

ting sun. And with what high hopes! Alas! how few, comparatively, met their realization.

In 1856, my father, James Wiggins, joined a New York colony bound for Kansas. Being favorably impressed with the country and its people, they located the town of Geneva, and my father returned for his family.

Reaching the Missouri River on our way to our new home, my father was attacked with cholera, and died.

In obedience to his dying instructions, my widowed mother, with her little family, continued on the way to our new home. But, oh! with what saddened hearts we entered into its possession, It seemed as if the light of our life had gone out. He who had been before to prepare that home for us, was not there to share it with us; and, far away from all early associations, almost alone in a new and sparsely settled country, it seemed as though hope had died.

But God is merciful. He prepares the soul for its burdens. Of a truth, "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Our family remained in this pleasant prairie home, where I was married to Josiah S. Kelly.

My husband's health failing, he resolved upon a change of climate. Accordingly, on the 17th of May, 1864, a party of six persons, consisting of Mr. Gardner Wakefield, my husband, myself, our adopted daughter (my sister's child), and two colored servants, started from Geneva, with high-wrought hopes and pleasant anticipations of a romantic and delightful journey

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