

Charles H. Spurgeon (1834–1892)
Sermon #2724 – preached in 1859
From volume 47 of 63 volumes of sermons

The last sentence being: It is for you and for me to prove to the world that our religion has not lost its force by letting them see its influence in our daily life. Emulate the noble army of martyrs, the glorious host of confessors; seek to live like the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and like that noble company of the apostles; and when you shall live the holy and devoted lives they did, then shall all the world say, “These men have been with Christ, for they have the dew of the youth of Christianity upon them. They are like the early Christians, and therefore the old religion has not grown old, so as to be likely to depart and pass away.”

www.PreciousHeart.net/SS/Spurgeon-Psalm-110-3-DEW-of-Youth.pdf



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THE DEW OF CHRIST'S YOUTH.

NO. 2724

INTENDED FOR READING ON LORD'S-DAY, APRIL 28TH, 1901,

DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,

AT NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK,

ON A THURSDAY EVENING, EARLY IN THE
YEAR 1859.

“Thou hast the dew of thy youth.” — Psalm 110:3.

WHEN you have walked in the garden, early in the morning, you must have remarked the singular freshness and beauty which a summer's morning always seems to give to the earth; the dewdrops, like tears standing in the eyes of the flowers, as if they wept for joy to see the sun again after the long night of darkness, sparkle in the sun; the greenness of vegetation has about it a more than emerald hue, and every “thing of beauty” looks more beautiful in the morning than at any other season. You have gone out again, perhaps, at noon, and you have noticed how dry and dusty everything appears; for the sun has risen, and by his burning heat he has exhaled the dew, and the freshness of the morning has departed in the drought of noon. Now, this is just a picture of all things here below; ay, and a picture of ourselves also. When we first behold many things, they have the dew upon them, and they sparkle; but in a little while, all their brightness is gone, and their brilliance scattered. Some of you have entered into pleasure, and you have found it a delusion; you have intermeddled with all kinds of knowledge, and you have found that, in the making and reading of books, there was much pleasure; but, ere long, you have discovered that, in reading many books, and in making them, there was no end, and much study was a weariness to the flesh.

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