

DR. JOHN BAYNE

Having just come in from the sunlight, I could not at first see clearly about me. Whilst peering through the murk, however, a human figure gradually took form and arose from a lounge at the other end of the room. As the figure advanced I saw it was Dr. Bayne, who, although evidently a little ruffled at the unceremonious way in which I had been ushered in, took my hand so genially, and with words and manner so kindly, as to soon place me comparatively at my ease.

After the usual interchange of civilities the Doctor excused himself for a few minutes whilst he went into an adjoining room.

During his absence the light and my vision improved, and I soon discovered the cause of the unusual smoke on my entrance. On the mantel, the window sills and other more curious places I counted no less than nineteen clay pipes, many of which looked new, and all were white and clean. Some were full and some were empty, but the impression left on the beholder was, and I afterwards learned this was correct, that the Doctor commonly filled them all together and then smoked as circumstances called for.

He evidently regarded smoking and drinking in a very different light. He was one of the earliest clergymen within my knowledge to take a decided stand against the liquor traffic, and it was much needed among the early settlers in those days. But it was no secret that he enjoyed a smoke. From the numerous evidences counted around the room I concluded he could hardly have been excelled by Milton.