

## THE BETTER AGE.

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(FOR THE OWL.)

*Majora canamus.*

LL hail to thee, most blest auspicious morn!  
 Right glorious day! on long vexed earth is born  
 Thy Holy One, from highest Heaven come down  
 The troubled race of man with peace to crown.  
 The age unfold, O time! that shall assuage  
 All mortal griefs, more than that golden age  
 Long praised of men, the bright Saturnian day  
 That spread o'er earth its gladdening genial ray;  
 And yet but shadow was of the new power  
 That bids the world rejoice all climes out o'er,  
 Where'er is mind or intellect to prize  
 The boon supreme o'er the lost earth shall rise,  
 And like a Sun new born outspread its rays  
 From pole to pole disclosing happiest ways,  
 From mortal ken first sealed ere yet 'twas given  
 The treasures to unroll of the new Heaven.  
 Earth too must new become, of mould divine  
 Its people all, their altered lot to shine  
 In glories past compare in bliss untold  
 The better age is destined to unfold.  
 Though powerful, much opposed the peaceful reign,  
 The Serpent Dragon seeking to regain  
 His Empire lost, of discord spreads the seeds  
 And artless man excites to cruel deeds.  
 His efforts vain; fell war in every land  
 That owes obedience to the new command  
 Is doomed its gory banner to throw down  
 In homage to the victor Peace King's crown.  
 The fight so long maintained must end at last,  
 The strife king final conquered and bound fast  
 In chains of adamant that gall his pride  
 And mock his power that broken must abide  
 The better age throughout,—the age of light,  
 Of righteousness and truth, of all that's bright,  
 That cheers, that gladdens, bids all men rejoice  
 And all inclines to seek the nobler choice.  
 Black discord flies abashed, its day outspent;  
 The warrior fierce erewhile on war was bent,  
 This vengeful sword to gracious ploughshare turned,  
 His haughty mind, for war-like deeds that burned,  
 To peaceful works now freely, wisely given  
 On higher thoughts is bent, inspired of Heaven.  
 O wondrous change! O, newness ever new!  
 Monarchs no more earth's tyrants are, their view  
 So changed men's happiness their only pride;  
 Past tyranny no more they can abide,