

## the black sheep

An Independent Magazine

Published by the black sheep and intended primarily for utterances of a critical nature.

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Down the journalistic grape-vine comes information confirming our suspicion that the local papers did not altogether approve of our first issue. S. Morgan-Powell of the Star (Sheet Metal Products to you) was taken by the short ribs on reading "the fourth estate—yah" (the black sheep, February) He is said to have said "I have never seen such God-awful tripe. I could get a better production from an infant's home." That is s.m.p.'s idea of criticism.

Our readers may have noticed with mingled feelings the fact the black sheep has made "Hush".

It was all a matter of misinterpretation.

Our article—"through a glass darkly" was read from a strictly local viewpoint; our friends — Sir Arthur, "Hush", etc. chose to localize the brewers, distillers, and pork packers, mentioned therein. In the first draft of our article our contributor had included "white slaver" in his list but this we deleted feeling that Sir Arthur might actually find a local connection in this direction.

"Hush" continued to say many rude things about Sir Arthur — things insulting and inelegant — things that even we should never have said.

But there are many things that "Hush" omitted for example, — oh! but let it go —

Since there is little tolerance at McGill, we can't write an article about it, can we?

But all the same the administration glares askance at the rising tide of semitic influence. Sir Arthur in fact, has openly declared his antipathy to Jews.

In this issue we had planned to have a cartoon of our Principal featuring a pronouncedly Jewish cast of countenance, under the title the "semitic influence at McGill." You can well imagine the effect.

## go ye into all the world

When the Church ceases to be evangelizing it ceases to be Christain; we cannot deny the heathen the benefits of our faith; "Come over to Macedonia and help us"; pray for our far-flung missionaries; freely ye have received, freely give—GIVE—GIVE MONEY — Give, Damn you, give!

Thus they bleat, those sleek, salaried ministers of the gospel, mouthing their mealy phrases of fatuous money-grabbing, praying, begging, preaching, extorting. "We must spread the Word," they shout, "we must send our missionaries East and West to bring the straying sheep back into the fold. Your money, — or your immortal life!"

And so, backed by reluctant nickels, the shepherds-errant speed to the four corners of the earth. Fine young men, enticed into Holy Orders by the bribe of free education and summer employment—fine young men with enough courage to sink their own convictions; they go forth with a prayer book in one hand and an expense account in the other. The moguls of transportation give them reduced rates, and thus ensure for themselves a one-way passage to Celestial Glory.

To the heathen, some of them blind adherents of a religion that has only lasted a few thousand years, comes the balm of Truth, in the person of a well-fed young man with his message of hope and cheer: "We cannot feed you or clothe you, but through faith you may forget worldly things. Give, give us your money to support the church that is doing so much for you."

Christianity is the message of peace and goodwill, drone the missionaries, as they open a country and pave the way for the peace and good-will of Big Business. Its the doctrine of giving, they insist, as they take money, labor, and crops from famished natives for a contribution to the Great Work. Ah, its the Faith of Western Capitalism, the Creed of Commerce, greed. God, greed, progress. — anyway, the East is being saved for Christ. Is it for this that Jesus died—that lantern slides might be shown to a gaping native, and cracked gramophone records moan tuneless praise of the White Man's God?

And still the right hand of the

### virginity

*Irene insists that she is good  
And truly I believe her*

*For with her face, I know, none would  
Of reditude relieve her.*

—VON DUBNO.

Priest is raised in benediction of the parting missionary, while he picks the pockets of his congregation with his left. They must have something to do, these city clergy, to fill in time between Ladies' Aid meetings and the Boy Scouts; they must do something to justify their steady employment. What better than raising money for missions? A juicy cheque sent to headquarters is an open sesame to the favor of the Bishop, the Moderator, or what have you. So the Church sends out its men who cannot preach well enough to take a town parish, men with a kingly crown to gain and a regular salary to hold onto; sends them out to loaf, talk, loaf, grab, loaf and take snapshots of the quaint un-Christian folk.

Then there are Home Missions. The rising young clergy who haven't enough ability to learn a foreign tongue are sent North or West to bring the Church to people who once lived within its reach, but who moved into regions where are no travelling salesmen or clergy. But neither the travelling salesmen or the clergy will leave them alone. The latter bum their meals, bother school trustees, annoy settlers and interfere with local customs, and then go citywards to make remarks about the primitive simplicity of the Canadian farmer. Quiet, churchless communities, where all are friends, are turned into bickering church centres, with catty factions and petty jealousies.

There is on justification for maintaining the undignified sham of "Spreading the Gospel". Its the same justification that is applied to any occupation of today: "You know, it gives employment and puts money in circulation". It is useless employment perhaps, and the money stinks of unwillingness, but what matters that? "Go ye into the world, and spread discontent, commerce, and all the ugliness of a bourgeois faith."

—J.H.C.