

From man we emerge, as the sunbeams of light
 Cluster round the meridian sun's rim—
 Then why not the purest best *arrows of sight*,
 Be incessantly levelled at him !

TO MARY,

ON HER RETURNING TO HER NATIVE COUNTRY, AFTER AN ABSENCE
 OF FIVE YEARS.

Go, fair one—go, and may each gale
 Propitious guide thee o'er the wave—
 May gentle breezes swell the sail,
 And Heaven prove kind my love to save.

Go, fair one—go to that loved Isle,
 Where friendship hails thy glad return—
 Where joy the purest loves to smile,
 And beauty's torches brightest burn.