

WHEN LOVE CALLS MEN TO ARMS

CHAPTER I

THE COMING OF DON JOHN

As Mr. Macmurtrie says, I have a story to tell, but I fear mine is a poor hand for the writing. It is not so long ago that I could speak English, for the learning of the Sassenach tongue was the more difficult after the dialect of the Firth of Clyde, which is native to me. If my grammar should stumble whiles and my letters be doubtfully placed, I can only beg that those who come after me with greater learning will bear in mind how much easier the Gaelic would have been to the writer and how much harder to the reader.

“Forbye,” as Mr. Macmurtrie says, “ye’ll not waste words, having mickle to spare. These are perilous times in Scotland, and it behooves a man to finish his work the quicker.”

Yet to my mind there is a peace come upon the land. Murray is killed and Mary passed by the block; the Armada has left nothing invincible but the lady of my story; Queen Bess has gone to her