



Alfred Canning

In Affectionate Remembrance

OF

ALFRED CANNING,

THE BELOVED SON OF THOMAS AND MARGARET LEWIS, OF GARTH ERWAN,
BANGOR, WHO DIED THE 21ST DAY OF APRIL, 1874,

Aged Seven Years and Nine Months,
AND WAS THIS DAY INTERRED AT GLANADDA CEMETERY.

"Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well."
2 KINGS iv. 26.

APRIL 25TH, 1874.

Last Words of Dear Alfred
Canning Peters, Gartherman
who fell asleep in Jesus April 14/74

It was very evident that
the darling little fellow, who
was conscious and sensible to
the last, though quite self-possessed
knew he was dying for hours before
the time of his departure. In
his childish fashion, he showed
the strongest faith & confidence
in God, & the sweetest calmness
& peace. He died with a quiet,
happy smile on his face, without
one struggle, & his spirit seemed
as if wafted peacefully
to the presence of its Giver.
He took his farewell affectionately
of his Mamma, his Aunt (Mrs. Piles),
his eldest brother & all his sisters.
When his sister Louisa, who
could not refrain from weeping,
came to the bedside, he told

her "not to cry like a child." He objected to see his little brother Willie; as he would make his head ache - he was "too noisy" he said; - but he wanted to see Baby, & asked for her twice. But when she was brought to him, and placed on the bed, he was gone too far to speak, and he merely looked placidly at her. He had frequently at intervals asked his Mamma about the time, as if expecting his Papa's arrival (Papa's being that day from home). His Mamma about three o'clock in the afternoon, which was after he had bid farewell to all, asked him if he had anything to say to his Papa, and he answered "No, only say Good bye to him!"

The Doctor came about that time, & with his son (Dr. Gregg Hughes) was in the room, when little Alfred very respectfully, four times over, told Dr.

Hughes to go home. At first he hesitated and told him "to make you well" & finally, yet respectfully, "you any more; go home now!" Dr. Hughes obeyed & retired out of the room & went he intimated the fellow was beyond the human skill. Ferguson & Kingchild told, & told, Mamma and myself was dying. He had been very much of his throats. Mamma soothed him, & his dear little hands up "Please, Almighty God, be better!" soon after that exhausted on the bed, heard to whisper, we turned up to the top and their gaze fixed. though he saw some how beautiful; oh, how

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now!" Dr. Hughes obeyed, but only
retired out of the room, and as he
went he intimated that the little
fellow was beyond the reach of
human skill. Frequently had the
dualing child told, ~~and~~ seriously
told, Mamma and myself that he
was dying. He had complained
very much of his throat, and his
Mamma soothed him. He then put
his dear little hands up and said
"Please, Almighty God, make me
better!" Soon after that he laid back
exhausted on the bed, and was
heard to whisper, with his eyes
turned up to the top of the bed
and their gaze fixed intently; as
though he saw something, "Oh,
how beautiful; oh, how beautiful!"

He afterwards ebbed away in a sweetly
calm manner, His little countenance
changed, and with two gentle sighs
he was gone!

Mrs Williams

Caedwen, Bangor

19th April 1874