

**A DISCOURSE DELIVERED IN THE
SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
DORCHESTER, MS., MONDAY,
DEC. 27, 1847, AT THE FUNERAL OF REV.
JOHN CODMAN, D. D., LATE PASTOR OF
SAID CHURCH**

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A Discourse Delivered in the Second Congregational Church, Dorchester, Ms., Monday, Dec. 27, 1847, at the funeral of Rev. John Codman, D. D., late pastor of said church by Richard S. Storrs

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RICHARD S. STORRS

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REV. DR. STORRS'S DISCOURSE

AT THE

FUNERAL OF REV. JOHN CODMAN, D. D.

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MONDAY, DEC. 27, 1847,

AT THE

FUNERAL OF REV. JOHN CODMAN, D. D.,

LATE PASTOR OF SAID CHURCH.

BY RICHARD S. STORRS, D. D.,

Pastor of the First Church, Braintree, Ms.

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To the Rev. Dr. STORRS, Pastor of the First Church in Braintree.

DEAR SIR,—In compliance with a vote of the Committee of Arrangements in the Second Parish in Dorchester, we the undersigned would most respectfully solicit for the press a copy of the Sermon preached on the occasion of the funeral of our late pastor, the Rev. Dr. CODMAN.

Yours, with much respect,

EDWARD SHARP,
JOSEPH CLAP,
MARSHALL F. WILDER,
CHARLES HOWE,
JOSEPH CLAP, JR. } COMMITTEE.

DORCHESTER, DEC. 31, 1847.

TO EDWARD SHARP, JOSEPH CLAP, MARSHALL F. WILDER,
CHARLES HOWE, and JOSEPH CLAP, JR., Committee.

GENTLEMEN,—The Sermon, of which you request a copy, though prepared in great haste, of necessity, is yet cheerfully committed to your disposal, with all its imperfections, as a just, though very feeble tribute to the memory of a Brother most dear, and a Servant of Christ eminently distinguished in all his relations.

Yours, with great respect,

E. S. STORRS.

BRAINTREE, JAN. 3, 1848.

S E R M O N .

HEBREWS xi. 16.

BUT NOW THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS, AN HEAVENLY ;
WHEREFORE GOD IS NOT ASHAMED TO BE CALLED THEIR GOD, FOR HE
HATH PREPARED FOR THEM A CITY.

THE Christian here below, is encompassed with a great cloud of witnesses to the preciousness of his faith, and to the strength of God's promises.

Abel, being dead, yet speaketh. Enoch is translated, that he may not see death. Noah safely outrides the storm which whelms a world in ruin. Abraham becomes the father of many nations, and the heir of a city whose builder and maker is God. Thence, downward to Messiah's days, an unbroken succession of holy men trust in God, and are delivered from evil. Since then, a multitude that no man can number, have counted their lives not dear to them, that they might win Christ, and be found in him. And with united voice have they proclaimed the faithfulness of God, and the boundlessness of his compassion ; and, in their admiration of his love, in their devotedness to his service, and

in their confidence of the ultimate triumphs of his government, they are all one.

And this cloud of witnesses is daily enlarging. Every year it becomes a more glorious object of contemplation; and as it advances to cover the whole face of the heavens, the voice of its testimony to the preciousness of faith and the strength of divine promise, waxes louder and louder. Well may it inspire more than human courage in the bosoms of the timid; invincible fortitude and heroic resolution in the bosoms of the feeble and desponding.

However we may estimate the privilege of living in millennial days, it is a privilege not necessary to the vigorous growth of the principle of faith, which enters so essentially into Christian character. The ancient patriarchs died in faith, not having received the promises. They had seen them afar off, embraced them, and confessed that they were pilgrims and strangers on the earth. We have in part received them. The Messiah has appeared. His earthly kingdom is established. Nations are joining themselves to it. True it is, Satan is not yet bound; righteousness has not an universal reign, nor are the sons of God unmolested by the machinations of the children of men; there are fears within and fightings without, not to be shunned by the most holy and devout. Still, the Christian, planted on the Rock of Ages, may sing, "Jehovah Jireh"! The billows of human and infernal wrath may swell, and roll onward, and dash upon the shore at his feet, but they harm him not. "The Lord will provide." "The everlasting arms surround him."

The solemn and affecting occasion that convenes us to-day, cannot, perhaps, be better improved than in the contemplation of a single distinguishing characteristic of the Christian; of God's amazing condescension; and of the glorious prospects that open on the eye of faith, in the future world.

We are to contemplate,

I. A distinguishing characteristic of the Christian.
 "He desires a better country, that is, an heavenly."

Man has no other instinct so strong as the love of life. In all his generations he dreads death. It is "the king of terrors," whose grasp all nature abhors. Not the Christian, even, can muse on "the pains, and groans, and dying strife," without appalling emotions. And when to the terrors of death itself, he adds the account of its tremendous consequences, as they rise up before the eye of faith; the dangers of self-deception, the unfruitfulness of his life, the multitude of his offences, and his present unfitness for the society of the just made perfect, it is no wonder that he recoils from an embrace which terminates his probationary privileges, and fixes his endless destiny. And when the Apostle affirms that he desires a better country, even an heavenly, he does *not* affirm that he has no tremblings in prospect of the grave, or no questionings as to the purity of his affections, and his acceptance with God; but only that he does not regard the world as his home, nor cleave to it as his supreme good.

That such is the experience of every Christian, is evident from the fact, that the world has no *intrinsic* worth. Its whole value is *relative*. As it stands

connected with another and eternal world, it is priceless ; but as an independent good, valueless. Though a man possess the whole of it, it will profit him in no sense but a moment, unless he use it to secure friends, who will receive him into everlasting habitations. In the relation it bears to the developments of the immortal mind, to the purification of the heart, to the enlargement of Christ's spiritual kingdom, and the salvation of undying men, it has a higher value than tongue can tell ; but as the portion of the soul, or as a reliable source of enjoyment, even for the present life, it is empty as the whistling wind, or else tormenting as the bed of thorns.

The same is evident from the admitted fact, that the world is full of *disappointments*. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Thus the Spirit of God affirms, and dear-bought experience proves. It invites confidence, and then betrays the credulous victim of its smiles into shame and sorrow. It pours forth abundant promises on the ear, but never fulfils them to the heart. It presents a thousand allurements, but under each conceals a snare. It opens on the eye a smooth expanse and boundless fields of delight, but pit-falls are every where, and beasts of prey start up from every nook and corner. Who has contentment? Not the rich man, nor the honorable ; not the luxurious, nor the proud. Who has pleasure? Not the envious nor the fearful, not the oppressor nor the avenger. Where is the delight unconnected with regret, or the sensual gratification unmingled with the wormwood and the gall? Where is the friendship so pure that no feculence pollutes