

CHAPTER XLIII.

HAVILAND'S PRINCIPLE.

The final step in the progression of influences was, strange to say, a dream. Our residence was then on Grosvenor street,—a Florid Gothic one after the model of Desdemona's House in Venice. My own little room was fitted up in a Moorish fashion.

After the scene with Quinet on Prospect Point, I sat up till a late hour, for I found a letter from Grace, telling jocularly of their journey just commenced in the delightful Old World, and seriously of Alexandra's ambitions. I sat thinking with my arms folded on the table till I fell asleep. Then I felt at first that I was lifted up on the Mountain again, and leaving that presently, was carried out into space far away among the stars. Phosphorescent mists and cloud masses passed over the region, and among these appeared various figures, the last of which was that of a certain old Professor of ours.

The most apparently dissimilar things come to us in dreams. A lecture of the Professor's had once greatly impressed me: "Conscience is Reason," he said. "To do a right thing is to do simply the reasonable thing; to do wrong is to do what is unreasonable.—

"Now think," he said, "what this means."

What could such words have to do with a dream?

"What is Duty?" he proceeded, "Whence the conviction, the mysterious fact, that whatever my inclination may be, I *ought* to do some act—ought to do it though the cup of pleasure be dashed from the lifting hand, though a loved face must pale, though the stars in