


Winifred.

(By Margaret E. Jordan.)

 HE was a child of twelve bright years ;
 A thoughtful child was she,
 Who in her own sweet, artless way
 Dwelt on the mystery
 The Sacred Scripture pages tell—
 How Christ in Blessed Bread doth well.

Oh ! how her lonely child-heart yearned
 To find that dear, dear Friend
 Who, having loved His own till death,
 Still loved them to the end.
 And while her heart arose in prayer,
 She sought to find Him everywhere.

She questioned, and in eager way
 Listened to grown folks' word ;
 And oft her tender, guileless heart
 With agony was stirred,
 As, day by day, she learned that none
 Gave earthly place to the Holy One.

" Why have they left the dear Lord out—
 Out of the Blessed Bread ? "

She often pondered. " Surely He
 Meant just the words He said :
 That changed should be the bread and wine
 Into His Flesh and Blood divine. "

Thus listening, questioning, soon she learned
 That *one* faith, one alone,
 Of all the many creeds on earth
 Gave Christ place 'midst His own ;
 And truth was there, her child-heart knew,
 Where man held God's dear words " *all true*. "

'Twas thus one little wandering lamb
 To the good old Church was led ;
 Where with His own true Flesh and Blood
 Christ's little ones are fed.
 All others " leave Him out, " and make
 It *but a sign*—the Bread we break.

