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TORONTO'S BEST ADVERTISEMENT.

For the Review.

THE world knows Toronto. Wherever newspapers have awakened an interest in communities other than their own, there Toronto is spoken of and written of, ridiculed and praised, until we are led to ask ourselves the question—why? What is there in our favored city that centres upon it the world's comment of jealous scorn on the one hand, and sincerest admiration on the other; that lifts it far above all other cities of its size and places it in a position of world cynosure, "the observed of all observers?" It will be interesting to seek the cause, for, if it be a matter of merit, we should as citizens seek to conserve it, if for no other reason than that it is Toronto's best advertisement.

A little thought tells us that we are not the only city in America of our size, situated on the lake shore and having handsome streets and buildings. Many towns there are whose claim for notice on these grounds is as good if not indeed better than that of our own. Nor, intelligent as is our population, can we with propriety arrogate to ourselves a position of eminence on this account; for one of the marks of nineteenth century civilization, wherever it is found, is a high standard of intelligence. No; good qualifications as these are, they are inadequate of themselves to raise Toronto from the level of mediocrity to the position of renown which it undoubtedly holds. These are all but accessories to one unique feature, the handsome setting of a brilliant gem whose rays spread a helpful influence throughout two continents—Toronto's Sabbath. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday; these days are all much the same here as in Buffalo, Detroit, or any other similar town; but Sunday stands out from among them all with a character unequalled in the New World, and unexcelled in the old. No clang of trolley desecrates its quiet; from early matin to twilight vesper the melody of the church bells calling to prayer, and fraught with suggestion of devotion and rest, alone breaks the silence. The places of merchandise, the busy marts of trade, are closed in token of regard to Him who owns the cattle on the thousand hills, and asks of man one day in every seven. The halls of pleasure are empty, and the noise of revelry and merriment has given place to the murmur of a people's prayer and the music of their praise. The streets, usually busy with jostling crowds, now echo to the sound of reverent steps as the many houses of God give forth a throng of worshipful people. This is Toronto's claim to notice; this is why our city has risen above the many of its size in the estimation of the world. Is it not wisdom, regarding the question merely from the low ground of commercial expediency, to preserve our one distinguishing feature? Introduce the Sabbath of America. Run the trolleys, open the shops, cater to the amusement loving public,

and Toronto at once sinks to the insignificant level of every other town of 200,000 inhabitants in America. No longer will we be held up as an example, in cities without number, of a people who regard God, and who are blessed and benefitted because of our sacred reverence for His laws and institutions. We are now on the mountain top. Let us maintain our place of vantage, and by and by others will clamber up and take their stand beside us. Those in the valley are even now looking up to us with longing glance, an evidence of which we find in the following quotation from the *Presbyterian Banner*, Pittsburgh, Pa., which in an article on the Sabbath in Toronto, says: "A correspondent writing to the *Christian Observer* of Louisville, from Toronto, Canada, a city of 240,000 inhabitants, says:

"Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of Toronto—and that which is its crowning glory—is the manner in which the Sabbath is observed. I had recently seen some mention of it in the *Christian Observer*, but was hardly prepared for all that I have seen and heard in regard to the Sabbath, since coming here. On that day there are no street cars running, no mails delivered, either at the postoffice or otherwise, and no Sunday newspapers. Except at the hours for going to church, almost absolute quiet reigns throughout the city, during the whole of the day. Rest and calm repose the silence of the country—settles down and prevails universally.

At the church hours, both morning and evening, however, the streets swarm with men, women and children, many, if not most of them, with Bibles in their hands. The whole population seems to be going to church.

With the Sabbath thus observed and honored, is it to be wondered at that Toronto is prosperous and thriving in every way? "Them that honor me, I will honor," is the language of God's Word.

And the city has prospered and is prospering amazingly. It is growing in a remarkable manner. From a comparatively insignificant village, a few years ago, it has become the second city in size and material wealth in the whole Dominion. From 1880 to 1890, it doubled its population—a population, too, of the most desirable and very best class of people. They have no strikes, no anarchists, no paupers and no beggars.

The example of Toronto in this matter of making the Sabbath a day of real physical as well as spiritual rest is beginning to attract attention elsewhere in Canada. Hamilton, the next largest city in Ontario, is now working for the same condition of affairs. A mass meeting of her citizens is called for a date in the near future to set the ball in motion. Doubtless other cities and towns will follow the example, if Hamilton is successful.