

# EDITH PERCIVAL.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE TWO FRIENDS.

“ And its hame, hame, hame,  
I fain wad be—  
Hame, hame, hame,  
In my ain countrie.”

—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Morning on the ocean ! Grandly rose the sun in the red east, sailing slowly and majestically toward the meridian—a burning jewel of fire set in the deep-blue sky. Light, fleecy clouds dotted the azure firmament here and there, looking as pure and as stainless as snowflakes or the white wings of angels. The balmy south breeze scarcely rippled the surface of the deep, or filled the canvas of the good ship *Mermaid*, as she glided gracefully onward, bound for the bright shores of America.

The day was intensely hot. The crew lay in groups, idly, about the deck. The captain—a stately-looking man of forty or thereabouts—paced up and down the quarter-deck—now letting his eyes wander over his men, or giving them some order ; now