

ZABRINA UNDERWOOD

Mrs. Zabrina Underwood, whose maiden name was Loomis, was born at Oxford, Canada West, March 6, 1806, and died at her home in Avon, Michigan, on Thanksgiving morning, November 27th, 1884, aged seventy-eight years and nine months. Mrs. Underwood came with her husband and one child to this State in 1828, and settled on the farm where she continued to live until her death. Nine of the ten children were born on this place. The mother was left a widow at the early age of forty, and nobly and bravely did the work of rearing this large family of ten children, eight of whom are still living. This very estimable lady and faithful mother was one of the earliest of Michigan's pioneers, coming here over fifty-six years ago. She had much of the hard labor and privation of those early times to endure and leaves to her children the inheritance of a beautiful and precious memory of all her patience, tenderness and love.

The funeral was attended from the Universalist Church at Rochester, November 29th, Rev. Jas Gorton of Charlotte, Mich., officiating. He had known the family in an intimate friendly and neighborhood way for above forty years. He took for her text Rom. 8:38.39 and after speaking of his acquaintance with the family and pleasant relations to them for so many years and their early pioneer life, and the great changes and improvements that had taken place i.a. religious views, and that the world had been growing into a larger and grander thought about God and Christ and man and () a thought that was more beautiful and reasonable and comforting. He developed from the text the great ideas of the universality and immutability of God's love, and that when Gods purpose with every soul is fully wrought, every sundered tie of love shall be united and every broken family shall be made whole in heaven.

‘That more and more a providence
Of love is understood
Making the spring of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

E’vn death is but a covered way,
That opens into light.
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father’s sight.

Good shall be the final goal of all
And not one life shall be destroyed
Or Cast as rubbish to the void
When God has made the pile complete.’

G.