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LET US FRIVOL

OUR Lexicographer, in the person of the office boy, remarked, as he glanced over our shoulder: "There aint no sich word in the dikshunery as frivol." We turned to him with a knowing wink and answered: "Well, perhaps there *aint*, but we're going to use it anyway." For the word somehow expresses very adequately what we all have in mind these spring days. Did I say Spring? Yes.

It's good to be in England
Now that April's here,

even if stubborn winter has overstayed his leave, and made us feel both resentful and revengeful at his tardiness in departure. There is indeed a strange stirring in the blood when the April fool, in cap and bells, makes his entrance, and we would respectfully inquire what humanity is to do when all nature and the other animal kingdom welcome Spring with a joyousness of spirit akin to delirium. While the wind tosses the buds and blossoms with a playful hand, and the young lambs "bound as to the tabor's sound," with frisk and gambol, why should humanity not frivol?

The human is the only thing in God's great universe that does not respond readily to the tantalizing touch of nature. The human is ashamed to show his true God-given nature, but hedges himself with conventionalities, and bedecks himself with superficialities, until the man is smothered in his artificial adornments. There is nothing in all the world more wonderful than a natural human, but when we see him we are shocked, horrified, terrified at the consequences. Surely this great flood of war will wash away the flimsy fatuous externals, and leave the solid granite of true manhood standing beautiful and firm upon a solid rock foundation. One of the greatest needs of this old world of ours is naturalness of expression, and as the changing seasons bring new stimuli, the human soul ought to spring to meet them, like the trout to the fly. And if, in these spring days, we feel the joyous exhilaration of the season, let us rival the lamb—let us frivol, What is more, let us frivol while we work.

O. C. J. W.