

Ireland's life of Sir Henry Vane, we find Dr. Ireland making concession to that notion. "The very purity of this great man's life may detract from its interest," he writes.

It is irritating to one's own sense of the fitness of things to take this up, yet being thrust upon one by the popular taste for the melo-dramatic, one should, in justice to the "uninteresting," good and pure man, carry the analysis through. Does the purity and honesty of Sir Henry's life in a corrupt period necessarily imply that his goodness cost him no effort? And are not as doughty battles fought in the inner self as ever in the world's eye? If the good man wears his scars of victorious conflict inside he misses man's applause, but he is content to do without it. A clear conscience is worth vastly more than applause. Yet who is responsible for the feeling that the lives of the clean-living and the honest are less interesting, from an artistic standpoint, than the other sort? Is it tradition, or an apologetic sense arising from individual laxity? Is Adam Bede in fiction less interesting than Arthur Donnithorne, or, in real life,—Matthew Arnold than Byron? And who of these were the manly men?

There have been great geniuses who have not willed to arrogate to themselves unthinkable license of conduct because of their "artistic temperament"—great and interesting men who have actually paid their bills, knowingly defrauded no man and generally observed the Christian standard of morality. And