## THE CANADA

## EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY.

## NOVEMBER, 1902

## BATHS.—PART I.

Edith M. M. Bendeley, Montreal and London, Eng.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," says the old proverb, and most of us have had this quotation hurled at our youthful heads during that period of life when personal appearances were less to us than the pleasures of the moment. Τo be told how dirty we were and how ashamed we ought to be, did not convey to our budding intelligence any sense of humiliation or dishonor; only our faces fell and our spirits were dampened by the foreboding certainty of a more than damp experience to follow, when the ruling powers of the nurserv took us in hand and cleaned us with more thoroughness than mercy. History shows us that, though cleanliness has often gone without the sequel indicated in the proverb, it has always followed in the wake of civilization and been recognized as a factor in the æsthetic and moral life. The Greeks bathed often, and the Romans considered public baths a necessity besides having private ones in every house that could afford it. We know that when the Roman legions had hewn their way through the pathless forests of Britain and had brought

the proud and valiant tribes to their knees, they cut roads and built towns in which public baths were established as indispensable to a Roman community. In the west of England, where some mineral springs exist, they constructed large stone basins into which the warm chalybeate waters could flow. Here Roman society congregated; the troops stationed in the colony of Britain constituted a military coterie, and we can picture tired officers and their gay wives and families riding down from Londonium to take the waters at Bath and spend a furlough in the pretty villas which then, as now, dotted the surrounding country. " The old order changeth," and the little colony of a great empire has become the centre of another empire, no less great than that of 2,000 years ago. The Great Western railway has cut an iron read through a lovely country, and the jaded Londoner and gouty or dyspeptic subject of His Majesty King Edward can run down in three hours to the quiet, aristocratic little town where the old Roman baths are still carefully preserved, and