

"Captain I presume you are supposed to keep these fellows straight." He smiled and said, "yes, that is my job." "Well," I said, "you have had an easy time tonight. I am most agreeably surprised at the splendid behaviour of these men. I have travelled a good deal, on train, by auto and bus, in Canada and U. S. A. since the war began, and I have yet to see a single drunken sailor or soldier, or one misbehaving himself."

All the way up the Eastern Coast to Boston it was the same—soldiers and sailors everywhere, and they all seemed quiet and serious. I have talked personally with many of these men—some of them officers, and when I spoke to them of personal salvation, none has sneered but expressed an interest in spiritual matters.

Since coming North I have had a three-weeks trip to Central N. Y., travelling both ways by night bus or train. Everywhere we saw soldiers and sailors, and they all seemed to be quiet, serious, clean-cut young men, of whom we might well be proud. I give this testimony because we have heard so much about drunken sailors and soldiers that one would think drunkenness with these men in the service is proverbial.

I did enjoy a three-Sunday campaign in Taylor, N. Y., with Rev. Geo. LeCelle, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. This church is only two miles from Cincinnatis, N. Y., where God gave us great victory. Three years ago in this M. E. Church I met a good many who still remember us. Of course many have died. When I left the M. E. Church in Cincinnatis 35 years ago, we had a fine congregation of upwards 150. Weekly attendance at prayer meeting in hot weather, summertime, ran as high as 60. We had those weekly prayer meetings on this charge. Sunday school was far above the 100 mark in attendance. The Young People's meeting was crowded and was a hot service. A fine delegation went to conference to ask for my return after two years. But the wealthiest man in the church or in the town, who never attended prayer meeting, who lived a lewd life, sent two men to conference to protest my return. I was fired across the conference, but enjoyed three good years in Ludlowville, N. Y.

All of the holiness people were driven from that church. Today, they have no weekly prayer meeting, just one Sunday service, with about 50 in attendance and a very feeble Sunday school. Their pastor is a Ph.-D. from Boston University, a very genial fellow, but very modern.

God helped me preach in the Wesleyan Church. I never enjoyed greater freedom in the Holy Ghost. The results were not what we should like to have seen. But souls were blessed and the pastor encouraged. Two couples drove fifty miles to the last Sunday service. One of this group was a young lad 36 years ago, who was saved and sanctified in our meeting. He left the ball team and the town band to walk with God. He is now a grandfather. He and his wife came to help push the battle. How blessed it is to keep true to God; and what a time we have when we meet those we labored with years ago!

Time flies! Beulah will soon be here. I hope to get there. Mrs. Smith's health is most precarious. She was over to Somerville for a few weeks, but has to take great precaution. She is cared for in the home of our daughter, Mrs. Lewis Andreas, Syracuse, N. Y.

I must add a line about the wonderful missionary meeting we enjoyed last Sunday

p. m. at the New England Nazarene Assembly, Wollaston. Seldom have we seen an audience moved so deeply as that great audience was moved by the address of a Miss Robinson, a returned missionary from South Africa. She made one feel that we have a wonderful God, and that the day of miracles is not gone by. The audience gave \$600 in a few minutes.

God bless all the readers of The Highway. These are good days to my soul. I am almost back to normal. The glory holds and the fire burns.

Yours for Holiness

W. EDMUND SMITH

Westchester, N. S.

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in Jesus' name. A report from this part of the Lord's Vineyard would doubtless be in order at this time. We are glad to report victory through Jesus Christ. We never were more conscious of a mighty conflict with the adversary; never have we ever been more confident of the ability of God to destroy the works of the devil.

In our recent meetings with Rev. G. E. Archibald and Lic. Miriam Sanders as evangelists, our church was blessed and strengthened.

Some of our crusade group professed to get saved and we trust their experiences shall lead to definite solid union with God. We appreciate the faithful efforts of God's servants and rejoice with those who are willing to leave the world and follow Jesus.

Yours for holiness,

A. D. AND MRS. CANN

UNCHANGING PRINCIPLES OF DRESS FOR A CHANGING WORLD

The chief New Testament passages which concern our subject are these.

1 Corinthians 6:19, 20. "Know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit which is in you, which ye have from God? and ye are not your own; for ye were bought with a price: glorify God therefore in your body."

Matthew 6:25. "Be not anxious for your life what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink: nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food and the body than the raiment?"

The aged Paul, shivering in a Roman prison appealed to Timothy (2 Tim. 4:13) "The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus bring when thou comest."

1 Timothy 2:9. "In like manner that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, and gold, or pearls, or costly raiment."

1 Peter 3:3. Addressing wives, "Whose adorning let it not be the outward adorning of braiding the hair, and of wearing jewels of gold, or of putting on apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart in the incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Dress—what a range from the hairy skin garments of Adam to the rustling silks of Queen Elizabeth—from the tightly veiled face and form of an orthodox Mohammedan lady to the seminude figure of a Florida bather—from the hideously bedecked legs, arms, neck, nose, and ears of a heathen African princess to the simple, attractive, natural figure of a Christian pilgrim!

What a heap of trouble so small a matter has made for myriads of people—the envy that Mrs.

High Brow's new fur coat has aroused, the eye-strain that Miss Wealthy's flashing diamond has caused, the gossip that resulted when the poor preacher's wife wore an antiquated coat which was donated to her, the crushing load of anxiety lest there should not be suitable apparel for tomorrow! From all of this God would save us. "Be not anxious—for the body what ye shall put on—Is not the body more than raiment?" It is God's plan to make this problem of covering for the body so simple and plain that no one need be confused or deceived. Yet many people seem not to understand the simple instructions that God has given us. Even the best of Christian disciples in their zeal to avoid the evils of this wicked world have lost themselves in confusion and error and have left many stumbling blocks in the pathway of God's little ones. Ignorance, prejudice and inconsistency, as well as the lust of the flesh, the pride of life and the vain glory of the world have led many innocent feet astray.

It need not be so. God has spoken on the subject. He has not said much about dress itself. He has set no style. He has not told us how long the parson's coat tail must be, nor how short Grandma Jones' sleeves may be. But he has given us some clear, unchanging principles to guide us unflinchingly through the puzzling paths of a changing world. Having seen the light of God's Word we need no longer be influenced by anybody's whims, gossip, scorn, carnal reasonings, or worldly mindedness. On the question of dress it is both our privilege and duty to act intelligently, to possess a clear conscience, to please God.

Let me present five fundamental principles of dress which are always safe to depend upon in every land, in every age.

First, within the limits of the other principles to be presented, dress is given to us by God for adornment. Aside from the matter of modesty and morals, people look better clothed than unclothed. Imagine the drab, monotonous impression of sameness that would come from viewing a mob of naked savages. Then imagine the pleasing variety of color and pattern observable in a crowd of well-dressed men and women. I am not an artist and do not speak with authority of any art school, but it is my personal judgment that the clamor for so-called nude art does not spring from truly artistic temperament but rather from ugly lust. The natural body is beautiful, but God is pleased that we use proper coverings to make ourselves more attractive to the aesthetic senses. Unkempt hair, dirty hands, clothes that indicate a careless indifference to appearance are no part of Christian humility or holiness. Again I am not an artist, but it is my judgment that the mountains of cosmetics which cost American people \$400,000,000 a year do not find their chief reason for existence in the beautiful and aesthetic, but rather in the base cupidity of greedy men who have discovered a means of enriching themselves by the vanity of carnal nature. Simple, modest dress, making use of God's great variety of color and pattern, along with a clean natural skin and well kept hair—herein is the secret of a beautiful appearance pleasing to God. Jacob made Joseph a coat of many colors. It must have been the climax of skillful weaving and blending of colors, a garment fit for the princely character of Joseph.

Second, clothing is given to us for protection. The human body is not covered with a thick coat like the wool on a sheep, nor does it have a tough skin like the elephant. There are sharp thorns in the bushes, poisonous leaves in the forest, serpent fangs in the jungle, a blistering sun in the tropics and a piercing frigid wind in these win-

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