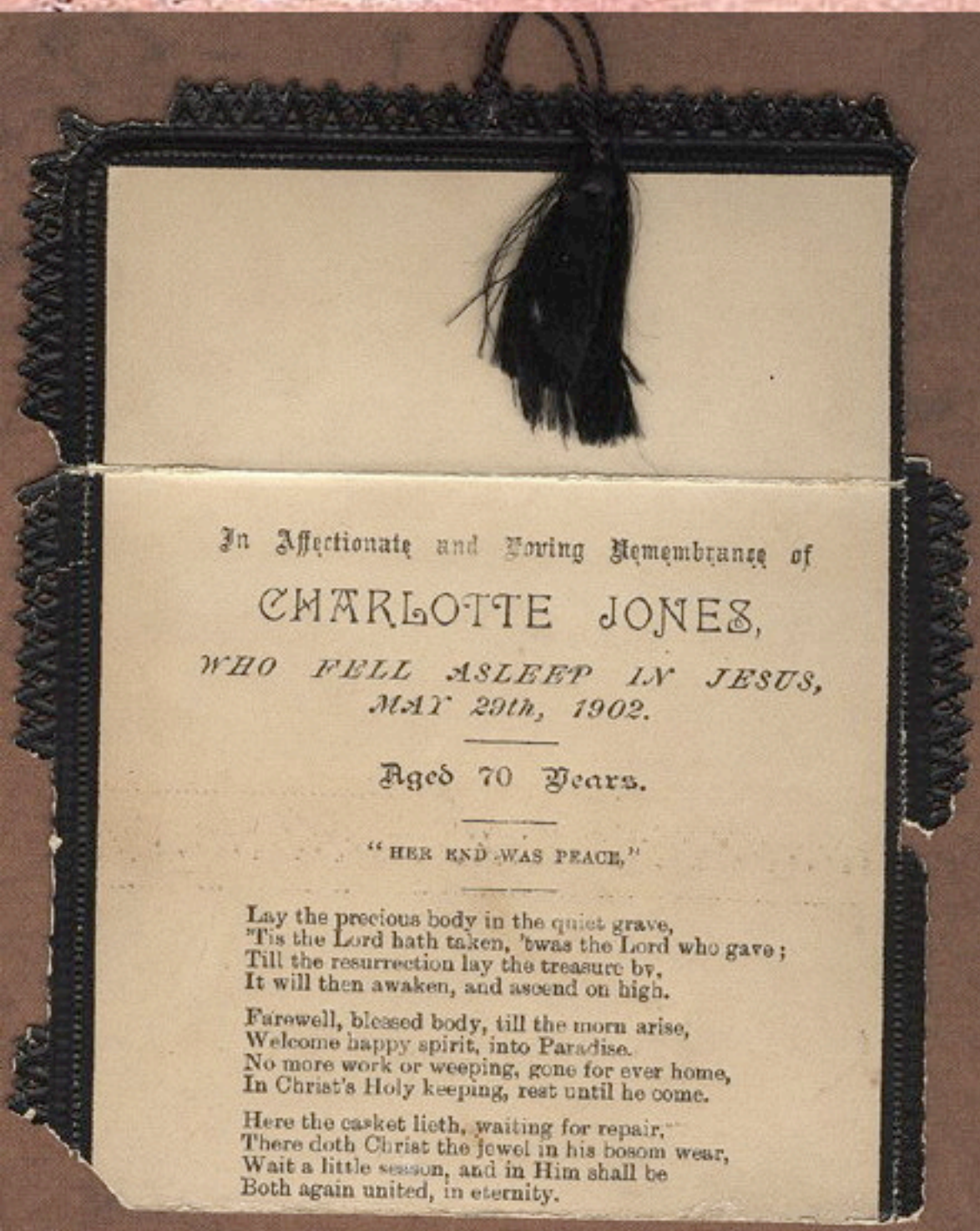
CHRIST CHURCH.

DEATH OF MRS. J. JONES.—On Sunday last there was laid to rest, in Christ Church graveyard, one of the oldest inhabitants of the parish, in the person of Mrs. Jones, relict of the late Mr. Jas. Jones, monumental sculptor, amid many manifestations of sincere regret. There was a very large attendance at the funeral from the neighbourhood, also from Coleford, &c. The coffin was of polished oak, with brass furniture, and was supplied by Mr. Lerigo, of English Bicknor, who was the undertaker. The pall-bearers were—Messrs. C. Adams, C. Salter, L. Phelps, J. Ross, G. T. Stephens and H. Jones, the under-bearers being—Messrs. Milson Gwilliam, H. B. Salter, G. Adams and B. Worgan. She was followed by the whole of her large family of nine children, viz., Mr. and Mrs J. H. Collis (daughter), Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Jones, Manchester (son), Mr. Chas. Jones (son), Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jones (son), Mr. and Mrs. J. Collett, Tortworth (daughter), Mr and Mrs. D. Hammond, Stroud (daughter), Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nelmes, Barry Dock (daughter) Mr. and Mrs. T. Hatton, Henley-on-Thames (daughter), Mr. F. J. Jones (son), Mr. C. Vick, Liverpool (brother), Mr. G. Vick, Gloucester (brother), Mrs Stanbrook, Pinkney (sister), Mr. S. Jones, Pontypewnmr (brother-in-law), and Mr. and Mrs. T. Ambury, together with numerous relations and friends. The Rev. C. Barnes (vicar), was the officiating minister, and he also preached a very appropriate and impressive sermon at the evening service in the church, when the whole family attended as mourners. The family desire to take this opportunity of thanking their numerous friends for their kind expressions of sympathy, also for the great quantity of flowers sent.



In Affectionate and Loving Remembrance of

CHARLOTTE JONES,

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS,
MAY 29th, 1902.

Aged 70 Years.

"HER END WAS PEACE."

Lay the precious body in the quiet grave,
'Tis the Lord hath taken, 'twas the Lord who gave;
Till the resurrection lay the treasure by,
It will then awaken, and ascend on high.

Farewell, blessed body, till the morn arise,
Welcome happy spirit, into Paradise.
No more work or weeping, gone for ever home,
In Christ's Holy keeping, rest until he come.

Here the casket lieth, waiting for repair,
There doth Christ the jewel in his bosom wear,
Wait a little season, and in Him shall be
Both again united, in eternity.