

few have been prompted by the principle of holiness ! When we come to scrutinize the *motives* of our conduct, and find so many of them improper and unholy ; when we set aside all that has from the force of habit, from self-respect, from love of the world's applause or fear of its frowns, from a regard to professional consistency, for the sake of satisfying the demands of conscience, or to win the respect and affection of our fellow men—how little do we find remaining, of which we can confidently say, this has been done from a sincere desire to glorify the God of Heaven ! In such an hour, how deeply do we realize our own unworthiness ! How deeply do we FEEL *that if we are ever saved, our salvation must be all of Grace !*

From the Genessee Farmer.

A GOOD FARMER SPOILED.

JOB ALLERTON commenced life under the most flattering auspices. His farm was a pattern of neatness—fields well cultivated, cattle in fine order, and fences and buildings in good repair. Job owed no man, and had accumulated a fine sum at interest. His children were growing up under their parent's example in habits of industry, and promised to become respectable in society. Every thing thrived under his care, and he was pointed to by all as the best farmer in the town of S. His good qualities, and the influence which these procured him at length brought him into political notice, and he became a successful candidate, very much against his will, for the assembly. He returned from Albany in the spring with some new notions, but the habits of the farmer still predominated. To a second nomination Job had less objection, nay, he secretly intrigued for it, for he thought, as he remarked, he was *then* qualified to do some good. The second triumph, and the consequence it gave him at the dinners and parties in the renowned capital turned his head, and he came home quite an altered man. It was no longer "*Come boys,*" with him. Politics engrossed his whole attention. He became a standing candidate for every office that presented ; and was in succession—sheriff, senator, and member of congress.

In the mean time the farm began to show the absence of the master ; the fences were prostrate, the cattle neglected, and the buildings verging to ruin. The boys too, as boys ever will, copied the father, began to strut the gentleman, and to look up for office and dignities. As industry departed prodigality entered, and soon wasted the frugal earnings of former years. At