

A. MCKENZIE'S REFLECTIONS WHILE ABOUT  
TO ADDRESS HIS CONSTITUENTS AT  
SARNIA IN 1875.

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Dear friends of my bosom, companions of youth,  
Could honor induce me to tell you the truth,  
My story would totally differ to-day  
From what my position would force me to say.

You therefore will pity my perilous state,  
And pardon the falsehoods I am going to relate.  
I'm better inclined, though deception I seek ;  
The spirit is willing, the flesh is but weak.

I once had that freedom which now you enjoy,  
Ere lusts for high honors its sense did destroy ;  
No interests then was I forced to betray—  
No master had I but myself to obey.

The river St. Clair is as lovely as then,  
And nature's attractions as pleasing to men ;  
Its beautiful order unaltered remains ;  
The birds are still singing their musical strains.

But still the poor creature before you is changed,  
Contentment and peace from his bosom estranged ;  
No feelings of joy with my miseries mix—  
In short I've got into a terrible fix.

Your servant I've sworn to be faithful and true.  
Oh ! would that all masters were liberal as you ;  
But there is another I humbly must serve,  
Not even a hair from his rules can I swerve.

No matter what evils his orders may cause,  
When once he proclaims them I never may pause ;  
How often I see, while I meekly obey,  
That far from the path of my duty I stray !