

Hearts oft bow before strange idols
 Strength of life 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 sorrow,
 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.

This is the faith, my friends, that overcometh the world. It is the faith that has brought this magnificent Congress to our city. It is the faith which makes of each Christian home a treasury of grace. It is the faith which links heaven and earth in the sacrament of the altar where Christ, Our Divine Lord, is tabernacled as our Guest, inviting, entreating the fathers and mothers and children to share in His Divine Banquet of Love.