

— in the con-
 dned, wasted,
 sinful passion,
 f a heart un-
 ough, — came
 y they were so
 Hester com-
 est she might.
 belief, that, at
 world should
 's own time, a
 rder to estab-
 an and woman
 iness. Earlier
 l that she her-
 etess, but had
 bility that any
 truth should
 ith sin, bowed
 ed with a life-
 postle of the
 an, indeed, but
 ise, moreover,
 nereal medium
 t love should
 of a life suc-

anced her sad
 r. And, after

The Scarlet Letter 381

many, many years, a new grave was delved, near an old and sunken one, in that burial-ground beside which King's Chapel has since been built. It was near that old and sunken grave, yet with a space between, as if the dust of the two sleepers had no right to mingle. Yet one tombstone served for both. All around, there were monuments carved with armorial bearings; and on this simple slab of slate — as the curious investigator may still discern, and perplex himself with the purport — there appeared the semblance of an engraved escutcheon. It bore a device, a herald's wording of which might serve for a motto and brief description of our now concluded legend; so sombre is it, and relieved only by one ever-glowing point of light gloomier than the shadow: —

“ON A FIELD, SABLE, THE LETTER A, GULES.”

