



ORGANE DE L'ŒUVRE DE LA CATHEDRALE DE MONTREAL.

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## Ex Umbra ad Lumen.

In the dark, silent watches of the night,  
I lay upon my couch, suff'ring, awake,  
No friend was near to cheer the hours' flight,  
No balm my pain to take.

Around me all was tinted with night's gloom,  
The winds outside were sighing wild and loud ;  
My soul was sad, and visions of the tomb  
Had bowed my courage proud.

If I am but a thing of meaner clay  
By winds adverse bowed cruelly and bent,  
If I am but the creature of a day  
Weary and discontent ;

Why should I live, thought I, against this strife,  
Why ev'ry day renew the dreary past,  
While Thou, o Lord, hast taken from my life  
All hope and laid it waste?

Look where I may, all is but darkness blind—  
Is there no light can lift it from my soul,  
No one to show me how the way to find  
The long desired goal ?

Then in mine anguish came a voice to me,  
A voice that stilled the tumult of my heart ;  
So sweet it fell, the words a melody,  
That thus did peace impart :

" I am the Way and Light that thou shouldst seek,  
Turn but to Me and thou wilt find both here ;  
Long have I waited for thee, patient, meek,  
Under thy jest and sneer. "

O blessed voice ! the darkness on my path  
Was now no more, and pain but rare and brief ;  
With new and joyous days it brought me faith  
And cured my unbelief !

E. A. RANSON.

Grand Forks, D. T.