

LITTLE MESSAGES FOR SHUT-IN FOLK

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649314065

Little Messages for Shut-in Folk by Charles W. McCormick

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CHARLES W. MCCORMICK

**LITTLE MESSAGES
FOR SHUT-IN FOLK**

Little Messages for Shut-In Folk

BY
Wesley
CHARLES W. MCCORMICK



THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN
NEW YORK CINCINNATI

Copyright, 1920, by
CHARLES W. McCORMICK

Foreword

ONCE I thought the lot of the "shut-in" most unhappy, but that was because I did not understand. I thought only of the limitations and deprivations, not at all of the inclusions. I had not considered the loves that glow upon home altars all the more brightly because there are those who can no longer walk abroad. Nor had I valued as I ought the blessedness of those about whom God draws the curtains of his tent in lonely all-sufficing fellowship.

Most of my illumination has come from shut-in people themselves. They have taught me how to "glory in tribulation." Going to comfort them, I myself have been strengthened. In the crass days of my early ministry I visited "Uncle Henry," an old man, deserted by his children, living in a hovel, poor and alone. I could see no comfort in the present for him. The future alone held any promise. What could I say? A nearby orchard gave me what I thought was a happy clue, and I said, "Well, Uncle Henry, it will not be long before the Good

Father takes you to himself and gives you the fruit of his vineyard." That sounded good to me.

A far-away look came into the old man's eyes, and a strange light played upon his fine old face while he placed his hand upon my knee and said, "My young brother, have you not learned that the grapes of Eshcol hang over the wall for the children of God *here and now?*"

I did not understand then what the years have taught me since, but I went on my way, humbled, yet strangely exalted.

It is no part of my purpose, therefore, to comfort those saints of God whom he is making perfect through suffering and whom *he* comforts with exceeding great comfort. Most of these messages were written in the midst of a busy pastorate in a large city parish, where there were many aged and infirm people, simply that these lonely ones might catch the echoes of the sanctuary and feel that they were not forgotten. With like purpose I venture now to send them out on a wider mission.

CHARLES W. McCORMICK.

Stamford, Connecticut,
January 6, 1920.

The Rest of the Lowly in Heart

And ye shall find rest unto your souls.

—*Matthew 11. 29.*

Whence comes unrest? Not from the hardness of the couch, for health can woo slumber from the earth; nor yet from the tyranny of toil, for muscle transmutes toil into strength. Whence, then, comes the spirit of unrest? From ourselves: our unholy ambitions and jealousies; our constant fear that some right of ours shall be infringed; in a word, our constant self-worship, the thinking of ourselves "more highly than we ought to think"—these are the fruitful sources of our discontent. And for all these the perfect cure is meekness. "Take my yoke upon you," said Jesus, the "meek and lowly in heart," and "ye shall find rest to your souls."

Prayer

O Saviour, I am tired. The cares of life have eaten away my joy. The burden and the heavy load have been almost more than

I could bear. I have not carried them as I ought. Teach me how thou dost bear thy burdens, to wear thy yoke, that as thy yoke is easy so my burden may be light. Amen.

The Sleep of the Peaceful

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep:
for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.—
—*Psalm 4. 8.*

How the psalmist nestles in the heart of God! There, and there only, he finds safety; there only he may compose himself in peace and sleep. Is not this God's cure for sleepless nights? What is it that holds our eyes waking when God would give sleep to his beloved? Too often it is our brooding over life's ills and impending calamities, as if by our worry we could make them less. "I will lay me down in peace and sleep." Just a simple relaxation of body and soul in God's keeping, a refusal to carry the care which God has bidden us cast upon him, a welcoming of God's measureless strength.

Prayer

O Infinite Father, thy child is weary and restless. I lay my aching, throbbing head

