

hearts here, they try to drown their melancholy in liquor. Lately, for instance, I received a letter from a friend of mine who, while in Russia, was much given to drink, but here became a member of the Presbyterian Church, and thereafter led a very decent and sober life. A couple of months ago he had to leave Winnipeg for the United States, where he lives now in a large city, being a faithful Presbyterian there and frequently corresponding with the writer of these lines. This is what he writes about the Russians there:

“I am getting on here fairly well, but I deeply regret that I cannot have a part any longer in our social and spiritual life in Winnipeg. The Russians here are all drunkards and very ignorant, and I can't make friends with any of them. It is impossible indeed to have anything in common with people like they are. All that which we used to read in “Russicoye Slovo” (‘Russian Word’—a daily published in New York) while I was yet in Winnipeg, about the drunkenness of the Russians in the United States is true.”

That is what my friend writes. His judgment, I have no doubt, is rather exaggerated and premature. But anyhow it gives some notion of the sad moral conditions among the Russians there.