

4/15/59
 Him. Oh the comfort of the scripture in relation to the Christian who has died. How tremendous it is, how wonderful it is, what it means to us when our loved ones die. How (9 $\frac{1}{4}$) meaningful to the people to whom we minister when their Christian loved ones die.

But oh how different it is when one goes who is not a Christian. When one goes who does not know the Lord. When ~~wne~~ goes who has been indifferent to much (9 $\frac{1}{2}$) without thinking ^{of} the Lord, putting aside thoughts of Him, unworthy to bother about Him. And yet, suddenly, or perhaps not so suddenly, death comes. What can you say to comfort in a case like that? I think of 16th chapter of Luke, a very familiar passage to all of us. Luke 16:19, there was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. It doesn't say here he was a particularly wicked man. It doesn't give us any reason here to think that he was a vile man beyond the ordinary man but he was indifferent. He was a man whose interest was in the things of this life. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table, moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died and was buried. And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and sees Abraham ~~afar~~ off, and Lazarus in his bosom. This doesn't mean that every lost person can look up and see the saved enjoy all the time. Maybe they can but I certainly wouldn't build it on this verse. At this particular occasion the rich~~x~~man was permitted to have a glimpse of Lazarus. That's all we can draw from it. We cannot draw that the saved and the lost can see each other all the time, or even most of the time, from this word, or that they ever could. ^{But} ~~When~~ we read that he looked up and he saw Lazarus and he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue.