I have, gathers impulsively round him. I know I must conceal my sentiments; I must smother hope; I must remember that he cannot care much for me.” Narrator

“...we are forever sundered...” Narrator

“I feared - or should I say hoped? - the allusion to me would make Mr. Rochester glance my way; and I involuntarily shrunk further into the shade; but he never turned his eyes.” Narrator

“But my curiosity will be past its appetite; it craves food now.” Mr. Rochester

“Then no more need be said; change the subject.” Blanche

“...so much depressed that a few more words would bring tears to your eyes - indeed, they are there now, shining and swimming; and a bead has slipped from the lash and fallen on to the flag.” Mr. Rochester

Ch. 18

"I could not unlove him now, merely because I found that he had ceased to notice me - because I might pass hours in his presence, and he would never once turn his eyes in my direction - because I saw all his attentions appropriated by a great lady, who scorned to touch me with the hem of her robes as she passed - who, if ever her dark and imperious eye fell on me by chance, would withdraw it instantly..." Narrator

"There was nothing to cool or banish love in these circumstances, though much to create despair." Narrator

"But I was not jealous, or very rarely - the nature of the pain I suffered could not be explained by that word. Miss Ingram was a mark beneath jealousy; she was too inferior to excite the feeling." Narrator

"She was very showy, but she was not genuine. She had a fine person, many brilliant attainments; but her mind was poor, her heart barren by nature..." Narrator

"She was not good, she was not original...She advocated a high tone of sentiment; but she did not know the sensations of sympathy and pity." Narrator

"...always treating her with coldness and acrimony." Narrator

"...this obvious absence of passion in his sentiments toward her, that my ever-torturing pain arose." Narrator

"Because, when she failed, I saw how she might have succeeded." Narrator

"...for acting in conformity to ideas and principles instilled into them, doubtless, from their childhood...they had reasons for holding them such as I could not fathom." Narrator on Miss Ingram marrying Mr. Rochester for pride and money

"...convinced me that there must be arguments against its general adoption of which I was quite ignorant, otherwise I felt sure all the world would act as I wished to act." Narrator

"...presence was pungent, but their absence would be felt as comparatively insipid." Narrator

"...she might look into the abyss at her leisure, explore its secrets, and analyze their nature." Narrator on looking into Mr. Rochester's eyes

Ch. 19

"The eagerness of a listener quickens the tongue of a narrator." Jane

“...it was never intended to be compressed in the eternal silence of solitude; it is a mouth which should speak much and smile often.” The gypsy (Mr. Rochester) on Jane’s mouth

“...I can live alone, if self-respect and circumstances require me so to do. I need not sell my soul to buy bliss. I have an inward treasure, born with me, which can keep me alive if all extraneous delights should be withheld, or offered only at a price I cannot afford to give.” The gypsy (Mr. Rochester) quoting Jane’s personality

“...my harvest must be in smiles, in endearments...” The gypsy (Mr. Rochester)

“What does that grave smile signify?” Mr. Rochester

Ch. 20

“I should have been a careless shepherd if I had left a lamb - my pet lamb, so near a wolf’s den, unguarded; you were safe.” Mr. Rochester to Jane

“To live, for me, Jane, is to stand on a crater-crust which may crack and spue fire any day.” Mr. Rochester

“...I should keep him ignorant that harm to me is possible.” Mr. Rochester

“...if I bid you do what you thought wrong, there would no light-footed running, no neat-handed alacrity, no lively glance and animated complexion. My friend would then turn to me quiet and pale, and would say, ‘No, sir; that is impossible; I cannot do it, because it is wrong,’ and would become immutable as a fixed star. Well, you, too, have power over me, and may injure me...”
Mr. Rochester

“...while the sun drinks the dew...” Mr. Rochester

“...you wander here and there, seeking rest in exile; happiness in pleasure - I mean in heartless, sensual pleasure...” Mr. Rochester

“...and they are all fresh, healthy, without soil and without taint...” Mr. Rochester

“Is this the wandering and sinful, but now rest-seeking and repentant man, justified in daring the world’s opinion, in order to attach to him forever, this gentle, gracious, genial stranger; thereby securing his own peace of mind and regeneration of life?” Mr. Rochester

“...a wanderer’s repose or a sinner’s reformation should never depend on a fellow-creature.”
Jane Eyre

“...let him look higher than his equals for strength to amend, and solace to heal.” Jane Eyre

Ch. 21

“Presentiments are strange things! And so are sympathies, and so are signs; and the three combined make one mystery to which humanity has not yet found the key.” Narrator

“And how do people perform that ceremony of parting, Jane? Teach me; I’m not quite up to it.”
Mr. Rochester

“They say farewell; or any other form they prefer” Jane

“Then say it.” Mr. Rochester

“Farewell, Mr. Rochester, for the present.” Jane

“I’ll promise you anything, sir, that I think I am likely to perform.” Jane Eyre

“Old times crowded fast back on me...” Narrator

“I still felt as a wanderer on the face of the earth: but I experienced firmer trust in myself and my own powers, and less withering dread of oppression. The gaping wound of my wrongs, too, was now quite healed, and the flame of resentment extinguished.” Narrator

“The inanimate objects were not changed, but the living things had altered past recognition.”
Narrator

“A sneer, however, whether covert or open, had now no longer that power over me it once possessed...” Narrator

“The fact was, I had other things to think about...pains and pleasures so much more acute and exquisite had been excited than any it was in their power to inflict or bestow - that their airs gave me no concern either for good or bad.” Narrator

“It is a happy thing that time quells the longings of vengeance, and hushes the promptings of rage and aversion; I had left this woman in bitterness and hate, and I came back to her now with no other emotion than a sort of ruth for her great sufferings, and a strong yearning to forget and forgive all injuries...” Narrator on Mrs. Reed

“But unimpressionable natures are not so soon softened, nor are natural antipathies so readily eradicated...” Narrator

“Instead of living for, in, and with yourself, as a reasonable being ought, you seek only to fasten your feebleness on some other person’s strength...” Mrs. Reed on Georgiana

“...and you are indebted to no one for helping you to get rid of one vacant moment...” Mrs. Reed

“...assiduously industrious.” Narrator

“...who will soon be beyond the war of earthly elements...” Jane on Mrs. Reed

Ch. 22

“How people feel when they are returning home after an absence, long or short, I did not know. I had never experienced the sensation.” Narrator

“...you perform your own part in life, and burden no one.” Eliza

“I left reminiscence for anticipation.” Narrator

“...but you know very well you are thinking of another than they, and that he is not thinking of you.” Jane to herself

“...to control the working muscles of my face, which I feel rebel insolently against my will, and struggle to express what I had resolved to conceal.” Narrator

“...to steal into the vicinage of your home along with twilight, just as if you were a dream or a shade.” Mr. Rochester

“...the knowledge that I was nothing to him...” Narrator

“A loving eye is all the charm needed; to such you are handsome enough...” Jane to Mr. Rochester

“...a certain smile he had of his own, and which he used but on rare occasions. He seemed to think it too good for common purposes...” Narrator on Mr. Rochester

“...and wherever you are is my home - my only home.” Jane Eyre

“...there is no happiness like that of being loved by our fellow-creatures, and feeling that your presence is an addition to their comfort.” Narrator

“...under the shelter of his protection, and not quite exiled from the sunshine of his presence.” Narrator

“I began to cherish hopes I had no right to conceive...” Narrator

Ch. 23

“...skies so pure, suns so radiant...” narrator

"I sought the garden." Narrator

"I hear the nightingale warbling in a wood half a mile off." Narrator

"Turn back; on so lovely a night it is a shame to sit in the house; and surely no one can wish to go to bed while sunset is thus at meeting with moonrise." Mr. Rochester

"It is one of my faults, that though my tongue is sometimes prompt enough to answer, there are times when it sadly fails me in framing an excuse; and always the lapse occurs at some crisis, when a facile word or plausible pretext is specially wanted to get me out of painful embarrassment." Narrator

"...no sooner have you got settled in a pleasant resting-place, than a voice calls out to you to rise and move on, for the hour of repose is expired." Mr. Rochester

"...my old bachelor's neck into the sacred noose, to enter into the holy estate of matrimony..."
Mr. Rochester

"I have not been buried with inferior minds..." Jane

"...I see the necessity of departure; and it is like looking on the necessity of death." Jane Eyre

"Make my happiness - I will make yours." Mr. Rochester

"...roused from the nightmare of parting - called to the paradise of union..." Narrator

Ch. 24

"Jewels for Jane Eyre sounds unnatural and strange; I would rather not have them." Jane

"...and I don't call you handsome, sir, though I love you most dearly - far too dearly to flatter you. Don't flatter me." Jane

"I flew through Europe half mad, with disgust, hate, and rage as my companions; now I shall revisit it healed and cleansed..." Mr. Rochester

"...don't send for the jewels, and don't crown me with roses; You might as well put a border of gold lace round that plain pocket-handkerchief you have there." Jane

"...I like rudeness a great deal better than flattery. I had rather be a *thing* than an angel." Jane

"Her feelings are concentrated in one - pride; and that needs humbling." Mr. Rochester

"I only want an easy mind, sir; not crushed by crowded obligations." Jane

"I could not, in those days, see God for his creature, of whom I had made an idol." Jane on Mr. Rochester

Ch. 25

"Better tire my limbs than strain my heart..." Jane to herself

Ch. 26

Ch. 27

"Your mind is treasure, and if it were broken it would be my treasure still..." Mr. Rochester to Jane

"...refined by nature, but absolutely unused to society, and a good deal afraid of making herself disadvantageously conspicuous by some solecism or blunder..." Mr. Rochester to Jane

"...troubled with a haunting fear that if I handled the flower freely its bloom would fade - the sweet charm of freshness would leave it." Mr. Rochester

"...what necessity is there to dwell on the Past, when the Present is so much surer - the Future so much brighter?" Mr. Rochester

"I care for myself. The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained, I am, the more I will respect myself." Jane to herself

"I will hold to the principles received by me when I was sane, and not mad - as I am now." Jane to herself.

"It cannot be too early to commence the task I have to fulfil." Jane to herself about leaving

"He would send for me in the morning; I should be gone." Jane/Narrator

"I had some fear, or hope, that here I should die..." Narrator

Ch. 28

"Not a tie holds me to human society at this moment - not a charm or hope calls me where my fellow-creatures are..." Narrator

“Nature seemed to me benign and good; I thought she loved me, outcast as I was; and I, clung to her with filial fondness.” Narrator

“My rest might have been blissful enough, only a sadheart broke it.” Narrator

“Worn out with this torture of thought...” Narrator

Ch. 29

“Prejudices, it is well known, are most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soil has never been loosened or fertilized by education...” Narrator

“It was my nature to feel pleasure in yielding to an authority supported like hers; and to bend, where my conscience and self-respect permitted, to an active will.” Narrator

“It is my way - it was always my way by instinct - ever to meet the brief with brevity, the direct with plainness.” Narrator

Ch. 30

“...no service degrades which can better our race.” St. John

Ch. 31

“...these coarsely-clad little peasants are of flesh and blood as good as the scions of gentlest genealogy, and that the germs of native excellence, refinement, intelligence, kind feeling, are as likely to exist in their hearts as in those of the best-born.” Narrator

Ch. 32

“At this period of my life, my heart far oftener swelled with thankfulness than sunk with dejection...” Narrator

“I know poetry is not dead, nor genius lost...” St. John

“That I should like to have it is certain; whether it would be judicious or wise is another question.” St. John

“Reserved people often really need the frank discussion of their sentiments and griefs more than the expansive.” Narrator

Ch. 33

"I soon forgot storm in music." Narrator

"I care for myself when necessary..." St. John

"...you must really make an effort to tranquillize your feelings." St. John

"...it is fully as much a matter of feeling as of conscience. I must indulge my feelings, I so seldom have had an opportunity of doing so." Jane

"And you," I interrupted, "cannot at all imagine the craving I have for fraternal and sisterly love. I never had a home, I never had brothers and sisters; I must and will have them now." Jane

Ch. 34

"When I remembered how far I had once been admitted to his confidence, I could hardly comprehend his present frigidity." Jane on St. John

"As for me, I daily wished more to please him; but to do so, I felt daily more and more that I must disown half my nature, stifle half my faculties, wrest my tastes from their original bent, force myself to the adoption of pursuits for which I had no natural vocation." Jane on St. John

"...a cankering evil sat at my heart and drained my happiness at its source - the evil of suspense." Narrator

"...he seemed in communion with the genius of the haunt; with his eye he bade farewell to something." Narrator

"...it would be folly for the feeble to wish to march with the strong." Jane

"...cease to mistrust yourself..." St. John

"...I must seek another interest in life to replace the one lost..." Jane to herself

"Seek one elsewhere than in me, St. John..." Jane

"...I felt his imperfection, and took courage. I was with an equal, one with whom I might argue..." Narrator

"...but my heart and mind would be free, I should still have my unblighted self to turn to; my natural unenslaved feelings with which to communicate in moments of loneliness." Narrator

"...though you have a man's vigorous brain, you have a woman's heart..." St. John

"I have not much pride under such circumstances; I would always rather be happy than dignified, and I ran after him..." Narrator on St. John

"And with that answer, he left me. I would much rather he had knocked me down." Narrator

Ch. 35

"...a trembling trouble of grief which harassed and crushed me altogether." Narrator

"Must we part in this way?" Jane

"To have yielded then would have been an error of principle; to have yielded now would have been an error of judgement." Narrator

"...he surrounded me with his arm, *almost* as if he loved me. I say *almost* - I knew the difference - for I had felt what it was to be loved..." Narrator

Ch. 36

"...before I depart forever." St. John

"Amid the silence of those solitary roads and desert hills..." Narrator

"I so dreaded a reply that would crush me with despair. To prolong doubt was to prolong hope." Narrator

"He thought his love slept sweetly; he finds she is stone dead." Narrator

"And there was the silence of death about it; the solitude of a lonesome wild." Narrator

"Since he was not in the grave, I could bear, I thought, to learn that he was at the Antipodes." Narrator

"I feared now to hear my own story." Narrator

Ch. 37

"A soft hope blended with my sorrow..." Narrator

"...all to him was void darkness." Narrator on Mr. Rochester

"What sweet madness has seized me?" Mr. Rochester

“...but I cannot be so blessed after all my misery.” Mr. Rochester

“...my heart famished and never to be fed.” Mr. Rochester

“My very soul demands you...” Mr. Rochester

“He relapse again into gloom.” Narrator

“...and took fresh courage...” Narrator on herself

“...ceaseless sorrow...” Mr. Rochester

“...the lines of now habitual sadness marking his strong features.” Narrator

“...all the sunshine I can feel is in her presence.” Mr. Rochester

“I have worn it since the day I lost my only treasure...” Mr. Rochester on his bronze scrag

Ch. 38

“To be together is for us to be at once as free as in solitude, as gay as in company.” Narrator

“...the sky is no longer a blank to him - the earth no longer a void.”

“No fear of death will darken St. John’s last hour.” Narrator