

Colorado Salidas - Duke's Hill  
REFERENCE ONLY

# The Church in Thy House

SUNDAY—"The Family Altar."

Reading—Philemon. Hymn: "I Am So Glad That Our Father" (No. 435).\*

A noted psychologist, with thousands of cases tested, affirms that children with the influences of the church about them rate the richer personality. If that is a fruit of the public services, multiplied must be the fruit when a child sits in with the family circle at prayer daily. Fireside and reading table become for the moment a place of sacrament. The Holy Grail induces knighthood.

Paul, more than once, refers to the church in the house of Aquila and Priscilla. The infant church maintained and widened its life by the prayers in the household.

There is a legend that Paul in his Roman jail held church and converted his fellow prisoners, baptizing them with water that sprang up from the floor. But the Mamartine prison itself is no legend. Out of it he came saying, with trusting and grateful tears upon his face, "I have fought the good fight—" And from that prison, in his last letter to Timothy, he salutes again the dear friends with the church in their house.

*Father of heaven and earth, Lord and Keeper of the Christian home, let Thy benediction rest in lovely freedom upon this and all families where they say, "O come let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker." Amen.*

MONDAY—"The Challenge of the Sky."

Reading—Isaiah 55. 6-13; Psalm 8. Hymn: "Lord of Life, Beneath the Dome" (No. 44).

All through the summer evenings a great red star in "Scorpio" was the glory of the southern sky. When our Epworth League dismissed there was that glorious star. (The Persians called it the royal star. The Greeks named it Antares—the rival of Mars.)

The League set out to ask some questions about the sky. We learned from our skyman that Antares was the largest heavenly body yet measured. So vast is it that if placed over our sun it would extend out beyond on either side filling all the orbit of the earth, and on out filling all the orbit of Mars and still on fifty million miles more—390 million miles across its face. Large enough, if it were a hollow sphere, to contain ninety million of our suns and some ten thousand earths.

One lad said, "It is baffling" and that is a good start. Another said, "If God can take care of the great heavens He can surely care for me." And you and I say, "This is my Father's universe."

*Father in Heaven, Thou art far beyond us in wisdom and power. But, too, Thou art gracious in heart. The fragrance of Thy tender bow is reverent and exultant dedication before Thee. Amen.*

TUESDAY—"The Call to Surrender."

Reading—John 1. 1-12. Hymn: "I Am Coming to the Cross" (No. 246).

To many this is a day of inner tumult or open warfare. God calls "Halt," and we go blundering on. His command is, "Forward!" and we fail to stir. There seems a hitch everywhere. The world just won't work our way, and we are constrained to inquire, "Why not take God's way?"

There was a boy of seventeen kneeling at the altar in a Canadian town one Sunday evening when a man came, knelted just back of his arm, and quoted these words: "As many as received Him to them gave He power to be-

\*All hymns from the new Methodist Hymnal.

"Some Challenges" is the theme of this week's meditation

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come sons of God." "It is receiving," said he, "surrendering to Him, and going on with Him."

The boy doesn't remember the man's face or noting the color of the suit he wore. But he remembers well these forty years and more that when he surrendered as far as he knew there came peace; the storm ceased, the war was over. I know for I was that boy. "That vow renewed shall daily bear."

*O Christ, for our personal peace, this all our prayer shall be, "Nearer my God to Thee." And for our task, "To serve the present age, my calling to fulfill." Be Thou our Guide. Amen.*

WEDNESDAY—"The Challenge to the Church."

Reading—John 6. 65-69. Hymn: "Once to Every Man and Nation" (No. 269).

The disciples were tested when Jesus questioned. "Will ye also go away?" Peter met the challenge well, asking, "To whom shall we go?"

The world must go somewhere, to someone. Things can't stay as they are now if we are to have a human world. Not in China nor Spain, nor in America. Mankind cannot turn for hope to business. Present business doesn't fit a Christian world. We have also fading hopes in types of government. For us individualism visioned the end of poverty; but that light failed. And the question stands, "To whom shall we go?" The answer must be, "To the Eternal Christ."

In football speech, the church is at tackle, with an eye blackened possibly, but there is no sub on the sidelines. Rackets have run the end around law, inequity of opportunity has paralyzed the guard of our social effort, the liquor traffic has hit the center of our moral advance; but, thank God, the tackle is not out. And if defeat is blocked and made victory, the church of Christ must do it. It were well to be soon.

*Thy disciples will not go away, Dear Lord, with the great offensive on. Like a mighty army, with outposts flashing back word of the enemy, comradely numbered with supply of Thy grace, we will move with Thee, O Christ, to world conquest. Amen.*

THURSDAY—"In Christian Service Lies Life's Appeal."

Reading—Luke 10. 30-37. Hymn: "Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak" (No. 460).

One bright morning in Colorado I stepped from a train at Salida. On the hillside was a pile of stones bearing a marker. "What is that cairn of stones?" I asked of a newsboy. "That's were a St. Bernard dog is buried," said he. "This is the story:

A little girl had come down with her great dog to the train. Leaning out from the platform to catch sight of the engine at the curve she fell out upon the tracks. The engineer could not stop his train. Friends stood helpless. Then the dog saw and understood. Like a flash he sprang down, snarling at the black monster. He snatched the precious bundle from the tracks but he himself was caught and crushed. He lies now like a fallen hero above the noise of thundering trains.

And musing later I said, "That's a St. Bernard dog's business—giving care to the defenseless, seeing the children are safe. And that's a man's business, that's a Christian's business, anywhere, preventing disaster on his line, a crusader against every human ill, a servant in the world."

*O Christ, may our hearts be swift to remember the mercies of God. May we diligently stir among our neglects and reduce their unhappy outcomes. Let us be busy the rest of our way. And bless, Lord, those bearing the wondrous cross in for lands. Amen.*

FRIDAY—"The Challenge of National Dangers."

Reading—Isaiah 43. 1-7. Hymn: "Fling Out the Banner" (No. 502).

Our pilgrim fathers made a compact to share gains and losses alike. That was a robust human standard. Today we seem indifferent to great traditions. Says Alexis Carrel, "Voluntarily women deteriorate through alcohol and tobacco," and someone asks what has happened to men between the heroism of the Titanic and the cowardice of the *Morro Castle*.

Today a million youth are menaced through never yet having had a share in a real character-making job. There is incompetency in our world of business, dazed before plain problems in economy and morals. At every investigation looking toward a remedy, do not selfish men appear for privileged interests, like a procession of bewildered dodoes, to say things are all right with the *status quo*?

We ask, "Should private gain continue so dear to the few as to be purchased at the price of humiliation to the many?" The great wrong committed against the underfunded is in what it does to the tissues of the soul of tomorrow. Is today ruthless with tomorrow's soul?

*Lord of Life, lead us as a people to the desired goal. Thou hast been gracious beyond measure, and patient, O Christ, Great Judge of the nations, spare us yet, lest we forget. Give wisdom and compassion to those who lead us. Amen.*

SATURDAY—"Shall We Defy Fear?"

Reading—Luke 12. 22-32. Hymn: "How Firm a Foundation" (No. 315).

When disaster immediately confronted Jesus He turned to His little flock to say, "Let not your heart be troubled." Out of His own cloud He gave others sunlight. On the cross He cheers the heart of God by bearing the eternal purpose through the storm. To the thief dying beside Him he pledges paradise. Love knew no fear.

An Australian essayist tells the story of the pilot flying far out over the desert when he heard a gnawing in the plane. It might mean jammed controls, and death. Remembering that rats lived in drains and not in altitudes, he turned his plans skyward. The gnawing ceased. When the pilot later swept into his hangar, indeed, the rat was there, but it was dead.

Fear and fret, self and sin are the rats of both soul and body. There is no peace with them. And they may gnaw through in cancer, hastening age, and at a source of seemingly unrelated points. There is only one complete cure: the altitudes. The sunlight of prayer, adoration of the Most High, the skillful touch of the Heavenly Physician.

*O merciful Lord of sweet forgiveness, who doth sympathize with us in what we battle against in the depths and doth glory with us in the impulses of the heights, call us in to find peace in unity of soul, and rest in oneness with Thee. Amen.*