CHAPTER III

AGONY
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Agony in its varied manifestations was the integral part of the Brontë Parsonage. Right since the Brontës settled there, it proved to be a death-haunted abode, exposed to poverty and subjected to frustrations in all that the sisters attempted to accomplish. The negatives agonized them to the core. But as women of faith, even though shrouded, they would not be subdued and defeated. Though it was agony again for their adherence to faith and their tenacity to literary pursuit that sustained them firm and unmoved, yet their spirit would sometimes be on the wane to such an extent as to drive even the unbending Emily to give in and say:

All our hearts were the mansions of distress,
And no one laughed, and none seemed free from care,
Our children felt their fathers’ wretchedness;
Our homes, one, all were shadowed with despair.¹

Emily calls the heart ‘the mansion of distress’ because the heart of man as she thinks is often filled with pain and sorrow. It is a universal truth that no one can escape the misery of this sorrowful, fallen world. Ever since the fall of man, mankind has been subjected to death, disease, pain, and sorrow. Though man has been able to solve many mysteries, he cannot solve the miseries that surround us. “All down the ages man has had the same experiences – emotional, moral and physical; the same ecstasies and agonies, triumphs and
frustrations, glories and shames. He has faced the same questions. He has found himself entangled in the same emotional and moral conflicts in his relations with others and with himself.” The sisters’ lot was in no way different. Time cannot change but may ameliorate the fate of man. And more often that not, amelioration in the Brontë family was only a flicker. So not only their ‘hearts’ but their family also could be ‘the mansion of distress’ wherein dwelt all the agonies and suffering. Weighed down with anxiety and agony, they were destined to live an unhappy worldly life. Though generation after generation mankind experiences, with occasional happiness, the ‘wretchedness of life’, the sisters experienced that their hearts and homes had always been ‘shadowed with despair’.

The Brontë sisters lived a brief life beset with trials and tribulations. They were subjected to poverty, sickness and death. Their world indeed was the “valley of the shadow of death.” Naturally, most of their poems are autobiographical, wherein the sisters express their loneliness and nostalgia, their frustrations in love, their sorrows of death, bringing out their emotional and spiritual agonies.

The strands of agonies we discover in their poems embody themselves in different forms and feelings in the sisters’ novels, which are mostly autobiographical. It would, therefore, be a rewarding endeavour if we look into them, and also refer to some of Charlotte Brontë’s letters on women’s
suffering, for they all project before us the sisters’ aching hearts in all their passionate intensity.

The sensitive Brontë sisters could not keep themselves aloof from women of their economic status, who had to suffer enormous agonies – socio-economic and emotional – in the then male-dominated Victorian society. We are sometimes moved to construe them as identifying themselves with those women suffering in pain and agonies. Charlotte Brontë especially ensures in her fiction a rare touch of intimacy with which she sadly and satirically projects the baneful lot of women under age-old bondage:

A lover masculine can speak and urge explanation; a lover feminine can speak nothing; if she did, the result would be shame and anguish, ...Nature would brand such demonstrations as a rebellion against her instincts. Take the matter as you find it; ask no questions; utter no remonstrances; it is your best wisdom, you expected bread, and you have got a stone; break your teeth on it, and do not shriek because the nerves are martyried.⁴

This was the doleful, unpleasant lot of women in a society of snobs. Without any assertion they should endure what came to them from men. They need not at all complain. And if they did, that should be an ignoble slur on their tribe. But the bitter truth, we know, lies the other side. Men had taken
undue advantage of women’s obedience, submission and dependence. Therefore, it is important to hear here the pervasive undertone of the feminist (opposed to the feminine) voice which Charlotte had already rung in *Jane Eyre*, and with which the sky is now always rent. Though it is for the sociologist to record how far the situation has since then changed for the better in favour of women, yet it cannot absolutely be denied that women’s heart is not aching.

As a Protestant writer, Charlotte Brontë supported the right of the individual conscience against the authority of the church. And so did the two younger sisters. In the same way they also fought for the conditions of support for the right of the individual women against the men in authority over there. The sisters also believed that God created a partnership of Adam and Eve in Eden. As such, they further believed that He must have allowed the freedom of conscience and opportunity to both the halves. But here *Shirley* presents a milieu where woman is denied all freedom. The milieu so projected is the actual one, and which squarely reverses all that they believed in and fought for. Though Charlotte Brontë creates in the novel such situations which allow the fulfilment of her ideals in the end, the actual makes the heart bleed, for we see women in agonies suffering for want of economic support, emotional fulfilment and social security. They are tortured by their husbands to leave home and are never allowed to retouch its threshold. They disguise their identity in obscurity as a shield against social insecurity and infamy, and take
to the servitude of governessing for a living. Mrs. Pryor in *Shirley* represents them:

It [Mrs. Pryor] was a name in my mother’s family. I adopted it that I might live unmolested. My married name recalled too vividly my married life: I could not bear it. Besides, threats were uttered of forcing me to return to the bondage: it could not be; rather a bier for a bed – the grave for a home. My new name sheltered me: I resumed under its screen my old occupation of teaching.  

Her married name was Agnes Helstone, and the disclosure of her pathetic past she makes above is to her own daughter Caroline who too is seen suffering in alienation from her lover. The maltreatment and destitution of love meted out to women could only be removed by letting them realize the presence of conscience in them, and by allowing them work opportunities. Charlotte Brontë and the younger sisters perhaps seem to be agreeing with what Margot Peters writes, “A woman who works is by that alone better than one who does not and a woman who does not happen to be rich and who still earns no money and does not wish to do so is guilty of a great fault – almost a crime.”

With the solitary exception of Caroline in *Shirley*, who wants to work but happens to be her only non-working heroine, - Frances in *The Professor*
and Jane in *Jane Eyre* are teachers. And if Shirley is rich, Lucy in *Villette* is her only working poor heroine. Anne Brontë’s heroines are also working women. While Helen is a painter in *The Tenant*, Agnes is a housewife nicely engaged in church and other productive activities in *Agnes Grey*. Emily Brontë’s *Wuthering Heights* is of course a different story. So while agreeing with Peters, we may also disagree, for when a woman ventures out to work, she should not be harassed and exploited, she should suitably be placed and her services be appropriated. But within the framework of the Brontë fiction the heroines for the most part are seen to be suffering and aching. But this does not happen in the world of Jane Austen. Her heroines live in elegant houses cramped with all sorts of luxuries and comforts. As George Sampson puts it, “Her [Jane Austen’s] world is comfortably off, and no one seems to work for a living.” With Charlotte’s and so also with Anne’s the situation is basically different. Lucy in *Villette* bewails and engages our sympathy, “I believe while I tremble, I trust while I weep.” She loves but herself remains unloved.

It is always essential that the two souls Paul and Lucy – in love should inevitably enjoy the bliss of marriage on earth. Love exists between them, and its spiritual and imaginative realization that it does exist is enough. Paul no doubt plans to make her his wife, but in the mean time he is sent out to the West Indies for three years. During all these years Lucy lives happily. She is practically in the emotional state of a loving, caring, expecting house-wife, who stands on the threshold with all preparations to receive her husband back.
home from far off land, "My school flourishes, my house is ready: I have made him a little library, filled ... with the books he left in my care: I have cultivated out of love for him ... the plants [and flowers] he preferred and some of them are yet in bloom." Lucy stands here as a virtuous wife whose likes and happiness are her husband's likes and happiness. It is not too far to look for a similar theme which assumes a different form and feeling in one of Charlotte Brontë's undated poems:

I will pluck the wild flower
On bank and on brae
At the still moonlight hour;
And will twine for him a wreath
Low in the fairy's dell,

The three years elapse. She exultantly awaits the arrival of the ship. The ship is mystified in the peril. Charlotte Brontë does not say that Paul is drowned. But the result we know is obvious. Cruel fate does not allow her wifely expectations to materialize. So she expresses the agony of her suffering soul rather sarcastically, "Let them [hostile people] picture union and a happy succeeding life." But in the poem she gives the agony a tranquillised expression in the solemn word: "Farewell", and yet does not forget to assert, "Sweet hope from my bosom shall never be banished." The mortal hope will put on immortality – it is not for earth, it is for heaven. With this hope she
would suffer agony of the terrestrial world without complaint, and would tend her soul to God for help:

God help me in my grievous need,
God help me in my inward pain;
Which cannot ask for pity's meed,
Which has no licence to complain.\(^{13}\)

The sisters were the most uncomplaining creatures to remain content with what fortune offered them, and were always willing to rectify and pay for the mistakes made. So are their heroines. In \textit{The Tenant}, Helen, the angel monitress, stands in the role of ‘mother’ to Huntingdon to reform him. She makes all possible efforts to make herself acceptable to him. She suffers the insufferable. Her soul is anguished and agonized. She often confides into her diary that her inner self is being dried up, withered and petrified. We are moved to feel that a hardness such as this is caused in her heart by rough experience and despair. This theme, of what experience does to a sweet, believing heart, occurs in Anne Brontë’s Poetry, notably in her ‘Self-Communion’, a poem on which she had worked simultaneously with \textit{The Tenant}. She does not slight the world outside her. She simply and painfully unlocks her heart to the world:

I see that time, and toil, and truth
An inward hardness can impart, -
Can freeze the generous blood of youth
And steel full fast the tender heart.\textsuperscript{14}

It is her personal experience universalised, feeling made thought. But then the steeled heart would not be without hope, the hope which always ensures it victory over despair in the Brontë poetry and fiction. It enlivens the steeled heart to the need of loving and being loved. The love so regenerated gives birth to faith. Now the trio of hope and love and faith the sisters believe can make life meaningful here and hereafter. But again, as the sisters lived and experienced, agony was the integral part of their life. More often than occasionally, it was agony which made in them the passion of love more intense and lovelier, a relationship of love that exists between two loving souls, and when sublimated, it exists between man and God.

Love was the greatest concern of the Brontë sisters. Without it they could not be what they wanted to be. "Love was the breath of life to Charlotte Brontë; the be-all and end-all of human life.\textsuperscript{15} We can extend this remark as applicable to Anne, and also to Emily but with a difference, for in the world of her \textit{Wuthering Heights} there could be marriage without love, and love without marriage. It is ultimately Heathcliff's world where he is the ultimate object of ultimate love. And Emily Brontë through the medium of Catherine aspires after that love. Her aspiring in the novel is full of spiritual agonies as her aspiring in her poetry. Though the passion of love described in the novels and the poems of the eldest and the youngest sister passes through a series of
emotional and spiritual agonies, they do not attain the height of Emily Brontë. Their emphasis is on the fact that love must station itself in the institution of marriage sanctioned by society and sanctified by God. Charlotte Brontë in the main champions this principle of love and marriage in the larger interest of women.

An unmarried woman was to the Victorian mind an incomplete and unnatural being who could often be viewed as a blight on creation. What the Victorians thought then sounds true today and would sound so possibly tomorrow, not only scripturally but biologically as well, for without love and marriage, with all the claims of feminism, she remains incomplete. Marriage for a woman, though not a profession, was and is a passport to financial security, respectability and worthy womanhood. So "the sole aim of every one of them is to be married, but the majority will never marry: they will die as they now live," for "the matrimonial market is overstocked." Charlotte sobs to see this pathetic situation.

Now for the marriageable women to be marketable in the matrimonial market two qualifications were required – they should be both beautiful and wealthy. If one was only beautiful and not rich or vice versa, she would be doomed. Now those of the second category assumed airs and made the most of their looks to compete with those of the first category for winning husbands in marriage. The elements of love and intellectual compatibility would all along
remain absent. It would then be a market for sale and purchase of interests, without any sense of soul-mating which might enable the couple to thrive in their married life.

Besides the women of the second category, there were women of a third category, who are never loved and married, and are rather despised by gentlemen because they find them neither pretty nor young, neither merry nor youthful. These single women who constitute a considerable number are called old maids: they are a class in themselves. Both Charlotte and Anne feel for their miserable lot. These women’s agony is something of the private predicament to them, but the spectacle that emerges marks a social stigma. As machines have replaced the poor proletariat, they have no place in employment market and so they suffer. Similarly, lack of physical beauty and attractiveness compounded with material poverty on their part does not allow the old maids any place in the matrimonial market. Because of the same deficiency again the happy and rich parents do not like to employ them as governesses. Charlotte Brontë bewails their lot:

Old maids, like the houseless and unemployed poor, should not ask for a place and occupation in the world: the demand disturbs the happy and the rich: it disturbs parents.¹⁷
59 Paul Tillich, *Dynamics of Faith*, p. 22.


61 Laurie Lanzen Harris, *Nineteenth-Century Literature Criticism*, vol. 3 (Detroit, Michigan: Gale Research Company Book Tower), p. 76.


73 "I Thessalonians" 5:18.

74 Charlotte Brontë to W. S. Williams, dated June 4, 1849.

75 Anne Brontë, *Poems*, pp. 149, 150.


direct solution to the malady; she leaves it with men who are for the most part masters of society. If men worked as per her appeal, the inferior status of women would considerably improve, and father would be proud of their daughters who would be their 'tenderest nurses in sickness; [and] most faithful prop in age.' The sisters had made their father proud of them by establishing their reputation as celebrated writers through perseverance, and by championing the women’s cause, though writing mostly in agony. So long as they lived they were their father's tenderest nurses in his old age. Her letter to William Smith Williams is quotable here:

Lonely as I am – how should I be if providence had not
Given me courage to adopt a career – perseverance to
plead ... ? how should I be with youth past, ... a resident
in a moorland parish where there is not a single educated family? In that case I should have no world at all; the raven, weary of surveying the deluge, and an arch to return to, would be my type. I wish all your daughters – I wish every woman in England had also a hope and a motive. Alas! There are many old maids who have neither.19

The letter though autobiographical is universal and objective in its total import. Charlotte Brontë’s tone in the letter is emotionally sad as in the novel on the theme. In the novel as she creates a fictional reality, in the letter she describes a social reality. But the degree of agony felt and described in both is equally stirring. Yet, in face of all agony, she does not forget to stress the need
of 'a hope and a motive' in women for their survival and success in society. But the question remains to be answered as to how many women could be novelists (like Brontë sisters), and how many of them could be lawyers and doctors when the employment opportunities would mostly be availed of by the sons of the soil. And, with hope and motive denied, old maids were the worst sufferers. Even the young and the beautiful ones needed preferential and ungrudging treatment from the masters of society. But the sisters themselves would not openly voice it, because they were women in a man-dominated society. The sisters then and Charlotte in the main would send to heaven a piercing cry for relief, as expressed in the letter to William Smith Williams:

One can see where the evil lies, but who can point out the remedy? When a woman has a little family to rear and educate and a household to conduct, her hands are full, her vocation is evident; her destiny isolates her, I suppose she must do what she can, complain as little, bear as much, work as well as possible. This is not a high theory, but I believe it is a sound practice, good to put into execution while philosophers and legislators ponder over the better ordering of social system. At the same time I conceive that when patience has done its utmost industry its best, whether in the case of women or operatives, when both are baffled, and pain and want triumph, the sufferer is free to, entitled at last, to send up to heaven any piercing cry for relief, if by that cry s(he) can hope to obtain succour.20
It is agony again which is the genesis of the pathetic intensity expressed in the epistle above. While voicing the inability of women, she is also advocating and crying for women's cause through epistles to her publishers and in the exclamations of her heroines. The two younger sisters did not feel the need to write separately to the publishers because they shared her views in unison, and moreover she was their guardian figure. Nor do we have hungry operatives in them, except in Charlotte Brontë. As operatives' existence is dependent on masters, so also women's existence is dependent on men. And this is their inability, a sort of predicament from which, Charlotte says, they cannot get themselves absolved until a better ordering of social system is affected. Till then – especially women – should afford to work ungrudgingly. And if patience fails, they should cry their heart out to heaven for help, if that cry could help. Anne Brontë too, as does Charlotte Brontë, believes it helps. We see how Helen reposes in agony her trust in heaven, "Surely God in his mercy will preserve me from so severe a trial,"21 a trial for her acquittal from the bondage of her inhuman husband. And therefore, it would not be unfair for us to surmise that the sisters were consciously or unconsciously influenced by the following stirring words written in agony by Wollstonecraft:

Gracious Creator of the whole human race! hast thou Created such a being as woman ... who can believe that she was only made to submit to man, her equal, a being, who like her, was sent into the world to acquire virtue? – can she consent to be occupied merely to
please him; merely to adorn the earth when her soul is capable of rising thee? – and can she rest supinely dependent on man for reason, when she ought to mount with him the arduous steeps of knowledge?  

The rhetorical question so posed deftly affirms that woman, like man, her equal, was sent into the world, not just to submit to him, but to acquire virtue, because she is equally capable of acquiring it. Because she is virtuous, her soul can tend itself upwards to God and therefore she is not only a show-piece to beautify the world and gratify the pleasures of her man. She is not just a dependant on him, but an equal partner with him to scale the heights of knowledge, and especially of reason, which is the gift of heaven. But the important thing to mark here is that the affirmation is a cry in agony; it is not without tears, because as Wollstonecraft seems to be feeling, woman is not born so as she is made by man. God creates woman, and civilization makes her inferior to man whose mother she is. It was intolerable as with Wollstonecraft so with the Brontë sisters. And so Charlotte had to write again in pain:

Your daughters – no more than your sons – should be burden on your heads. Your daughters – as much as your sons – should aim at making their way honourably through life. Do not wish to keep them at home.  

Women – as men do – should stir out of the confinement of home, and make the best use of their energy and talent, to ease their emotional, spiritual
and socio-economic agonies. When so eased, then only will they realise in them the presence of the virtuosity granted to them by God, and will consequently cease to be ‘burden’ on men. Charlotte Brontë would again say:

I will travel away, far away,
Where the dream in the darkness lie shrouded
    and grey.
Time shall not chain me,
Place not restrain me,
Mind is no matter, soul is not clay.  

And so in unison would also do Emily:

Come, walk with me;
There’s only thee
To bless my spirit now;  

For the Brontë sisters, the meaning and justification of life lay in actively living it. It was their nature and necessity that always propelled them to be on the move. If on one hand they viewed themselves as such reality as ‘mind and soul’ existing irrespective of time and space, on the other they also had to remain sensitive to the phenomenal world to meet their material needs. The well-being of the incorporeal, they knew and we know, is dependent upon the well-being of the corporeal. And hence the struggle of the ‘Unquiet Souls’.
Thinking deep into their physical and spiritual agonies, Matthew Arnold rightly writes of them:

Unquiet souls!
- In the dark fermentation of earth.
In the never idle workshop of nature,
In the eternal movement,
Ye shall find yourselves again!^{26}

The lines quoted above are the concluding lines from ‘Haworth Churchyard’, a poem which Arnold was moved to compose in April 1855, after Charlotte Brontë’s death on the 31st March of the same year.

But so long as they lived, life for them was a continual struggle for survival and independence. To fulfil this demand the sisters had to venture out, but the quest for a befitting occupation, as we have seen in the preceding chapter, was a difficult task. In the process they had to bear the pangs of parting and separation from each other. Though it would be only a temporal and temporary parting, the sisters could not endure such pangs of breaking up. Home-sickness disrupted their zeal and enthusiasm to pursue their career and interest. The sight of a simple flower as the ‘bluebell’ excited the nostalgic feelings in Anne Brontë and in sadness she would express:

Oh, that lone flower recalled to me
My happy childhood’s hours,
When bluebells seemed like fairy gifts,
A prize among the flowers.

The 'bluebell' is an ordinary flower, which becomes a symbol of their childhood happiness. So it was much prized. Perhaps this flower grew in plenty in Haworth. The sight of this familiar flower evoked the memories of home and she further expresses:

Those sunny days of merriment
When heart and soul were free,
And when I dwelt with kindred hearts
That loved and cared for me. 27

The time spent at home were her gayest days. It was the 'sunny days of merriment', because her heart and soul were free from worries and cares of life. As the youngest child in the family she was showered with love and affection. The recollection of her by-gone days made her sad and lonely.

Emily Brontë also expresses her nostalgic feelings excited by the bluebell. She dedicated two of her poems, 'The Bluebell' composed in December 18, 1838 and 'To a Bluebell', composed on 9th May, 1839. This particular flower seemed to be her favourite one as she calls it 'the sweetest flower':

The bluebell is the sweetest flower
That waves in summer air;
Its blossoms have the mightiest power
To soothe my spirit's care.

It is not only beautiful to the eye of the beholder but it also has the 'mightiest power' to soothe the spirit. It naturally acted as a balm to her ailing spirit and eased her form her nostalgia. In the concluding lines she mournfully expresses:

How do I yearn, how do I pine
For the time of flowers to come,
And turn me from that fading shine
To mourn the fields of home. 28

Emily Brontë yearns for its blooming season to come though it causes her to mourn the fields of home. John Hewish remarked that this stanza "seems to clinch the connection between the exile of the seasons and the exile of home." 29 Having written in the coldest season of the year, she yearned for spring and summer, and at the same time also for her home.

The sense of isolation was so intense in them that despite their best effort to fight it out and endure their routine life, they failed miserably. As the Parsonage was isolated from the main habitation of Haworth, the Brontë children were thrown upon themselves. As a result, they developed a strong bond of love and friendship among themselves. In course of time, when
situation compelled them to break up, they suffered from excruciating pangs of separation. Anne Brontë mournfully expresses:

There is a friendly roof I know
Might shield me from the wintry blast;
There is a fire whose ruddy glow
Will cheer me for my wanderings past.

Anne Brontë calls her home ‘a friendly roof’ because a pleasant atmosphere prevailed there. It was a home where love and understanding flowed abundantly. She is confident enough that it would shield her from the wintry blast. The ‘wintry blast’ could have a double meaning, signifying the cold seasonal cycle and the disgusting cold human relationship which she experienced with her employers. Her home alone could shield and protect her so that she would enjoy the warmth of the fire as well as the warmth of their love. Her only consolation is

Though far I roam, that thought shall be
My hope, my comfort, everywhere,
While such a home remains to me.
My heart shall never know despair!³⁰

Anne Brontë is certain that no matter how far away she was from home, the memory would be a source of hope and comfort that such love and enjoyment awaited her. She had such hope in her earthly home as well as in her heavenly
home. When such joy and comfort lay in store for her, she would not allow despair to conquer her.

As governesses, the sisters lived with the rich and wealthy families like the Inghams, the Sidgwicks and the Robinsons. Though they lived in beautiful houses, they experienced disrespect and were not happy. This theme finds its fullest expression in the novels. They would naturally express their longing for their home:

Restore to me that little spot,
With grey walls compassed round,
Where knotted grass neglected lies,
And weeds usurp the ground.

The Parsonage was not an attractive house. The compound was also unkempt but she would still like to go back home because home is home, a place of sweetness, love and affection. She therefore states that

Though all around this mansion high
Invites the foot to roam.
And though its halls are fair within –
Oh, give me back my HOME.31
The ‘mansion high’ or the palatial house could not attract them because of the hollowness of its inhabitants. The outward beauty did not charm them and in agony Anne Brontë would cry, ‘Oh give me back my home.’

Emily Brontë too shared the same feeling and experience as did Anne. She suffered from homesickness. She could not forget her home. She recollects:

There is a spot `mid barren hills
Where winter howls and driving rain,
But if the dreary tempest chills
There is a light that warms again.

The house is old, the trees are bare
And moonless bends the misty dome
But what on earth is half so dear.
So longed for as the hearth of home?32

Emily Brontë gives a detailed description of the Parsonage set against the background of winter. It was an old house situated amid barren hills and it is said that “whether the sun shines, or there is snow or rain, there is always a wind at Haworth.”33 The wind chills the whole atmosphere but the hearth of home remains always bright and warm.
Emily Brontë could not get her mind out of the moorland. It haunted her everywhere. The Parsonage, beside the moorland, was located at the highest point of the Haworth peak. In the front view "it faced down into Haworth but at the back it looked over the miles of open moorland where Yorkshire meets Lancashire." Emily was always under the spell of this moorland. Juliet Barker remarks that "to those who love bleak and dramatic scenery there is something almost heart-wrenching in the beauty of the sweep of moorlands round Haworth." The call of the moor was too powerful for her to resist, and in agony she would cry:

For the moors, for the moors where the short grass
Like velvet beneath us should lie!
For the moors, for the moors where each high pass
Rose sunny against the clear sky!

For the moors, where the linnet was trilling
Its song on the old granite stone;
Where the lark – the wild sky-lark was filling
Every breast with delight like its own.

Emily Brontë loved the moorland passionately. It was too beautiful for her to forget. The short grass is compared to velvet. It was enchantingly beautiful with the songs of birds like the linnet, the lark and the skylark. The beauty is not only visual but audiovisual. Charlotte writes: "My sister Emily loved the moors ... flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath.
for her: out of a sullen hollow in a livid hillside her mind could make an Eden.\textsuperscript{37} Emily had already created a very beautiful picture of the moors in her mind and this remained in her forever. She expresses her desire to go back to her moors, where she could live in close association with nature and vegetate as nature itself does.

Charlotte Brontë also expresses her love for her native land. She had seen many beautiful places with sweet fragrant flowers, fountain springs, melodious songs of the birds but nothing could be better than her native hill:

\begin{quote}
Though its barren, lonely wildness
Every heart with dread might chill;
Though beneath no heaven of mildness,
Yet I love my native hill.\textsuperscript{38}
\end{quote}

All the three sisters gave a similar description of the Parsonage as – barren, lonely, chilly and so on, but despite these deficiencies, they still loved their home. In Charlotte’s younger days ambition ruled over her and she wanted to leave her home and venture out, but experience taught her a lesson and so she regrets later:

\begin{quote}
Long ago I wished to leave
‘The house where I was born’;
Long ago I used to grieve,
My home seemed so forlorn
\end{quote}
In other years, its silent rooms
Were filled with haunting fears;
Now, their very memory comes
O’er charged with tender tears.\(^{39}\)

Charlotte Brontë was then low-spirited, pining for the loss. She realised nothing could compensate or substitute her home and its people. Now the house has become empty and the silent rooms grieve her and their memory fills her with tears. In ‘The Teacher’s Monologue’ she again expresses her nostalgic feelings –

\[
\text{Sweet dreams of home my heart may fill,}
\text{That home where I am known and loved;}
\text{It lies beyond, yon azure brow}
\text{Parts me from all Earth holds for me;}
\text{And, morn and eve, my yearnings flow}
\text{Thitherward tending, changelessly.}
\text{My happiest hours, ay! all the time,}
\text{I love to keep in memory.}
\text{Lapsed among moors, ere life’s first prime}
\text{Decayed to dark anxiety.}^{40}
\]

In this stanza Charlotte Brontë, like Emily and Anne, expresses her longing for home. It is the only place where she is known and loved. She wanted to preserve the childhood happiness in her memory.
Throughout their stay outside their home, their minds were filled with nostalgic feelings and their longing for re-union grew intense and they were in emotional agony. For Charlotte and Anne, a good number of their poems express their agony in frustrations of love but they differ in nature. While Charlotte mourned for unrequited love, Anne mourned the untimely death of a lover. Charlotte fell in love with her teacher Constantin Heger. Perhaps it was a deep infatuation for his qualities, for “he was a gifted teacher, knowledgeable and insightful, appreciative of his serious students, responsive to their intellectual and emotional requirement.” Her feelings for him were very intense but he did not reciprocate, for he was already a married man with children. Failing to get any attention from him she expressed her frustrations:

He was mute as is the grave, he stood stirless as a tower;
At last I looked up, and saw I prayed to stone:
I asked help of that which, to help had no power,
I sought love where love was utterly unknown.

Charlotte Brontë desperately sought for his help and his love but he remained as silent as the grave and as motionless as a tower. Her endeavours to win his love were futile. He was like a non-living object. She writes:

Idolator I kneeled to an idol cut in rock!
I might have slashed my flesh and drawn my heart’s best blood:
The Granite God had felt no tenderness, no shock; 
My Baal had not seen nor heard nor under 
stood.42

Charlotte compares him to Baal, an idol worshipped in Canaan. The idol god cannot see, hear nor feel the penance made by the penitent. Similarly, he did not understand her. Like the idol god he was mute, devoid of sense and feelings for her. Charlotte’s description is fitting to David’s description of Baal:

But their idols are silver and gold made by the hand of man 
They have mouths, but cannot speak, eyes but they cannot see. 
They have ears, but cannot hear, noses, but they cannot smell. 
They have hands, but cannot feel, feet, but they cannot walk; 
nor can they utter a sound with their throats.43

Unable to get any sympathy she cried in agony and exasperation. We see her wrenching herself in wrenching emotional agony:

Oh! Love was all a thin illusion; 
Joy but the desert’s flying stream; 
And glancing back on long delusion 
My memory grasps a hollow dream.44

After the passing storms of love, she came to her senses. She realised that love was just an illusion and she had deluded herself too long in the
hollow dream. She had wasted her time, strength and energy in a useless attempt. In her later life she repented for her injudicious act and confessed to Ellen Nussey, "I returned to Brussels after aunt's death against my conscience, prompted by what then seemed an irresistible impulse. I was punished for my selfish folly by a total withdrawal for more than two years of happiness and peace of mind." Whatever be the source of love, it was a bitter experience and she suffered much from it. She cries in agony:

I have been but they transient flower,
Thou wert my god divine;
Till checked by death's congealing power
This heart must throb for thine.

The stanza expresses her agony in love for the man she loved, and by extension and sublimation to the God of love that she loved. For when the soul suffers for the communion with God, the soul is in agony.

For Anne Brontë, her love poems are a lament on the death of William Weightman. Before their love blossomed, Weightman died. Anne poignantly expresses her unfulfilled love and sorrow in such a number of poems as the following:

I know that in the narrow tomb
The form I loved was buried deep,
And left in silence and in gloom
To slumber out its dreamless sleep.

Anne knew that Weightman was buried in a narrow tomb; whenever she sees the tomb she is reminded of him and is filled with sorrow and sadness. The dead lies in silence and gloom and in eternal slumber. The only reminder left of him is

A few cold words on yonder stone,
A corpse as cold as they can be;
Vain words and mouldering dust, alone,-
Can this be all that's left of thee?  

Anne Brontë had nothing left of him but an epitaph inscribed on the cold tomb and the memories. She could not believe that her dreams and plans had ended with his death. Fighting the pain and sorrow she would console herself and say:

If I may ne'er behold again
That form and face so dear to me,
Nor hear thy voice, still would I fain
Preserve for aye their memory.  

Anne Brontë knew that she would never see him or hear him again on earth, so she would preserve him in her memories and would meet him, perhaps in heaven.
The death of Weightman was profoundly mourned. It was a great loss because she had lost in him a comforter, a guide and a faithful friend. In agony she would accept the inevitable:

With none to comfort, none to guide,
And none to strengthen me,
Since thou, my only friend, hast died,
I've pined to follow thee.
Since thou hast died! And did he live
What comfort would his counsel give
To one forlorn like me?49

Anne grieved his death. There was nothing that could replace him or fill the void left by him. It is the living who has to bear the pain of loneliness and emptiness. Anne had to lament his death till the end of her life. By immortalizing him into her sweet, shapely verses, she would relieve herself of the harrowing emotional agony and reach a state of spiritual serenity. If recollecting of him was rage, writing of him was peace. Both of them together could now be viewed as canonized in love. But so long as she lived after his death, the theme of unrequited love haunted her until it reached sublimation in her poetry of faith.

The subject of loneliness, partings and death are a recurrent theme in their poems. Sickness and death afflicted the family. The untimely death of their mother and their two eldest sisters — Maria and Elizabeth — was a great
blow to the family. The gloom and darkness hovered in their mind. Charlotte poignantly states:

When the death in their cold graves are lying
Asleep, to wake never again;
When past are their smiles and their sighing
Oh! Why should their memories remain?

Though she loved the departed souls, their memory brought her only pain and agony. To think of those persons whom she could not see again brought her misery alone, but in ‘Presentiment’ while mourning the death of Emma she sees a ray of hope in life after death.

The snow will whiten earth again,
But Emma comes no more;
She left, ‘mid winter’s sleet and rain,
This world for Heaven’s far shore.
On Beulah’s hills she wanders now,
On Eden’s tranquil plain;
To her shall Jane hereafter go,
She ne’er shall come to Jane!

The world keeps on moving. The season keeps on changing. The entire natural world with its natural objects is in a state of flux. They are always on the move and meet decay. They are all temporal. Opposed to the temporal is the eternal which has neither beginning nor end. Emma has left the temporal world for the
eternal. Though the theme of the poem is death it ends in hope. Charlotte says that Emma has left this world for Heaven’s far shore and is wandering on ‘Beulah’s hill’ and ‘Eden’s tranquil plain’. They symbolise paradise, the heavenly abode for the souls.

Emily Brontë also expresses her agony, for the memory of the dead always disturbed her. She could not even enjoy her sleep;

Sleep bring no rest to me;
The shadows of the dead
My waking eyes may never see
Surround my bed.52

The vision of death made her sad and lonely. ‘My waking eyes may never see’ is a pathetic expression. As a mystic, with her eyes closed, she could experience the presence of the departed souls. It is however, a total experience of grief which reaches the climax of emotional intensity in mourning the death. It is not only the death in the family but the sight of the churchyard also would remind them of the helpless state of mankind, for the corporeal world is ceaselessly subject to ‘Time and Death and Mortal pain.’ And so she would burst into the following terms:

I see around me tombstone grey
Stretching their shadows far away.
Beneath the turf my footsteps tread
Lie low and lone the silent dead;
Beneath the turf, forever cold,
And my eyes cannot hold the tears
That memory hoards from vanished years;
For Time and Death and Mortal pain
Give wounds that will not heal again.\(^53\)

The gloom of the graveyard loomed large on the Parsonage. The picture of death haunted her persistently because “the view from her nursery window was of this graveyard and afterwards that nursery was her bedroom. And she saw this churchyard and the tombs and the everlasting moors beyond it.\(^54\) The tombstone thus was a regular reminder of the brevity of human life as well as of the loved ones who were enclosed in it ‘beneath the turf’ and ‘beneath the mould’ in the cold and dark. The remembrance of the dead brings tears to the eyes, consequently she had to live in agony. The death scene is poignantly expressed again:

I dream of moor, and misty hill,
Where evening gathers, dark and chill,
For, lone, among the mountains cold
Lie those that I have loved of old,
And my heart aches, in speechless pain,
Exhausted with repinings vain,
That I shall see them ne’er again.
Emily grieved for the physical parting but she is full of hope for the soul, for she is fully convinced that the soul would not perish with the flesh;

    O not for them should we despair;
The grave is drear, but they are not there:
Their dust is mingled with the sod;
Their happy souls are gone to God.55

These lines speak of Emily's faith. Only a believer could be so sure and definite and could have such an unquestioning faith.

She rejoices in the immortality of the soul, for if the corporeal is perishable, the incorporeal she believes is imperishable. And the incorporeal that lies within is both human and divine and the former is lighted by the latter. Only a person of faith realizes this truth. But so long as a person of faith hungers only and fails to participate in the divine, he experiences rage and agony and alienation. Emily expresses her conviction in a state of anguish:

    Deep down – concealed within my soul
    That light lies hid from men
    Yet glows unquenched though shadows roll.56

The themes which the sisters delved deeply are subjects like 'life' and 'death'. Death however, as they realized, is not a terror, for death is the gateway or entry to the eternal life. The cessation of the physical body is the
beginning of the eternal life. Though the sisters lament death and express the bitterness of it, yet they were not afraid of such an end, for the sisters experienced an unbroken chain between life here and life hereafter. Emily breathlessly expresses this truth time and again in her poems and stands convinced of an uninterrupted continuity between life and death. We change but we do not die. And change for the better is and should be the principle governing life.

Having been brought up in a strict evangelical background, the sisters suffered when they went outside the realms of their religion and conscience. Charlotte Brontë confesses that her mind often wandered far away from God, if she went outside her particular faith. The deviation would turn her anguished and unquiet.

Tempted by a false prospect of her marriage with St. John, but later disillusioned, Jane in *Jane Eyre* confessed her guilt, “Religion called – Angels beckoned – God commanded – life rolled together like scroll – death’s gates opening, shewed eternity beyond: it seemed, that for safety and bliss there, all her might be sacrificed in a moment.” It is a call of conscience coming from the heart, which saved her. But the whole utterance unlocks her emotional and spiritual agony in an agitated but controlled language. Back to the God of her conviction, she realized the truth: “The dim room was full of visions.” She sacrificed her ‘self-interest’ rather than her soul. Jane thus emulated her creator
Charlotte Brontë, who recognized: "The right path is that which necessitates the greatest sacrifice of self-interest." The 'self-interest' stands for our sensuous passion for all that the beautiful visible world offers us, and the sacrifice of the sensuous passion is never without pain and agony. This is what Charlotte Brontë experienced when her passionate love for Heger remained unrequited.

The same situation she describes in the following lines where she expresses the 'same voice' of conscience washing away 'a hundred hidden sins.'

Again I find myself alone, and ever
The same voice like an oracle begins
Its vague and mystic strain, forgetting never
Reproaches for a hundred hidden sins,
And setting mournful penances in sight
Terrors and tears for many a watchful night.

Charlotte Brontë faced 'Reproaches for a hundred hidden sins.' Such reproaches restrained her wandering thoughts from committing sins. She yielded to the rebuke of the great voice of God. All through the night she did penance, and repented for her sins. She was an erring child, who attempted to reform herself and go back to the God of her religion;

Oh! it longed for holier fire
Than this spark in earthly shrine:
Oh! it soared, and higher, higher,
Sought to reach a home divine.
Hopeless quest! Soon weak and weary
Flagged the pinion, drooped the plume,
And again in sadness dreary
Came the baffled wanderer home. 60

The soul longed for the purging fire to cleanse her from all uncleanness. In all her imperfection she wanted to reach the perfection, soaring higher and higher. Though it seems to be a hopeless quest, and though she is weak and weary and often loses all strength, yet, her attempt is to reach the divine. And the ascent is always fraught with rage and agony, mostly spiritual.

Living in a sinful world they were subjected to trials and temptation, sometimes they even doubted their belief. Anne expresses her moments of weakness;

Often in my wild impatience
I have lost my trust in Heaven,
And my soul has tossed and struggled
Like a vessel tempest-driven.

Anne Brontë is remorseful for her impatience and unbelief. She was tossed like a vessel by the tempest of life. Often her faith wavered and so she repents her loss of trust:
When from nights of restless tossing,
Days of gloom and pining care,
Pain and weakness still increasing
Seem to whisper, ‘Death is near’.

This is a defeatist tendency which takes over us in our weak moments. And so she continues:

... I almost bid him welcome
knowing He would bring release,
Weary of their restless struggle
Longing to repose in peace - 61

Life was full of pain and weakness, that seemed to be ever increasing. When there was so much gloom her only refuge seemed to be death. She believed that death would release her from physical suffering of life. Death does so. But as long as one lives, one should live heroically with God overhead. And this is the true Christian spirit.

The sisters felt imprisoned psychologically as well as spiritually by the sufferings of life. The physical world with all its environment appeared to be as hostile as the prison to them. Imprisonment – physical, psychological or spiritual is a central thematic metaphor in the Victorian fiction in general and in the Brontës’ fiction and poetry in particular. Dickens’s characters, specially
his women characters, such as Rose in *Oliver Twist* and Louisa in *Hard Times*, to name only a few, feel strangled in a murky and mercenary male-dominated society. And so they yearn for release and liberation into a freer, healthier and lovelier milieu. With the Brontë heroines the confinement is still more harrowing. And so we hear from Michael Wheeler the following words: “In the Brontë novels the physical confinement of the heroine often reflects her spiritual imprisonment in a hostile environment which is shaped and controlled by men. Whereas Charlotte’s female pilgrims in a barren land seek a limited freedom within the bonds of Christian doctrine and ethics, Emily Brontë’s *Wuthering Heights* presents a more radical attempt to achieve liberation from a confining, vindictively judgemental religious scheme.”

The worldly milieu did not have much to offer them except pain and sorrow. When there was nothing to attract them it is quite natural that they shifted their attention to God. In the midst of sufferings it was God to whom they could turn and from whom they could seek help and relief. They sought for liberation in Him as they were wearied and worn out. Charlotte Brontë in anguish expresses:

Weary at last of ever onward hasting,

Finding no resting place,

Weary of grinding earth, of wildly wasting,

Like dust, the human race.
Charlotte Brontë was tired of the life’s journey. She was also tired of the ‘grinding earth’ which signifies the continuous hardship. She, therefore, longs for rest and liberty. Emily Brontë also yearned for liberty. She says:

And if I pray, the only prayer that moves my lips for me
Is—“Leave the heart that now I bear
And give me liberty.

Yes, as my swift days near their goal
’Tis all that I implore—
Through life and death, a chainless soul
with courage to endure!”

Emily loved liberty and she prayed for it. She was aware of her numbered days but she would still ask for the same. Liberation can mean two things, “Liberation suggests a pessimistic or unfavourable attitude to this world … at the same time liberation is a release into something better and greater.” Emily’s longing for liberation is not in the form of rejection, rejecting the world of suffering or with an attitude of hostility but with a wish to attain something better, higher and superior. Emily Brontë by nature is a lover of liberty and solitude. She is filled with joy in imagining that she is only a spirit without form and body, enjoying freedom:

I’m happiest when most away
I can bear my soul from its home of clay
On a windy night when the moon is bright
And the eye can wander through worlds of light -
When I am not and none beside –
Nor earth nor sea nor cloudless sky –
But only spirit wandering wide
Through infinite immensity. 66

This eight-line-poem expresses her intense yearning for liberty. She goes through a mystical experience. In a trance-like state she releases her spirit from her body and allows it to wander ‘through infinite immensity.’ In the process she tries to unite her spirit with the infinite. This experience is the happiest one and places her in an ecstatic state. Throughout her life she sought liberty. The highest point of her agony for liberty is to escape from this world, like Catherine’s in Wuthering Heights. Catherine admits and discloses:

And the thing that irks me most is this shattered prison after all. I’m tired of being enclosed here. I’m wearying to escape into that glorious world, and to be always there, not seeing it dimly through the walls of an aching heart, but really with it and in it ... I shall be incomparable beyond and above you all. 67

Catherine calls her body a shattered prison. She wants to liberate her spirit which is imprisoned in her body. Catherine is sick and tired of the miseries of this world. Her dreams and wishes are for the glorious world. She is in haste
but is not able to release herself, thus she is in agony. The same feeling is expressed in ‘The Death of A.G. A’, which is supposed to be the longest poem of Emily Brontë. She writes:

Angelica, from my very birth
I have been nursed in strife:
And lived upon this weary Earth
A wanderer, all my life. 68

Emily did not feel at home on this earth. She was a stranger and wanderer throughout her life, yearning for her true home. This caused a conflict between her soul and her body. When she is in such a state she cannot enjoy and in sorrow she implores, and rhetorically questions:

What bird can soar with broken wing?
What heart can bleed and joy the while? 69

Emily Brontë compares herself to a captive who is confined in a dungeon. The captive in sorrow cannot smile. She again compares herself to a bird with a broken wing. Though the wounded bird wants to soar, she stays fluttering only. These lines expose the state of her mind. Imprisoned and helpless, her only wish is liberty:

Ah! Could my hand unlock its chain,
How gladly would I watch it soar;
And ne’er regret and ne’er complain
To see its shining eyes no more.

Emily Brontë is in agony because she cannot ‘unlock its chain’. Had it been in her capacity to release her soul, she could liberate it and watch it soar away. Emily further consoles herself that our spirit would not always remain confined, for this is the spiritual law of nature. And so she writes:

But let me think that if to-day
It pines in cold captivity,
To-morrow both shall soar away
Eternally, entirely Free.\(^70\)

Captivity is therefore time-bound. When the flesh dies, the spirit will be liberated, and this liberation would make man ‘Eternally’ and ‘entirely’ free beyond the grip of time and space. Emily further adds,

I’ll not weep that thou are going to leave me,
There’s nothing lovely here;
And doubly will the dark world grieve me
While thy heart suffers there.

The dark grim world was not attractive to Emily as it has nothing to offer her. And “death, for her, was not annihilation but a positive force.”\(^71\) So she would not weep for the dead:
So, if a tear, when thou are dying,
Should haply fall from me,
It is but that soul is sighing
To go and rest with thee.\textsuperscript{72}

The tears that she sheds would not mean mourning for death but tears of joy for liberation, a wish to be united with the Universal soul, and enjoy freedom.

Like Emily Brontë, Anne Brontë also felt chained. She expressed her downcast feelings and expresses her agony;

How can I rouse my sinking soul
From such a lethargy?
How can it break these iron chains
And set my spirit free?\textsuperscript{73}

Here again is the picture of a prisoner in chains. Anne does not know how to liberate herself. She wanted to break free from all entanglement. In the poem ‘The Arbour’ also she conveys the same experience:

And winter’s chill is on my heart –
How can I dream of future bliss?
How can my spirit soar away,
Confined by such a chain as this?\textsuperscript{74}
The suffering in their lives sometimes prevented the soul to think of the future bliss. Anne longed to be free from the bondage and liberate her soul. In 'The Captive Dove', again the theme is imprisonment. This has some of the autobiographical elements. Anne means herself to be a captive dove which is a metaphor of the soul suffering in captivity. Just as the dove suffers in the cage, so does Anne suffer in this world. The dove prepares to fly but it cannot come out of its cage. So its attempt is useless;

In vain – in vain – Thou canst not rise;
Thy prison roof confines thee there;
Its slender wires delude thine eyes,
And quench thy longings with despair. 

Anne Brontë wanted to escape from the suffering of this world but she could not escape, so she had to resign herself to her fate and destiny and suffer in silence. Thus, her heart experienced agony.

Though loneliness, frustrations in love, and sickness and death tossed them from every direction, they were not disheartened. Such bitter experience rather steeled and directed them to turn to God for help and guidance. Through the emotional and physical thorns they found God in their lives. They had hope that the loving Lord alone could deliver them from their physical bondage and save them from the fallen world. Anne Brontë declares her trusts;
How, if a sparrow’s death can wring
Such bitter tear – floods from the eye,
Will it behold the suffering
Of struggling, lost humanity?
The torturing pain, the pining grief,
The sin – degraded misery,
The anguish that defies relief?\(^{76}\)

God who loves even the sparrow would not bear to see the suffering of His children. He is a loving God who understands the pain and sorrow of His children. To such a God, Emily Brontë also confirms her faith:

O I would give my heart to death,
To keep my honour fair
Yet, I’ll not give my inward faith
My Honour’s name to spare – \(^{77}\)

Emily Brontë is willing to give up everything, including her heart to death, but she is sure of herself that she would not give up her inward faith, for faith is the force and strength of her life. She would guard her inward faith with all her life and might. She was a dauntless heart given to God.

Though life was hard on them, yet the Brontë sisters knew that one day or the other not only they, but even “the creation itself will be liberated from its bondage to decay and brought into the glorious freedom of the children of God.”\(^{78}\) Therefore, the sorrow and agony they continually experienced did not
defeat them, rather they courageously tried to overcome them. The source of their courage was generated from the perennial source of their faith which flowed like a fountain. This living water flowed from their heart, ceaselessly giving them strength and hope. Like the apostle Paul, they seem to be saying, “We are hard pressed on every side, but not crushed; perplexed, but not in despair, persecuted but not abandoned; struck down but not destroyed.”

The suffering and misfortune, though agonised them, yet positively made them stronger individuals, and gave them a better and newer understanding of life to come, a life of faith to be nurtured on faith. Charlotte Brontë expresses her personal conviction that man under all circumstances is sure to secure his freedom from the captivity:

His dreams are of some other world,
His mighty soul is free;
His spirit’s pinions all unfurled
Rise high in radiancy. 80

Even in an era of doubt and unbelief the sisters held on to the fountain of their faith, for the sea of faith then seemed to be receding. And with this in mind, I open the succeeding chapter on ‘A fountain of faith.’
AGONY : NOTES AND REFERENCES

1 Emily Jane Brontë, Poems, p. 68.


3 "Psalms" 23:4

4 Shirley, p. 128.

5 Ibid., p. 414.


8 Villette, p. 350.

9 Ibid., p. 480.


11 Villette, p. 481.


13 Ibid., p. 23.

14 Anne Brontë, Poems, p. 136.


16 Shirley, p. 377.

17 Ibid., p. 377.

18 Ibid., pp. 378-79.


21 *The Tenant*, p. 327.

22 *A Vindication*, p. 67.


26 Matthew Arnold, 'Haworth Churchyard', ll. 135-139.


30 Anne Brontë, *Poems*, pp. 43 and 44.


32 Emily Jane Brontë, *Poems*, p. 94.


40 Ibid., pp. 51, 52.


42 Charlotte Brontë, Poems, p. 221.

43 “Psalms” 115: 4-7

44 Charlotte Brontë, Poems, p. 25.

45 “Charlotte Brontë to Ellen Nussey, October 14, 1846”. In Helene Moglen, Charlotte Brontë: The Self Conceived (Madison, WI: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1984), p. 64.


47 Anne Brontë, Poems, pp. 116 and 118.

48 Ibid., p. 129.

49 Ibid., p. 63.

50 Charlotte Brontë, Poems, p. 146.

51 Ibid., p. 47.

52 Emily Brontë, Poems, p. 54.

53 Ibid., p. 166.


56 Ibid., p. 196.

57 Jane Eyre, p. 534.

58 Elizabeth Gaskell, cited above, p. 276.
59 Tom Winnifrith (ed.), *The Poems of Charlotte Brontë*, cited above, p. 204.


64 Emily Jane Brontë, *Poems*, p. 163.


78 “Romans” 8: 20-21.

79 “II Corinthians” 4:8-9.