

Guilt is a corrosive toxin tainting the mind and rusting shut the hinges to truth, serenity, reason, and soul.

And all this time, perchance, when poor Mr. Dimmesdale was thinking of his grave, he questioned with himself whether the grass would ever grow on it, because an accursed thing must there be buried (95).

“And now through the chamber which these spectral thoughts had made so ghastly, glided Hester Prynne, leading along little pearl, in her scarlet garb, and painting her forefinger, first at the scarlet letter on her bosom, and then at the clergyman’s own breast.”