

His Cheeks Are as a Bed of Spices,

by C.H. Spurgeon

The sermon highlights the beauty and fragrance of Christ's love, which brings joy and delight to the speaker's soul.

Scripture: Psalm 16:11, Psalm 42:1-2, Song of Solomon 4:14, Isaiah 53:3, Matthew 11:28, John 14:27, John 15:4, Romans 5:8, 2 Corinthians 2:15, Philippians 4:7

Topics: "The Beauty of Christ", "Fellowship with Jesus"

Description

C.H. Spurgeon reflects on the beauty and fragrance of Jesus, likening His cheeks to a bed of spices that bring joy and refreshment to the soul. He emphasizes the significance of Christ's suffering and the love expressed through His pain, which makes His presence a source of delight and comfort. Spurgeon encourages believers to seek a deep, abiding fellowship with Jesus, finding in Him a continuous spring of grace and joy. The imagery of flowers and the changing seasons serves to illustrate the richness of spiritual life found in Christ. Ultimately, he expresses a longing to reciprocate the love of Jesus with heartfelt devotion.

Transcript

Lo, the flowery month is come! March winds and April showers have done their work, and the earth is all bedecked with beauty. Come my soul, put on thine holiday attire and go forth to gather garlands of heavenly thoughts. Thou knowest whither to betake thyself, for to thee "the beds of spices" are well known, and thou hast so often smelt the perfume of "the sweet flowers," that thou wilt go at once to thy well-beloved and find all loveliness, all joy in Him. That cheek once so rudely smitten with a rod, oft bedewed with tears of sympathy and then defiled with spittle--that cheek as it smiles with mercy is as fragrant aromatic to my heart.

Thou didst not hide Thy face from shame and spitting, O Lord Jesus, and therefore I will find my dearest delight in praising Thee. Those cheeks were furrowed by the plough of grief, and crimsoned with red lines of blood from Thy thorn-crowned temples; such marks of love unbounded cannot but charm my soul far more than "pillars of perfume." If I may not see the whole of His face I would behold His cheeks, for the least glimpse of Him is exceedingly refreshing to my spiritual sense and yields a variety of delights.

In Jesus I find not only fragrance, but a bed of spices; not one flower, but all manner of sweet flowers. He is to me my rose and my lily, my heart's- ease and my cluster of camphire. When He is with me it is May all the year round, and my soul goes forth to wash her happy face in the morning-dew of His grace, and to

solace herself with the singing of the birds of His promises. Precious Lord Jesus, let me in very deed know the blessedness which dwells in abiding, unbroken fellowship with Thee. I am a poor worthless one, whose cheek Thou hast deigned to kiss! O let me kiss Thee in return with the kisses of my lips.

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