

**"GO FORTH  
AND FIND."**

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"Go forth and find." by Thomas H. Brainerd

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**THOMAS H. BRAINERD**

**"GO FORTH  
AND FIND."**





"GO FORTH AND FIND "

*Yours ever truly  
Mary T. Lenzel -*

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AND FIND”

BY

THOMAS H. BRAINERD

*[pseudonym for*

*Mrs. Mary H. Jarboe,*  
*widow of John R. Jarboe.]*

“The tale of one unto whose soul was borne  
An angel's whisper soft as summer wind,  
There is a heart which heaven has made  
for thee,  
Go forth and find.”



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“GO FORTH AND FIND.”

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I.

**T**HE sky was without a cloud, but in the west, where the horizon meets the sea, the evening vapors were gathering. They were making themselves gay for their sunset festival and already the sun seemed to be suspended in a golden mist over a sea of gold. The stretch of sandy headlands along the coast caught the color and threw it down into the smooth water where it lay in long wavy reflections. Inland the smooth rounded foothills seemed to nestle closer to the mountains in expectation of the coming night.

On the end of a short wharf which ran out over the rocks from the shel-

ter of the cliffs, a woman stood shading her eyes with her hand, and looking intently out to sea. Further back on the wharf a colored man was making tackle ready for the coming of a boat. The woman held in her hand a letter which she had just received. It was from her husband.

"We sail with the outgoing tide to-morrow morning, sweetheart," it said, "and will be with you almost as soon as this."

She had hurried down to the shore, calling, as she went, to Dan to follow her. As yet there was no sign of any sail on the wide sea. The tide was full, the surf broke in white foam over the rocks, and the air was warm and delicious. She went down from the wharf and sat on the sand to wait. Jack, her husband, had been gone a week. Now he was coming home, and with him was coming his dearest friend, Ned Harlow. She had never seen the man though she felt she knew him. His name had been a household word with them. Jack and he had been boys together, had been college chums and were like

brothers. After their college days were over they had gone abroad together, had walked through Norway one summer and had gone to the Albert Cataract in winter. Then they had parted for a little while as we all part with our dear ones; Jack to go around through India and Japan, across the Pacific, and so home to Boston; Ned to visit some relatives in England, then to while away the rest of the time in Paris so as not to reach home until it was time for Jack to arrive. It is useless to plan against fate. When the big *City of Tokio* steamed out of the port of Yokohama one bright morning in the following June two people, Bessie Morris and Jack Winthrop, stood so near to each other that the cape of her traveling coat touched his ulster, and, as he has often told her since, one of the points of her parasol imperiled his eyes if he looked in her direction. They were gazing at lovely Fujiyama slowly growing more distant, and saying in their hearts a long and tender farewell to the flowery home of perfect gentleness. When their adieus

