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LAND OF ENOUGH

CHARLES E. JEFFERSON



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**THE LAND OF ENOUGH**

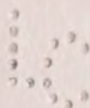
## BOOKS BY DR. JEFFERSON

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TALKS ON HIGH THEMES  
THE CAUSE OF THE WAR  
A FIRE IN THE SNOW  
THE LAND OF ENOUGH  
CHRISTMAS BUILDERS

THE  
LAND OF ENOUGH

BY  
CHARLES E. <sup>Edward</sup> JEFFERSON  
PASTOR OF BROADWAY TABERNACLE  
NEW YORK CITY

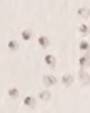
A CHRISTMAS STORY



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## The Land of Enough

HIS name was Maximilian Maver-ton, and he was fifteen years old last June. But nobody ever called him Maximilian—not even his mother. He had been called Maximilian only once, the day on which his father had written the new baby's name in full in the big family Bible. There was room for it on the blank page in the Bible, but there are no blank pages any more in the book of life. The modern world is too crowded for five syllabled names, and so no attention was paid to what was written in the Bible. Everybody began at once to call him Max. Even

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the school teacher called him that, and if anybody had said "Maximilian" in the street, Max would not have known he was spoken to. There was only one other Max in the quiet, little village of Victorville, and this second Max happened to be a dog which lived four doors down the street from the house which the human Max called his home. The two Maxes were close friends. Whether the full name of the dog was Maximilian, I do not know. He was a good dog, but he never got his name written in a book.

He did not care however. Trifles such as this did not concern him. Dogs have other things to think about. If the four-legged Max ever had troubles

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of any sort, he kept them to himself. That is the fashion of dogs. He was never heard to complain of a headache, or an earache, or a toothache, although he had probably been afflicted now and then in all these ways. All animals are dumb on the subject of physical ailments. Life on our planet would be unendurable if animals as well as human beings were permitted to chatter about their diseases. Nor did the dog Max ever give way to cynicism. He never sat in the seat of the scornful. No one ever heard him scold or criticize. Even when a big, clumsy man one day almost crushed one of Max's paws, the dog had simply exclaimed: "Oh, how that hurts!" and then had

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lapsed into silence, never saying another word. He bore all of his afflictions—and they were not few—with a resignation as beautiful as that of old Grannie Simpkins who had been an invalid for years, and who was universally conceded to be the holiest saint in the town. Max the dog had a contented heart. He seemed to be happy all the time.

With the boy Max it was different. Of course a boy cannot be exactly like a dog. The boy Max was happy, but he was not happy all the time. He was happy in spots. His joy came in jets. His bliss was intermittent. He was up, and next day he was down. He grinned, and later on he groaned. Now

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he was on the heights, and now he was in the depths. On these perpendicular journeyings the dog Max never went with him: a dog travels horizontally only. A dog loves to walk with a boy, but it is only a short distance of the road that the two can travel together.

Just why Max the boy was not happier than he was, is a problem which I must hand over to the philosophers. He certainly had many reasons for being happy. He had a kind father, and a devoted mother, and three affectionate sisters, two of them already married, and settled in homes of their own, the third a girl in the High School, at this time almost seventeen years of age. Madge Maverton was so charm-

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ing that even her brother could not help feeling happier when he chanced to be where she was. She was no doubt the best looking girl in the town, and in the judgment of Milton Moonford—by no means an incompetent authority, for he had reached the ripe age of twenty-two, and had looked at Madge often—she was the prettiest girl in the county. Now a boy with loving parents, and pretty sisters, and a comfortable home, and a neighbor's dog to love him, ought to be happy all the time. But Max was not. He knew he ought to be, but no matter how hard he tried, he failed. Much of the time he was discontented, and some of the time he was actually wretched. The ailment

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was not physical. He abounded in vitality. Had his been a disease of the flesh like whooping-cough or mumps, the family doctor could have given him relief. His chum across the street had had a diseased appendix which was promptly removed, but Max had something more baffling than appendicitis, and so far as he could find out there was no cure for it. Adenoids are troublesome, but they are not half so vexatious as this thing which afflicted Max. The beautiful feature of an adenoid is that a surgeon can get at it. But what surgeon can get his instrument on an evil spirit, and that is what Max had. It was a spirit of discontent. It was a demon which grumbled and occasion-

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ally growled. The cause of its raging was that Max did not have enough. He was always falling short. He was weighted down with a sense of want. He was a boy of scarcity and acquainted with dearth. He was habitually skimped. When he threw his possessions into the balance they were always found wanting. He dreamed of the land of abundance, but passed his life as an exile in the country of Need. His desire was always a little longer than his grasp. For instance, he never had enough pie. He often wished he lived in a world in which a boy could eat his fill. He did not want to be full of bread. He wanted to be full of pie. He used to calculate how many pies his



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stomach would hold, but he was never permitted to demonstrate the correctness of his calculations. He never had enough sleep, at least not on winter mornings. His father had a fashion of calling him too soon. Timothy Maver-ton was a man of gracious heart, but on winter mornings his stock of milk of human kindness seemed to freeze up, and, although a professing Christian, he neither did justly nor loved mercy. Even on the longest summer day, Max never had all the time he wanted. He was compelled to cram big games into narrow spaces. His favorite plans had a provoking way of projecting out over the frontiers of the allowable, so that it was necessary to lop them off,

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as old Procrustes chopped off the legs of his captives who happened to be too long for the bed which was provided. He never succeeded in getting any of his castles up to the wished-for height because of the exasperating interference of the building laws. Play was like pie in that it was always served in small pieces. Liberty was even scarcer than pie. There is in every American boy a flaming Patrick Henry who cries day and night: "Give me liberty or give me death." Fate would give Max neither. Max could not achieve freedom, neither could he lie down and die. It is not easy for a robust boy of fifteen to shuffle off this mortal coil. And so Max was compelled to drudge on in

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a sort of semi-slavery, bumping his head every day against a hard "Thou shalt not."

But it was not until Max got into the realm of finance that his troubles began in earnest. He had in him all the instincts of a master of high finance, but the only finance he was permitted to dabble in was not of this particular variety. Money was scarce in Victorville, especially in that part of the town inhabited by the Mavertons. Each family is painfully conscious of its own financial limitations. The limitations of other families being less brooded over make less impression. There had never been enough money among the Mavertons as far back as Max could remem-

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ber, and the future prospects were not rosy. Timothy Maverton's wages were good according to the current standard, but wages to the man who works for them are never as high as they ought to be. The wages of Timothy were never satisfactory, either to himself or to his son. Max was a full-blooded American and came into the world with the Declaration of Independence stamped on every corpuscle in his blood. He believed that all men—and boys too—are created equal, and therefore could never understand the justice of the arrangement which permitted Jack Toppleton, and John Vox, and Harry Murkson to have many times more spending money than he had.

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Like all American boys he assumed that spending money in satisfactory quantities is guaranteed to everybody by the Constitution of the United States. If a boy cannot do what other boys do, what is the doctrine of human equality good for? The lack of money was to Max the worm which would not die, and the fire which could not be quenched. He carried in his eye a land flowing with milk and honey, but because of some inexplicable curse, he was not allowed to enter. The paradise of sufficient cash was guarded by cherubim with swords of flame. If you had asked Max the cause of all his tribulations, he would have promptly answered—"I never have enough!"

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Now if one does not possess enough of what he craves, it is evident he cannot be happy. For happiness, as every boy knows, consists in the abundance of the things which one possesses. Two pieces of pie, for instance, are better than one piece, and a thousand pieces would usher in the millennium. Six hours for play will raise the joy of the heart six times higher than one hour, and if one could play all the time, earth would become heaven. Ten dollars will put more pleasure in the cup at life's feast than can be purchased for ten dimes. A hundred dollars will furnish a larger cup, a thousand dollars will buy a barrel, and a million dollars will pay for a hogshead. A boy prefers his

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pleasure by wholesale. Max used to amuse himself by figuring out ways in which he could be perfectly happy, but the ways always ran up to iron gates which were securely locked, and which refused to open, no matter how patiently he knocked and waited. What is more tantalizing than to have perfect happiness spread out before one's eyes, with the price-tag in full view, and then discover, on inspecting the contents of his purse, that he does not have quite enough to buy it. Max was on the point a thousand times of closing the bargain, but every time he found to his infinite disgust that he fell short of the sum which was needed. This kept him in a chronic state of chagrin and repin-

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ing. When he felt unusually glum, he would ask Max the dog to go on a long walk with him. It soothed him to be near a life which was satisfied. Satisfaction reaches its climax in dogs on a walk. I presume that is one of the reasons why we like to walk with them.

Fortunately there is one day in the year so radiant and mighty that it can lift mortals out of all their distresses. That day is Christmas. It is ever "merry" Christmas, and it sets the dullest heart a-singing. But strange to say, its magic was impotent some years on Max. It seemed rather to increase the severity of the winter of his discontent. It was at Christmas time that he became peculiarly conscious of the mea-



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gerness of his resources, and abnormally sensitive to the inequalities of our social world. In every month of the year, he realized more or less keenly, his poverty, but in the bright light of Christmas he perceived he was no better than a pauper. Christmas is the season of overflowing abundance, and he who goes out to meet her must go with a horn of plenty in his hand. But Max Maverterton was not the owner of a horn of plenty, and when he saw the big horns carried by the richest of his friends, he sank down at the threshold of the Christmas holiday, as doleful and disconsolate as a beggar. Max never had enough at Christmas.

To make matters worse, Madge

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Maverton was not unlike her brother. They say that girls are not like boys, but the people who say this are mistaken. It may be true that boys are not like girls—Max always contended that they are not—but girls are certainly like boys. At least Madge was like Max in many ways. Neither one of them ever had enough. Madge had enough of certain things, but they always happened to be the things which she was not specially fond of. The more she disliked a thing, the more certain was that thing to accumulate on her hands, and the better she liked a thing the harder it was to get it. She was not at all fond of helping her mother in the kitchen, and yet the kitch-

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en was the very place in which Mary Maverton thought her daughter ought to be. The Maverton kitchen was peculiar in this, that the work in it seemed to be interminable. It had a way of multiplying itself which surpassed even the widow's cruse of oil. Madge was not in love with mathematics. What dish-washing was in the kitchen, mathematics was in the school. An algebra was a dishpan full of greasy dishes. Geometry was worse than scrubbing.

Nor was Madge fond of advice. It was even more odious than mathematics. But Mary Maverton knew that her daughter needed advice, and so she gave it to her pressed down and running over. Some mothers run sponta-

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neously to admonition, and Madge's mother was one of them. She had a remarkable memory for retaining the events and experiences of her own girlhood. She constantly compared Madge with herself. These comparisons turned out disastrously for Madge. A daughter always cuts a sorry figure when contrasted with the model woman which her mother was when her mother was a girl. Remembered virtues are peculiarly vivid, and they are also exasperating when referred to too often. Children have no objection to present perfection in their parents: the only perfection which nettles them is a perfection which existed before they were born. Madge, like all other girls, was not like her

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mother. As her mother had more to do with the making of Madge than Madge had with the making of her mother, the responsibility for the unlikeness must rest on the mother. But Mary Maverton never quite forgave Madge because she persisted in being different from her.

It was when the subject of dress was up for discussion that mother and daughter had their most exciting innings. This is a subject on which all girls have innate convictions, and these convictions cannot be altered by maternal reminiscences. In a contest between mother and daughter on the subject of dress, the laurel wreath invariably goes to the daughter.

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Madge never had enough to wear. She never had enough for her head or her feet or her neck. She persisted in comparing her wardrobe with that of the girls she went with, whereas her mother insisted on comparing it with her own wardrobe when she was a girl of seventeen. There are comparisons which are odious, and this is one of them. It brings no solace to the heart of a girl to know that her mother when a girl had still less than she has. There is small comfort in the thought that girls once did without what girls nowadays all desire.

Madge loved her mother, but she laughed at her in her heart, whenever her mother attempted to prove from

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the statistics of her own girlhood that Madge had enough.

If Madge was a vexation to her mother, she was a puzzle to her father. Mothers think they understand their daughters, fathers know that they do not. Men who start out with the expectation of comprehending their daughter always admit, soon or late, their defeat. No man can understand even his wife; much less can he understand his daughter. His daughter has in her all the mystery of her mother, combined with a lot of original mystery which each girl brings with her into the world. Timothy Maverton was a sensible man. He did not try to understand Madge. She was a conundrum,

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and he promptly gave her up. He wondered at her, and loved her. She in return loved him, and likewise marveled at him. Each was often amazed by what the other did not know. Parents frequently bewail the fact that their children do not understand them: children stand dumfounded by the daily disclosures of the ignorance of their parents. Madge always forgave her father on the ground of invincible ignorance. She was certain he would see things as she saw them, if only he could be a girl; and Timothy was resigned because he realized that God in his inscrutable wisdom had deliberately made women different from men.

Now, as I was saying, Max and his



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sister were constantly oppressed by the fact that they did not possess enough of the things which make life really worth living, and the consciousness of this fact became positively painful on the approach of Christmas. It is said in the Bible story that when Adam and Eve tasted the fruit of the tree of life, they suddenly realized they were naked. Christmas is a sort of tree of life, growing in the garden of our year, and when Max and Madge came under the branches of this tree, and began to eat of the Christmas memories and traditions, they all at once perceived they were largely destitute of the things which would enable them to cut a respectable figure in the presence of their

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friends. Christmas did not speak to them so clearly of the Divine abundance as of human poverty. It did not fix their eyes upon the heavenly beneficence, but on the squalor of our earthly lot. Instead of making them aware of their riches, it called attention to the things they were compelled to go without.

The poets have a way of picturing Christmas as a fairy, lighting up the world. Madge thought it ought to be pictured as an imp, casting a shadow across the heart. She had read Sunday-school books in which Christmas was declared to bring solace and cheer to burdened spirits, but both she and Max had learned from bitter experience that

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Christmas has a trick of adding to the weight of burdens, and can reduce the brilliance of the sun at noon. It is an awful thing for a boy or girl to lose the vision of the angel Christmas, and to see in its place a grim-visaged Christmas, stealing like a demon through the December snows, intent on increasing the volume of human work and worry, and adding to the discontent and misery of mankind. Christmas is one of the heaviest curses when it reminds us only of the things we lack.

One shrinks from saying that one's unhappiness can be increased by the development of one's virtues, but if that be not so, how will you account for the experience of Madge? Always kind

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of heart, she had grown more considerate and generous every year. But her expanding heart brought her no end of perplexities and tribulations. When only a little girl, Christmas had been to Madge a day which brought her pretty presents. "Christmas Gift!" she had shouted in childish glee to every one she met, and the gift of which she thought was not the gift to be given to others, but the gift which she wanted to come to her. But gradually old things passed away, and all things became new. The Christmas of receiving was transfigured, and gradually brightened into a Christmas of giving. To give was now life and peace and joy. To give more and more was her ambition. Her de-

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sire to give advanced beyond her power. She longed to give more than she was able. The impulse of the heart leaped beyond the reach of the hand. In this way Christmas became a disturber of her peace. It was a glorious ideal, but the glory was so fierce that it blinded. In trying to lift Christmas action up to the level of Christmas feeling, the poor girl wore herself out. Christmas became to her a dread.

It was in this way that she got caught in a whirlpool, which threatened to engulf her. She began by giving gifts only to her father and mother and brother. But as she grew older she saw that her grandfathers and grandmothers ought to be added to the list.

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This was right. Later on, all the four uncles and all the seven aunts also had to come in. And of course her married sisters could not be overlooked, for in their homes were five little nephews and nieces as hungry for Christmas toys as young birds are for worms. To neglect one of those little ones would have been a sin for which Madge knew she could find no forgiveness either in this world or in the world to come.

When one begins to make Christmas presents, where is he to stop? There are some roads which seem to have no end. Madge's teachers were all dear to her, and how could she look them in the face on Christmas morning if she

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could not give to each of them a token of her affection and appreciation? Every girl has intimate friends, and how can she give to one, unless she gives to all? But how is it possible to give to everybody? It seems selfish to give only to one's friends and kindred. Christmas is a kind, hospitable, charitable time. The poor and the outcast and the forsaken ought not to be forgotten. Madge was a worker in a Mission school, and she had a group of fifteen girls, every one of whom was sensitive to the meaning of Christmas. Besides all these, there were scores of human beings in Victorville who had a claim upon her heart, simply because they and she were human. She could

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see their faces sometimes even in her sleep. From such sleep she would awaken with a sense of helplessness and bewilderment. At such times she thought of the story of the feeding of the five thousand, and sympathized with the disciples when they urged the Master to send the multitude away. That is what she wanted to do, but there was something within her which chided her for the thought. When she counted up her resources in hours and strength and dollars, she found she had even less than five loaves and two small fishes, and what are these, she sighed, among so many? Fortunate were the disciples, for the Master helped them out of their predicament, but Victor-



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ville was only a little out-of-the-way village into which Jesus never came, and so Madge was left to wrestle with her problem alone. It was too much for her. It overcame her. She sank down under it, faint and despairful. She hated Christmas. It was a horror. She despised herself. She was worthless. She railed at the world. It was big and greedy and unreasonable. It had a thousand mouths, and there was not enough food in her little basket to go round. "O for the Land of Enough!" she used to say to herself. And one night when she said it, something happened. It chanced to be the night before Christmas. She was weary in body and sick at heart. She was dis-

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gusted with herself and provoked at everybody. She yearned to get away from her troubles into the Land of Enough.

And in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the fagged and disconsolate girl was in the land for which she had passionately longed. How she got there I do not know. In story books wonderful things often happen, but now for once a wonderful thing occurred in real life. A flesh and blood girl seventeen years of age, passed over from this world of want and need, and lived for awhile among people every one of whom had enough.

Madge did not know at first she was in a new world, so much was the new

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world like the old. The Maverton home was there. Its rooms were unaltered, and every piece of furniture was in its accustomed place. The calendar also was unchanged. December 24 in big black type spoke to her across the room, but such speech was unnecessary for the Christmas tree in the corner, and the presents piled up on the table left her in no doubt as to the month or the day. The town was the same. It was the dear, old, lovely Victorville which she had known from babyhood. When she opened the front door and looked down the street, the houses seemed all asleep in the moonlight, and she hummed to herself the lines of the Boston preacher:

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“O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.”

Madge herself was the same. She felt quite natural when she grew tired and sleepy. At last she went to bed. The night was a short one—all nights are short when the goddess of Sleep does her perfect work. In the morning Madge was completely refreshed, and in a few moments she was dressed, and down in the sitting-room ready to greet her brother. They met, but there was a strangeness in the meeting. Max did not have the Christmas look in his eyes. He did not seem to know it was Christmas. Madge handed him the present

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which with great pains she had made for him. He looked at it, and handed it back saying, "I do not care for it. Please give it to somebody else. I have everything I want."

Now boys are at best curious creatures, and they are often freakish in their actions. Madge supposed Max was playing a new joke—boys can sometimes see fun where girls cannot—and followed him as he left the room, with eyes that wondered. A few minutes later Madge's father and mother appeared, and they also seemed a trifle odd. They greeted Madge, but not in the Christmas manner. They seemed to have forgotten it was Christmas. She handed her father a pair of slippers on

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which she had expended a deal of work, but to her dismay, he did not seem to like them. Handing them back, he said, "I have all the slippers I want." Her mother did not even take in her hand the present which Madge extended to her, turning away with the remark, "Please give me nothing. Gifts are only a bore. For the rest of my life I have all I want."

Immediately the glory of Christmas departed. It was as if the lights at a feast had suddenly gone out, as if the flowers in a garden had all at once been nipped by frost. Madge's heart turned to ice. It was to her a new and desolating experience — having doors slammed in her face on Christmas.

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The Christmas torch was extinguished. It had been put out by three words—"I have enough."

Madge had never felt so miserable in all her life. Home was no longer home. She could not endure it. What is home when no one in it is in need of anything? Madge hastened off in search of some one who was in the Christmas spirit. She carried a heavy basket on her arm. It was the product of love and work and worry. It had presents in it for all the uncles and aunts and nephews and nieces, and for the mission girls and for the grandparents also. I have not the heart to tell you how she was received. The farther she carried the basket, the heavier it grew. A sad heart

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increases the weight of everything we bear in our hands. No one would accept a gift. Everybody said the same thing, "I have everything I want." Even the youngest of the nieces put down the offered toys with disdain. The word which children now spoke with most distinctness was the short word "Enough."

Madge determined to make one more effort. She went to the town orphanage. A hundred poor boys and girls were there. Even they showed no interest in her basket. They were apparently devoid of all sense of want, and knew nothing of the grace of receiving. They wished for nothing. And so in the orphanage there was no Christmas.



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Children were there but Christmas was absent. It is said that children make Christmas, and this is true if you have a certain type of children. But if children want nothing, how can there be a Christmas? The joy of Christmas springs from the act of receiving. The calendar in the orphanage said "December 25," but there was no Christmas. Christmas is not a day. It is a state of mind. The desire to give was there in the heart of Madge, but one girl cannot make a Christmas. Generosity cannot of itself create Christmas. Christmas is the child of two impulses—the impulse to give and the impulse to receive. If either of them fails, Christmas immediately collapses. In the

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Land of Enough there can be no Christmas.

Madge had sometimes complained of children because they pestered her by their numberless requests. But now when they asked for nothing, she almost cried out with pain. She discovered that the crowning glory of a child is its enormous capacity for receiving. A child perfectly satisfied is a monstrosity. The charm of a child vanishes the moment it loses its desire to have more than it has. It grows because it never has enough. The wisest of all teachers has told us that unless we become as a little child we cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. The reason is evident. The kingdom of God

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can be entered only by those who are willing and able to take the kingdom of God in. In other words, we are saved only by receiving. There is hope for everybody except the man who is satisfied. The Almighty dwells only in the heart that is contrite and humble. Progress, blessedness, glory, here and hereafter, are conditioned on one's willingness to receive.

On her way home, Madge had a talk with one of the policemen—there were only three in all Victorville—and this is what he told her: "There are no poor people any longer in the town. No one is in need of anything. No one is willing to accept anything from a neighbor or a friend. Nothing of any sort

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can be bestowed, because nothing is any longer desired. The charity organizations have all disbanded. The schools have all been closed. You can give an education only to those who want it. The churches are shut, and will never be opened again. The Christian religion is a religion for those who hunger and thirst, but hunger and thirst have now passed away, and the exhortation: 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!' falls on deaf ears. All human institutions were once founded on human need, but the need having disappeared, there is no reason why those institutions should longer survive. You have not met a tramp or a beggar to-day, and you will never see

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one again." Did Madge rejoice when she heard this announcement? No. She felt like crying. She had often wished there were no beggars, and as for tramps she had said they ought to be driven out of the country. But now that they had all gone she was miserable. She began to wonder how she was going to live. Life, she thought, would not be life unless it were possible for her to give. Giving had once seemed a burden, and now she perceived that it is wings. She began to hate the Land of Enough!

Madge was just finding out what she had never suspected—that all human beings are made on the giving plan. They are made thus because they are

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all created in the image of God. God is the great Giver. He gives liberally to everybody and does not upbraid. He is eternally blessed because he is eternally giving. He so loved the world that he gave His only Son, and to as many as receive His Son, He gives power to become the sons of God. We should be neither human nor divine if we were deprived of the instinct and opportunity of giving. We should speedily smother if compelled to live in the Land of Enough.

Madge desired to remain human. She wanted to be a girl. A girl is not a girl unless she loves to give. Madge had imagined she was tired of giving, but she was not. It was giving that had

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brought her the sweetest joys she had known. She had often longed for the Land of Enough, but having found it, she lifted up her eyes, being in torment. She now longed for the old world she had so foolishly despised. She wanted to get back. The world never looked so beautiful as it did now when she was separated from it by what she feared might be an impassable gulf. She was sure she could be perfectly happy if she could only once more live in the world where some people have more than others, and know more than others, and are more than others, the world in which no man lives to himself and no man dies to himself, but in which everybody is dependent on somebody else,

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the world in which we are all bound up in a great network of human need, and where the highest blessedness is found in bearing one another's burdens.

Madge got home in time for dinner. But it was not a Christmas dinner. The turkey and cranberries, the plum pudding and the mince pie were all on the table, but material things do not constitute a Christmas dinner. A Christmas dinner is an affair of the spirit. We feed not on matter, but on things which come down from heaven. No one at the Maverton table wanted anything. Even Max had no appetite. When a boy of fifteen refuses to eat, darkness falls upon the land. Timothy and Mary and Madge made an effort



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to eat, but eating unless effortless is dreary business. All felt that doomsday had arrived. On rising from the table, Madge's first impulse was to prepare a basket of good things for old Mother Quigley, and another one for Job Allton, the aged soldier with one leg of wood and the other full of rheumatism; but all at once it flashed upon her that these people were no longer in need. Even Lazarus had disappeared from the alley, and Dives could now fare sumptuously every day, and not be expected to give away even the crumbs. What a miserable world it was—a world without Lazarus! Madge had often supposed she would be happier if there were no poor people to

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whom to carry Christmas dinners, but now that there were no poor people in need of a dinner, she began to wonder how it would ever be possible to enjoy a Christmas dinner again. She had never suspected that a part of her Christmas joy had flowed from the joy of the hearts of the people who had shared in the Maverton feast.

Do you suppose that everybody is completely satisfied in heaven? The books say they are. Possibly that is the reason why we are not more interested in heaven. To most of us it is a dull place, to some of us it is repellent. We do not like it because of the way in which it is pictured. It is peopled by inhabitants whose felicity is com-

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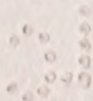
plete. All are perfectly satisfied. Nobody needs anything from anybody or from God. In popular theology heaven is the Land of Enough. But that is a kind of land we do not want. We prefer to stay here. We wish to remain in a world where we have the fun of wanting things, and where we can enjoy the blessedness of giving things to people who have less than we have.

But the real heaven is not the heaven of the novels. The real heaven is the heaven described in the New Testament, and that heaven is endlessly interesting and exciting. It is a heaven of movement, and variety, and climbing. Paul says that three things are going to abide in all worlds: faith and

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hope and love. If this be true, then we shall always be trusting in realities we are not permitted to see, and always anticipating good things which have not yet come, and always pouring out our love upon those who need it. If the ideal life is a life of service, then forever and forever we shall be making contributions to the souls of those who are made richer by our service. Since God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, those who awake in His likeness are to be forevermore the same, and since from everlasting to everlasting he is the Infinite Giver, it must follow that the time will never come when we shall cease to be givers. But if we give forever, then forever must there



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be those who will have the capacity for accepting what is given. The joy of giving and the joy of receiving will travel together through all eternity. It is life's very strangest paradox, that to be absolutely blessed, we must forever fall short of having enough!

The length of that Christmas day cannot be measured by any clock we have on earth. Time is not measured by figures on a dial. It is measured by heart throbs, by raptures, and by agonies. Madge measured the day by agonies. It was an eternity and more. In the afternoon she went out in search of Max the dog. Her own brother had disappointed her, and she threw herself back on the mercy of an animal. She

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found him, but, alas, even animals had changed. She offered him a piece of cake, the very kind he had liked the best, but he walked off from her saying with a stiff inflection of the tail—  
“Thank you, I’ve had enough!”

At the end of the day, the disconsolate and hungry hearted Madge flung her arms around her father’s neck, certain there was at least one gift which he would be willing to receive—a kiss! But Timothy Maverton in the Land of Enough was a man quite different from the man whom Madge had known all her life. He was no longer fond of kisses. Pushing her gently away he said firmly—“Don’t!” and when she inquired with a sob “Why?” his only

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reply was: "I do not care for kisses. I have had enough!"

This was the most unkindest cut of all. Then burst her aching heart. With a scream of pain she leaped to her feet, frightening everybody near her, and found herself standing in the middle of the room. Immediately she burst into uproarious laughter, which was so long continued that Max suspected she was out of her wits. She was laughing because she knew she was back once more in the dear, old, prosaic, threadbare, out - at - the - elbows, run-down-at-the heels world in which millions have less than they need, and nobody has as much as he wants; but in which everybody has the unspeakable privilege of making

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himself superlatively happy by dreaming now and again of the unimaginable blessedness of the thrice-fortunate inhabitants of the beautiful

LAND OF ENOUGH,



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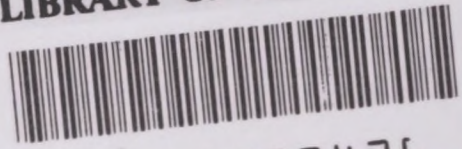








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