

"His son is in our class, and his daughter is in Miss Jones' class. You are about the only respectable man's son that I know who doesn't go."

"Isn't it dull?"

"I don't think it is. Come and judge for yourself."

After further persuading Alfred consented to go. He was an amiable boy, and his ignorance in regard to Sunday-schools and religious subjects was rather his misfortune than his fault. He put his arms within the arms of his friends, and walked toward the school-room. Alfred felt a little hesitation about entering, but a few words of encouragement led him to go in and take his seat between his friends.

The lesson was a very interesting one, and the teacher was a very interesting teacher. Alfred received a great deal of information of which he was very fond. The result was that he concluded to come with his friends on the next Sunday, and did so, and then became a regular member of the class. He was thus brought within reach of the means of grace. Did not Hiram and Lewis do a good morning's work, and cannot the reader go and do likewise? Have you not one acquaintance whom you can induce to attend the Sunday-school.

#### THERE IS ONE WHO CAN.

**I**N a conversation with Mr. Moody, a few years ago, he related the following incident, illustrating the power of Him who is mighty to save.

At the close of an evening meeting in the chapel in Chicago a well-dressed young man came in from the street and inquired for Mr. Moody. After a little search Mr. Moody was found, and coming forward, he greeted the stranger cordially, and inquired his errand. With much earnestness the young man said:

"I have come to ask you to save me. I am going to ruin from the use of drink, and unless you save me I shall go down."

Mr. Moody still warmly held the outstretched hand as he said, earnestly, "I can't."

With evident disappointment his caller said, "Why, you surprise me, Mr. Moody, it is at

great sacrifice of my pride that I have come to you; my mother and sister told me you could save me, and now you say you can not."

"No," said Mr. Moody, "indeed I can not; but there is One who can! Come, and I'll lead you to Him."

They went into a side room, and there, with simplicity and loving earnestness, Mr. Moody told him of his lost condition—of the mighty love and power of Jesus Christ, and of his deep personal interest in him. They knelt in prayer—the prayer of penitence, faith, and acceptance. The burden rolled off, and there was joy in heaven.

Yes; "there is One who can!" Blessed be God for the simplicity of the gospel method of salvation.

#### SOME WONDERFUL FACTS.

**N**OW, supposing your age to be fifteen years, or thereabouts, you can be figured up to a dot. You have 160 bones and 500 muscles. Your blood weighs 25 pounds. Your heart is nearly five inches in length. It beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 200,800 times per day, 30,722,000 times a year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown from it; and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air-cells of your lungs, supposing them to spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one eighth to one fourth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches, and you are subject to an atmospheric pressure of 15 pounds to a square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a draining-tile one fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length in the entire surface of the body of 201,156 feet, or a tile-ditch for draining the body almost twenty miles long.