

**SOCIAL EVILS: AND THEIR  
REMEDY. VOL. III: LIVE AND LET  
LIVE; OR, THE MANCHESTER  
WEAVERS, PP. 1-103**

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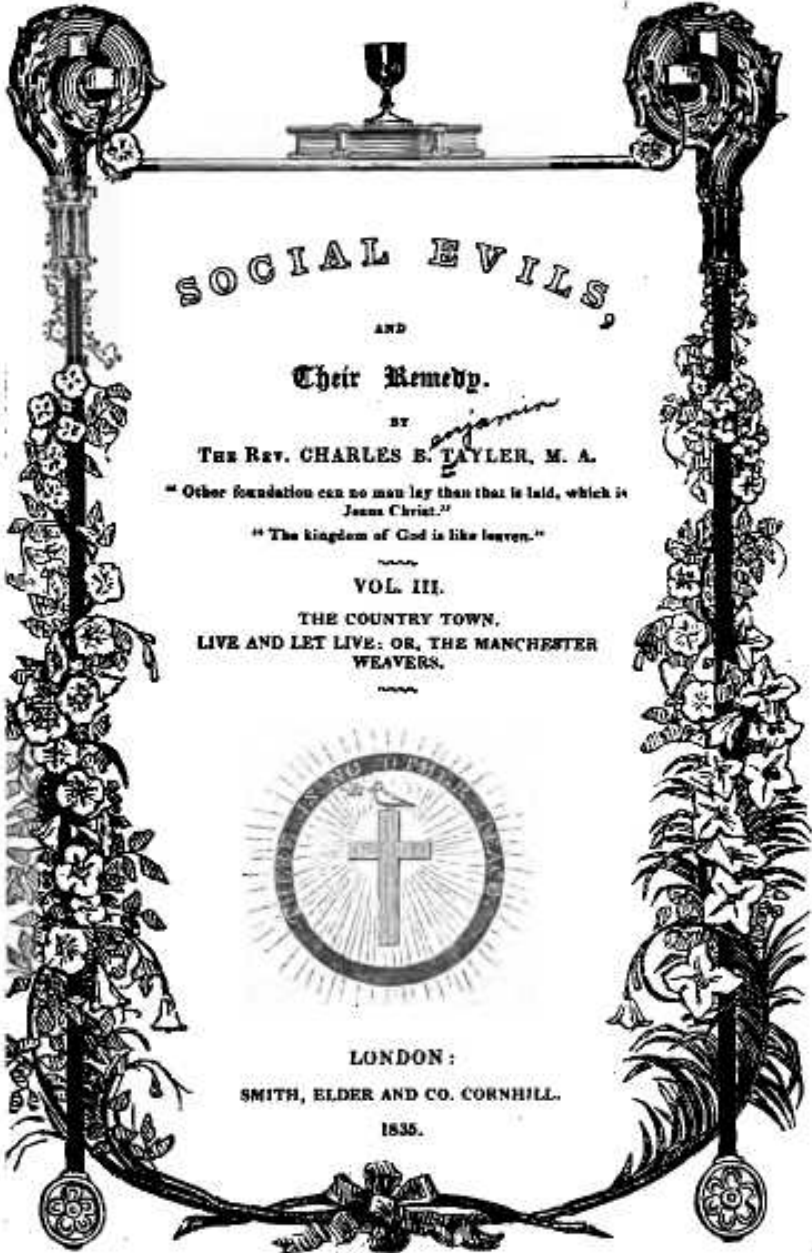
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**CHARLES B. TAYLER**

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SOCIAL EVILS,

AND

Their Remedy.

BY

THE REV. CHARLES E. 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. III.

THE COUNTRY TOWN.  
LIVE AND LET LIVE: OR, THE MANCHESTER  
WEAVERS.



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## ADDRESS.

I AM not a politician, nor do I belong to any political party: my own station is a country pariah, 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 trifler, 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 beauty 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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#### ADDRESS.

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 COUNTRY TOWN.



### CHAPTER I.

#### A FATHER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

“ You are not pleased with your visit, father! you are always kind, but why are you so grave?”—  
“ I am not pleased,” replied John Adams. “ I disapprove most entirely many new ways about your family, and though I seldom see you, and never without my whole heart yearning over you and your wife and children with tender love, I shall certainly deal with you very faithfully, and tell you in plain words what I blame, and what I am sure ought to be blamed.”—The conversation which I have begun to set down, took place between William Adams, a fine looking man, and his venerable father. The former was about five-and-forty years of age, stout, fresh-coloured, and good-

tempered; his clothes evidently in the smartest fashion of the country town of Arlingford: the whole appearance of his family and house, that of a person well to do in the world. This man, Mr. William Adams, was a general favourite with all who knew him, there was so much kindness about him, and so much good temper, perhaps I ought rather to say, that his good temper was merely natural kindness of heart. His good-looking face was pleasant to look upon, from its happy expression; his person was losing a little of its muscular and manly squareness, in a roundness of shoulders, and a slight increase of bulk round the hips, and a little below the chest, that betokened not only the love of ease, but the indulgence of it. He loved to sleep a little after a very hearty dinner, and he did many things himself, and suffered many things in others, that he could not quite approve, merely from an encroaching love of ease. He was neglecting little things, and his father feared that he was falling by little and little.

John Adams, his father, was in fact eighty years of age, but looked perhaps twenty years younger. He was tall and unbent, of a spare habit of body, his countenance was grave, but not severe, and he had, like his son, a remarkable freshness of complexion; his snow-white hair parted on his forehead, and falling down on either side of his head, gave him a very venerable look; and the dark low-collared coat that he wore with large metal

buttons, his collar turned down over a handkerchief of dark red silk, and the brown discoloured tops of his high boots showed that he was one of the old school in dress, as well as age. He was a plain man in manners and speech, but he made no pretensions to being a character. He did not give way to any thing like ill temper, or unnecessary severity towards his fellow-creatures, and think his faults would be set down to the score of his being a character, and excused merely because he made in other points a high Christian profession. There was as much of love and sweetness in his censure, as there was of faithfulness. I always think, when I see those rough, ill-tempered old men, who can talk with a wonderful readiness of doctrines, nay, of the deep things of God, and who seem to find a sort of proud self-satisfaction in setting down others, and giving harsh rebukes, that they would do well to turn to that part of their bibles, where the meek and loving Saviour is described as taking a little child, and setting him in the midst, and showing by that living example, the character of his true disciple. Alas! how many of us, in the consciousness of our superior goodness, pass from us those words of the apostle: "Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted;" and thus prove themselves to be wanting in that disposition of holy love and meekness which Jesus Christ commends to us, both by his words and his example.

"I have not been among you for five years,