

Jane Eyre

CHAPTER XXXVIII Chinese

CONCLUSION READER, I married him. A quiet wedding we had: he and I, the parson and clerk, were alone present. When we got back from church, I went into the kitchen of the manor-house, where Mary was cooking the dinner and John cleaning the knives, and I said-

'Mary, I have been married to Mr. Rochester this morning.' The housekeeper and her husband were both of that decent phlegmatic order of people, to whom one may at any time safely communicate a remarkable piece of news without incurring the danger of having one's ears pierced by some shrill ejaculation, and subsequently stunned by a torrent of wordy wonderment. Mary did look up, and she did stare at me: the ladle with which she was basting a pair of chickens roasting at the fire, did for some three minutes hang suspended in air; and for the same space of time John's knives also had rest from the polishing process: but Mary, bending again over the roast, said only-

'Have you, Miss? Well, for sure!'

A short time after she pursued- 'I seed you go out with the master, but I didn't know you were gone to church to be wed;' and she basted away. John, when I turned to him, was grinning from ear to ear.

'I telled Mary how it would be,' he said: 'I knew what Mr. Edward' (John was an old servant, and had known his master when he was the cadet of the house, therefore, he often gave him his Christian name)- 'I knew what Mr. Edward would do; and I was certain he would not wait long neither: and he's done right, for aught I know. I wish you joy, Miss!' and he politely pulled his forelock.

'Thank you, John. Mr. Rochester told me to give you and Mary this.' I put into his hand a five-pound note. Without waiting to hear more, I left the kitchen. In passing the door of that sanctum some time after, I caught the words-

'She'll happen do better for him nor ony o' t' grand ladies.' And again, 'If she ben't one o' th' handsomest, she's noan faal and varry good-natured; and i' his een she's fair beautiful, onybody may see that.'

I wrote to Moor House and to Cambridge immediately, to say what I had done: fully explaining also why I had thus acted. Diana and Mary approved the step unreservedly. Diana announced that she would just give me time to get over the honeymoon, and then she would come and see me.

'She had better not wait till then, Jane,' said Mr. Rochester, when I read her letter to him; 'if she does, she will be too late, for our honeymoon will shine our life long: its beams will only fade over your grave or mine.'

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How St. John received the news, I don't know: he never answered the letter in which I communicated it: yet six months after he wrote to me, without, however, mentioning Mr. Rochester's name or alluding to my marriage. His letter was then calm, and, though very serious, kind.

He has maintained a regular, though not frequent, correspondence ever since: he hopes I am happy, and trusts I am not of those who live without God in the world, and only mind earthly things.

You have not quite forgotten little Adele, have you, reader? I had not; I soon asked and obtained leave of Mr. Rochester, to go and see her at the school where he had placed her. Her frantic joy at beholding me again moved me much. She looked pale and thin: she said she was not happy. I found the rules of the establishment were too strict, its course of study too severe for a child of her age: I took her home with me. I meant to become her governess once more, but I soon found this impracticable; my time and cares were now required by another- my husband needed them all. So I sought out a school conducted on a more indulgent system, and near enough to permit of my visiting her often, and bringing her home sometimes. I took care she should never want for anything that could contribute to her comfort: she soon settled in her new abode, became very happy there, and made fair progress in her studies. As she grew up, a sound English education corrected in a great measure her French defects; and when she left school, I found in her a pleasing and obliging companion: docile, good-tempered, and well-principled. By her grateful attention to me and mine, she has long since well repaid any little kindness I ever had it in my power to offer her.

My tale draws to its close: one word respecting my experience of married life, and one brief glance at the fortunes of those whose names have most frequently recurred in this narrative, and I have done.

I have now been married ten years. I know what it is to live entirely for and with what I love best on earth. I hold myself supremely blest- blest beyond what language can express; because I am my husband's life as fully as he is mine. No woman was ever nearer to her mate than I am: ever more absolutely bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. I know no weariness of my Edward's society: he knows none of mine, any more than we each do of the pulsation of the heart that beats in our separate bosoms; consequently, we are ever together. To be together is for us to be at once as free as in solitude, as gay as in company. We talk, I believe, all day long: to talk to each other is but a more animated and an audible thinking. All my confidence is bestowed on him, all his confidence is devoted to me; we are precisely suited in character-perfect concord is the result.

Mr. Rochester continued blind the first two years of our union: perhaps it was that circumstance that drew us so very near- that knit us so very close: for I was then his vision, as I am still his right hand. Literally, I was (what he often called me) the apple of his eye. He saw nature- he saw books through me; and never did I weary of gazing for his behalf, and of putting into words the effect of field, tree, town, river, cloud, sunbeam- of the landscape before us; of the weather round us- and impressing by sound on his ear what light could no longer stamp on his eye. Never did I weary of reading to him; never did I weary of conducting him where he wished to go: of doing for him what he wished to be done. And there was a pleasure in my services, most full, most exquisite, even though sad- because he claimed these services without painful shame or damping humiliation.

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He loved me so truly, that he knew no reluctance in profiting by my attendance: he felt I loved him so fondly, that to yield that attendance was to indulge my sweetest wishes.

One morning at the end of the two years, as I was writing a letter to his dictation, he came and bent over me, and said- 'Jane, have you a glittering ornament round your neck?'

I had a gold watch-chain: I answered 'Yes.'

'And have you a pale-blue dress on?'

I had. He informed me then, that for some time he had fancied the obscurity clouding one eye was becoming less dense; and that now he was sure of it.

He and I went up to London. He had the advice of an eminent oculist; and he eventually recovered the sight of that one eye. He cannot now see very distinctly: he cannot read or write much; but he can find his way without being led by the hand: the sky is no longer a blank to him- the earth no longer a void. When his first-born was put into his arms, he could see that the boy had inherited his own eyes, as they once were- large, brilliant, and black. On that occasion, he again, with a full heart, acknowledged that God had tempered judgment with mercy.

My Edward and I, then, are happy: and the more so, because those we most love are happy likewise. Diana and Mary Rivers are both married: alternately, once every year, they come to see us, and we go to see them. Diana's husband is a captain in the navy, a gallant officer and a good man. Mary's is a clergyman, a college friend of her brother's, and, from his attainments and principles, worthy of the connection. Both Captain Fitzjames and Mr. Wharton love their wives, and are loved by them.

As to St. John Rivers, he left England: he went to India. He entered on the path he had marked for himself; he pursues it still.

A more resolute, indefatigable pioneer never wrought amidst rocks and dangers. Firm, faithful, and devoted, full of energy, and zeal, and truth, he labours for his race; he clears their painful way to improvement; he hews down like a giant the prejudices of creed and caste that encumber it. He may be stern; he may be exacting; he may be ambitious yet; but his is the sternness of the warrior Greatheart, who guards his pilgrim convoy from the onslaught of Apollyon. His is the exaction of the apostle, who speaks but for Christ, when he says- 'Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.' His is the ambition of the high master-spirit, which aims to fill a place in the first rank of those who are redeemed from the earth- who stand without fault before the throne of God, who share the last mighty victories of the Lamb, who are called, and chosen, and faithful.

St. John is unmarried: he never will marry now. Himself has hitherto sufficed to the toil, and the toil draws near its close: his glorious sun hastens to its setting. The last letter I received from him drew from my eyes human tears, and yet filled my heart with divine joy: he anticipated his sure reward, his incorruptible crown. I know that a stranger's hand will write to me next, to say that the good and faithful servant has been called at length into the joy of his Lord. And why weep for this? No fear of death will darken St.

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John's last hour: his mind will be unclouded, his heart will be undaunted, his hope will be sure, his faith steadfast. His own words are a pledge of this-

'My Master,' he says, 'has forewarned me. Daily He announces more distinctly,- "Surely I come quickly!" and hourly I more eagerly respond,- "Amen; even so come, Lord Jesus!"'

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简 爱

第三十八章

英文

读者呵，我同他结了婚。婚礼不事声张，到场的只有他和我，牧师和教堂执事。我从教堂里回来，走进庄园的厨房时，玛丽在做饭，约翰在擦拭刀具，我说：

“玛丽，今儿早上我和罗切斯特先生结了婚，”管家和她的丈夫都是不大动感情的规矩人，你什么时候都可以放心地告诉他们惊人的消息，而你的耳朵不会有被一声尖叫刺痛的危险，你也不会随之被一阵好奇的唠叨弄得目瞪口呆。玛丽确实抬起了头来，也确实盯着我看。她用来给两只烤着的鸡涂油的杓子，在空中停了大约三分钟，约翰忘了擦拭，手中的刀具停了同样长的时间。但是玛丽又弯下腰，忙她的烤鸡去了，只不过说：

“是吗，小姐？嗯，那毫无疑问！”

过了一会儿她接着说：“我看见你与主人出去，但我不知道你们是上教堂结婚的。”说完她又忙着给鸡涂油了，而约翰呢，我转向他的时候，他笑得合不拢嘴了。

“我告诉过玛丽，事情会怎么样，”他说，“我知道爱德华先生”（约翰是个老佣人，他的主人还是幼子的时候就认识他了。因此他常常用教名称呼他）——“我知道爱德华先生会怎么干。我肯定他不会等得很久，也许他做得很对。我祝你快乐，小姐！”他很有礼貌地拉了一下自己的前发。

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“谢谢你，约翰。罗切斯特先生要我把这给你和玛丽。”

我把一张五英磅的钞票塞进他手里。我没有再等他说什么便离开了厨房。不久之后我经过这间密室时，听见了这样的话：

“也许她比哪一个阔小姐都更配他呢。”接着又说，“虽然她算不上最漂亮，但也不丑，而且脾气又好。我见她长得还是比较好看的，谁都看得出来。”

我立即写信给沼泽居和剑桥，把我的情况告诉了他们，并详细解释了我为什么要这么干。黛安娜和玛丽毫无保留地对此表示赞同，黛安娜还说，让我过好蜜月，就来看我。

“她还是别等到那个时候吧，简，”罗切斯特先生听我读了她的信后说，“要不然她会太晚了，因为我们的蜜月的清辉会照耀我们一生，它的光芒只有在在我进入坟墓时才会消褪。”

圣·约翰对这个消息的反响如何，我一无所知。我透露消息的那封信，他从来没有回复。但六个月后，他写信给我，却没有提及罗切斯特先生的名字，也没有说起我的婚事。他的信平静而友好，但很严肃。从那以后，他虽不经常来信，却按时写给我，祝我快乐，并相信我不是那种活在世上，只顾俗事而忘了上帝的人。

你没有完全忘记小阿黛勒吧，是不是呀，读者？我并没有忘记。我向罗切斯特先生提出，并得到了他的许可，上他安顿小阿黛勒的学校去看看她。她一见我便欣喜若狂的情景，着实令我感动。她看上去苍白消瘦，还说不愉快。我发现对她这样年龄的孩子来说，这个学校的规章太严格，课程太紧张了。我把她带回了家。我本想再当她的家庭教师，但不久却发现不切实际。现在我的时间与精力给了另一个人——我的丈夫全都需要它。因此我选了一个校规比较宽容的学校，而且又近家，让我常常可去探望她，有时还可以把她带回家来。我还留意让她过得舒舒服服，什么都不缺。她很快在新的居所安顿下来了，在那儿过得很愉快，学习上也取得了长足的进步。她长大以后，健全的英国教育很大程度上纠正了她的法式缺陷。她离开学校时，我发觉她已是一个讨人喜欢、懂礼貌的伙伴，和气，听话，很讲原则。她出于感激，对我和我家人的照应，早已报答了我在力所能及的情况下给予她的微小帮助。

我的故事已近尾声，再说一两句关于我婚后的生活情况，粗略地看一看他们的名字在我叙述中反复出现的人的命运，我也就把故事讲完了。

如今我结婚已经十年了。我明白一心跟世上我最喜爱的人生活，为他而生活是怎么回事。我认为自己无比幸福——幸福得难以言传，因为我完全是丈夫的生命，他也完全是我的生命。没有女人比我跟丈夫更为亲近了，比我更绝对地是他的骨中之骨，肉中之肉了。我与爱德华相处，永远不知疲倦，他同我相处也是如此，就像我们对搏动在各自的胸腔里的心跳不会厌倦一样。结果，我们始终呆在一起。对我们来说，在一起既像独处时一样自由，又像相聚时一样欢乐。我想我们整天交谈着，相互交谈不过是一种听得见、更活跃的思索罢了。他同我推心置腹，我同他无话不谈。我们的性格完全投合，结果彼此心心相印。

我们结合后的头两年，罗切斯特先生依然失明，也许正是这种状况使我们彼此更加密切——靠得很紧，因为当时我成了他的眼睛，就像现在我依然是他的右手一样。我确实是他的眼珠（他常常这样称呼我）。他通过我看大自然，看书。我毫无厌倦地替他观察，用语言来描述田野、树林、城镇、河流、云彩、阳光和面前的景色的效果，描述我们周围的天气——用声音使他的耳朵得到光线无法再使他的眼睛得到的印象。我从不厌倦地读书给他听，领他去想去的地方，干他想干的事。我乐此不疲，尽管有些伤心，却享受充分

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而独特的愉快，——因为他要求我帮忙时没有痛苦地感到羞愧，也没有沮丧地觉得屈辱。他真诚地爱着我，从不勉为其难地受我照料。他觉得我爱他如此之深，受我照料就是满足我最愉快的希望。

第二年年末的一个早晨，我正由他口授，写一封信的时候，他走过来朝我低下头说——

“简，你脖子上有一件闪光的饰品吗？”

我挂着一根金表链，于是回答说：“是呀。”

“你还穿了件淡蓝色衣服吗？”

“我确实穿了。随后他告诉我，已经有一段时间，他设想遮蔽着一只眼的云翳已渐渐变薄，现在确信如此了。

他和我去了一趟伦敦，看了一位著名的眼科医生，最终恢复了那一只眼睛的视力。如今他虽不能看得清清楚楚，也不能久读多写，但可以不必让人牵着手就能走路，对他来说天空不再空空荡荡，大地不再是一片虚空。当他的第一个孩子放在他怀里时，他能看得清这男孩继承了他本来的那双眼睛——又大，又亮，又黑，在那一时刻，他又一次甘愿承认，上帝仁慈地减轻了对他的惩罚。

于是我的爱德华和我都很幸福，尤使我们感到幸福的是，我们最爱的人也一样很幸福。黛安娜和玛丽·里弗斯都结了婚。我们双方轮流，一年一度，不是他们来看我们，就是我们去看他们，黛安娜的丈夫是个海军上校，一位英武的军官，一个好人。玛丽的丈夫是位牧师，她哥哥大学里的朋友，无论从造诣还是品行来看，这门亲事都很般配。菲茨詹姆斯上校和沃顿先生同自己的妻子彼此相爱。

至于圣·约翰·里弗斯，他离开英国到了印度，踏上了自己所规划的道路，依然这么走下去，他奋斗于岩石和危险之中，再也没有比他更坚定不移、不知疲倦的先驱者了。他坚决、忠实、虔诚。他精力充沛、热情真诚地为自己的同类含辛茹苦，他们开辟艰辛的前进之路，像巨人一般砍掉拦在路上的信条和等级的偏见。他也许很严厉，也许很苛刻，也许还雄心勃勃，但他的严厉是武士大心一类的严厉，大心保卫他所护送的香客，免受亚玻伦人的袭击，他的苛刻是使徒那种苛刻，他代表上帝说：“若有人要跟从我，就当舍己，背起他的十字架来跟从我。”他的雄心是高尚的主的精神之雄心，目的是要名列尘世得救者的前茅——这些人毫无过错地站在上帝的宝座前面，分享耶稣最后的伟大胜利。他们被召唤，被选中，都是些忠贞不二的人。

圣·约翰没有结婚，现在再也不会了。他独自一人足以胜任辛劳，他的劳作已快结束。他那光辉的太阳急匆匆下沉。他给我的最后一封信，催下了我世俗的眼泪，也使我心中充满了神圣的欢乐。他提前得到了必定得到的酬报，那不朽的桂冠。我知道一只陌生的手随之会写信给我，说这位善良而忠实的仆人最后已被召安享受主的欢乐了。为什么要为此而哭泣呢？不会有死的恐惧使圣·约翰的临终时刻暗淡无光。他的头脑十分明晰；他的心灵无所畏惧；他的希望十分可靠；他的信念不可动摇。他自己的话就是一个很好的保证：

“我的主，”他说，“已经预先警告过我。日复一日他都更加明确地宣告，‘是了，我必快来，’我每时每刻更加急切地回答，‘阿门，主耶稣呵，我愿你来！’”

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