

of hardness; sympathy and warm feeling should be trained and judiciously pruned, not cut down to the ground or rooted out.

In the same way, an institution whose discipline is arranged on the principle of the bed of classic note, which all must perforce fit, or be maimed till they do so—carries in itself the seeds of its decay; a code of discipline should be so framed as to bend an individuality to obedience without destroying it. Any discipline which has for its aim the suppression of all natural moral and intellectual personal growth, is harmful to the individual life, and ultimately to that of the corporate body itself; individual members should be trained to become a living part of the body to which they belong, not mere mechanical adjuncts. For as a plant that has been petrified loses its vitality and ceases to grow, so an institution in which the discipline is founded, not on healthy natural laws which command loyal and cheerful obedience, but on cold mechanical repression, becomes stunted in its growth, and, clinging to its dead forms from which the spirit has gone, drifts into a petrified condition.

Neither is self-discipline that nervous, mawkish habit of self-dissection, of continual introspection, which paralyzes natural healthy action; but it is an honest battle loyally undertaken to conquer ourselves, that we may fight the better for others, a struggle in which every advantage gained leaves us stronger than we were before, in which inward peace is often only gained after the keenest suffering, but of which the writer may well say:—

“Thank God for all that I have gained
By that high suffering.”

For we go through no mean suffering as we lay aside our “dear faults,” the harshness that we dreamed was strength, the slipshod lazy good-nature that we imagined was love and sympathy, the egotistical ambition that we thought was laudable fervour for our duty, as we learn that there is no true womanly strength that is not tender, no true love that is not unselfish and strong, no true devotion to duty that does not call for self-abnegation, a “high suffering,” indeed, is all self-discipline that is worthy of the name, and the lesson learnt is sharp and enduring.

Yet it is a lesson that the woman who would be a nurse *must* learn, for if loyalty be the root, self-discipline is the sap that nourishes true obedience. A nurse will never cheerfully subordinate her will to that of another, never bear the strain of a life spent in considering the wants and wishes of others and not her own, unless she has first learnt to control her own passions, to lay aside unhesitatingly her own comfort and pleasures, her own self, when her duty requires it. And if her duty require her to do the simplest and least showy work, to stand aside and see others perform that which she feels she could do better herself, if she is called on to

prove her obedience and loyalty by holding the spare sword while others fight and win the applause, to wait on those who do the work she longs to do herself, while she meets with but little appreciation and encouragement when she has done her best, let her remember that no life is more hard to live nobly than a life of loyal servitude, that though it is good to rule well and fill well posts of responsibility and authority, yet there are life sermons in humbler work, in which every line records deeds of unselfish loyalty and unswerving fidelity, truth, and self-abnegation, worthy a hero's crown, that

“They also serve, who do but stand and wait.”

THE MATRON AND THE CORONER.

WE are very pleased to find that the fine of forty shillings, inflicted upon Miss Stocks, of the St. Helen's Cottage Hospital, by Mr. Brighthouse, the coroner, for Miss Stocks' refusal to attend an inquest at a public-house in that town, is not to be enforced. We congratulate this lady upon the courage of her opinions, which we cordially endorse, in that inquests should not be held at public-houses. We venture to hope, that when the present Government is somewhat freed from the woes and cares of Ireland, and the Army and Navy scare, we shall have its attention turned to matters of domestic legislation, and an abuse of this kind remedied by having a recognised mortuary and inquest room in each town throughout the country.

THE NURSES' STRIKE.

[The following is Miss Corvan's “case” in respect to the difficulty at the Sheffield Nurses' Homes. If what Miss S. E. Corvan states is true, and we have no reason to doubt her statement, the sooner the subscribers and supporters of the “Home” demand an independent and searching inquiry into its condition the better.]

To the Editor of “The Sheffield Daily Telegraph.”

SIR,—In justice to Miss Corvan and the nurses who have so nobly thrown in their lot with hers, I hope you will allow me space to put before the public her side of the case—Superintendent *versus* Committee of the Sheffield Nurses' Home. On Tuesday, at the annual meeting, only one side was heard. I simply ask, in common fairness, that the public should wait to judge till they have heard both. I think I am not misstating facts when I say that the reason given by Mr. Jackson for my sister's leaving was that the committee turned her out of her room once a week, but he did not say that she had spoken many times of the inconvenience of carrying on the work of the institution in a home which was altogether too small for its greatly increased business, though he seems to have admitted as much when he stated that “the question of taking a larger house had been carefully considered by the committee, but the state of the funds had compelled

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