

CGC135

SUP BOOK

The golden thread  
is handed down to us  
It is up to us to pass  
it on to future generations  
from our pioneer heritage

Written by the Maternal  
Grandfather of  
Helen Grant Barton

THOUGHTS IN POEMS BY ORSON SMITH 7

(Former Cache Stake Pres.)

### ONE GOLDEN THREAD.

Life with its struggles its ups and downs  
Is strung on a golden thread,  
And it abides before and after the frowns  
Of the clouds, that pass o'er our beads.  
On one side, are many in poverty's grasp  
Whose troubles we look on and dread.  
Go offer your sympathy and you they will clasp  
And point to some gold in the thread.  
Go ask the fond parent who labored and toiled  
To eke out each days daily bread.  
When trials were severest, each effort seemed  
failed  
If gold hadn't been in the thread.  
Go seek among riches, where trials not a few,  
Its millions possessing in dread  
That the thief and the murderer are seeking a  
clue  
To get it or wishing you dead.  
Draw near the fond father away from his home  
Whose life by the spirit is fed.  
Though cares rest upon him  
Where-ere he may roam,  
He'll tell you there's gold in life's thread.  
A mother bereft of her jewel on earth  
As she gazed on the face of the dead,  
Thought over the joy, the value, the worth,  
And thought of some link in the thread,  
Stay not on the brink of eternitys gulf  
Advance to the realms of the dead  
Even there you will find,  
If you seek it yourself  
Gold sparkling, along on the thread.  
So life is made up of the good and the bad  
No matter what others have said,  
At the end some are sorry and others are glad  
But all find some gold in the thread.  
Then why not be happy and seek for the good.  
And by its sweet influence be led,  
No drooping of spirits, if everyone could  
But see always, the gold in the thread.