

Matrons in Council.

JUSTICE.

"God who set me to judge thee, meted out
So much of judging faculty, no more:
Ask Him if I was slack in use thereof!

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I hold a heavier fault imputable
Inasmuch as I changed a chaplain once,
For no cause,—no, if I must bare my heart,—
Save that he snuffled somewhat saying mass."

The Ring and The Book.—BROWNING.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has written a book (which some people consider extremely readable) chiefly by stringing together a number of apposite epigrams and quotations culled from the combined wisdom of ages. I could write an article on the subject I have in my head really very neatly in the same manner—most writers have had something to say about "Justice"—if I did not find it rather difficult to twist and turn the language of others to suit exactly my own view of the case.



The fact is, I am worried, and want to relieve my own mind by finding out whether other

Matrons are worried in the same way, by the difficulty of living up to one's ideas of abstract justice in hospital. Do other Matrons find themselves occasionally deviating from strict justice—do they, like the grand-old Pope, sometimes dismiss a Chaplain because he snuffles whilst he reads the service?

I have misgivings sometimes that when I am dismissing a servant, finding a Probationer unsuitable, or trying to get rid of a Sister—it is not always from the worthy and highly creditable motive of "the benefit of the place," but because they irritate me in some way. I have my doubts whether my ideas of right and wrong are not sometimes warped by my personal likes and dislikes. It worries me considerably, for if there is one thing in this world that should, above all others, be expected from anyone in authority, it is justice, without fear and without favour,—the rectitude of mind and action of which Ruskin was thinking when he wrote those fine lines (they will bear quoting) in "Unto this Last":—"For truly this healing is only possible "by means of justice; no love, no faith, no "hope will do it; men will be unwisely fond—

"vainly faithful, unless primarily they are just; "and the mistake of the best men through "generation after generation, has been that great "one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving, "and by preaching of patience or of hope, and "by every other means, emollient or consolatory, "except the one thing God orders for them, "justice."

And what Ruskin says so well and truly of the relation between rich and poor is true of every phase in life where human beings stand together in the relation of superior and subordinate; there will always be the tendency to be unwisely fond or kind—instead of being that harder thing "just"; the desire to give or withhold according to our affections and interests instead of giving to each his or her due right, honestly and truly. I doubt whether there is anything of which we need stand more in fear than of being unjust. Of course, after all is said and done, we can only work our best—do what we think will be the right thing, act to the best of our ability and knowledge—and if we are wrong "our ignorance is our sorrow, not our sin." But in judging others do we always make sure that our decisions are swayed by justice, not by partiality or by that meaner scoundrel, fear? For though we cannot be as gods knowing good from evil, yet we can act up to our truthful belief in our knowledge of good and evil—be just according to our lights.

A MEMBER OF THE MATRONS' COUNCIL.

The Passing Bell.

ONE more name has been added to the list of those nurses who have laid down their lives for their country, and in the service of the sick and wounded, during the war in South Africa. Nursing Sister Isabel Caldcleugh, of the Army Nursing Service Reserve, and daughter of Mr. Thomas Caldcleugh, printer and stationer in the City of Durham, died of dysentery at Maritzburg on the 11th inst. Miss Caldcleugh was trained and certificated at the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, and subsequently worked at the Hospital, Bishop Auckland, the Isolation Hospital, Shincliffe, and the Brook Hospital, Shooter's Hill.

We regret to record the death of Nurse Louie Frances Duff, of the Borough Hospital, Plymouth, after twelve days' illness. She was a great favourite in the hospital, which was represented at the funeral by the Matron, Miss Thomas, and members of the nursing staff, who also contributed one of the many beautiful wreaths which covered the coffin.

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