SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MANSE AT ROWAN-GLEN.

Weary I am, and all so fair,
Longing to clasp a hand;
For thou art very far, sweet love,
From my mountain land.

Dear are the clouds yon giant bens
Fold o'er their rugged breasts,
Grandly their straggling skirts lift up
Over the snow-flecked crests.

Dear are the hill-side glooms and gleams,
Their varied purple how,
This opal sky, with distant peak
Catching its tender blue.

Dear are the thousand streams that sing
Down to the sunny sea,
But dearer to my longing heart
Were one bright hour with thee.

Helen Marion Burnside.

It was towards evening, at the close of a lovely September day, that a rough equipage laden with luggage, with a black retriever gamboling joyously beside it crept rather slowly down the long lovely road by the Deeside leading to Rowan-Glen, one of those rare gems of Highland scenery that are set so ruggedly in the Cairngorm mountains.

Fay had just sheltered her sleeping baby from the rays of the setting sun; and sat wearily in the jolting carriage, trying to recall all the familiar landmarks that greeted her eyes.

There were the grounds and preserves of Moncrieff, with their lovely fringes of dark pine trees and silvery birches, and a little further on the wicket gate that led down to the falls or linn of Rowan-Glen.

By and by came a few low cottages built of grey stone, and thatched with heather fastened down with a rough net-work of ropes. One or two of them were covered with honeysuckle and clematis, and had tiny gardens filled with vegetables and flowers, pinks and roses mingling in friendly confusion with gooseberry bu es and cabbages.

A narrow planked passage ran through the cottages, with a door at the other end opening on to a small field, with the usual cow-house, peat and straw stacks, and a little shed inhabited by a few scraggy cocks and hens which with "taa coo" herself are the household property of all, even the poorest, of the Highland peasants.

Fay looked eagerly past them, and for a moment forgot her trouble and weariness; for there, in the distance, as they turned the corner, stretched the long irregular range of the Cairngorm mountains, with the dark shadow of the Forest of Mar at their base; while to the right, far above the lesser and more fertile hills, rose the snowy heads of those stately patriarchs—Ben-muich-dhui and Ben-na-bourd.

Oh, those glorious Highland mountains, with their rugged peaks, against which the fretted clouds "get wrecked and go to pieces." What a glory, what a miracle they are! On sunny mornings with their infinity of wondrous color so softly, so harmoniously blended; now changing like an opal with every cloud that sails over them, and now with deep violet shadows hunting their hollows, sunny breaks and flecks, and long glowing stretches of heather. Well has Jean Ingelow sung of them:

". . . . White raiment, the ghostly capes that screen them,
Of the storm winds that beat them, their thunder rents and scars,
And the paradise of purple, and the golden slopes atween them;"

for surely there could not be a grander or fairer scene on God's earth than this.

A moment later the vehicle stopped before a white gate set in a hedge of tall laurels and arbutus, and the driver got down and came round to the window "Yonder's t' manse. Will I carry in the boxes for the leddy?"

"No, no, wait a moment," replied Fay, hurriedly. "I must see if Mrs. Duncan be at home. Will you help me out?" for her imbs were trembling under her, and the weight of the baby was too much for her exhausted strength. She felt as though she could never get to the end of the steep little garden, or reach the stone porch. Yes; it was the same old grey house she remembered, with the small diamond-paned windows twinkling in the sunshine; and as she toiled up the narrow path, with Nero barking delightedly round her, the door opened, and a little old lady with a white hood drawn over her white curls, and a gardening basket on her arm, stepped out into the porch.

Fay gave a little cry when she saw her. "Oh, Mrs. Duncan," she said; and she and the baby together seemed to totter and collapse in the little old lady's arms.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the startled woman; then, as her basket and scissors rolled to the ground, "Jean, lass, where are you? here are two bairns, and one of them looks fit to faint—ay, why, it is never our dear little Miss Mordaunt? Why, my bairn——" But at this moment a red-haired, freckled woman, with a pleasant, weather-beaten face, quietly lifted the mother and child, and carried them into a dusky little parlor; and in another minute Fay found herself lying on a couch, and the baby crying lustily in Jean's arms, while the little old lady was bathing her face with some cold, fragrant water, with the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Ay, my bonnie woman," she said, "you have given Jean and me a turn; and there's the big doggie, too, that would be after licking your face—and for all he knows you are better now—like a Christian. Run away, Jean, and warm a sup of milk for the bairn, and maybe his mother would like a cup of tea and a freshly-baked scone. There, give me the baby, and I'll hold him while you are gone."

"There's Andrew bringing in a heap of boxes," observed Jean, stolidly; "will he be setting them down in the porch? for we must not wake the minister."

"Ay, ay," returned Mrs Duncan, in a bewildered tone; but she hardly took in the sense of Jean's speech—she was rocking the baby in her old arms and looking at the pretty, white, sunken face that lay on the chintz cushion. Of course it was little Miss Mordaunt, but what did it mean—what could it all mean?

"Mrs. Duncan," whispered Fay, as she raised herself on her pillow, "I have come to you because I am so unhappy, and I have no other friend. I am married, and this is my baby, and my husband does not want me, and indeed it would have killed me to stop with him, and I have come to you, and he must not find me, and you must take care of baby and me," and here her tears burst out, and she clung round the old lady's neck, "I have money, and I can pay the minister; and I am so fond of you both—do let me stay."

"Whisht, whisht, my dearie," returned Mrs. Duncan, wiping her own eyes and Fay's. "Of course you shall bide with me; would either Donald or I turn out the shorn lamb to face the tempest? Married, my bairn; why you look only fit for a cot yourself; and with a bairn of your own, too. And to think that any man could ill-use a creature like that," half to herself; but Fay drooped her head as she heard her. Mrs. Duncan thought Hugh was cruel to her, and that she had fled from his ill-treatment, and she dare not contradict this notion.

"You must never speak to me of my husband," continued Fay, with an agitation that still further misled Mrs. Duncan. "I should have died if I had stopped with him; but I ran away, and I knew he would never find me here. I have money enough—ah, plenty—so you will not be put to expense. You may take care of my purse; and I have more—a great deal more;" and Fay held out to the dazzled eyes of the old lady a purse full of bank notes and glittering gold pieces, which seemed riches itself to her Highland simplicity.

"Ay, and just look at the diamonds and emeralds on your fingers, my dearie; your man must have plenty of this world's goods. What do they call him, my bairn, and where does he live?" But Fay skilfully fenced these questions. She called herself Mrs. St. Clair, she said, and her husband was a landed proprieter, and lived in one of the midland counties in England; and then she turned Mrs. Duncan's attention by asking her if she and baby might have the room her father slept in. Then Jean brought in the tea and buttered scones, and the milk for the baby; and while Mrs. Duncan fed him, she told Fay about her own trouble.

For the kind, white-headed minister, whom Fay remembered, was lying now in his last illness; and he had had two strokes of paralysis, and the third would carry him off, the doctor said.

"One blessing is, my Donald does not suffer," continued Mrs. Duncan, with a quiver of her lip; "he is quite helpless, poor man, and cannot stir himself, and Jean lifts him up as though he were a baby; but he sleeps most of his time, and when he is awake he never troubles—he just talks about the old time when he brought me first to the manse; and sometimes he fancies Robbie and Elsie are pulling flowers in the garden—and no doubt they are—the darlings, only it is in the garden of Paradise; and maybe there are plenty of roses and lilies there, such as Solomon talked about in the Canticles."

"And who takes the duty for Mr. Duncan?" asked Fay, who was much distressed to hear this account of her kind old friend.

"Well, our nephew, Fergus, rides over from Corrie to take the services for the Sabbath. He is to be wedded to Lilian Graham, down at the farm yonder, and sometimes he puts up at the manse and sometimes at the farm; and they do say, when my Donald has gone to the land of the leal, that Fergus will come to the Manse; for though he is young, he is a powerful preacher, and even St. Paul bids Timothy to 'let no one despise his youth;' but I am wearying you, my bairn, and Jean has kindled a fire in the pink room, for the nights are chilly, and you and me will be going up and leaving the big doggie to take care of himself."

But "the big doggie" was of a different opinion; he quite approved of his hostess, but it was against his principles to allow his mistress to go out of his sight. Things were on a different footing now; and ever since they had left Redmond Hall, Nero considered himself responsible for the safety of his two charges; so he quietly followed them into the pleasant low-ceilinged bedroom, with its window looking over the old-fashioned garden and orchard, and laid himself down with his nose between his paws, watching Jean fill the baby's bath, to the edification of the two women.

Jean helped Fay unpack a few necessary articles, and then went down to warm the porridge for her master's supper; but Mrs. Duncan pinned up her grey stuff gown and sat down by the fire to undress the baby, while Fay languidly got ready for bed.

It was well that the mother and child had fallen into the hands of these good Samaritans. In spite of her wretchedness and the strange weight that lay so heavy on her young heart, a sort of hazy comfort stole over Fay as she lay between the coarse lavender-scented sheets and listened to her baby's coos as he stretched his little limbs in the warm firelight.

"Ay, he is as fine and hearty as our Robbie was," observed Mrs. Duncan with a sigh; and so she prattled on, now praising the baby's beauty, and now commenting on the fineness of his cambric shirts, and the value of the lace that trimmed his nightdress, until Fay fell asleep, and thought she was listening to a little brook that had overflowed its banks, and was running down a stony hillside.

She hardly woke up when Mrs. Duncan placed the baby in her arms, and left them with a murmured benediction, and went down for a gossip with Jean. "And a lovelier sight my old eyes never saw," she said, "than that young creature, who looks only a child herself, with the bonnie boy in her arms, and her golden-brown hair covering them both. 'Deed, Jean, the man must have an evil spirit in him to ill-treat a little angel like that. But we will keep her safe, my woman, as sure as my name is Jeanie Duncan;" and to this Jean agreed. They were both innocent unsophisticated women who knew nothing of the world's ways, and, as Mrs. Duncan had said, "they would as soon have turned a shorn lamb away, and left it exposed to the tempest," as shut their door against Fay and her child.

Fay was not able to rise from the bed the next day; indeed for more than a week she was almost as helpless as a baby, and had to submit to a great deal of nursing.

Mrs. Duncan was quite in her element—petting her guest, and ordering Jean about; for she was a brisk, bustling little woman, and far more active than her three-score-and-ten years warranted.

It was a delight to her motherly nature to dress and undress Fay's bonnie boy. She would prose for hours about Robbie and Elsie as she sat beside the homely cradle that had once held her own children, while Fay listened languidly. It was all she could do to lie there and sleep and eat. Perhaps it was bodily exhaustion, but a sort of lull had come to her. She ceased to fret, and only wondered dreamily if Hugh were very pleased to get rid of her, and what he was doing, and who dusted and arranged his papers for him now she was no longer there. But of course Mrs. Heron would see to that.

Jean had plenty of work in her hands, but she never grumbled. There was the baby's washing and extra cooking, and the care of her old master. But in spite of her hard work, she often contrived to find her way to the pink room; for Jean worshipped babies, and it was a proud moment when she could get the boy in her arms and carry him out for a breath of air.

Mrs. Duncan told Fay that she had had great difficulty in making her husband understand the facts of the case. "His brain was just a wee bit clouded to every-day matters," she said; but he knew that he had guests at the Manse, and charged his wife to show every hospitality.

"There's a deal said about the virtue of hospitality in the Bible," he continued. "There was Abraham and the fatted calf; and the good widows in the apostles' time who washed the feet of strangers; and some have entertained angels unaware; and it shall never be said of us, Jeanie woman, that we turned anybody from the Manse."

Fay went to see the old man when she was strong enough to leave her room, which was not for a fortnight after her arrival.

She found him lying on one side of the big bed with brown moreen hangings that she remembered so well, with his head pillowed high, and his fine old face turned towards the setting sun.

He looked at her with a placid smile as she stood beside him—a small girlish figure, now sadly frail and drooping, with her boy in her arms—and held out his left hand—the right arm was helpless.

"Mother and child," he murmured; "it i always before our eyes, the Divine picture; and old and young, it touches the manhood within us. So you have come to bide a wee with Jeanie and me in the old Manse, my dear young lady; ay, and you are kindly welcome. And folks do say that there is no air so fine as ours, and no milk so pure as our brindled cow gives, and may be it will give you a little color into your cheeks."

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Duncan?" asked Fay, somewhat disappointed to find herself treated like an ordinary visitor. "Don't you remember Fay Mordaunt, the little girl who used to play with you in the orchard? but I am afraid I was older than I looked."

"Elsie used to play with me in the orchard," replied the old man, wistfully; "but Jeanie says she has gone to Heaven with wee Robbie. Nay, I never remember names, except Jeanie—and may be Jean comes handy. And there is one name I never forget—the name of Lord Jesus;" and he bowed his old head reverently.

"Come away, my bairn; Donald will have plenty to say to you another time," said Mrs. Duncan, kindly. "He is a bit drowsy now, and he is apt to wander at such times."

But the minister heard her and a sort of holy smile lit up his rugged face.

"Ay, but He'll no let me wander far; I have always got a grip of His hand, and if my old feet stumble a bit I am just lifted up. No, I could not forget His name, which is Love, and nothing else. But perhaps you are right, Jeanie, lass, and I am a bit sleepy. Take both the bairns away, and watch over them as though they were lambs of the fold—and so they are lambs of His fold," finished the old man. "And may be the Shepherd found them straying, poor bit creatures, and sent them here for you and me to mind, my woman."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TRACKED AT LAST.

Thus it was granted
To know that he loved me to the depth and height
Of such large natures; ever competent,
With grand horizons by the sea or land,
To love's grand sunrise.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

It was at the close of a lovely September day that Raby Ferrers sat alone in the piazza of a large fashionable boarding-house in W——. This favorite American watering-place was, as usual, thronged by visitors, who came either to seek relief for various ailments from the far-famed hot springs, or to enjoy the salubrious air and splendid scenery that made W—— so notorious.

The piazza was always the favorite lounge at all hours of the day, but especially towards evening. A handsome striped awning, and the natural shade of the splendid tropical plants that twined round the slender pillars, gave a pleasant shade even at noonday. Broad low steps led to the gardens, and deck-chairs and cushioned rocking chairs were placed invitingly at intervals.

A gay bevy of girls had just taken possession of these coveted seats, and were chattering with the young men who had just followed them out of the hot dining-room; but no one invaded the quiet corner where the English clergyman had established himself, though many a pair of laughing eyes grew a little sad and wistful when they rested on the grave, abstracted face of the blind man.

"He looks so dull," observed one girl—a fair delicate blonde, who was evidently the belle, for she was surrounded by at least half a dozen young men. "I have half a mind to go and speak to him myself only you would all be watching me."

"Miss Bellagrove cannot fail to be the cynosure of all eyes," returned a beardless dapper young man with the unmistakable Yankee accent; but to this remark Miss Bellagrove merely turned a cold shoulder.

"His sister has been away most of the afternoon," she continued, addressing a I good-looking young officer who held her fan. "It was so clever of you to find out that s he was his sister, Captain Maudsley. had quite made up my mind that they were married; yes, of course, every one must notice the likeness between them; but then they might have been cousins, and she does seem so devoted to him." But here a whispered admonition in her ear made Miss Bellagrove break off her sentence rather abruptly, as at that moment Miss Ferrers' tall figure, in the usual grey gown, was seen crossing one of the little lawns towards the piazza.

"She is wonderfully distinguished looking," was Miss Bellagrove's next remark. "Most English women are tall, I do believe; don't you think her face beautiful, Captain Maudsley;" but the reply to this made Miss Bellagrove change color very prettily.

Raby was profoundly oblivious of the interest he was exciting; he was wondering what had detained Margaret all these hours and if she would have any news to bring him.

As yet their journey had been fruitless. They had reached New York just as Miss Campion and her companion had quitted it; they had followed on their track—but had always arrived either a day or an hour too late. Now and then they had to wait until a letter from Fern gave them more decided particulars. Occasionally they made a mistake and found that Miss Campion had changed her plans. Once they were in the same train, and Margaret never found it out until she saw Crystal leave the carriage, and then there was no time to follow her. Margaret shed tears of disappointment, and blamed herself for her own blindness; but Raby never reproached her.

He was growing heart-sick and weary by this time. They had spent six weeks in this search, and were as far from success as ever—no wonder Raby's face looked grave and overcast as he sat alone in the piazza.

Even Margaret's protracted absence raised no sanguine expectations in his mind; on the contrary, as his practised ear recognized her footstep, he breathed a short prayer for patience.

"Dear Raby," she said, softly, as she took a seat beside him and unfastened the clasps of her long cloak; "I have been away a longer time than usual; have you been wanting me?"

"Oh, no," with a faint smile; "Ferguson took care of me at dinner, and I had a pleasant American widow on the other side who amused me very much—she told me some capital stories about the Canadian settlers; so, on the whole, I did very well. I begin to like Ferguson immensely; he is a little broad, but still very sensible in his views. He comes from Cumberland, he tells me, and has rather a large cure of souls."

"Yes, dear,"—but Margaret spoke absently—"but you do not ask me what I have been doing, Raby."

"No,"—very slowly; and then, a touch of sadness, "I begin to think it is better not to ask."

"Poor fellow,"—laying her hand on his arm caressingly. "Yes, I understand you are beginning to lose hope. What did I tell you last night—that it is always the darkest hour before the dawn. Do you remember how fond Crystal was of that song? Well, it is true, Raby; I have been stopping away for some purpose this afternoon. Crystal and Miss Campion are here."

"Here!" and at Raby's exclamation more than one head turned in the direction of brother and sister.

"Yes, in W——. Do not speak so loud, Raby; you are making people look at us. Take my arm, and we will go into the shrubberies; no one will disturb us there." And as she guided him down the steps, and then across a secluded lawn, Raby did not speak again until the scent of the flowering shrubs told him they had entered one of the quiet paths leading away from the house.

"Now, tell me, Maggie," he said, quickly; and Margaret obeyed at once.

"I was at the station, as we planned, and saw them arrive; so for once the information was correct. Crystal got out first, and went in search of the luggage. I concealed myself behind a bale of goods—wool-packs, I believe—and she passed me quite closely; I could have touched her with my hand. She looked very well, only thinner, and I think older; it struck me she had grown, too, for she certainly looked taller."

"It is possible; and you really saw her face, Margaret?"

"Yes; she was looking away. She is as beautiful as ever, Raby. No wonder people stare at her so. She is as much like your ideal Esther as she used to be, only there is a grander look about her altogether—less like the girl, and more of the woman."

"Ah, she has suffered so; we have all aged, Maggie. She will think us both changed."

Margaret suppressed a sigh—she was almost thankful that Raby's blind eyes could not see the difference in her. He was quite unconscious that her youthful bloom had faded, and that her fair face had a settled, matured look that seldom comes before middle age; and she was glad that this was so. Neither of them spoke now of the strange blight that had passed over her young life. Margaret had long since ceased to weep over it; it was her cross she said, and she had learnt its weight by this time.

"Well, Margaret?" for she had paused for a moment.

"I did not dare to leave my place of concealment until she had passed. I saw Miss Campion join her. She is a pleasant, brisk, looking woman with grey hair, and rather a young face. I followed them out of the station, and heard them order the driver to bring them here."

"Here! To this house, Margaret?"

"Yes—wait a moment—but of course I knew what Mrs. O'Brien would say—that there was no room; so I did not trouble to follow them very closely; in fact I knew it would be useless. When I did arrive I went straight to Mrs. O'Brien's parlor and asked if she had managed to accommodate the two ladies."

"'I did not know they were friends of yours, Miss Ferrers,' she said, regretfully. 'But what could I do? There is not a vacant bed in the house, and I knew the hotel would be just as full; so I sent them down to Mrs. Maddox at the corner house, down yonder—it is only a stone's throw from here. And, as I told the ladies, they can join us at luncheon and dinner, and make use of the drawing-room. I knew Mrs. Maddox had her two best bedrooms and the front parlor empty.' Of course I thanked Mrs. O'Brien, and said no doubt this would do excellently for our friends; and then a walked past the corner house and found they were carrying in the luggage, and Miss Campion was standing at the door talking to a colored servant."

"You actually passed the house? Oh, Margaret, how imprudent. Supposing Crystal had seen you from the window?"

"Oh, my cloak and veil disguised me; besides, there is a long strip of garden between the house and the road. I could hardly distinguish Crystal, though I could see there was some one in the parlor. And now, what are we to do, Raby? It will never do to risk a meeting at *table d'hote;* in a crowded room, Crystal might see us, and make her escape before I could manage to intercept her; and yet, how are we to intrude on Miss Campion? it will be dreadfully awkward for us all."

"I must think over it," he answered, quickly. "It is growing dark now, Margaret, is it not?"

"Yes, dear, do you feel chilly—shall we go in?"

"No, I want you to take me farther; there is a gate leading to the road, is there not? I should like to go past the house; it will make it seem more real, Maggie, and you shall describe exactly how it is situated."

Margaret complied at once—not for worlds would she have hinted that she was already nearly spent with fatigue and want of food. Cathy, the bright little Mulatto chambermaid, would get her a cup of tea and a sandwich presently. Raby's lover-like wish must be indulged; he wanted to pass the house that held his treasure.

It was bright moonlight by this time and the piazza had been long deserted. The shadows were dark under the avenue, or the road was thickly planted with trees. Just as they were nearing the corner house—a low white building with a verandah running round it—Margaret drew Raby somewhat hastily behind a tall maple, for her keen eyes had caught sight of two figures standing by the gate. As the moon emerged from behind a cloud, she saw Crystal plainly; Miss Campion was beside her with a black veil thrown over her grey hair.

Margaret's whispered "hush!" was a sufficient hint to Raby, and he stood motionless. The next moment the voice that was dearer to him than any other sounded close beside him—at least it seemed so in the clear resonant atmosphere.

"What a delicious night; how white that patch of moon-lighted road looks where the trees do not cast their shadows so heavily. I like this quiet road. I am quite glad the boarding-house was full I think the cottage is much cozier."

"Cozier, yes," laughed the other; "but that is a speech that ought to have come out of my middle-aged lips. What an odd girl you are, Crystal; you never seem to care for mixing with young people; and yet it is only natural at your age. You are a terrible misanthrope. I do believe you would rather not dine at the *table d'hote* only you are ashamed to say so."

"I have no right to inflict my misanthropy on you, Miss Campion; as it is, you are far too indulgent to my morose moods."

"Morose fiddlesticks," was the energetic reply. "But there, I do like young people to enjoy themselves like young people. Why, if I had your youth and good looks; well,"—with a change of tone sufficiently explicit—"it is no use trying to make you conceited; and yet that handsome young American—wasn't he a colonel?—tried to make himself as pleasant as he could."

"Did he?" was the somewhat indifferent answer; at which Miss Campion shook her head in an exasperated way.

"Oh, it is no use talking to you," with good-natured impatience. "English or American; old, ugly, or handsome; they are all the same to you; and of course, by the natural laws of contradiction, the absurd creatures are all bent on making you fall in love with them. Now that colonel, Crystal, I can't think what fault you could find with him; he was manly, gentlemanly, and as good looking as a man ought to be."

"I do not care for good looking men."

"Or for plain ones either, my dear. I expect you are romantic, Crystal, and have an ideal of your own."

"And if I answer, yes," returned the girl, quickly, "will you leave off teasing me about all those stupid men. If you knew how I hate it—how I despise them all."

"All but the ideal," observed Miss Campion, archly; but she took the girl's hand in hers, and the shrewd, clever face softened. "You must forgive an impertinent old maid, my dear. Perhaps she had her story too, who knows. And so you have your ideal, my poor, dear child; and the ideal has not made you a happy woman. It never does," in a low voice.

"Dear Miss Campion," returned Crystal, with a blush; "if I am unhappy, it is only through my own fault; no one else is to blame, and—and—it is not as you think. It is true I once knew a good man, who has made every other man seem puny and insignificant beside him; but that is because he was so good, and there was no other reason."

"No other reason, except your love for him," observed the elder woman, stroking her hand gently. "I have long suspected this, my dear."

"Oh, you must not talk so," answered Crystal, in a tone of poignant distress; "you do not know, you cannot understand. Oh, it is all so sad. I owe him everything. My ideal, oh yes; whom have I ever seen who could compare with him—so strong, so gentle, so forgiving? Oh, you must never let me talk of him; it breaks my heart."

"Come away, Margaret," whispered Raby, hoarsely, in her ear. "I have no right to hear this; it is betraying my darling's confidence. Take me away, for I cannot trust myself another moment; and it is late—too late to speak to her to-night."

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Geo. Harvey, Port Huron, wife of Grand Trunk Conductor Harvey, took an overdose of laudanum on Wednesday night and died on Friday. She was in the habit of taking the drug to make her sleep, and when discovered was beyond help.