
My Idol.

HEARTS oft bow before strange idols,
Strength of power and breath of fame,
And forgetful of life's morning
Dream of noontide's gilded name;
But the idol that I cherish
Knows no glory e'en in part—
'Tis the simple faith of childhood
Long grown strong within my heart.

In the darkest hour of trial,
When each star has veiled its face,
Turn I fondly to my idol,
Full of heavenly light and grace;—
Then my step grows firm and steady
Down the mystic path of night,
For the simple faith of childhood
Guides me, leads me ever right.