

# The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. I. E. BILL, Editor. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men." EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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## Selected Articles

### Notes of a Journey to Switzerland

Conference of the South German Baptist Churches.

The following interesting account of a journey to Switzerland is from the pen of Miss Oncken, daughter of the Rev. J. G. Oncken, Baptist Missionary in Germany, who is now in England collecting funds for the support and spread of the Gospel in Central Europe:

An invitation to attend the Conference of our Southern Baptist Churches, to be held at Zurich, came to us with doubly persuasive voice from Switzerland. Visions of an inmate world of beauty, and of still fairer creations in the kingdom of grace, combined their influence to make us respond to the call; yet the Swiss Conference offered another consideration, not less urgent than that of personal gratification. Thither from their distant and solitary posts of labor, we knew many brethren would hasten as to a rallying point, where their hands would anew be strengthened by Christian communion and prayer. It was this reflection which, when weighed against other duties, proved heaviest in the scale, and determined my father to undertake to be present at the gathering of the brethren. On this journey it was my privilege to accompany him.

On the morning of August 26, we crossed the Elbe, and took the train for Eimbeck in Hanover. The language of our travelling companions betrayed them not to be our fellow-pilgrims to the heavenly Zion. Every topic save that of the highest moment was discussed, until the tracts distributed for awhile turned their thoughts on the subject of religion; but here scorn or indifference superseded previous enthusiasm; only one aged couple, after reading the tract given them, warmly thanked us for what had been medicine to their souls.

Late in the evening we reached Eimbeck, a country town, where, under the pastoral care of Mr. Steinhoff, a Baptist church, numbering ninety-nine members, exists. This brother is one of the diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. In his shop, side by side with brushes of every description, lie Bibles, which, attracting attention, prepare the way for religious conversation. Many of the neighboring gentry frequent brother Steinhoff's house the less because the unlearned man speaks to them of spiritual things; and the Lord smiles approvingly on our brother's testimony. In that small shop proud hearts have been humbled, and contrite ones have received comfort, while from it the word of God has found its way into families of every condition of life. At the back of Mr. Steinhoff's house is a commodious meeting-room for the use of the church.

Brief but delightful hours of Christian intercourse would have tempted us to prolong our stay at Eimbeck, but for an appointment to meet Mr. Kobus at Frankfort. With regret we took leave of our kind friends on the following morning, and in a few hours more found ourselves on Hessian territory. Here the air of hopelessness pervading neglected fields and huts of clay, painfully called to mind Hessa's recent history. Nor could we be diverted from the gloomy picture by the prospects, with which Cassel, the capital of the Grand Duchy, is adorned. Forth from their portals we knew had issued commands that had silenced the voice of awakening Liberty throughout the land, and converted the eyes of God's children into "fountains of tears." From the sunlit halls of the great, our thoughts turned to those cheerless dungeons, where a long "night of weeping had been the portion of the pious and the brave. Yet the pity we felt was less for those on whom a morning of eternal joy will shortly dawn, than for those whose deeds of injustice are heaping up for them "wrath against the day of wrath."

his works." We left Heidelberg, enriched with an increased sense of our Heavenly Father's greatness and goodness.

At Baden-Baden, where we passed a night, we took a survey of one of the far-famed gambling hells, where the god of this world has established his throne, and exhausted his powers of attraction. The saloons are decorated with a brilliancy that, at once dazzling and alluring, lends emphasis to the voice of the tempter as he says, "All these things will I give unto thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." And how great is the number of his infatuated victims, one glance at the gambling-board discloses! What a crowd of eager, anxious, and disappointed faces, are gathered round it! What agitation they display as the little ball whirrs swiftly round on which weal and woe are staked! To us the scene was painful and disgusting in the extreme. Not only gentlemen, but even ladies of the highest rank, were sitting shamelessly in the public rooms with piles of gold beside them, joining with the most intense eagerness in the maddening pursuit; and we hastened away, ready to exclaim, "Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread?" How little, we thought, does education do for the refinement of man, if not sanctified by the grace of Christ!

(To be continued.)

### Thrilling Account of the loss of the Ship Welsford of this Port.

The Morning News of the 26th inst., furnishes the following particulars of the loss of this ill-fated vessel. This painful narrative we doubt not, will be perused with interest by many of our readers:—

We are in possession of further particulars of the loss of the ill-fated "Welsford," (belonging to Messrs. McMorran & Dunn of this City) which will be found very interesting. The only surviving officer of the vessel (William Journey, first mate) reached this City on Wednesday evening last, and after having had a long interview with him, we are enabled to furnish a full account of the disaster. It will be remembered that the Welsford left St. John on the 18th December with a cargo of timber for Liverpool. For the first two days she had cool northerly winds. After this the wind shifted, and it blew a heavy gale from the South-West, accompanied by a thick fog. This continued until half-past one o'clock, Christmas Day, when it cleared up, but only for a short period. There was no land in sight at this time, but it was estimated that there were in longitude 52° 20', and latitude 44° 18', which was found to agree exactly with the soundings. At two o'clock it became thick and foggy, and the vessel proceeded onwards, heading in a South-Easterly direction. About 6 P. M. of the same day, the vessel struck on a ledge of rocks, since ascertained to be Mistaken Point, seven miles to the West of Cape Race. Immediately after she struck a heavy sea came over her which swept her decks, and washed overboard seven or eight men, among whom were the second mate, boatswain and carpenter. When she struck, the first mate was on the watch below. They had erroneously supposed themselves to be on the Virgin Rocks. After the first heavy sea swept over the vessel, they cut away the main-top-mast and top-gallant back stays, which operation was attended with much danger and difficulty of performance. The noble vessel withstood the fury of the elements for two hours. Gradually the work of fearful destruction continued to be accomplished. During the first two hours the vessel surged heavily to and fro on the rocks, and as each succeeding wave rolled heavily over her, the more imminent became the peril of those on board. One by one the unfortunate mariners continued to be swept overboard, until upwards of one half of their number had thus perished. It was even a more fearful death that befell the remaining portion of the crew who were not saved. A few minutes after 8 o'clock the vessel severed into four pieces. What followed could probably be better imagined than described. The night was fearfully dark, which combined with the fury of the raging sea and howling winds created a scene of confusion that we shudder to contemplate.

After the occurrence of the crash which shattered the vessel, the Captain, Mate, and some of the hands clung to a portion of the quarter deck, which had been separated from the main deck. The remainder of the crew made their way to the spot where the Captain and Mate were, when three of their number met with instantaneous death, a mass of rubbish severing them from the hold to which they clung for protection. The situation of the survivors, now reduced to about ten in number, was one of great peril, and none of them could have imagined that they would share other than the same fate as those who had gone before them. At every sea the wreck on which the survivors were clinging would roll up against the cliff, and the scattered pieces of timber falling in every direction as the sea receded from the cliff, rendered the situation of the unfortunate men extremely hazardous. Having but little hope of preservation from death, the Mate proposed to the Captain to make an effort to reach the cliff by leaping from the wreck. The Captain (Hatfield) thought it was useless to make the attempt. He seemed to consider they were all hopelessly lost; after this he made his way to the middle part of the ship, and got upon another piece of the wreck. He was never seen again. The Mate was deter-

mined to make an effort to preserve his life, and watching his opportunity when the sea threw them towards the cliff, he made a spring, and leaping about 10 feet, he succeeded in grasping a rock, but was partially stunned and severely bruised by the leap. There were six others who remained, on that portion of the wreck which the mate had left. When the next sea came up the poor fellows made an effort to follow the mate, but a sea only two of them—viz. Finlayson and Hand, were successful in reaching the cliff, the others having perished in the attempt. For about fifteen minutes after the three men had reached the cliff they heard the cries of the Captain and the two or three men who had followed him to the other part of the wreck. The voices then ceased, and all was quiet save the raging of the elements, and the doleful noise made by the shattered portions of the wreck beating against the cliff.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when the three survivors reached the cliff. During the remainder of that awful night they held on to the crags, and at times the spray beat upon them with great fury. The extreme darkness prevented them from discerning any object; and in this position they remained until seven o'clock the next morning. Their situation during the ten hours previous to this was one of extreme peril, which was not relieved until two hours' toil, some and laborious ascent brought them to the top of the cliff. No signs of any dead bodies could be discerned below, and nothing could be seen but broken fragments of the wreck scattered here and there. The raging of the elements still continued unabated. The three surviving men were in a destitute condition even after they had reached the top of the cliff. They wandered about until four o'clock, being then almost without clothing, and having gone without food for nearly thirty hours. Two of the men were almost exhausted, and would no doubt have given up in despair but that they were encouraged by the Mate to continue in hope. Previous to sunset they descried the Light House on Cape Race, about five miles distant, which after a toilsome walk in snow to the depth of three feet, they reached at six o'clock in the evening. Here they remained for two days, and were kindly treated by Captain Holly, the keeper of the Light House. On the morning of the 29th they set off for St. John, N. F. The first evening succeeding their departure they reached Chance Cove, where they were hospitably entertained by a fisherman. On the evening of the second day they arrived at Kinuso, and on the evening of the third they reached Cape Royle. The telegraph line had been their principal guide thus far. During the fourth day they met with several Newfoundlanders hauling wood with dogs, and by them they were directed to call upon Mr. Magee, a Magistrate, who resided at the Bay of Bulls. They reached this place at nightfall, and called upon Mr. M., whom they felt anxious to see, inasmuch as he had been provided with money by the Government of Newfoundland, for the purpose of affording assistance, to wrecked and disabled sailors. Feeling confident of receiving some assistance, or at least of kind treatment they were greatly disappointed when Magee refused to allow them to warm themselves by his fire, or even to be admitted into his house. The three men were destitute, hungry, and almost naked, and notwithstanding money was given to Magee for the purpose of affording shelter and relief to men thus situated, he gave them nothing to eat, and sent them to a roofless barn, where they passed a cold, miserable and cheerless night. These are facts which can be substantiated by the mate, who is still in this City. We know of no parallel to such inhuman and barbarous treatment. It would disgrace even the wildest savage to have such recorded of him; but coming from a subordinate in the employ of a Government in Her Majesty's dominions, it deserves to be held up to the execration of the world. Our earnest hope is, that the Board of Trade of Newfoundland, or whoever the proper authority be, will teach such a lesson to this man Magee, as will cause him in future to extend the courtesies of civilized life to destitute mariners. Even if it were not an official duty to render them service, his conduct would in no wise be excusable. (We shall see that a copy of this paper is forwarded to him.) The three men proceeded to a house near by, and when it became known how they were treated by Magee, a Catholic priest named Clary, who was present, generously furnished them with means to pay their way to St. John's, whither they arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon of the fifth day after leaving Cape Race Light House. On learning the destitute condition of the three men, the Attorney General of Newfoundland, Hon. F. P. Little, furnished them with board, clothing, and other necessities, at the same time affording them much assistance by providing means to forward them to the places to which they intended to proceed. The mate speaks in high terms of the conduct of Mr. Little, and also of Mr. Ambrose Shays, who took a new coat from his own back and presented it to him, besides doing many other acts for the distressed sailors. They remained in St. John's six days. Finlayson and Hand went as seamen on board another vessel fitting out at that port. The mate took passage in the steamer Merion for Halifax, and then proceeded by way of Digby to St. John, having arrived here in the schooner Pilot, Capt. Turnbull, on Wednesday evening last. His narrative of the suffer-

ings endured by the ill-fated seamen on the memorable night that the Welsford was wrecked, would cause the stoutest heart to shudder. Had he not made a bold effort to save his own life, it is improbable that any of the crew would have survived to narrate the fate of their unfortunate comrades.

### The Two Buckets.

Mr. Groom, of Birmingham, has published a number of precious pieces in all sizes and at all prices; but among them we never remember a sweeter little piece than that of "The Two Buckets;" or, "The Power of Prayer." A district visitor was privileged to see the fruit of her "labour of love" in one who at first he found "ignorant and out of the way," but who by the sovereign operations of Divine grace, and under the simple but effectual teaching of the Holy Ghost, was taught to see and feel herself a poor lost sinner. In meekness and simplicity she testifies, as follows, to her experience of the power of prayer, or in other words, the condescension and grace of Him who hears and answers prayer:—

One fine spring morning—I think it was Easter Monday—I visited my missionary district as usual; and finding, when I reached the house of Ann T., that she was sufficiently disengaged to be able to attend to a few verses from God's word, I offered to read a chapter. I wish my readers could have seen the joy which beamed on Ann's countenance, whenever I had time to make this offer; and on this occasion, it was particularly striking. Having expressed a wish to hear the chapter from which the text had been taken the preceding Lord's day, I proceeded to read the 2nd chapter of the 1st Epistle of Peter; and coming to that verse, "Desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby," and endeavouring to explain to her the reason of its being compared to milk; its strengthening, nourishing properties, &c., she interrupted me by saying, "There now, if you had not told me that, I should never have known it; I be such a heathen, sure?" "No," I replied, "you must not say so; the heathen neither know nor love God, and I am sure you do." "Love Him?" she exclaimed; "love Him!" she again repeated with that peculiar tone and manner, to which I have before alluded, "I must love him if you do not know what a fund he has been to me just lately; I have been longing to tell you all about it." I closed my book, drew my chair nearer, and sat all attention, while she related to me the following interesting particulars, which I shall give the reader in her own simple language.

"You know, last Christmas I lost my bucket down the well. I was in a deal of trouble about it at that time; my husband paid two men a shilling each to get it up again, but they could not, so they gave it up, and ever since I have, every morning, borrowed a bucket of some one of my neighbours, and got me up water enough for the day; and then that satisfied me. Well, yesterday was a week, I was working with Hannah B.'s bucket, and down he went. O, I was in such a way, I felt as if I had dropped my child down! why it was *horrible*! *horrible*! Who would lend me one again? What could I do? I called in my next-door neighbour; you know she is a good strong woman, and she was very kind, and tried it for a long time, and her husband came home for his dinner, and he came in and tried, and Hannah B.—heard of it, and she came over and tried; and my husband came home to his dinner and he tried; they all pushed me back; they said, 'You poor weak woman, you had better stand out of the way.' At last Master W.—could stay no longer, nor could he longer spare his wife, as he wanted her to get his dinner, Hannah B.—must go home to hers, and my husband was impatient for his dinner, as it was time to return to his work.

So they all left me promising to return, and try again in the evening. When they were all gone I sat me down, and I thought to myself, thinks I, there's one friend I have not been to yet, and I ought to have gone to him first; so I shuts to that door, and I kneels me down at that chair, where you sits, and I prays to the Lord to help me. It was an uncommon poor prayer I made; I could not think of many words; but I told him what trouble I was in, and that if it was pleasing to him, he could help me out of it. And then I got up, and sit me down in the chair, but I could not get on with my needle-work neither; so I goes out into the yard, and looks down into the well, and without hardly thinking what I was about I begins to wind the gravel (meaning the grating-irons), whereas presently it feels rather heavy, so I goes on winding, and what should come up but my own bucket, that had been down ever since Christmas." "Well," I exclaimed with delight, "you do surprise me; surely our God is a faithful God. I expect now to hear that you tried for the other." "No, my dear ma'am," she replied, "no, it was the Lord that helped me to get up that! and he should help me to get up to other, if it was pleasing to him; but I would not try without asking He first; so I comes in again, and kneels down at the chair. I couldn't make no better prayer than before; it was a very poor prayer, but I told the Lord how thankful I was that he had helped me; that if it was pleasing to him, I would try for the other; if not, I could give my bucket to H. B. So then I went out, and lets down my grating again, and first turn, up he comes. I called in my neighbor, and I says to her, 'There's my bucket, and there's H. B.'s.'" "And I suppose," I said, "you told her by what strength you had so wonderfully succeeded." "No, my dear friend," said she,

putting her finger gently on my arm, "no! I did not; you know she does not love the Lord, nor H. B. neither, and I was afraid they would jeer Him, and I couldn't bear to hear that. I tell you," said she, again pressing my arm, "because you'll praise Him."

And indeed I could not but praise Him, and rejoice with her at the mercy she had found, in this her time of need; and then I said, "You remind me of the borrowed axe in Elisha's time." But this was quite new to her; she knew but little of the Old Testament history, as, since she had begun to read and value God's word, she had read mostly in the New Testament; and could scarcely believe that anything like the buckets could possibly be found in the Bible; and lest the reader should not be acquainted with this remarkable circumstance in the history of Elisha, I will copy the first seven verses of the 6th chapter of 2nd Book of the Kings:

1. "And the sons of the prophets said unto Elisha, Behold now, the place where we dwell with thee is too strait for us.  
2. Let us go, we pray thee, unto Jordan, and take thence every man a beam, and let us make a place there, where we may dwell. And he answered, Go ye.  
3. And one said, Be content, I pray thee, and go with thy servants. And he answered, I will go.  
4. So he went with them. And when they came to Jordan, they cut down wood.  
5. But as one was felling a beam, the axe head fell into the water; and he cried, and said, alas, master! for it was borrowed!  
6. And the man of God said, Where fell it? and he showed him the place. And he cut down a stick, and cast it in thither; and the iron did swim.  
7. Therefore, said he, take it up to thee. And he put out his hand and took it.  
I had just begun to read these few interesting verses to Ann, when her husband came in, and was equally surprised with his wife to find anything so like their bucket in the Bible.

### Old Humphrey and his Rambles.

(From Walks about London—Religious Tract Society.)

In the busiest life there are seasons of leisure; even in the six days appointed us in which to labour and do all that we have to do, occasional periods of relaxation occur, and I think it no evil, wherever I am, in town or country, to seek out innocent sources of enjoyment.

I like to pick up scraps of conversation as I pass my fellow pilgrims in the world, whether at St. Giles's or St. James's; to notice peculiarities in form, dress, demeanour, language, or action; to muse on the shrewdness of one man, the oddness of another, the churlishness of a third, and the kindness of a fourth; the Jew with his old clothes; the Mahomedan with his box of rhubarb; the whining beggar, defended by his matches from the interference of the police; the fisherman at Billingsgate; the merchant on "Change," and the Lord Mayor in his state carriage—all call forth the speculations of Old Humphrey.

I like to look in the shop windows, for many of them supply food for profitable speculation. I like to pause as the plumed horse and mourning coaches, drawn by black horses arching their proud necks, and lifting their feet high, slowly move among the crowded and busy streets, emphatically proclaiming to the passers by, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble." He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not." Job xiv. 1, 2.

I like to look on etchings, drawings, engravings, and pictures, and am oftentimes spell-bound by their influence, feeling regret that I cannot thank those who have so much contributed to my gratification. I like to glance, if I see only the title-page, on the works of authors that I believe to be in heaven, claiming kindred with them even there, knowing them, loving them, and longing to be like them. How many a kindred spirit, by the record it has left behind it, has made my heart beat and my pulse play, and called forth my admiration, joy, and thankfulness, hundreds of years after its translation to glory!

I like to linger at the well-supplied stalls of second-hand books, and to turn over the leaves of the volumes exposed for sale, from the shelf of folios inside the shop. I like to glide slowly with the living stream along Cheap-side, noting the passers by, and reading their history in their eyes, faces, and appearance. I love to muse a moment, not without pity, on that unenviable class of the community, "bill-deliverers, placard bearers, and walk into the auction," men. Oh, what a tale do their haggard cheeks, their sickly frames, and their ragged raiment often make known! Poverty, thoughtlessness, indiscretion, and perhaps crime, have made them what they are.

I like to stand opposite Christ's Hospital, and look through the double row of iron palisades at the boys when they are at play in the court-yard. If it were possible to make a good-looking boy appear ugly, by dressing him up in uncouth clothing, the blue gown, yellow petticoat and stockings, and bucklegarter-like girdle, the Christ's Hospital costume would undoubtedly do it; but, in spite of their dress, the light-hearted, merry-making young rogues find their way into my heart. I remember that I once was a boy; and when they knuckled down at ring-ball, leap and skipping rope, trundle the hoop, and race after one another, I feel that I could join them at

their sport. It was but yesterday that I stood looking at them for ten minutes, afterwards giving them in silence my parting blessing.

I like, when I feel strong, though some would regard it as an arduous undertaking for an old man, to ascend to the golden gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, and to look upon London below. The incessant rumble of busy life reaches me as an echo of things remote, and my brother emmits beneath me, by their diminished stature, make me feel little in my own eyes. London, the treasure-house of the earth for wealth and power, as the queen of nations, stretches the sceptre of her influence over the east and the west, the north and the south. She is, as it were, the big heart of the breathing world, animating through the peopled avenues of society, the industry, the knowledge, and the piety, of the uttermost parts of the earth.

I like, now and then, to visit a Christian friend, walking abroad betimes, and breakfasting with him in quiet and retired habitation in the suburbs of the city. The early hour, and the walk, and the fresh air, give me an appetite, and the broiled ham, or bacon, that forms a part of the hospitable meal, relishes all the better for the free and cheerful converse that prevails. I like to hear him, with a soft musical voice, read the Holy Scriptures, explain, illustrate, and apply with faithfulness, knowledge, and simplicity, the word of the Most High, and engage in supplication and thanksgivings to the Giver of all our mercies. I like to walk abroad with him in the fields, or retired lanes, discoursing freely, as the case may be, of the heavens, the earth, and the varied objects of creation, indulging in literary projects, and fixing, perhaps, on a subject for the next paper of Old Humphrey.

I like to pass along the Old Bailey, or elsewhere, when a throng of poor women, girls, and boys, stand with their jugs and cups, their basins, and platters, opposite to an eating-house, waiting with their twopenny to receive the broken victuals, of the establishment. It would do you good, if you have never seen this daily exhibition, to gaze upon it; and if you have a kind heart, and twopenny in your pocket, I feel quite sure, that in such a case, some poor widow, or pale-faced girl, with her crockery in her hand, will soon have your money. What a comfortable thing it is, that one can buy such a substantial gratification, as that of lighting up the eye, and gladdening the heart of the poor, at the low price of twopenny!

I like to stand among the gathered group of merchants and foreigners on "Change," just long enough for the rolling din of mingled voices and varied language to make me estimate more highly quietude and peace. I like, now and then, to peep at the Parks, and Kensington Gardens, commenting, not ill-naturedly, on the gay equipages and well-dressed people assembled. I like to lean over London Bridge, gazing on the steamboats as they come and go, and on the forest of masts that rises from the bed of the river.— And I like to pause in Smithfield, ere I go by the spot where the martyr has "played the man in the fire." May I never pass the place without more than common thankfulness to the Father of mercies in sparing me the torments that better men have endured!

### A Word to Young Ladies.

Ladies, are you aware of the immense amount of influence you have for good or for evil over the rising age—in the family, in the social circle, everywhere?—A truly virtuous female is an angel, yes, an angel! By her meek, mild, amiable, lowly hallowed deportment, she can sway a community, a nation, a world! Prayer and virtuous purity moves the Universe. The character of young men, to a very great extent, is formed by the ladies. A brother is what a sister and other young ladies make him. Why are so many young men vain, giddy, foppish, foolish, dissipated spendthrifts, wine bibbers, given to base, selfish, lewd habits? We knew a family where the sisters encouraged their younger brothers to puff the offensive, poisonous cigar, thinking it manly, imitating other fops, and also mingling with gay, thoughtless, dissipated fellows, till they became like them, body, soul, and spirit, and abused these same sisters shamefully.

This letting out of waters commenced with the sisters, and the bitter streams rushed on overflowing through life. On the other hand if sisters are virtuous, watchful, dutiful, prayerful, affectionate, they may in various ways influence their younger brothers in the path of rectitude—the society of good and virtuous females, lead them from step to step till their characters are formed, and then they ever have a high respect for ladies, and a manly self respect, and the fear of God will keep them from mingling with low and vicious society. It is in the power of young ladies to mould the rising age through their meek, modest, persuasive, angelic influence; prevent the youth of our land from giving loose to passion, appetite, romance, fashionable folly, dissipation and ruin. And if they possess the power of this heavenly, transforming influence, through divine aid, is it not duty, solemn, imperative? Will not sin lie at the door if they do not set examples of virtuous piety, sobriety, and modesty? of everything indeed that is true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report.

Let none say they have no influence at all. This is not possible. We cannot live without having some influence, any more than we can live without breathing. One is just as unavoidable as the other.