

MR. PIPES

Comes to America

Copyright © 2001 Christian Liberty Press

Douglas Bond

Mr. Pipes

Comes to America



Copyright © 2001 Christian Liberty Press

Douglas Bond

Christian Liberty Press
Arlington Heights, Illinois

Copyright © 2001 Christian Liberty Press
January 2013 Printing

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form without written permission from the publisher.

Published by

Christian Liberty Press

502 West Euclid Avenue

Arlington Heights, Illinois 60004

www.christianlibertypress.com

General editorship by Michael J. McHugh

Layout and editing by Eric L. Pfeiffelman and Edward J. Shewan

Copyediting by Diane C. Olson, Belit M. Shewan, and

Carol H. Blair

Cover design by Robert Fine

Graphics by Christopher D. Kou

Cover art by Dawn Doughty

Story illustrations by Ron Ferris

Map on page [viii](#) from *Map Art* (Copyright © 1993, Cartesia Software). Used by permission.

Map on page [58](#) from *Maps, Maps, Maps* (Copyright © 1995, Zedcor, Inc.) Used by permission.

Image of Phillis Wheatley on page [141](#) from *Famous Americans CD-ROM & Book* (Copyright © 2005, Dover Publications, Inc.) Used by permission.

Hymns are reprinted from the *Trinity Hymnal* (Copyright © 1961, 1990, Great Commission Publications). Used by permission.

ISBN 978-1-930367-53-1 (print)

ISBN 978-1-935796-77-0 (eBook PDF)

Printed in the United States of America

Table of Contents

	Preface.....	v
One	Simply Out of the Question!.....	1
Two	John Eliot and the Bay Psalm Book 1604 – 1690.....	11
Three	Samuel Davies 1723 – 1761	33
Four	Timothy Dwight 1752 – 1817.....	59
Five	Francis Scott Key 1779 – 1843	79
Six	Phillips Brooks 1835 – 1893.....	103
Seven	John Greenleaf Whittier 1807 – 1892.....	115
Eight	The Slave Spiritual and Southern Harmony	135
Nine	Ray Palmer 1808 – 1887.....	153
Ten	Matthias Loy 1828 – 1915	169
Eleven	Horatio G. Spafford 1828 – 1888	189
Twelve	Winter and Christmas! Popular Praise and Historic Christian Worship	207

Preface

Mr. Pipes Comes to America continues the story of two young Americans and their friend Mr. Pipes. It is a story about the most important subject in the world—the worship of Almighty God.

The worship of God in modern times has too often become shallow and man-centered. Many Christians at the opening of the twenty-first century, including young believers, have never understood the importance of approaching God with awesome reverence and majestic praise. As readers move through Mr. Pipes Comes to America, however, they will not only learn about the fascinating lives of famous hymn writers, but will also be encouraged to cultivate an attitude of humble adoration as they approach their Maker.

Young Christians who grasp the significance of what they read will come to the wonderful realization that their worship is connected with the Church universal—the followers of Christ throughout the world, both past and present. In other words, young readers will understand that true worship is not isolated from believers of the past but is, rather, built upon their godly traditions.

Perhaps the greatest tradition of true biblical worship, aside from scriptural exposition and prayer, is the holy exercise of hymn singing. It is, therefore, the express purpose of this book to rekindle a genuine interest within the lives of young believers in the traditional hymns of the faith once delivered unto the saints. May God be pleased to use this little volume to revive an interest in and appreciation for that which is true and praiseworthy in the realm of Christian worship.

Michael J. McHugh

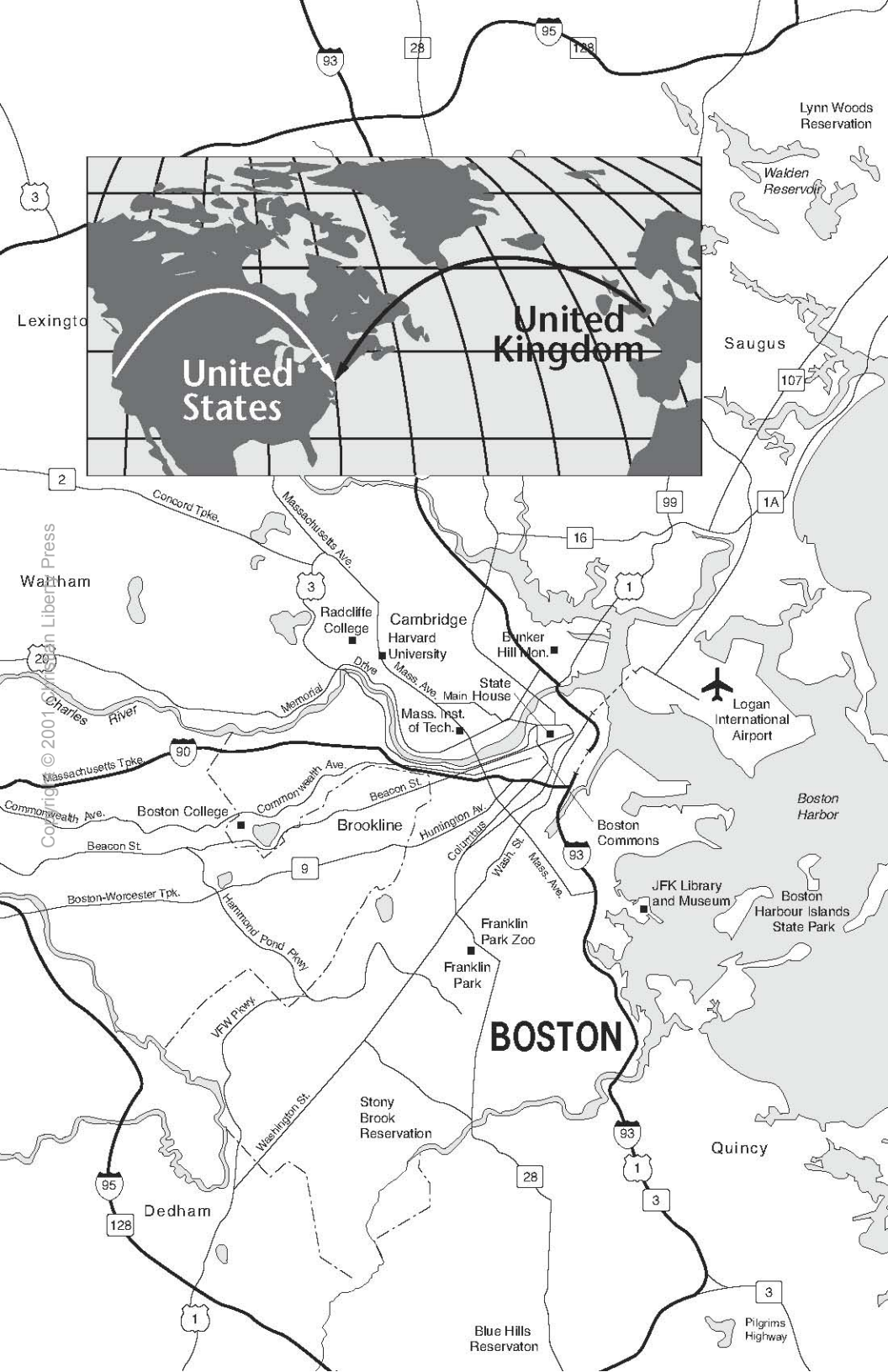
For Brittany, Rhodri, Cedric, and Desmond

“A good hymn is the best use to which
poetry can be devoted.”

Richard Baxter, 1692

“Good music for worship is a moral issue.... The eternal
gospel cannot be commended with disposable, fashionable
music styles; otherwise there is the implication that the
gospel itself is somehow disposable and temporary.”

Ralph Vaughan Williams
Preface to The English Hymnal, 1906



Chapter One

Simply Out of the Question!

First, Pilgrims Psalms in praise of God did raise,
And some high hymns did write in human phrase.
Then, worship's consumed in "revival" fire;
Now with a bee and a bop we raise God's ire.

"I say, old chap," said the white-haired man resting his arm comfortably on the tiller of his little black sailboat. "I say, what loveliness surrounds us on the Great Ouse today." The sunlight shone on his sprawling eyebrows as he turned his face upward and breathed deeply of the late November air. "Unseasonable loveliness, that is what I call it."

His companion made no reply but, twitching his whiskers, he turned toward the old man and blinked his staring green eyes several times.

"Yes, yes, m'Lord, though a bit cool," continued the man, his breath coming in wisps and puffs as he spoke, "'tis a lovely day—and a most successful one. The catch basket overflows with barbel, gentle breezes fill *Toplady's* sail, and the cottage lies around the bend—ah, yes, and a steaming cup of tea awaits." He steadied the tiller with his elbow and blew on his hands, rubbing them briskly together.

His companion only licked his lips and blinked as the old man nudged the tiller to starboard and eased off the mainsheet, adjusting the trim of the brick-colored sail.

"There, now," he said, resuming his reclining position at the stern. The mast and sail brushed lightly against the leafless branches of a willow tree drooping over the river. Empty rook nests cluttered the higher branches, and a tardy

coot—disturbed by the boat—rose with a squeak and a flutter from the meadow grass along the banks. The man sighed a contented and appreciative sigh and began humming. After several moments, his humming grew words: “All praise to God, who reigns above, the God of all creation....” His clear voice rose above the rustling and pattering of the river.

The twin arches of the Olney Bridge came slowly into view; and, through the willows, the ancient spire of the parish church pointed heavenward. The bells of the steeple slowly chimed the hour, echoing along the little valley.

Through all of this, his companion said not a word.

Now, if you were a water rat or a hedgehog sniffing and waddling near your hole along the riverbank, you might have cocked your fuzzy head to one side at the congenial scene and at the voice of the old man humming and occasionally speaking to—well, to no one. Then, if you sniffed the air more carefully you might just have caught the scent of another furry creature—

—But, wait, the old man speaks again.

“There, now, m’Lord, the staithe comes into view. And, fancy that, Dr. Dudley waits to receive us—a pleasant and welcome surprise.” Turning toward shore he called, “Hello, Martin. Delighted to see you.”

Throwing the tiller to starboard, the old man steered in a tight circle. The sail luffed as he headed into the wind; moments later he nudged the boat against the stone pier.

A tall, dark-haired man wearing a well-tailored herringbone suit stood with arms crossed and chin jutting, looking down at the mariners. The old man shipped the unused oars, released the halyard, and neatly folded the sail along the boom.



“Dr. Dudley, my dear fellow—you simply must stay for supper.” He held open the catch basket as if to tempt his friend.

“Humph!” replied Dr. Dudley with a sniff. “I’m not one to interfere, as you well know.” He cleared his throat. “However, I would be remiss in not observing the inherent dangers connected with maritime exploits—especially, my dear man, at your age and station in life.” Here the man paused ... stroked his moustache, scowled, and crossed his arms. “Mr. Pipes, dear fellow, as your physician I simply must recommend engagements more suited to your—well, to your frailties.”

“Frailties, indeed, dear fellow,” replied Mr. Pipes with a good-natured chuckle as he made fast the mooring lines. “Weaknesses I have aplenty, but surely you, good doctor, must commend the virtue of outdoor exercise, judiciously engaged—surely you must.”

“Of course, my dear man,” replied the doctor. He grabbed his lapels and looked at the quiet waters of the river as if they were the final passage to the underworld. “But people *drown* in rivers, don’t they? Besides, it’s nearly December, and bitter cold! What’s more, you’ve subjected Lord Underfoot—poor chap—to the disquieting deprivations of boating. You simply must have some consideration of others.”

At this, Dr. Dudley bent over and patted the large head of Mr. Pipes’ companion—an enormous gray cat showing considerable interest in the catch basket.

Mr. Pipes smiled mildly and said, “Yes, well, how about tea?”



Once inside the cozy stone cottage, Lord Underfoot curled up on the hearth in front of the glowing coals, which Mr. Pipes soon coaxed into a snapping and spitting fire.

The companions dined at an oval table before the fire with both men offering choice pieces of fish to the eager Lord Underfoot, carefully stationed within reach. When only fish bones and crumbs of bread remained, and while the two sat sipping yet another cup of tea, Mr. Pipes cleared his throat and said:

“Well, now, I must tell you the latest news from America.”

“America?”

“Yes.”

“Must you?” groaned his companion.

“Indeed, I must,” said Mr. Pipes with a good-natured laugh. “I’ve just received a most interesting letter from Annie and Drew—you do remember Annie and Drew, do you not?”

“Rather!” retorted Dr. Dudley, his chin poking upward. “Dashed impossible not to remember them, contributing as they have to your gallivanting adventures all over kingdom come.”

As Mr. Pipes unfolded the letter, the fire crackled at their feet. He gazed at the letter for a moment; then, setting it aside, he stood and warmed his hands before the fire as he continued.

“Delightful children, Martin, and you must know how very attached I have become to them.” He paused, fingering the gilded frame holding a photograph of his late wife.

Dr. Dudley studied his elderly friend, an uncomprehending tilt to his head, but said nothing.

"I almost feel," continued Mr. Pipes, "as if God has given them to me to care for as my very own—in a manner of speaking, of course."

His head tilted still further, Dr. Dudley fidgeted with his moustache before replying.

"Charming, I am sure. But, if I may make so bold," he gestured toward the letter, "what is the substance of this communiqué from America?"

"Yes, yes, the letter," he picked up the letter; and, tapping it with the back of his hand, he went on. "Its essential message is quite direct—Americans can be that way, you understand."

"Indeed!" said Dr. Dudley, stomping his heel impatiently. "What is its essential message? Out with it, dear man."

"In the interest of directness, then—the children, and their parents, have invited me to visit for the Christmas holidays—though they call it 'vacation.'"

Dr. Dudley's teacup clattered onto its saucer, and his mouth gaped like an empty mailbox.

"In A-A-America?" he spluttered at last. "Utterly ridiculous—quite utterly ridiculous, of course, and naturally you've told them it's simply out of the question. Ha ha, your little joke, no doubt, now there's a good fellow."

"On the contrary, Martin," said Mr. Pipes. "In fact, I very much would like to see America."

"What? What?" Dr. Dudley's eyes grew round with astonishment. "I say, dear man, your family chose not to go to the beastly place in 16-whenever-it-was—I don't see how anything has materially changed since then. No, you simply must listen to reason and tell them the decision was

made long ago, and it is not your place to question your forefathers. It's out of your hands. That should settle it. Oh, Mr. Pipes, do be ruled by me in this matter, I beg you. What of the wild Indians—the buffalo stampedes—the hot dogs? A-and, Americans hate tea, you know."

Mr. Pipes smiled reassuringly. "I have reasoned it all out, my friend, and I simply must go—I *want* to go."

"Humph!" grunted Dr. Dudley, throwing his hands in the air and settling back into his chair. "You have taken leave of what I formerly considered to be the possession of a singular good sense. Gone now, forever, I fear." He leaned forward, clutching his hands together and, with concern on his face, continued, "You must think of your frailties—your health. You are not a young man anymore, my friend. Why, man, I am your physician and I must urge you—no, that's not strong enough—I *demand* that you give up this absurd, this infernal, this dashed insane notion!"

"I am to take that to mean you don't approve?" replied Mr. Pipes, the twitchings of a smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

"An old man, in your condition, *alone* in America? Of course I don't approve. No sane man would."

"Ah, Martin, I know it is your care for me that makes you reluctant—"

"I am not *reluctant*!" Dr. Dudley broke in.

"—That makes you ... cautious about my going."

"Nor am I *cautious*! I positively forbid it! One need not be cautious if one is not doing the thing."

"Ahem, yes," Mr. Pipes smiled at his friend. Lord Underfoot hopped onto the old man's lap and rumbled contentedly as Mr. Pipes stroked his charcoal fur. "How blessed am I to enjoy the ministrations of such a fine

physician—and friend. Such considerations of my well-being invoke the deepest gratitude in my heart.”

“There, now,” said Dr. Dudley, a triumphant grin on his face. “I knew you would come round to my opinion at last.”

“Well, yes. In a manner of speaking, I do see it your way,” replied Mr. Pipes, taking another sip of tea. “I think yours is a simply marvelous idea—marvelous indeed.”

“Idea?” Dr. Dudley looked confused. “To what idea, pray tell, are you referring?”

“Don’t you remember? Oh, I remember your words most distinctly. It was in Geneva last summer, you insisted on accompanying me on my next adventure—those were your very words. And I am most grateful to you; I won’t need to go *alone* to America. One of your finest ideas to date, indeed it is!”

“W-what!—did-did I—?” spluttered Dr. Dudley. “It is simply out of the question—out of the question!”

“Moreover, I accept,” said Mr. Pipes with a decisive nod of his balding white head.

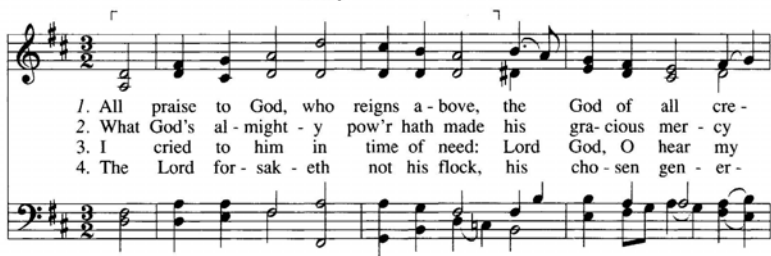
“Accept what?” groaned Dr. Dudley, holding his face in his hands.

“Your willingness to accompany me to America, of course. Annie and Drew wrote so very enthusiastically about our both coming—did I not mention it? And I’ve taken the liberty of purchasing two tickets from London to Boston—we leave in two weeks’ time.” Here the old man threw back his head and sang, “America, America, God shed His grace on thee!”

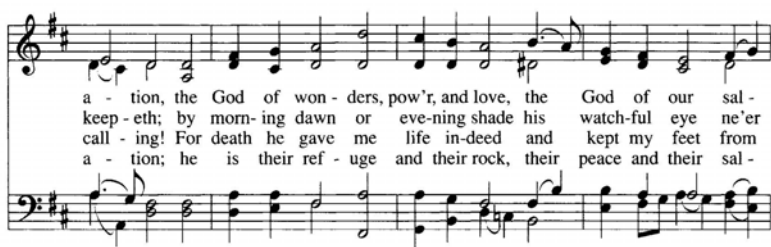
When Dr. Dudley found his voice, he slammed his palm on his knee and said, “Those little blighters!”

All Praise to God, Who Reigns Above

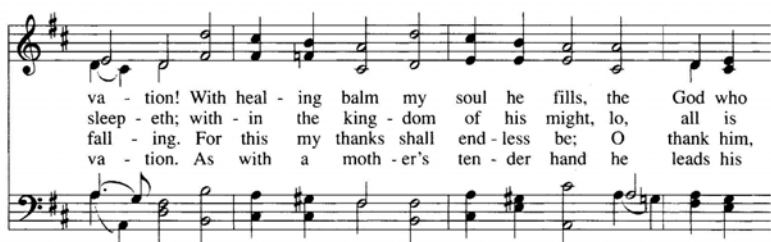
Let them give thanks to the LORD for his unfailing love and his wonderful deeds for men. Ps. 107:15



1. All praise to God, who reigns a - bove, the God of all cre -
 2. What God's al - might - y pow'r hath made his gra - cious mer - cy
 3. I cried to him in time of need: Lord God, O hear my
 4. The Lord for - sak - eth not his flock, his cho - sen gen - er -



a - tion, the God of won - ders, pow'r, and love, the God of our sal -
 keep - eth; by morn - ing dawn or eve - ning shade his watch - ful eye ne'er
 call - ing! For death he gave me life in - deed and kept my feet from
 a - tion; he is their ref - uge and their rock, their peace and their sal -



va - tion! With heal - ing balm my soul he fills, the God who
 sleep - eth; with - in the king - dom of his might, lo, all is
 fall - ing. For this my thanks shall end - less be; O thank him,
 va - tion. As with a moth - er's ten - der hand he leads his



ev - ery sor - row stills. To God all praise and glo - ry!
 just and all is right. To God all praise and glo - ry!
 thank our God with me. To God all praise and glo - ry!
 own, his cho - sen band. To God all praise and glo - ry!

5. Ye who confess Christ's holy name, to God give praise and glory!
 Ye who the Father's pow'r proclaim, to God give praise and glory!
 All idols underfoot be trod, the Lord is God! The Lord is God!
 To God all praise and glory!

6. Then come before his presence now and banish fear and sadness;
 to your Redeemer pay your vow and sing with joy and gladness:
 Though great distress my soul befell, the Lord, my God, did all things well.
 To God all praise and glory!

Chapter Two

John Eliot and the Bay Psalm Book **1604 – 1690**

The Lord to me a Shepherd is,
Want therefore shall not I.
He in the folds of tender grass
Doth cause me down to lie....

Meanwhile, the aforementioned Annie and Drew, with their mother and stepfather, made plans for what Drew described would be, “The best Christmas on the planet!”

When asked in a letter what he wanted to see in America, Mr. Pipes showed particular interest in the East: “... where your Pilgrims first landed and the surrounding colonial sites—I simply must see Plymouth—Plymouth, America, that is.”

It was finally settled that Annie and Drew would fly to Boston and meet Mr. Pipes and Dr. Dudley the day school ended for Christmas vacation. After four days of sightseeing in the East, they would all fly to California to celebrate Christmas with Annie and Drew’s parents. Not much time to see the colonial sites, but it couldn’t be helped. “Your father,” reasoned their mother, “will be busy finishing the Hutchinson deal right up till Christmas anyway, and I’ve got things I’m doing, of course. But, it can’t be helped; you’ll all come back here for Christmas.”

“But ... only four days?” said Annie, desperate for more time.

“Hey,” said Drew, “maybe this year we could just move Christmas to the thirtieth, instead of the twenty-fifth. *Say*, while we’re at it, let’s just move it to January thirtieth! That’d fix everything.”