

Mr. Pipes

Comes to America



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Douglas Bond

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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



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Lexington

Waltham

Charles River

Commonwealth Ave.

Boston-Worcester Tpk.

Dedham

1

Concord Tpk.

Memorial Drive

Beacon St.

Hammond Pond Pkwy

Washington St.

Massachusetts Ave.

Radcliffe College

Harvard University

Mass. Inst. of Tech.

Commonwealth Ave.

Beacon St.

Hammond Pond Pkwy

Washington St.

Cambridge

Harvard University

Mass. Inst. of Tech.

Brookline

Stony Brook Reservation

United Kingdom

BOSTON

Blue Hills Reservation

Bunker Hill Mon.

State House

Franklin Park Zoo

Franklin Park

16

1

90

9

93

28

1

3

3

95

128

99

1A

107

93

28

1

3

3

Lynn Woods Reservation

Walden Reservoir

Saugus

107

1A

Logan International Airport

Boston Harbor

JFK Library and Museum

Boston Harbour Islands State Park

Quincy

Pilgrims Highway

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.



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“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.”

“Drew,” said Annie. No, there was no way around it. A very short adventure lay ahead, and they’d just have to make the most of it.



“*Colonials!*” screamed Dr. Dudley, as another horn blared and yet another driver raised a menacing fist while swerving to miss them.

Mr. Pipes gripped the dashboard and looked slightly pale while Annie and Drew scrunched low in the back seat, bracing for the worst.

“My dear fellow,” remarked Mr. Pipes, a studied calmness in his voice, “I say, I do believe you might be attempting to drive on the wrong side of the general flow of traffic.”

“Yes, yes,” said Dr. Dudley, wiping his brow, his moustache twitching from side to side as he swerved across the lane. “Just because they’re all doing it incorrectly [horns blaring] does not mean I must descend to their level—not I [screeching tires]. What’s more, they’ve gone and plopped the steering wheel on the wrong side—those blundering *Colonials!* Can’t they get anything right? Steering wheels belong on the right, traffic on the left [more horns]. Everyone knows that!”

“Your care of me o’er leaps itself,” stammered Mr. Pipes, still gripping the dashboard.

“I-I’ve heard busses are really good in Boston,” came Annie’s muffled voice from under her winter coat, where she buried her face in case they crashed—which seemed likely.

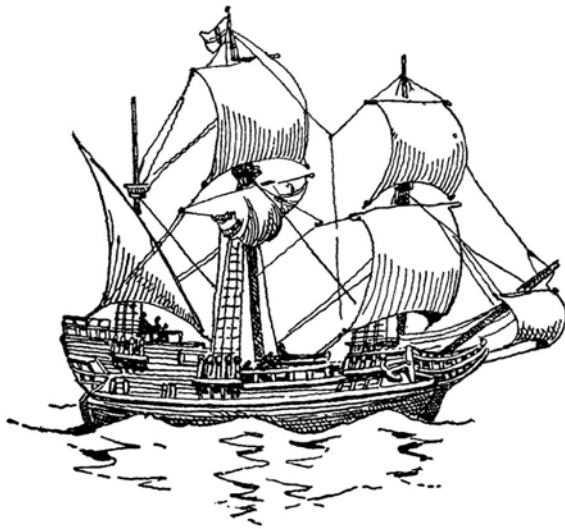
Once on Route 3, with a solid wall of concrete keeping him on the right side of things, Dr. Dudley’s driving grew more tolerable. After one more near-hit—almost running

the car off the road—while scouring the road map, Mr. Pipes took the map and directed him through the streets of Plymouth, Massachusetts, to Water Street. The car screeched to a halt in a near-empty parking lot overlooking a broad bay.

“There, now,” said Dr. Dudley, rapping the steering wheel. “I think I handled that rather nicely, if I do say so myself.”

Mr. Pipes didn’t reply, but eagerly lifted the door handle and stepped into the cold air.

“Get a load of that!” said Drew, bolting from the car and running to the edge of the parking lot. “It’s a real ship—the kind with sails!”



“It’s beautiful,” said Annie, breathing in the cold salt air as she joined her brother. She pulled her hood up against the breeze coming off the bay.

“That is your *Mayflower*,” said Mr. Pipes, looking at the high stern of the three-masted sailing vessel moored to the pier. A seagull rose from a cluster of pilings near the

ship and screeched at them as it sailed overhead with the wind.

“Humph!” retorted Dr. Dudley. “So that’s it, is it?”

“Boy, they sure have kept her up well over the years,” said Annie, admiring the painted highlights running along the graceful sheer of the little ship.

“Wait a sec,” said Drew. “That would make it at least 380 years old—do wooden ships last that long?”

“No, indeed,” said Mr. Pipes. “I say, this is *Mayflower II*, built in Brixham, England, in 1955 and sailed in 1957 to Plymouth in commemoration of the Pilgrim voyage in 1620. Lovely work.”

“What I wouldn’t do to go sailing on a real ship like this one,” said Drew.

“Brixham?” said Annie, scowling in thought. “Brixham, that sounds familiar.”

Drew scratched his head in thought. It did sound familiar.

“Wait, I’ve got it! ‘Abide With Me!’” squealed Annie. “Didn’t the man who wrote ‘Abide With Me’ live and preach at Brixham?”

“Yeah, it’s a seaport town with lots of boats—Mr. Lytel!” said Drew. “That would be Henry Francis Lytel.”

“Indeed,” said Mr. Pipes with a smile, “how well you remember my little stories!”

“Well,” said Dr. Dudley, brightening, “At any rate, it is a *British* ship. I thought she looked especially fine.”

“Can we go on board?” asked Drew.

“Indeed,” said Mr. Pipes. “That is precisely what we have come to do.”

Their footsteps clomped along the wooden pier as they came near the ship. Drew studied the cold, gray water of the harbor. Maybe it was so cold that fish didn't dare jump for fear of freezing, but he wondered....

"I can read your thoughts, my boy," said Mr. Pipes, putting his arm companionably around Drew's shoulders. "It's fishing that occupies your head, isn't it?"

"D'ya think we could?" said Drew hopefully.

"Winter fishing in New England, I fear, can be rather hard," said Mr. Pipes.

"Impossible," corrected Dr. Dudley.

"Fishing will most likely have to wait until another time," said Mr. Pipes consolingly.

"Yeah," said Drew.

"Now that's a nice touch," said Annie, looking at the high stern. "Somebody carved a pretty flower up there. What kind is it?"

"Let me guess," said Drew, rolling his eyes. "A *May* flower? What do you think? *May*, like springtime flowers. That reminds me of a joke: If April showers bring May flowers, what do *Mayflowers* bring?"

"What might they bring, my boy?" said Mr. Pipes, looking over his glasses at Drew.

"Pilgrims!" said Drew, laughing and slapping his thigh.

Dr. Dudley looked blankly at Drew as, this time, Annie rolled her eyes.

"Yes, well," said Mr. Pipes. "Back to your very good question, Annie. It is the hawthorn, or trailing arbutus, sometimes called the mayflower, thus the name of the vessel."

“Well, I think it is a pretty flower and a pretty ship with the same name,” said Annie, with a toss of her head.

“The mayflower happens to be Massachusetts’ state flower,” said Mr. Pipes, leading them up the gangway.

“That makes a lot of sense,” said Annie. Then she frowned and added, “But you’re English; how do you know all this?”

Mr. Pipes smiled and said simply, “Books.”

“It’s big compared to *Toplady*,” said Drew, “but not so big when you think about sailing across the Atlantic Ocean—way back then.”

“How long do you estimate it to be, my boy?” asked Mr. Pipes.

“Hmm, a bit longer than a basketball court, I’d say.”

“I’m not so very familiar with basketball courts,” said Mr. Pipes, “but the *Mayflower II* is 106 ½ feet, stem to stern, believed by historians to be very nearly the size and configuration of an ordinary merchant vessel of the 1620s.”

Dr. Dudley had dropped behind and didn’t seem to be listening. As they neared the level of the deck, and with a puzzled look on his face, he kept mumbling, “April showers ... May flowers ... hmm....”

After paying their entrance fees and receiving their paper guide to the ship from the attendant, they strode around the deck of *Mayflower II*. Drew stood gazing up at the dizzying maze of tarred ropes and pulleys.

“Wow!” he said. “Take a look at this rope ladder! I could climb all the way up to that little round bathtub way up the mast. And here I go.”

“Hey kid,” said the attendant. “Just what does ya tink you’s is doing, huh? Them’s off limits t’da general pooblic, ya hears?”



Dr. Dudley scratched savagely at his ear and stared hard at the young man before turning away and muttering, “Shocking use of the language—if it is the same language, which I sincerely doubt.”

“Yes, Drew,” said Mr. Pipes, helping him off the rope ladder, “as fun as that might look, ratlines can be dangerous for the inexperienced. I say, let’s go have a look at the cannons.”

“But how am I going to get experienced?” moaned Drew, looking disappointed. “But *cannons*, did you say?” he added, following Mr. Pipes.

“Yes, but first we shall view the roundhouse,” said Mr. Pipes, leading nimbly up a ladder to the half deck. “From just here,” he paused, turning forward, taking in the strategic view of decks and rigging, “the conning officer, with perspective glass in hand, would direct the helmsman just below us on where to steer the ship.” With a flush to his cheek and a faraway brightness in his eye, he added, “Lovely view of everything from the half deck of a merchant ship in those days.”

“Wouldn’t it be great to actually go sailing on this baby!” said Drew, looking up at the yards and imagining them creaking and groaning with billowing sails straining every thread and the deck beneath his feet heaving with the swell. He could just see himself—feet apart, arms akimbo, barking orders to his crew, and sailing into uncharted seas and exploring unknown lands and claiming them for...

“Drew, my boy,” called Mr. Pipes, interrupting his reverie. “Do follow.”

“Oh, oh, yeah, I-I’m coming,” said Drew, with a glance over his shoulder. “You don’t think they might just let us take her for—?”

“Impossible!” barked Dr. Dudley. “This is about as close to sailing as I care to get, thank you very much indeed!”

As they stepped into the roundhouse surrounded by heavy, well-oiled beams and planking, Annie breathed in the scent of linseed oil and felt the warmth of a big brass lantern suspended above a polished table fixed to the floor in the center of the room. Across the room Drew spied a cabinet full of muskets and pistols.

“Whoa! Check this out,” he said, plastering his face against the steel grating of the cabinet doors. “Pirate pistols! Lots of them.”

“Important place is a ship’s roundhouse,” said Mr. Pipes. “The first mate slept here, and it served as a chart room where officers plotted and planned the navigation of the ship.”

“Why the guns?” asked Drew, turning—the impression of the metal grating crisscrossing his face comically.

“Well, you see,” said Mr. Pipes, smiling, “the Great Cabin, where the commander of the original *Mayflower* lived, lies just below us, so if the crew ever mutinied—took over the ship, that is—then the roundhouse became a sort of fortress, well-armed to defend the officers against unruly seamen. Nothing of the sort happened in 1620, but mutiny happened often on board ships in those days—best to be prepared.”

Annie put her elbows on the thick planks of the chart table. On the stiff, yellow paper of an old map she admired the drawing of a ship, its sails taut with wind, and a sea monster spouting nearby.

“So the mate used this map to get the Pilgrims from England to Plymouth?” she asked.

“Firstly, my dear,” said Mr. Pipes, joined by the others around the chart table, “just as there are no ‘ropes’ on board a ship, there are no ‘maps’ either. ‘Charts’ one must call these navigational maps when on a ship.”

“This chart, then?” Annie corrected herself.

“Well, you see,” began Mr. Pipes, “that is precisely the trouble with the Pilgrims’ voyage to Plymouth; they never intended to come here in the first place.”

“Should have stayed in England,” said Dr. Dudley with a sniff.

“Ah, but that was not an option we English gave Separatist Christians in those days,” said Mr. Pipes. “Our Anglican archbishop Laud, more than any other, drove some of our greatest minds and godliest Christians from the realm. The Pilgrims fled to America because they wanted a pure church; they wanted to teach their children to worship God without James I or Laud forcing them to practice their faith the king’s way for the king’s political ends.”

“Humph,” grunted Dr. Dudley, “cannot see as that is a reason good enough.”

“‘Tis the best of all reasons for leaving the comforts and conveniences of England for this wilderness,” responded Mr. Pipes.

“I’d agree that it is a wilderness,” said Dr. Dudley smugly.

“Let me explain,” said Mr. Pipes. “The Pilgrims had secured a land grant from the Virginia Company and intended to join the thirteen-year-old Jamestown Colony, but contrary winds blew them here, outside the jurisdiction of Virginia.” He pointed to the coastline on the old chart. “Annie and Drew, do you remember the Reformation wall in Geneva where we read from your Mayflower Compact?”

“Yes,” said Annie. “It was almost the only thing written in English.”

“A most defining document in your history of self-government,” said Mr. Pipes. “Those wise Christians knew that, as sinners, they must not leave the *Mayflower* before establishing a civil government and committing themselves to the rule of God’s law in political matters. Then, on the shores of that hostile wilderness—”

“Very little has changed,” sniffed Dr. Dudley, with a glance out a porthole.

“Ahem,” continued Mr. Pipes, his eyebrows bristling as he narrowed his eyes at his friend. “I say, on the shore, they fell to their knees and blessed God for His care of them on the perilous voyage. Hard times lay ahead that first winter—many died. But God remained with them; and, under the leadership of the saintly William Bradford their governor, they enjoyed a bountiful harvest that first year and feasted in celebration with the local Indians.”

“That was our first Thanksgiving,” said Annie.

“Never forget the object of that thanksgiving,” said Mr. Pipes. “Many today have forgotten, I fear. Those first ill-equipped Pilgrims lit a candle, as it were, that shone as a beacon to all who would seek freedom on American shores. Oh, that all would render thanksgiving to God for that freedom.”

On the chart, Drew traced the rocky hook of Cape Cod with his finger, following the coastline north past Plymouth to Massachusetts Bay and Boston Harbor.

“So how did all the rest of Massachusetts get settled?” he asked.

“Well, things went from bad to worse when Charles I came to the throne of England in March of 1625. Greater persecution fell upon the Puritans—those followers of

God's Word, as championed by the Reformation and John Calvin. Finally, in 1630, aboard seventeen ships came a large and well-funded group of godly Puritans to establish the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Well-organized and capable, these Christians came to build a 'wilderness Zion,' a commonwealth where the Bible would inform and guide both the state and the church. Governor John Winthrop, trained as a minister at Cambridge University in England, preached his famous sermon on board the *Arbella*. He consecrated the colony to be a model of Christian charity, where Christians would live, work, and worship—knit together by 'brotherly affection,' with the chief end of taking the gospel to the 'heathen.' The colony, built as a 'city upon a hill,' would be seen by all, if they were to 'deal falsely' with their God. Over the next ten years, 50,000 men, women, and children fled England—an England now on the eve of Civil War.

"Eighteen months after the first wave of this Great Migration, in 1631, on board the *Lyon* arrived a young man named John Eliot. Reared in a godly home in England and trained in languages and theology at Jesus College, Cambridge—for the Christian ministry—John would live out the ideals of the colony, perhaps more fully than anyone ever did. A man of great humility with a passion for souls, John was the most extraordinary man of this highly capable and well-educated colony.

"He eventually became the pastor of a new congregation in Roxbury near Boston, made up largely of immigrants from Nazeing, his home town in Essex, England.

One year into his ministry, he recorded in the church register—with his own hand—his marriage to Hannah Eliot, the first marriage in Roxbury. For more than fifty years he 'loved, prized, and cherished' his dear wife who bore him six children of the covenant."

“Tell us more about his family,” said Annie.

“Ah, yes, his family,” said Mr. Pipes, a faraway sparkle to his eyes. “It was said that his home was a ‘school of piety’ and a ‘Bethel for the worship of God.’ He loved his wife and children dearly and blended tenderness with his desire that all in his house ‘should keep the way of the Lord.’ The Eliot home was crowned by daily family prayers, the reading of Scripture, and the singing of Psalms followed by the careful questioning of his dear ones to ‘mend any error’ in their understanding.”

Annie glanced at Drew. This was so unlike their home, but it did remind her of their visit two summers ago to the godly British home of Bentley and Clara Howard, with all the sheep and lambs. What she wouldn’t do to see her mother and stepfather come to know the Lord!

Mr. Pipes continued. “Mr. Eliot remembered well how, as a boy, family life and worship were the means of his ‘owning the covenant’ by a living faith. He described it like this: ‘... here the Lord said to my dead soul, live! live! and through the grace of God I do live and shall live forever!’”

Drew thought of Monsieur and Madame Charrue, whom they had also visited last summer in Switzerland. Mr. Eliot’s family must have been like the Charrues, he decided, only speaking English instead of French.

Annie stared unseeingly at the old chart. She so wanted her mother and stepfather to know God’s grace and live eternally. Surely, celebrating Christmas with Mr. Pipes would bring them to see their need of Jesus.

“As a preacher,” Mr. Pipes went on, “Mr. Eliot determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ. He fed his lambs ‘food not froth’ in the Calvinist Puritan way with occasional ‘flashes of lightning.’ Another Puritan minister, Cotton Mather, said of Eliot’s preaching, ‘*Quot verba tot fulmina.*’”

“Huh?” said Drew.

Mr. Pipes laughed. “That’s from the Latin and means that Mr. Eliot used thunderbolts as words, but he seasoned those words with grace and gentleness. And, of course, as in his home, he led his congregation in singing Psalms.”

“Did he write some of them?” asked Annie. “I mean, versify some of them?”

“Ah, a fine question, Annie, my dear. The American Puritans, ever biblical, wanted to make a Psalter that was even more true to the original Hebrew poetry of the Psalms. Though still a young man, Eliot (along with several others) was chosen by the colonial ministers to translate from the original Hebrew a versification of the Psalms suitable for public worship.”

“So he spoke Hebrew?” said Drew.

“He was fluent in several languages, including Hebrew and Greek.”

“Still, it must have been quite a job,” said Annie. “There are 150 Psalms.”

“Indeed,” said Mr. Pipes. “Their goal was painstaking loyalty to the original text with less concern for poetic beauty than Sternhold and Hopkins, the standard Psalter of the day used by the Anglican Church. After several years of work, in 1640, *The Bay Psalm Book* became the first book printed in the American Colonies.”

“That’s really something!” said Annie. “Singing in worship must have been important to our Puritan forefathers.”

“Yes, I think so,” said Mr. Pipes.

“‘Bay’ in *The Bay Psalm Book*,” said Drew, pointing at the chart, “meant Massachusetts Bay, right?”

“Right you are,” said Mr. Pipes. “During the work of translation, he kept up on all his family and pastoral duties—including traveling the surrounding countryside, visiting the sick, and admonishing the wayward.”

“Busy guy,” said Drew. “Did he go fishing?”

“I really don’t know,” laughed Mr. Pipes. “Roxbury is right near the Old Harbor; and, for all I know, he may have taken his boys fishing on occasion. But he was particularly concerned about schooling in the colony. Sometime before 1645, Mr. Eliot founded the Roxbury Latin School with Philip Eliot, his brother, appointed first master of the school. Many historians insist Eliot’s school is the oldest school in America.”

“That’s a lot for one guy to do in his lifetime,” said Drew.

“Oh, you’ve only heard the beginning. After the Puritans became involved in an intertribal war with the Indians, called the Pequot War, Mr. Eliot started learning the Algonquin language from some of the local Indians.”

“Wow! A real Indian war?” asked Drew, dancing around the chart table holding the fingers of one hand above his head like feathers while beating on his mouth with the other hand.

“Remember, war is not so glamorous as you imagine,” said Mr. Pipes. “Eliot daily saw Indians on the streets of Roxbury come to trade with the white man, and soon the words of the original colonial charter rang clearly in his mind: ‘... to win the natives to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Savior.’ Eliot, who it was said ‘lived in heaven while he tarried on earth,’ developed a deep longing for the salvation of his Indian neighbors. When he’d learned enough of the Algonquin language, he gathered Indians around him by giving them gifts, and then he taught them of the power and greatness of

God who made and rules the world and all things. He showed them how God's power and nature are seen in creation. Then he taught them God's law, summarized in the Ten Commandments, and explained to them what punishment God had in store for all who break His law. He then pointed them to Christ Jesus, the One who gave His life to pay the punishment sinners deserve; and he urged them to offer up prayers of repentance and to trust in Christ alone for salvation. After each lesson, he encouraged the Indians to ask questions so he could correct their misunderstandings."

"Just like in his family worship," said Annie, "with his kids."

"Exactly," said Mr. Pipes.

"What kinds of questions did they ask?" asked Drew.

"One Indian asked how God could hear Indians praying in Algonquin when He was used to hearing English prayers."

"Good question!" said Drew. "What did Mr. Eliot say?"

"He always answered with wisdom and consideration of their limitations in understanding. He told them that just as an Indian knows the different kinds of straw that he uses to make a basket, so God the Maker of all people knows and understands all His creatures regardless of language."

"Good answer," said Drew.

"Yes, but John Eliot was troubled by the question. These Indians did not have *one* page of God's Word in their own language; withal, even if they did, they had little use for the Bible, for none of them could read."

"He's pretty busy already," said Annie warily.

"Yes, but he longed for the Indians to know the living God who speaks through His Word, the Bible, but only to

those who understand its words. While some ministers debated whether they should bother evangelizing the Indians, Eliot went to work. He set about to create a written language from the Algonquin tongue, compiled a grammar book so he could teach them their own language in written form, set up schools for the Indians, and began the enormous task of translating the entire Bible into this strange new language.”

“What was so strange about it?” asked Annie.

“Well, Eliot wanted to teach them to pray, remember; and the phrase from Scripture, ‘kneeling down to Him,’ could be expressed in written form only by using thirty-four letters! Here, it looked like this.” Mr. Pipes wrote on the edge of his *Mayflower II* guide, *Wutappesittukgussunnoohwehtunkquoh*.

“No kidding!” said Drew. “So all the words looked sort of like that?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Pipes. “The Indians asked Mr. Eliot many questions, and the Algonquin word for our word ‘question’ required forty-one letters to duplicate the Indians’ sounds!”

“Easy solution,” said Dr. Dudley. “Teach the savages English—the Queen’s English, if you please—and all would be well.”

“Not so simple as all that, my friend,” said Mr. Pipes. “Many thought a man of Eliot’s learning and genius could better expend his gifts and toil to more noble ends. Eliot never thought that way. It was an enormous task requiring great love and devotion both to God and to those benighted creatures—Eliot toiled faithfully for the glory of God, and God richly blessed his labors. Thousands of Indians began praying for forgiveness, and God poured out His Spirit on thousands of Indians who became followers of Christ. Eliot trained Indian pastors in the ‘art of teaching,’ ordained

elders and native pastors—John Hiacomeres was the first American Indian pastor—and established schools for Indian children. John Eliot’s Indians came to be called ‘Praying Indians,’ and great changes took place in their villages because of their prayers and Eliot’s. Many of the ‘Praying Villages’ made their own laws against old practices like wife beating—”

“*Wife beating?*” interrupted Annie, her eyes wide.

“Ah, my dear, history relentlessly proves that every culture untouched by the sweet grace of the Christian gospel practices horrible treatment of women,” explained Mr. Pipes. “Algonquin Indians were no exception. They kept many wives, stole, and cheated; but the Christian Indians made their own laws against all this. They even made new laws about cleanliness; one such rule now declared it bad manners to kill head lice between your teeth!”

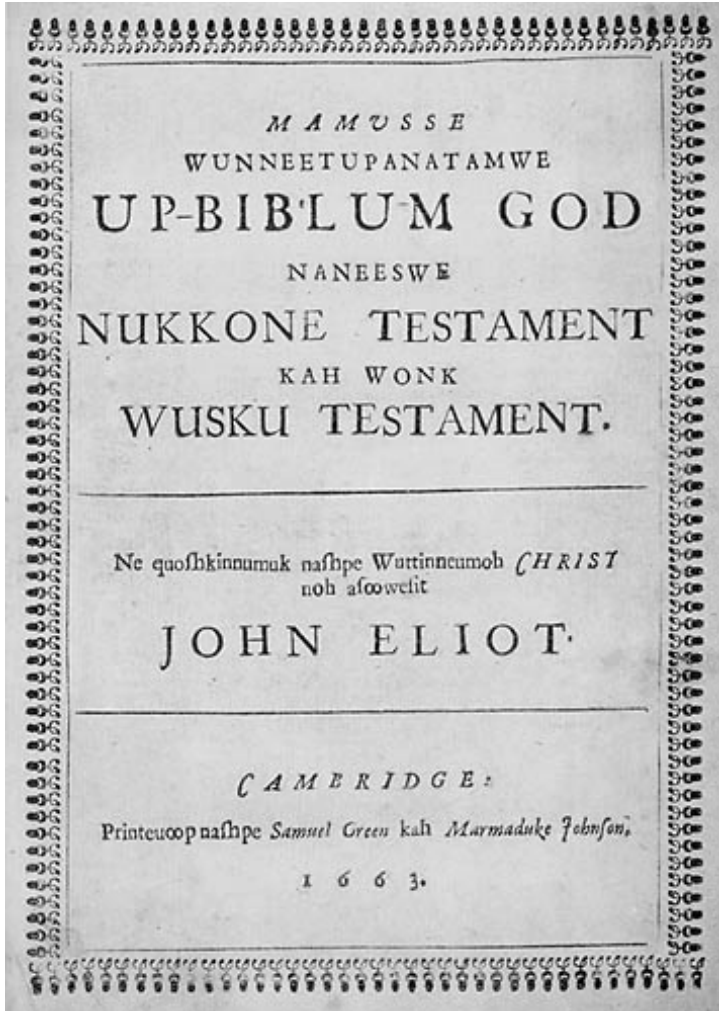
“Yuk!” said Annie. “The Indians actually used to do that?”

“So I am told,” said Mr. Pipes. “But all things are made new by God’s truth. The Christian gospel affects all of life and culture. Finally, Mr. Eliot wanted his beloved Indians to sing in their worship services. So, in 1663, when he completed the final edition of the Old and New Testament, he included a versification of the Psalms in an Algonquin Psalter. His Indians were now praying and singing Indians!”

“He had to make Algonquin rhyme?” said Annie. “With all those sounds?”

“Indeed,” said Mr. Pipes.

Drew frowned. “But wouldn’t it be better for Indians to have their own Indian worship songs? I mean, after all, they



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were *Indians*, not Americans or English people. Besides, how could Indians, you know, *relate* to a Psalter?"

"Drew, my boy," said Mr. Pipes, looking over his glasses. "God gave us—all people—the Psalms with which to worship Him in song. And remember, He gave it to us in the Hebrew language, not in English *or* Algonquin. You

might just as well ask why Americans should not have their own worship songs instead of God's. No, no, the Christian Church is united in her singing of Psalms and hymns to God, regardless of race or any other distinction."

"Still, it must have been really hard work making an Algonquin Psalter," said Annie.

"The difficulty of a task never seemed to daunt Mr. Eliot," replied Mr. Pipes. "He once wrote that 'prayers and pains through Christ Jesus will do anything.'"

Mr. Pipes paused and wrote ELIOT on his ship guidebook. Then, turning it, he held it up to the shiny brass lantern and said, "What does it say now?"

Drew squinted at the letters, distorted by the curve of the brass lantern but illuminated by its warm glow. "'TOILE.' What's that mean?"

"Wait, I think I know," said Annie. "They didn't spell things back then quite the way we do now. I'll bet they spelled 'toil,' you know, 'work,' with an *e* at the end. Mr. Eliot's name backward spells *toile*!"

"Fitting anagram for a man who lived eighty-six years, during which time he toiled ceaselessly for God's Kingdom. In his old age, those around him said he gained even more of the scent of heaven. His dear wife, Hannah, preceded him to the heavenly country where he longed to go, as well. Thinking his home going might be soon, he found an able replacement for his ministry at the Roxbury congregation. But he lived on and found himself still able to work—to toil—and he longed to be about his Father's business.

"Having long grieved over the condition of slaves in the colony, the venerable Eliot, with a 'bleeding and burning passion,' sent word to the surrounding slaveholders to send their poor black slaves to him for weekly spiritual

instruction. Eliot, the ‘model of Christian charity’ himself, spent his last days teaching the outcasts of society of sin and grace and the wonderful freedom found in Christ. And more than any other individual, Mr. Eliot, ‘the Apostle to the Indians,’ brought Christian singing to *all* Americans—Indians included.”

They left the roundhouse and followed Mr. Pipes through the ‘’tween decks,’ where the Pilgrims and the chickens and pigs lived for the two stormy months during their pilgrimage to America.

“How about those cannons?” said Drew.

They moved aft, or back toward the stern, into the gun room where Mr. Pipes showed Drew the two “stern chasers”[†] mounted on either side of the large rudder near the waterline.

“The *Mayflower* was not equipped for pitched battle,” said Mr. Pipes. “But her crew would try to outrun any would-be pirates while firing these minions straight aft at her pursuers. Pretty effective up to 2,500 yards.”

“That’ll teach ’em not to tailgate!” said Drew.



After descending the gangway and while walking along the pier, Drew looked back at *Mayflower II* and almost stumbled on the planking. Dr. Dudley, muttering softly, brought up the rear.

Suddenly he burst out laughing. “Yes, yes, it is perfectly clear. April showers bring May flowers. What do *Mayflowers* bring? Ha, ha! Yes, yes, you meant the ship—*Mayflower*, the ship!” He doubled over with laughter and nearly fell off the pier into the icy water. “*Mayflowers*

[†] “Stern chaser” was a term coined in the early nineteenth century for guns mounted at the rear of a sailing ship and pointing back off the stern.

bring Pilgrims! Yes, yes, of course. Oh, well-told joke, Drew, my boy—jolly well-told, indeed!”