

Charlotte Brontë

1847

"You have saved my life - I have a pleasure in owing you ²⁵⁴ so immense a debt - I cannot say more - nothing else that has ^{being} ~~life~~ would have been tolerable to me in the character of creditor for such an obligation - but you - it is different - I feel your benefits no burden - Jane - " he paused - gazed at me - words almost visible, trembled on his lips - but his voice was checked -

"Good - night again, sir - there is no debt, benefit, burden, obligation in the case - "

"I know" he continued "you would do me good in some way, at some time; I saw it in your eyes when I first beheld you - their expression and smile did not - (again he stopped) did not (he proceeded, hastily) strike delight to my very inmost heart so for nothing - people talk of natural sympathies; I have heard of good genii; these are grains of truth in the mildest fable - my cherished Preserver, good - night - !"

Strange energy was in his voice, strange fire in his eyes look.

"I am glad I happened to be awake." I said, and then I was going.

"What - you will go?"

"I am cold, sir."

"Cold? yes - and standing in a fool! Go then, Jane, go!"

But he still retained my hand and I could not free it; I thought myself of an obedient.

"I think I hear Mrs Fairfax move, sir" said I.