

SHORT SERMONS FOR MYSELF

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Short Sermons for Myself by Ardelia M. Barton

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ARDELIA M. BARTON

**SHORT SERMONS
FOR MYSELF**

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BY

ARDELIA M. BARTON

Univ. of
California

1876

SAN FRANCISCO
THE PHILOPOLIS PRESS

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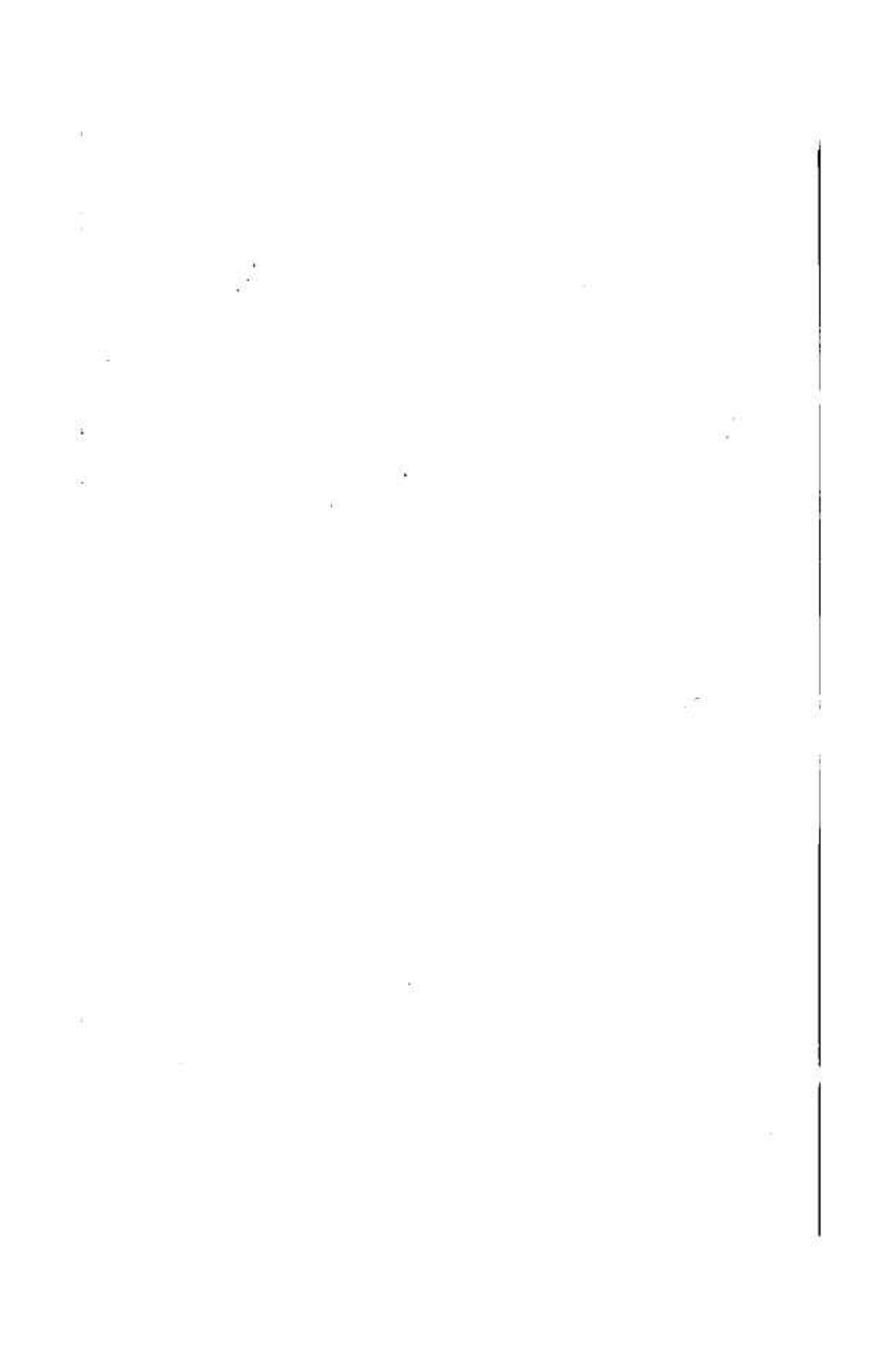
TO MWU
AMROFLAO



SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

MY PRAYER

I would give up my wishes for others' desires, my desires for their needs, my needs for their necessities, my necessities for their distress. I would never trouble any one with my burdens; each has burdens of his own to carry: I would lighten, instead of increasing them. Amen.



SHORT SERMONS TO MYSELF

MY RELIGION.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

My religion consists in right living—
My religion is not one of creeds;
It is loving and helping my neighbor,
My religion is one of good deeds.

I believe in one God as the Father,
And the Ruler of heaven, and earth.
I believe that we live on forever,
And that "death," is to us but re-birth.

I believe in the Christ as a teacher,
By His teachings much good has been done.
But the Christ never claimed He was Savior,
Never claimed to be God's *only* Son.

I believe in His teachings so helpful,
From deception He ever was free.
Though He called upon God as His Father,
God is also a Father to me.

I believe that God's laws are ne'er broken;
I believe that they *may* be *transgressed*,
I believe in a life everlasting,
I believe in that life we are blest.

I believe that God's laws are all perfect,
And that God could not even them break.
I believe that God *punishes* never,
And through ignorance our troubles we make.

I have fought, and have gained in life's battles,
And full many life's vic't'ries have won.

I believe in *one* God the Creator,
And that "I and my Father are one."

O my God help me *live* my religion!
But would never of it make a *show*.

I would comfort all those that have trouble;
And would even have pity for foe.

I.

No man liveth unto himself alone.

IF HE ascends the ladder of Life, he lifts some other one up with him, if he descends, he drags some poor unfortunate to the depths with him. There is no dead level in life; we cannot stand still; we either go forward, or backward, and sometime we will be confronted by those we have helped to rise, or fall. *No man liveth unto himself alone.* Even though our desires lead us into some selfishness or indiscretion, we have no right to set an example of evil to some one who, perhaps is weaker in resisting temptation than ourselves, Life's road is crooked even at its best; we must try to straighten some places so that our weaker brother may not fall by the wayside. If we are not *tempted* to do a certain evil, what better are we than our brother who has been *tempted*, and has fallen. It is the temptations that we *overcome*, not those that have no allurements for us that make us stronger and better in the battles of life. Evil is a Will-o'-the-wisp which ever leads us onward to certain destruction, until at last we fall into a bog of despair, and be sure we are not alone in the fall.

No man liveth unto himself alone.