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It is a happy thing in some ways that the human heart is so illogical. It will entrench itself in positions all the defences of which it has surrendered, and it is a poor business to try to hunt it out of them. And yet it is necessary sometimes to do so, for though one may be illogical, the most are not, and unless a certain purity of feeling, a certain tender reverence for the dead safeguards fragments of the Deposit, the day will come when it is all abandoned, and the soul finds itself in the desert stripped and naked. Nor would we deny, but rather earnestly proclaim, that even when all faith is lost, morality often survives it. When the old faith goes there remain often pure character, natural piety, an attempt to replace Christianity with something better, the hope to purify the temple, the frank acknowledgment that certain