

Obituary of Marie Knight Harris

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Another old resident of Chateaugay Lake has passed away. After much suffering of a week with pneumonia, Mrs. Harris answered the summons of her master Monday morning, April 29. Mrs. Harris, whose maiden name was Miss Maria L. Wilson, was born in Chazy, May 14, 1841. In 1858 she became the wife of Isaac Knight and soon after they settled in Brainardsville, where they resided for a few years, from thence they moved to Chateaugay Lake where they spent the remainder of their years. They reared a family of seven children and by hard and unceasing efforts both Mr. and Mrs. Knight made rapid strides in lifes progress and as a result of their efforts they soon became the owners of one of the most desirable farms in Ellenburg.

In 1875 Mrs. Knight was called to part with a loving husband and partner. In 1878 Mrs. Knight became the wife of Mr. Tyler Harris and in the years that followed she was always a true helpmate, trying as best she could to raise their two children, and her other ones, always labouring for her loved one, doing every thing her hands found to do. She is survived by five sons, Eugene Knight of Lyon, Mr. George E. Knight of Ellenburgh, Burt Knight of Chateaugay Lake, and Labran Harris of Ellenburg; four daughters, Mrs. Wm. D. Merrill of Chateaugay Lake, Mrs. Frank Furness of Ellenburgh, Mrs. James Eddy of Chateaugay Lake, Mrs. Lyman Collins of Chateaugay Lake, all of whom were at home when she passed away. Funeral services were held from the Shuttsville schoolhouse, Wednesday, May 1st, Rev. C.E. Hasting of Brainardsville officiating.

"Give her the fruit of her hands and let her own works praise her in the gates. Pro. XXXI, 31."

"Beautiful hands,
Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're neither soft nor small
And you, I know, would scarcely think,
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet these aged wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad
These patient hands kept toiling on
That the children might be glad.
I almost weep, as looking back
To childhoods distant day
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They are now cold in death
For time and pain have left their work
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! the time has come
And the sad, sad day to me
And 'neith the daisies out of sight
Those hands are folded now.

But Oh! beyond this shadow land
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear

Where crystal streams through endless
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again
I'll clasp my mother's hands."