

**SOCIAL EVILS: AND THEIR
REMEDY. VOL I.
THE MECHANIC. THE LADY
AND THE LADY'S MAID**

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Social Evils: And Their Remedy. Vol I. The Mechanic. The Lady and the Lady's Maid by
Charles B. Tayler

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CHARLES B. TAYLER

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SOCIAL EVILS,

AND

THEIR REMEDY.



SOCIAL EVILS,

AND

Their Remedy.

BY

THE REV. CHARLES H. TAYLER, M. A.

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is
Jesus Christ."

"The kingdom of God is like leaven."

VOL. I.

THE MECHANIC.

THE LADY AND THE LADY'S MAID.



LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER AND CO. CORNHILL.

1837.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD BEXLEY,

THE ENLIGHTENED AND CONSISTENT ADVOCATE OF

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE,

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE HONEST,

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE JUST,

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE,

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY,

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE OF GOOD REPORT;

THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS GRATEFUL FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

English
Litho. Co.
2-6-47
57337
4 J.

ADDRESS.

I AM not a politician, nor do I belong to any political party: my own station is a country parish, and I seldom pass its boundaries. However, in the Periodical Work I am now publishing, I would go forth through the land on a mission of high importance, holding up the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ as the great remedy of Social Evils. I hope to be admitted into many a household circle, and to be allowed at least a hearing. My mission relates not only to the happiness of "the life that now is," but to the highest interests of man,—to the life and death of the immortal spirit; and I do not come as a trier, but as one bearing and showing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God.

I do not meddle with the question, whether the Gospel is, or is not, the remedy for evils in the organization of society; but I do assert, that it will introduce a new spirit even into a badly organized society, and thus make it superior to the most admirable organization without that spirit.

As it is with the human body, so it is with the body politic. It is not the province or proper office of religion to restore to symmetry and to beautify the deformed figure, but to introduce the graces of a renewed spirit within that deformed figure, and thus to impart even to the unshapen, and the coarse featured, a charm for which we may vainly search, where the proportions of the form are in exquisite symmetry, and the features beautiful, if that spirit is not present.

It is not my proper office, as a Pastor of Christ's flock, to point out the faults and the remedy in the organization of the body politic. Perhaps I am not blinder than others to those faults, and, perhaps, many others, no better fitted than myself for

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the office, would do well to leave the work to wiser heads and better hands than their own.

I am not at all disposed to undervalue the science of political economy, nor to assert that many of the popular views of political economists are not right views, many of their plans, right plans; but I would have political economy kept to its proper place, and in its proper department; and I must lift up my voice, however feeble it may be, against the cant of a party, that would propose to remedy every evil, by ways which are founded neither on sound philosophy nor common sense.

I would direct the attention of my reader to the remedy provided by God himself, for evils which neither the laws of our country, nor the laws of society can reach; and here I would, therefore, repeat, that the Gospel of Jesus Christ in its pure and holy simplicity, is the remedy for the thousand evils, which are *effects* to the real *cause* of all misery and suffering,—that *cause* is *sin*.

If we propose to reform society, we begin at the wrong end, if we begin *merely* with the great body. We must begin with the individual; for any body of men is made up of a certain number of individuals. Again, not only is it necessary in order to reform a body of individuals, to begin with the separate individual, but in order to reform the individual, it is absolutely necessary to begin with his heart. This is the peculiar province of the Christian Pastor, as being the commission of Him whose demand of every man is, "My son, give me thy heart," and who has graciously added, "a new heart will I give you."

Hodnet, 1834.

THE MECHANIC ;

OR,

REUBEN FORSTER'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

“ Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.”

JEREMIAH VI. 16.

My name is Reuben Forster, and Birmingham is my native place. I am the only son of an honest man, a christian of an old-fashioned school, but none the worse for that. He was not a man of many words, nor was he much occupied with the religious peculiarities, or the irreligious practices of his neighbours, finding quite enough to do in keeping his own conscience void of offence towards God and man, and in walking in a straight-forward and upright way himself. God bless him! The remembrance of what he was to me, and of what I lost in losing him, always makes me bless him as if he were still alive on earth. My mother died a week after my birth, so that I knew nothing of her; and I was given to the care of a faithful, but

not very wise creature, an aunt of my mother's, whom my father took into his house on the death of her husband. She had been still-room maid, and afterwards waiting gentlewoman, in the service of my Lady Templeton, in Cheshire; and, on the death of her mistress, she married the old butler, who was a drunkard, and would have broken her heart, had he not, in the mean time, fallen down a steep flight of stone steps, and broken his own neck. My father was very kind to poor aunt Merridew, and never felt disposed to quarrel with her, but when she gave way to tears and piteous lamentations over her widowed state, knowing, as he did, that her husband gave her some reason for crying in his lifetime; still, as I have heard him say, after passing rather a rough censure on her weeping, "You know, aunt Merridew, you were always a tender baggage, and I suppose I'm wrong to find fault with you, for I think you would be miserable without having something to be lackadaisycal about, and to lament over. I'm glad enough you find nothing to distress you under my roof."

But enough of this. My father was a watch and clock maker, and had a good business, to which he brought me up; and though we lived in a back-street in the town of Birmingham, and had no show in our window but an old Dutch dial of tarnished brass, and though I say it, who should not say it, we had as much, and more business, than we could do; and, what with new time-pieces