

LYDIA KNIGHT'S
HISTORY.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE

NOBLE WOMEN'S LIVES SERIES.

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CHAPTER IV.

Lydia remained here until the Summer of '34, and then, on seeing a chance to return within about eighty miles of her home in western New York, she did so. At a town called St. Catherine she remained some two months, and then went by stage to her father's house.

So beautiful was this gospel in the eyes of the ardent girl, that she felt that all that was needful for her parents to share in her joy, was simply to tell them the story. But as is often the case, the father and mother, although so good and kind, could not comprehend the truth.

"Lydia," said the mother, "you don't mean to tell me you have united yourself with those disgraceful Mormons. To think that my daughter should dishonor herself by being cheated and deluded by those imposters!"

"Oh, mother," the tearful Lydia replied, "don't call those great and good men imposters, whom I have had the honor to see and know. Indeed they are true gentlemen and earnest Christians. If you would only let me tell you of these great truths that have been revealed from heaven."

But arguments and tears were of no avail. Nothing could induce the indignant mother who was a strict Presbyterian, or the quiet father, who, although professing no religion, was conscientious and moral, to accept her views for one moment.

On the other hand, the principles Lydia had embraced were too precious to be given up for father or mother, tenderly loved as they were.

"It's no use," at last said the mother, "you know Lydia never would leave the sheep-skin till the last lock was pulled."

The girl grew restless and unhappy under the constant railery and derision showered upon the despised religion by her parents, while, at the same time they gave much pity and sympathy to their poor deluded daughter.

At last she decided upon going out to Kirtland which was then the gathering place of the Saints. Seeing her so determined Mr. and Mrs. Goldthwait gave Lydia ample means to go to her destination, and be comfortable and respectable. In the Spring of '35, once more this lone woman started out on a journey.

On reaching Kirtland, the family with whom Lydia had traveled, set at once to make arrangements to settle down. Leaving his wife and Lydia at the hotel, Mr. Knight, for that was the gentleman's name, went out, soon returning with his brother Vincent, who was a resident of Kirtland. On being introduced to Lydia, Vincent Knight said: "Sister, the Prophet is in bondage and has been brought into distress by the persecutions of the wicked, and if you have any means to give, it will be a benefit to him." "Oh yes, sir," she replied, "here is all I have. I only wish it was more," emptying her purse, containing, perhaps fifty dollars, in his hand as she spoke.

He looked at it and counted it and fervently exclaimed: "Thank God, this will release and set the Prophet free!"

The young girl was without means now, even to procure a meal or a night's lodging. Still the sweet spirit that rested upon her whispered "all will be well."

As evening drew on, Vincent Knight returned and brought the welcome news that Joseph was at liberty, and Lydia's joy to think that she had been the humble means of helping the Prophet was unbounded.

After talking some time Vincent remarked to her: "Now sister, if you think you can be comfortable and happy with my family, you are welcome to a home there. You shall be as a sister to my wife and myself."

Was not here the promise of the spirit beautifully verified?

For six or eight months Lydia lived a pleasant life beneath this good man's roof.

In the Fall of '35, the Prophet's brother Hyrum requested Lydia to come to his home and assist his wife. He promised her she should receive all the care and thought that could be given to her if she really were at home. She complied with the request, and while living there became acquainted with one of the brethren who boarded at the place while working on the Kirtland Temple. His name was Newel Knight, although not related in any way with the Knight family spoken of in the beginning of this chapter. The young man

was tall, had light brown hair, a keen blue eye and a very energetic and determined manner.

"Brother Knight is a widower," remarked Sister Smith one day when she and Lydia were busily at work.

"Oh indeed," laconically replied the girl.

"Yes, poor fellow. He lost his wife last Fall. She was a delicate woman, and the many trials and persecutions she suffered were too much for her frail body, and she died when her baby was but two days old. The little one lived but a few hours. Poor Brother Knight! His heart was almost broken. He has a little boy three years old living with his aunt, Newel's sister. Poor fellow, he is very lonely."

Lydia went on with her work making no reply, although her heart ached with sympathy for the desolate young man; for was she not well acquainted with sorrow? did not she know the anguish of being alone?

But well she knew that friendly interest was all she could give to this noble man who had so plainly shown his interest in her.

One day as they sat alone together in the family room, Newel said to her kindly, very gently:

"My child, you seem very lonely as well as myself. Why can we not comfort each other?"

"Sir," she replied indignantly, "I know my condition is lonely and not a desirable one, but I do not wish you to insult me. I have not the slightest knowledge where my husband is, or whether he is alive or dead. But I do not wish to take any step to make my condition worse or bring shame