In Loving Memory

of

James Thomas Taylor

Who fell asleep

January 7th, 1951.

Aged 94 years.

Interred at Forest Fold Chapel,
Crowborough

HYMN.

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home
My God, my Heaven, my All.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Mrs. Taylor and Family

thank all friends for

kindness and sympathy.