

Who said it ?

Draw lines connecting the spoken words below to the person who says them.

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



A female curate, who is not my wife, would never suit me. With me, then, it seems, you cannot go.



I am not an angel, and I will not be one till I die: I will be myself.



You too have power over me, and may injure me: yet I dare not show you where I am vulnerable, lest, faithful and friendly as you are, you should transfix me at once.



All liars will have their portion in the lake burning with fire and brimstone.



Whenever I marry, I am resolved my husband shall not be a rival, but a foil to me.

