

MR. ROCHESTER had given me but one week's leave of absence: yet a month elapsed before I quitted Gateshead. I wished to leave immediately after the funeral, but Georgiana entreated me to stay till she could get off to London, whither she was now at last invited by her uncle, Mr. Gibson, who had come down to direct his sister's interment and settle the family affairs. Georgiana said she dreaded being left alone with Eliza; from her she got neither sympathy in her dejection, support in her fears, nor aid in her preparations; so I bore with her feeble-minded wailings and selfish lamentations as well as I could, and did my best in sewing for her and packing her dresses. It is true, that while I worked, she would idle; and I thought to myself, 'If you and I were destined to live always together, cousin, we would commence matters on a different footing.

I should not settle tamely down into being the forbearing party; I should assign you your share of labour, and compel you to accomplish it, or else it should be left undone: I should insist, also, on your keeping some of those drawling, half-insincere complaints hushed in your own breast. It is only because our connection happens to be very transitory, and comes at a peculiarly mournful season, that I consent thus to render it so patient and compliant on my part.'

At last I saw Georgiana off; but now it was Eliza's turn to request me to stay another week. Her plans required all her time and attention, she said; she was about to depart for some unknown bourne; and all day long she stayed in her own room, her door bolted within, filling trunks, emptying drawers, burning papers, and holding no communication with any one. She wished me to look after the house, to see callers, and answer notes of condolence.

One morning she told me I was at liberty. 'And,' she added, 'I am obliged to you for your valuable services and discreet conduct!'

There is some difference between living with such an one as you and with Georgiana: you perform your own part in life and burden no one.

To-morrow,' she continued, 'I set out for the Continent. I shall take up my abode in a religious house near Lisle- a nunnery you would call it; there I shall be quiet and unmolested. I shall devote myself for a time to the examination of the Roman Catholic dogmas, and to a careful study of the workings of their system: if I find it to be, as I half suspect it is, the one best calculated to ensure the doing of all things decently and in order, I shall embrace the tenets of Rome and probably take the veil.'

I neither expressed surprise at this resolution nor attempted to dissuade her from it. 'The vocation will fit you to a hair,' I thought: 'much good may it do you!'

When we parted, she said: 'Good-bye, cousin Jane Eyre; I wish you well: you have some sense.'

I then returned: 'You are not without sense, cousin Eliza; but what you have, I suppose, in another year will be walled up alive in a French convent. However, it is not my business, and so it suits you,

I don't much care.'

'You are in the right,' said she; and with these words we each went our separate way. As I shall not have occasion to refer either to her or her sister again, I may as well mention here, that Georgiana made an advantageous match with a wealthy worn-out man of fashion, and that Eliza actually took the veil, and is at this day superior of the convent where she passed the period of her novitiate, and which she endowed with her fortune.

How people feel when they are returning home from an absence, long or short, I did not know: I had never experienced the sensation. I had known what it was to come back to Gateshead when a child after a long walk, to be scolded for looking cold or gloomy; and later, what it was to come back from church to Lowood, to long for a plenteous meal and a good fire, and to be unable to get either.

Neither of these returnings was very pleasant or desirable: no magnet drew me to a given point, increasing in its strength of attraction the nearer I came. The return to Thornfield was yet to be tried.

My journey seemed tedious- very tedious: fifty miles one day, a night spent at an inn; fifty miles the next day. During the first twelve hours I thought of Mrs. Reed in her last moments; I saw her disfigured and discoloured face, and heard her strangely altered voice. I mused on the funeral day, the coffin, the hearse, the black train of tenants and servants- few was the number of relatives- the gaping vault, the silent church, the solemn service. Then I thought of Eliza and Georgiana; I beheld one the cynosure of a ball-room, the other the inmate of a convent cell; and I dwelt on and analysed their separate peculiarities of person and character. The evening gave them quite another turn: laid down on my traveller's bed, I left reminiscence for anticipation.

I was going back to Thornfield: but how long was I to stay there? Not long; of that I was sure. I had heard from Mrs. Fairfax in the interim of my absence: the party at the hall was dispersed; Mr. Rochester had left for London three weeks ago, but he was then expected to return in a fortnight. Mrs. Fairfax surmised that he was gone to make arrangements for his wedding, as he had talked of purchasing a new carriage: she said the idea of his marrying Miss Ingram still seemed strange to her; but from what everybody said, and from what she had herself seen, she could no longer doubt that the event would shortly take place. 'You would be strangely incredulous if you did doubt it,' was my mental comment. 'I don't doubt it.'

The question followed, 'Where was I to go?' I dreamt of Miss Ingram all the night: in a vivid morning dream I saw her closing the gates of Thornfield against me and pointing me out another road; and Mr. Rochester looked on with his arms folded- smiling sardonically, as it seemed, at both her and me.

I had not notified to Mrs. Fairfax the exact day of my return; for I did not wish either car or carriage to meet me at Millcote. I proposed to walk the distance quietly by myself; and very quietly,

after leaving my box in the ostler's care, did I slip away from the George Inn, about six o'clock of a June evening, and take the old road to Thornfield: a road which lay chiefly through fields, and was now little frequented.

It was not a bright or splendid summer evening, though fair and soft: the haymakers were at work all along the road; and the sky, though far from cloudless, was such as promised well for the future: its blue- where blue was visible- was mild and settled, and its cloud strata high and thin. The west, too, was warm: no watery gleam chilled it- it seemed as if there was a fire lit, an altar burning behind its screen of marbled vapour, and out of apertures shone a golden redness.

I felt glad as the road shortened before me: so glad that I stopped once to ask myself what that joy meant: and to remind reason that it was not to my home I was going, or to a permanent resting-place, or to a place where fond friends looked out for me and waited my arrival.

'Mrs. Fairfax will smile you a calm welcome, to be sure,' said I; 'and little Adele will clap her hands and jump to see you: but you know very well you are thinking of another than they, and that he is not thinking of you.'

But what is so headstrong as youth? What so blind as inexperience? These affirmed that it was pleasure enough to have the privilege of again looking on Mr. Rochester, whether he looked on me or not; and they added- 'Hasten! hasten! be with him while you may: but a few more days or weeks, at most, and you are parted from him for ever!' And then I strangled a new-born agony- a deformed thing which I could not persuade myself to own and rear- and ran on.

They are making hay, too, in Thornfield meadows: or rather, the labourers are just quitting their work, and returning home with their rakes on their shoulders, now, at the hour I arrive. I have but a field or two to traverse, and then I shall cross the road and reach the gates. How full the hedges are of roses! But I have no time to gather any; I want to be at the house. I passed a tall briar, shooting leafy and flowery branches across the path; I see the narrow stile with stone steps; and I see- Mr. Rochester sitting there, a book and a pencil in his hand; he is writing.

Well, he is not a ghost; yet every nerve I have is unstrung: for a moment I am beyond my own mastery. What does it mean? I did not think I should tremble in this way when I saw him, or lose my voice or the power of motion in his presence. I will go back as soon as I can stir: I need not make an absolute fool of myself. I know another way to the house. It does not signify if I knew twenty ways; for he has seen me.

'Hillo!' he cries; and he puts up his book and his pencil. 'There you are! Come on, if you please.'

I suppose I do come on; though in what fashion I know not; being scarcely cognisant of my movements, and solicitous only to appear calm; and, above all, 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. But I have a veil- it is down: I may make shift yet to behave with decent composure.

学英语，练听力，上听力课堂！

'And this is Jane Eyre? Are you coming from Millcote, and on foot? Yes- just one of your tricks: not to send for a carriage, and come clattering over street and road like a common mortal, but to steal into the vicinage of your home along with twilight, just as if you were a dream or a shade. What the deuce have you done with yourself this last month?'

'I have been with my aunt, sir, who is dead.'

'A true Janian reply! Good angels be my guard. She comes from the other world- from the abode of people who are dead; and tells me so when she meets me alone here in the gloaming! If I dared, I'd touch you, to see if you are substance or shadow, you elf!- but I'd as soon offer to take hold of a blue ignis fatuus light in a marsh.

Truant! truant!' he added, when he had paused an instant. 'Absent from me a whole month, and forgetting me quite, I'll be sworn!'

I knew there would be pleasure in meeting my master again, even though broken by the fear that he was so soon to cease to be my master, and by the knowledge that I was nothing to him: but there was ever in Mr. Rochester (so at least I thought) such a wealth of the power of communicating happiness, that to taste but of the crumbs he scattered to stray and stranger birds like me, was to feast genially. His last words were balm: they seemed to imply that it imported something to him whether I forgot him or not. And he had spoken of Thornfield as my home- would that it were my home!

He did not leave the stile, and I hardly liked to ask to go by. I inquired soon if he had not been to London.

'Yes; I suppose you found that out by second-sight.'

'Mrs. Fairfax told me in a letter.'

'And did she inform you what I went to do?'

'Oh, yes, sir! Everybody knew your errand.'

'You must see the carriage, Jane, and tell me if you don't think it will suit Mrs. Rochester exactly; and whether she won't look like Queen Boadicea, leaning back against those purple cushions. I wish, Jane, I were a trifle better adapted to match with her externally.

Tell me now, fairy as you are- can't you give me a charm, or a philter, or something of that sort, to make me a handsome man?'

'It would be past the power of magic, sir'; and, in thought, I added, 'A loving eye is all the charm needed: to such you are handsome enough; or rather your sternness has a power beyond beauty.'

Mr. Rochester had sometimes read my unspoken thoughts with an acumen to me incomprehensible: in the present instance he took no notice of my abrupt vocal response; but he smiled at me with 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: it was the real sunshine of feeling- he shed it over me now.

'Pass, Janet,' said he, making room for me to cross the stile: 'go up home, and stay your weary little wandering feet at a friend's threshold.'

All I had now to do was to obey him in silence: no need for me to colloquise further. I got over the stile without a word, and meant to leave him calmly. An impulse held me fast- a force turned me round.

I said- or something in me said for me, and in spite of me- 'Thank you, Mr. Rochester, for your great kindness. I am strangely glad to get back again to you: and wherever you are is my home- my only home.'

I walked on so fast that even he could hardly have overtaken me had he tried. Little Adele was half wild with delight when she saw me.

Mrs. Fairfax received me with her usual plain friendliness. Leah smiled, and even Sophie bid me 'bon soir' with glee. This was very pleasant; there is no happiness like that of being loved by your fellow-creatures, and feeling that your presence is an addition to their comfort.

I that evening shut my eyes resolutely against the future: I stopped my ears against the voice that kept warning me of near separation and coming grief. When tea was over and Mrs. Fairfax had taken her knitting, and I had assumed a low seat near her, and Adele, kneeling on the carpet, had nestled close up to me, and a sense of mutual affection seemed to surround us with a ring of golden peace, I uttered a silent prayer that we might not be parted far or soon; but when, as we thus sat, Mr. Rochester entered, unannounced, and looking at us, seemed to take pleasure in the spectacle of a group so amicable- when he said he supposed the old lady was all right now that she had got her adopted daughter back again, and added that he saw Adele was 'prete a croquer sa petite maman Anglaise'- I half ventured to hope that he would, even after his marriage, keep us together somewhere under the shelter of his protection, and not quite exiled from the sunshine of his presence.

A fortnight of dubious calm succeeded my return to Thornfield Hall.

Nothing was said of the master's marriage, and I saw no preparation going on for such an event. Almost every day I asked Mrs. Fairfax if she had yet heard anything decided: her answer was always in the negative. Once she said she had actually put the question to Mr. Rochester as to when he was going to bring his bride home; but he had answered her only by a joke and one of his queer looks, and she could not tell what to make of him.

One thing specially surprised me, and that was, there were no journeyings backward and forward,

no visits to Ingram Park: to be sure it was twenty miles off, on the borders of another county; but what was that distance to an ardent lover? To so practised and indefatigable a horseman as Mr. Rochester, it would be but a morning's ride. I began to cherish hopes I had no right to conceive: that the match was broken off; that rumour had been mistaken; that one or both parties had changed their minds. I used to look at my master's face to see if it were sad or fierce; but I could not remember the time when it had been so uniformly clear of clouds or evil feelings.

If, in the moments I and my pupil spent with him, I lacked spirits and sank into inevitable dejection, he became even gay. Never had he called me more frequently to his presence; never been kinder to me when there- and, alas! never had I loved him so well.

第二十二章

罗切斯特先生只准许我缺席一周，但我还没有离开盖茨黑德，一个月就已经过去了。我希望葬礼后立即动身，乔治亚娜却恳求我一直呆到她去伦敦，因为来这里张罗姐姐的葬礼和解决家庭事务的吉卜森舅舅，终于邀请她上那儿了。乔治亚娜害怕同伊丽莎单独相处，说是情绪低沉时得不到她的同情；胆怯时得不到她的支持；收拾行装时得不到她的帮助。所以乔治亚娜软弱无能、畏首畏尾、自私自利、怨天尤人，我都尽量忍受，并力尽所能替她做针线活，收拾衣装。确实，我忙着时她会闲着不干事。我暗自思讨道：“要是你我注定要一直共同生活，表姐，我们要重新处事，与以往全然不同。我不该乖乖地成为忍受的一方，而该把你的一份活儿分派给你，迫使你去完成，要不然就让它留着不做。我还该坚持让你那慢条斯理、半真半假的诉苦咽到你肚子里去。正是因为我们之间的关系十分短暂，偏又遇上特殊的凭吊期间，所以我才甘愿忍耐和屈从。”

我终于送别了乔治亚娜、可是现在却轮到了伊丽莎要求我再呆一周了。她说她的计划需要她全力以赴，因为就要动身去某个未知的目的地了。她成天关了门呆在房间里，装箱子，理抽屉，烧文件，同谁都不来往。她希望我替她看管房子，接待来客，回复唁函。

一天早晨她告诉我没有我的事了。“而且，”她补充道，“我感激你宝贵的帮助和周到的办事。跟你共处和跟乔治亚娜共处，有所不同。你在生活中尽自己的责任，而不成为别人的负担。明天，”她继续说，“我要动身去大陆。我会在里斯尔附近一家寺院找到栖身之所——你会称它为修道院。在那里我会安静度日，不受干扰。我会暂时致力于考察罗马天主教信条，和细心研究它体制的运转。我虽然半信半疑，但要是发现它最适宜于使一切事情办得公平合理，井井有条，那我会皈依罗马教，很可能还会去当修女。”

我既没有对她的决定表示惊奇，也没有劝说她打消这个念头。“这一行对你再适合不过了，”我想，“但愿对你大有好处！”

我们分手时她说：“再见，简·爱表妹，祝你走运，你还是有些见识的。”

我随后回答道：“你也不是没有见识，伊丽莎表姐。但再过一年，我想你的禀赋会被活活地囚禁在法国修道院的围墙之内。不过这不是我的事儿，反正对你适合——我并不太在乎。”

“你说得很对，”她说。我们彼此说了这几句话后，便分道扬镳了。由于我没有机会再提起她或她妹妹了，我不妨在这儿说一下。乔治亚娜在婚事上得以高攀，嫁给了上流社会一个年老力衰的有钱男子。伊丽莎果真做了修女，度过了一段见习期后，现在做了修道院院长，并把全部财产赠给了修道院。

无论是短期还是长期外出回家的人是什么滋味，我并不知道，因为我从来没有这种感受。但我知道，小时候走了很远的路后回到盖茨黑德府，因为显得怕冷或情绪低沉而挨骂是什么滋味。后来，我也知道，从教堂里回到罗沃德，渴望一顿丰盛的饭菜和熊熊的炉火，结果却两者都落空时，又是什么滋味。那几次归途并不愉快，也不令人向往，因为没有一种磁力吸引我奔向目标，不是离得越近越具诱人的力量。这次返回桑菲尔德是什么滋味，还有待于体味。

旅途似乎有些乏味——很乏味。白天走五十英里，晚上投宿于旅店。第二天又走五十英里。最初十二个小时，我想起了里德太太临终的时刻。我看见了变了形相、没有血色的脸，听见了她出奇地走了样的声调。我默默地忆起了出丧的日子，还有棺材、柩车、黑黑的一队佃户和佣人——亲戚参加的不多——张开的墓穴、寂静的教堂、庄严的仪式。随后我想起了伊丽莎和乔治亚娜。我看见一个是舞场中的皇后，另一个是修道院陋室的居士。我继续思索着，分析了她们各自的个性和品格。傍晚时抵达某个大城镇，驱散了这些想法。夜间，我的思绪转了向。我躺在这远游者的床榻上，撇开回忆，开始了对未来的向往。

我正在回桑菲尔德的归途中，可是我会在那儿呆多久呢？我确信不会太久。在外期间，费尔法克斯太太写信告诉我，府上的聚会已经散去，罗切斯特先生三周前动身去伦敦去了，不过预定二周后就返回。费尔法克斯太太推测，他此去是为张罗婚礼的，因为曾说起要购置一辆新马车。她还说，总觉得这未免有些蹊跷，罗切斯特先生尽想着要娶英格拉姆小姐。不过从大家说的和她亲眼见的来看，她不再怀疑婚礼很快就会举行。“要是连这也怀疑，那你真是疑心病重得出奇了。”我心里嘀咕着。“我并不怀疑。”

接踵而来的是这个问题，“我上哪儿去呢？”我彻夜梦见英格拉姆小姐，在活灵活现的晨梦中，我看见她当着我关上了桑菲尔德的大门，给我指了指另外一条路。罗切斯特先生袖手旁观——似乎对英格拉姆小姐和我冷笑着。

我没有通知费尔法克斯太太回家的确切日子，因为我不希望派普通马车或是高级马车到米尔科特来接我。我打算自己静静地走完这段路。这样，六月的某个黄昏，六时左右，我把自己的箱子交给饲马馆后，静悄悄地溜出乔治旅店，踏上了通向桑菲尔德的老路，这条路直穿田野，如今已很少有人光顾。

这是一个晴朗温和却并不明亮灿烂的夏夜，干草工们沿路忙碌着。天空虽然有云，却仍有好天气的兆头。天上的蓝色——在看得见蓝色的地方——柔和而稳定，云层又高又薄。西边也很暖和，没有湿润的微光来造就凉意——看上去仿佛点起了火，好似一个祭坛在大理石般雾气的屏障后面燃烧着，从缝隙中射出金色的红光。

面前的路越走越短，我心里非常高兴，高兴得有一次竟停下脚步问自己，这种喜悦的含义何

在，并提醒理智，我不是回到自己家里，或是去一个永久的安身之处，我是到一个亲密的朋友们翘首以待、等候我到达的地方。“可以肯定，费尔法克斯太太会平静地笑笑，表示欢迎，”我说，“而小阿黛勒会拍手叫好，一见我就跳起来，不过你心里很明白，你想的不是她们，而是另外一个人，而这个人却并不在想你。”

但是，有什么比青春更任性吗？有什么比幼稚更盲目呢？青春与幼稚认定，有幸能再次见到罗切斯特先生是够令人愉快的，不管他见不见我，并且补充说：“快些！快些！在还能做到的时候跟他在一起，只要再过几天，至多几星期，你就与他永别了！”随后我抑制住了新的痛苦——我无法说服自己承认和培育的畸形儿——并继续赶路了。

在桑菲尔德的草地上，他们也在晒制干草呢，或者更确切些，我到达的时刻，农夫们正好下工，肩上扛着草耙回家去。我只要再走过一两块草地，就可以穿过大路，到达门口了。篱笆上长了那么多蔷薇花！但我已顾不上去采摘，巴不得立即赶到府上。我经过一棵高大的蔷薇，叶茂花盛的枝桠横穿过小径。我看到了窄小的石头台阶，我还看到——罗切斯特先生坐在那里，手中拿着一本书和一支铅笔，他在写着。

是呀，他不是鬼，但我的每一根神经都紧张起来。一时我无法自制。那是什么意思？我未曾想到一见他就这么颤抖起来——或者在他面前目瞪口呆，或者动弹不得。一旦我能够动弹，我一定要折回去，因为没有必要让自己变成个大傻瓜，我知道通往府上的另一条路。但是即使我认得二十条路也没有用了，因为他已经看到了我。

“你好！”他叫道，丢开了书和铅笔。“你来啦！请过来。”

我猜想我确实往前走了，尽管不知道怎么走过去的。我几乎没有意识到自己的行动，而一味切记着要显得镇定，尤其要控制活动的面部神经——而它却公然违抗我的意志，挣扎着要把我决心掩饰的东西表露出来。但我戴着面纱——这时已经拿下。我可以尽力做出镇定自若的样子。

“这可是简·爱？你从米尔科特来，而且是走来的？是呀——又是你的一个鬼点子，不叫一辆马车，像一个普通人一样咔嗒咔嗒穿过街道和大路，偏要在黄昏薄暮，偷偷来到你家附近，仿佛你是一个梦，是一个影子。真见鬼，上个月你干了些什么？”

“我与我舅妈在一起，先生，她去世了。”

“道地的简·爱式的回答！但愿善良的天使保护我吧！她是从另一个世界来的——从死人的住所来的，而且在黄昏碰见我一个人的时候这么告诉我。要是我有胆量，我会碰碰你，看你是实实在在的人，还是一个影子。你这精灵呀！——可是我甘愿去沼泽地里捕捉五色的鬼火。逃兵！逃兵！”他停了灯刻后又补充说：“离开我整整一个月，已经把我忘得一干二净，我敢担保！”

我知道，与主人重逢是一件乐事，尽管备受干扰，因为我担心他快要不再是我的主人，而且我也明白我对他无足轻重了。不过在罗切斯特先生身上（至少我认为）永远有着一种使人感染上愉快的巨大力量，只要尝一尝他撒给象我这样离群孤鸟的面包屑，就无异于饱餐一顿盛宴。他最后的几句话抚慰了我，似乎是说，他还挺在乎我有没有把他给忘了呢，而且他把桑

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菲尔德说成是我的家——但愿那是我的家！

他没有离开石阶，我很不情愿要求他让路。我立刻问他是不是去过伦敦了。

“去了，我想你再看一眼就看出来了。”

“费尔法克斯太太在一封信里告诉我了。”

“她告诉你我去干什么了吗？”

“呵，是的，先生！人人都知道你的伦敦之行。”

“你得看一看马车，简，告诉我是不是你认为它完全适合罗切斯特太太。她靠在紫色的软垫上，看上去像不像波狄西亚女王。简，但愿我在外貌上同她更般配一点。你是个小精灵，那现在你就告诉我——能不能给我一种魔力，或者有魔力的药，或是某种类似的东西，使我变成一个英俊的男子？”

“这不是魔力所能为的，先生，”我心里又补充道，“一个亲切的眼神是最需要的魔力，由此看来，你已经够漂亮了，或者不如说，你严厉的神情具有一种超越美的力量。”

罗切斯特先生有时有一种我所无法理解的敏锐，能看透我没有表露的思想，眼下他没有理会我唐突的口头回答，却以他特有而少见的笑容，朝我笑笑。他似乎认为这种笑容太美妙，犯不着用于一般的目的。这确实是情感的阳光——此刻他将它撒遍我周身。

“走过去吧，珍妮特，”他说着空出地方来让我跨过台阶。“回家去，在朋友的门槛里，歇歇你那双奔波不定、疲倦了的小脚吧。”

现在我该做的不过是默默地听从他罢了，没有必要再作口头交谈。我二话没说跨过石，打算平静地离开他。但是一种冲动攫住了我——一种力量使我回过头来。我说——或是内心的某种东西不由自主地替我说了：

“罗切斯特先生，谢谢你的关怀。回到你身边，我感到出奇地高兴，你在哪儿，那儿就是我的家——我唯一的家。”

我走得那么快，甚至就是他要追赶也追赶不上。小阿黛勒一见我乐得差点儿疯了，费尔法克斯太太照例以一种朴实的友情接待了我。莉娅朝我笑笑，甚至连索菲娅也愉快地对我说了声“bonsoir”我感到非常愉快。你为自己的同类所爱，并感觉到自己的存在为他们增添了快慰时，你的幸福是无与伦比的。

那天晚上，我紧闭双眼，无视将来；我塞住耳朵，不去听“离别在即，忧伤将临”的频频警告。茶点过后，费尔法克斯太太开始了编织，我在她旁边找了个低矮的座位，阿黛勒跪在地毯上，紧偎着我。亲密无间的气氛，像一个宁静的金色圆圈围着我们。我默默地祈祷着，愿我们彼此不要分离得太远，也不要太早。但是，当我们如此坐着，罗切斯特先生不宣而至，打量着我们，似乎对一伙人如此融洽的景象感到愉快时——当他说，既然老太太又弄回自己

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的养女，想必她已安心，并补充说他看到阿黛勒是“preteacroquersapetitemamanAnglaise”时——我近乎冒险地希望，即使在结婚以后，他也会把我们一起安置在某个地方，得到他的庇护，而不是远离他所辐射出的阳光。

我回到桑菲尔德府后的两周，是在令人生疑的平静中度过的。主人的婚事没有再提起，我也没有看到为这件大事在作准备。我几乎天天问费尔法克斯太太，是否听说已经作出了决定。她总是给予否定的回答。有一回她说，她事实上已经问过罗切斯特先生，什么时候把新娘接回家来，但他只开了个玩笑，作了个鬼脸，便算是回答了。她猜不透他的心思。

有一件事更让人感到奇怪，他没有来回奔波，造访英格拉姆小姐。说实在，那地方位于本郡与另一个郡的交界之处，相隔仅二十英里，这点距离对一个热恋中的情人来说算得了什么？对于罗切斯特先生这样一位熟练而不知疲倦的骑手，那不过是一个上午的工夫，我开始萌生不该有的希望：婚事告吹，谣言不确，一方或双方都改变了主意。我常常观察我主人的脸，看看是不是有伤心或恼恨之情，但是在我的记忆中，他的面部从来没有像现在这样毫无愁容或怒色。在我与我的学生同他相处的时刻，要是我无精打采，并难免情绪消沉，他反倒乐不可支了。我从来没有像现在这么频繁地被他叫到跟前，到了那里他又待我这么亲切——而且，哎呀？我也从来没有如此爱他过。