



**Memorial  
Sketches**

1887-1912

Gilbert Harris  
Margaret M. Harris

## A Tribute

A few pages in tribute  
to the memory of Gilbert  
Harris and his devoted  
wife "of infinite worth  
and merit."



GILBERT HARRIS

## Gilbert Harris

1817-1887

The subject of this notice was born near the town of Cobourg, in the County of Northumberland, on the 29th day of June, 1817, and died at his residence, in the township of Delaware, on the 24th day of April, 1887. In 1836 he removed from Cobourg and settled in the township of Delaware, where, by habits of industry and due attention to secular interests, he succeeded financially. For many years he held positions of trust and responsibility, such as assessor, collector, councillor and reeve. In 1844 he was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Davis, daughter of the late Benjamin Davis, Esq., of Westminster, who, if our information is correct, was the first man married by a Methodist minister in the Province. The marriage was solemnized by the Rev. Henry Ryan, for which offence the venerable man of God was arrested and imprisoned.

Under the ministry of the Rev. Appleton Jones, Brø. Harris was brought to a knowledge of the truth. His conversion was clear and powerful, and he maintained ever a godly walk and conversation. In 1840 he connected

himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and remained an honored and useful member of her communion for over half a century; and being a man of more than ordinary intelligence, he always occupied a leading position in the church, filling various offices, such as class-leader, trustee, and recording steward. His piety was deep, uniform, and sincere, his faith firm and intelligent. He knew in whom he had believed, and was persuaded that he would keep that which he had committed to him. He knew that if the earthly house was dissolved that he had a building of God—an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. He highly prized the means of grace. Especially was he delighted with the class and prayer-meetings; these means were sources of rich spiritual blessings to his soul. During his last illness, though his sufferings were sometimes intensely severe, he was sustained by divine grace, gladdened by the light of God's countenance and cheered by the promise of the Gospel. He spoke of his approaching demise with the utmost composure, selected the text for the funeral sermon, said "I am ready to go, the time of my departure is at hand," and, although he was attached to this life by the natural feelings of humanity, by grace

he was raised above any weak or unmanly regret at being separated from it. He died as he lived, trusting in Christ.

He leaves a widow and five sons. May they imitate his example, follow him as he followed Christ, and meet him where no revolution of nature will effect a separation. The funeral was the largest ever witnessed in this part of the country. The people came from their homes for miles around to sympathize with the afflicted family and pay a tribute of respect to departed worth.

The services were conducted by the Rev. W. D. Hughson, the writer, assisted by Rev. J. Veal.

The winter of trouble is past,  
The storms of affliction are o'er.  
His struggles are ended at last,  
And sorrow and death are no more.

W. D. HUGHSON.



MARGARET M. HARRIS

## Margaret M. Harris

1821-1912

Margaret M. Davis was born near the City of London, Westminster Township, Ontario, Jan. 5th, 1821, and died at the home of her son, B. Wesley Harris, near National City, Dec. 13, 1912. Had she lived until the 5th of next month, she would have been ninety-two years old.

She was the daughter of Benjamin Davis, Esq., a man of influence, of deep piety and a leading member of the Methodist Church, of Westminster. The records record the interesting fact that he was the first man married by a Methodist minister in the Province.

At the early age of seven she was left without a mother, but her father being a man of God, she was reared in the atmosphere of piety and at the age of twelve years, in one of the revivals which characterized that early day, she gave her heart to Christ, consecrated her life to his service, and became a member of the Methodist church of which she was a faithful and devout member to the time of her death. At that time she had en-



joyed its gracious fellowship for eighty years.

At the time of her departure for California, a few months ago, she was regarded as the oldest resident and oldest Methodist in the vicinity where she had lived from childhood.

In the year 1844 she was united in marriage with the late Gilbert Harris. Having given his heart to Christ in early life and united with the Methodist church under the labors of Rev. Appleton Jones, and being a man of intelligent and deep piety, he proved to be a kindred spirit. To this devoted couple were born five sons, George W., Benjamin W., Charles, Gilbert and William. All living excepting Charles, who died at Ellwood, Indiana, a few years ago.

Since the death of her devoted husband which occurred in April, 1887, Sister Harris has made her home with her youngest son, who with a devotion and fortitude most commendable has given his life primarily to the care and comfort of his mother. The type of devotion that he has manifested has been rare as well as beautiful, enabling him cheerfully to set aside many of the ambitions that come to young manhood in order that in her declining years his mother might not

want for any attention that might add to her comfort and happiness or lengthen her days. A few months ago he brought her to this locality, thinking that a change from the rigorous northern climate to that of the mild and equitable climate of the south-land might prove beneficial to her health, as well as his own. And since their coming into our midst the clinging and affectionate dependence of the aged saint upon her boys, and their loving devotion to her has been not only touching but beautiful to behold.

The last few days of her life were days of great physical weakness. She could converse but sparingly, but her utterances were usually either some expression of affection for her children, or of an abiding confidence in her Redeemer.

The body is to be taken by one of her sons to the old home in Ontario, where with appropriate religious services it will be laid to rest in the village church-yard by the side of that of her husband.

"Servant of God, well done!  
Thy glorious warfare's past;  
The battle's fought, the race is won,  
And thou art crowned at last."

—C. Wesley.

REV. L. G. SPRING.

From The California Christian Advocate

## EIGHTY YEARS A MEMBER.

On December 13th, 1912, from the home of her son Wesley, of San Diego, Cal., Mrs. Gilbert Harris, of Delaware, Ont., took her departure "to be with Christ."

Up to the time of her removal to California in October last, Mrs. Harris had been for the whole ninety-two years of her life a resident of this part of Middlesex county and for eighty years a faithful member of the Methodist church. She was the daughter of Mr. B. Davis, a pioneer of this country who helped to cut the timbers and erect the first house built in the city of London. It might also be interesting to note that Mr. Davis was the first man in the province to be married by a Methodist minister, for which offence the minister, Rev. Henry Ryan, suffered arrest and imprisonment.

At the age of seven she was left without a mother, but under the influence of a devoted Christian father she was instructed in the true wisdom and at the early age of twelve made public acknowledgment of her Saviour and united with the Methodist church. In 1844 she married Mr. Gilbert Harris, who four years previously, under the ministry of Rev. Appleton Jones, had been

converted and joined the church. Mr. and Mrs. Harris, therefore, from the first set up the altar and made theirs a Christian home. To them were born five sons, whom they saw grow up to be men, useful and respected each in his home community. One son, Charles, predeceased his mother by a few years. In 1887 she was bereft of her husband, and since that time has resided with her son, William C., near Delaware village, and has been the subject of his unceasing care. Beautiful has been the display of affection and tender care of the son for his aged mother, and during the last months of her extreme age and feebleness the mother was continually remarking on the "loving goodness of my boy." The writer had the pleasure of ministering to her in spiritual things during the past two years. She was delighted to see her minister, to listen to him read the word, to join with him in prayer. Her conversation was constantly of eternal things. The memories of the past centered about her experiences in the old Harris Church, where, with her husband, she worshipped and labored so many years. Her rejoicing was in her Saviour, and with a great longing in her heart she waited patiently to be "at home over there." Her favorite hymn was "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

Fearing the result of our rigorous winter climate upon her enfeebled frame, her son arranged for a most comfortable journey to Southern California. She enjoyed the journey and remarked often on the beauties of her new home, with its fine outlook over the great Pacific, and her sons had good hope that their mother might still be spared to them for many days, but the Great Father was about to call her home. On Friday, December 13th, in great peace and confidence she entered into "the rest that remaineth."

A beautiful and impressive service was held in San Diego by Rev. Mr. Spring, of the M. E. Church. The mortal remains were brought back by her son to her native place, that they might be laid beside those of her husband in the little village church-yard. Rev. John Fisher and her pastor, Rev. W. L. Hiles, conducted an impressive service, and her children went from father's and mother's graves saying in their hearts, like David Livingstone, "We bless Thee, O Lord, for our parents; we give Thee thanks for the dead who have died in the Lord."—W. L. H. from The Canadian Christian Guardian.