

A. W. Blakemore & Co.  
Cotton Buyers,

Louisville, Ky. 5<sup>th</sup> 1881

A. W. BLAKEMORE.  
C. M. THRUSTON.

Dear M<sup>r</sup>.

I notice in the morning paper the painful death of your bright little boy - Sympathy upon such occasions avail nothing - None the less I extend mine most sincerely to you & yours - "Into each life some rain must fall" - An accident of exactly the same kind, occurred <sup>many years since</sup> to one of my Sister's children - The shock & grief that fell upon her was unexpressed -

And then too it is said, that there nestles in the mother's heart, a love so tender & fervent for the youngest of her little flock, that no other than the first born ever calls forth - This I think is the first grief of this kind that has fallen upon you - Along the journey of life three mile stones must come - Men grieve over them & feel them keenly - The love for the little one never dies out -

But after all M<sup>r</sup> the wound in a mother's heart is deeper and never entirely heals over - The love of the mother for the child, is of all things the most beautiful -