One would naturally expect to find good music at a Pelham "old home day." Mr. Greasley taught a singing school in the town, and long after attracted people from afar back in 1843. Among his pupils was Harlem Greasley, who attended his annual "Greasley sings."

And there was a plenty of good music today. "Prof." Greasley had a reunion of his old singers from 11:30 to 12:30 in the village church. There were a hundred or more people present, members of that 1843 singing school or of the choir that sang in the church during the 32 years that Mr. Greasley was organist and musical director.

The American orchestra of Lowell played the Rossini Ladies' quartet of Manchester; and "Prof." Greasley led in singing familiar hymns like "Onward, Christian Soldier" and "Work for the Night Is Coming."

The Dinner.

Dinner was served in Pilgrim hall from 12:30 to 2 p.m. So large was the patronage that the tables were twice set, though there were tables on the two floors, and between 500 and 600 were served.

Pelham women have quite a reputation in the line of public dinners, and they lived up to their reputation. There was an abundance of good food, and a splendid variety in the menu.

Afternoon Exercises.

The main exercises of the day were held in the church at 2:30 o'clock. The decorations, which were golden, were very attractive. The auditorium was filled to the doors.

Charles W. Hobbs, who presided, gave the credit of the "old home" celebration to the women of the town. "The call of old Pelham to her citizens has been sent out and has been answered," he said. "There is no occasion for me to make talk. We have got some of the most eloquent speakers and greatest singers in the country here today."

There was a Lohengrin number by the orchestra, which was applauded. Rev. J. H. Hoit, pastor of the church, made a prayer, which was followed by a response by the Rossini quartet. Mrs. Mary C. Berry, whose husband was the pastor of the church, then addressed the congregation for so many years, was then introduced to read the following poem, which she prefaced with remarks of the sentiment:

There are many... And be children again. And the sun shall be blue. And the old town, never To welcome you.

"-MARY C. BERRY.

The quartet sang "Sunrise River," and Rev. H. P. Farwell of Wellesley was presented for the address of the afternoon. He spoke in substance as follows, his subject being "The Past Present and Future of the Country Town."

The Address.

A reminiscence would be in place in what your speakers give to you today. I regret that it is not in my power to devote all my time to recollections of the past. But perhaps you will excuse me on account of the extreme youthfulness of those days of mine which I passed formerly in the pleasant town of Pelham. I have a long story to tell which is an outgrowth of the poet's art. In the evening of my life, when called upon for a recitation, began with the words, "I remember, to the day when I was born," which certainly surprised her hearers. I have no such remarkable memory — even of the two years, or thereabouts which I passed here, very early in my life. When Pelham was my home. In later years, indeed, it was my privilege and fortune to come back and enjoy the hospitality of good friends.

RICHARD HILLMAN,
Vice President of the Old Home Committee.

The old farmer was a pioneer, and he had all the courage, enterprise and resourcefulness of the pioneer. He was the very soul of the modern farmer, which fits well into our theme. "Economically, the old farmer was a practical man, and a betterer. He was industrially self-sufficient. He did not farm on a commercial basis. He raised apples for eating and for cider, not for market where there was no apple market. He had very little ready money; he bought and sold few products. He trailed. Even his grain, which afterwards be-
The Call to Come Home.

'Twas the midnight hour,
The woods were still;
The moose were dreaming,
As mossees will,
While the great hills watched,
As the great hills do,
The constant change
From the old to the new.

Then the winding paths
Of the old town woke,
But the pasture path
Were the first that spoke.
They called for the children
Of long ago
Who used to come
In the sunny glow.
And this was the word
The listening stars heard:
"By the pasture path
The strawberries are red;
The birds have their nests
In the trees overhead;
The woodchuck has burrowed
Just over the wall—
But there aye is the children.

"Co, boys! Co, boys!"
Then let down the bar
And drive the cows home
By the first evening star.

A breeze from the hill
Swept down to the plain,
It heard the lament
And took up the refrain—
"Come home, O, come home!
We are waiting all.
And the oaks and the pines
Bunched out the same call—"
"Come home, O, come home!

When the old town woke
It was all in the air;
The call was echoing,
Everywhere,
From Gumps Height
And Gage Hill, too,
From the southern line
To the north it flew.
And every voice joined
In this chorus sweet,
"Come home, come home,
And your old friends greet!
From the north and the south,
From the east and the west,
Come home, come home,
Any way that is best.
Hurry home! Hurry home!
For the table is spread
We've gathered the berries
And baked the brown bread;
Yes, we have all the things;
Such a hearty array
If you were here to share.
When your grandfather

Place of the agricultural community in the past; we see the country town of today, with its varying fortunes; and we look forward to the future, wondering what it has to bring forth. This (as has been told you) is my theme, The Past, Present and Future of the Country Town.

The country town, in the years that are gone, has furnished the finest manribed of the nation. The country people were in the majority, they held the reins of power, once, because of mere numbers. Our nation was agricultural, more than anything else, and they were the people. The rural population outnumbered the city population and the mill-hand had not come in sight. Those were great days for the country-town, and great days for the nation. It was "the embattled farmers" who, in the days of Concord and Lexington "fired the shot heard 'round the world." Go to the bridge at Concord, or to the village square at Lexington, where are the statues of the "Minute Men," who stood in the van of the forces that won our national independence, the men who faced the soldiers of the finest armies of the world and they stood—

They are statues of farmer boys. By the side of one of the men of Concord, as he stands with musket in hand, is his plow. Let us not suppose that the qualities of character that marked the farmers of old New England are peculiar to the past. They are not. They belong indeed to a time when the agricultural life held its proper place, the place it should hold today, and will hold in the future.

President Rutherford of the Massachusetts Agricultural college in his chapters in "Rural Progress," describes the farmer of past days, not only in New England, but elsewhere, and he says that the same qualities of character have everywhere been prominent. "The old farmer," he says, "is the man who conquered the American continent. To him are struck the crown from the monarchs of the wood, and the fertile farms of Ohio are the kingdom he desired. He broke the back of the Poltroon, and the taunting cowards; at last tell the story of his success. He hitched his plow to the win, and his own strength to his scythe, and as the"