
Married Life

sanguine Utopianism? Is not immorality sustained by married men as much as by celibates? Do not the ranks of the married yield as ugly and thick a crop of sexual perverts as do those of adolescence—and with less excuse? Are there not too many marriages which never rise beyond the fleshly level—and also too many which never attain to it? Are there not many who are enthralled by an hereditary sexual impulse of a strength which even Luther, with his liberal allowance to the claims of the flesh, would have regarded as an anachronism? Who is sufficient for these things?

Even lovers recognise in colder moments, and the dramatist and moralist are constantly reminding them, that the complete ideal has many elements, and that, alas! complete marriage is, therefore, mathematically unattainable for humanity—no such ideally complete physical, psychical, social and ethical culmination of life being even definitely imaginable. For, even granting the possibility of occasional perfection in either sex, we have a second improbability in the simultaneous occurrence of the ideally harmonious, yet contrasted type of the opposite sex, and a further improbability of their ever meeting.

But, granting both the unattainable nature of the marriage ideal and the weakness of our average flesh, we return with hope as well as with humility to the meliorist mood of the evolutionist. Instead of reacting to the insufficiently