

shared the common fate," answered Mr. Kennedy, for such he told us was his name.

"Should your child have escaped, do you believe you would recognise her?" asked Uncle Donald.

"Among a hundred!" answered the stranger. "I should know her, however much grown, from her likeness to her mother."

As he spoke my sisters and Rose approached. The stranger glanced at the group, then rushing forward, gazed earnestly into Rose's countenance.

"You would not deceive me!" he exclaimed. "Say, how did this young girl come to be with you? Rose, do you recollect me? Speak, my child, are you not Rose Kennedy?"

"Kennedy! Kennedy!" murmured Rose, looking greatly astonished and somewhat frightened. "Kennedy! Yes, that was my papa's name."

"You are my own child!" he exclaimed, kissing her brow and cheeks again and again while he held her in his arms.

The lookers-on were greatly moved. It was some time, however, before Rose could fully comprehend that the stranger was her father, and that she belonged to him rather than to Uncle Donald.

Mr. Kennedy now eagerly inquired whether we could give him any tidings of his wife.

"Extraordinary as it may seem, I think I am able to do so," said my father. "On stopping at the Red River settlement on our way hither, I met a Mrs. Kennedy, whose husband and child had, I heard, been murdered by the Indians."

I should like to prolong my history, but I must be