



**fountain**



THE FOUNTAIN is published once every six weeks. It is supported by free-will offering from Christian friends who have the burden to see the Word of God reach as many as possible. We depend on the all sufficient grace and providence of the Lord to meet our every need. The magazine is free of charge and is sent upon request.

OUR AIM is to unite all Christian brothers and sisters who have the same burden to preach the Gospel unto all nations. We preach none other than Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

WHAT WE BELIEVE The Bible is the basis of our faith. We believe that the whole Bible, every chapter, every verse as originally given is inspired by God.

"You (Jesus) are the Christ, the Son of the Living God." (Matthew 16:16)

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (I Timothy 1:15)

"And there is salvation in no one else, for there is no other name under heaven given among men by which we must be saved." (Acts 4:12)

"For by grace you have been saved through faith; and this is not your own doing, it is the gift of God -- not because of works, lest any man should boast." (Ephesians 2:8,9)

PUBLISHER The Winnipeg Chinese Christian Fellowship

Secretary General: Judah Yeung

Address: The Fountain,  
P.O.Box 1172,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba,  
Canada, R3C 2Y4.  
Far East Correspondence Address:  
The Fountain,  
c/o Mr. W. Wong,  
P.O.Box 4688,  
Aberdeen Post Office,  
Aberdeen, Hong Kong.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, says the Lord of hosts." (Zechariah 4:6)

"When He saw the crowds, He had compassion for them, because they were harassed and helpless, like sheep without a shepherd. Then He said to His disciples, 'The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few; pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send out laborers into His harvest.'" (Matthew 9:36-38)

Please obtain written permission from The Fountain before re-printing any article.

THE FOUNTAIN  
SECOND CLASS MAIL  
REGISTRATION NO. 1651  
P.O. BOX 1172 WINNIPEG  
MANITOBA CANADA R3C2Y4  
RETURN POSTAGE  
GUARANTEED

"But God shows His love for us  
in that while we were yet sinners  
Christ died for us."

- Romans 5:8 -

JUNE 1, 1975

VOLUME 10 NUMBER 3

- 2 PEACE ACTUALLY CAME ..... Simon
- 4 AS FOR ME AND MY PEOPLE ..... Interview
- 7 NOW I REST ..... Anita
- 8 WHAT WE NEED NOW ..... Lawrence
- 10 I MUST TELL YOU ..... William MacDonald
- 11 WHO WILL CONTINUE ? ..... Arnion

CIRCULATION: 6,800 COPIES

We welcome written contributions both expository and evangelistic in nature. Articles may include testimonies, short reflective prose, stories, biographies, book reviews, Bible studies, topical discussions, poems, translated works and news of Christian groups. Please avoid adopting a didactic approach. The name and address of the author must accompany all contributions. Pseudonyms may be used, but anonymous articles will not be published.



# PEACE ACTUALLY CAME

- Simon -

"Peace actually came to Europe at 2:41 a.m., May 7 when Germany surrendered unconditionally in General Eisenhower's headquarter in a school house in Rheims, France."

Victory-in-Europe Day was touched off by the sirens, parades and dances that lasted throughout the whole night in nearly all parts of the world. Most seemed to have forgotten the sorrows of the war, the air raids and the black-outs. The War was ended, a war that was meant to end all wars.

"The cruel war is raging,  
Johnny has to fight."

"Yes and how many times must the  
cannon balls fly,  
Before they're forever banned?"

The old familiar tunes of Peter, Paul and Mary seemed never end. Years after the Second World War, as the President of the United States, Eisenhower sent a number of military advisors to support the South Vietnam government.

Time went by quick and fast. Soon Kennedy passed away. He had ordered direct participation in Vietnam under the banner of curbing the growth of Communism in Asia. Johnson came and sent troops to a total as high as 500,000. Then the Domino theory of Eisenhower was once again inflated by Nixon who boasted of more bombing and even invasion into Cambodia.

Back in the United States, anti-war protest started on campuses throughout the nation and was flared up at Kent State University where students were killed. People broke into the conscrip-

tion centre and stole away name lists. Draftees escaped underground or illegally entered Canada to avoid a year of fighting in Vietnam. Muhammad Ali and many others were sent to jail when they refused to report to the camp. Joan Baez wrote in her David's Album, one that was dedicated to the escaped ones, that "we figure that if the day is ever to dawn when we practise peace on earth, it will happen because we have given up war and exploitation. That will only be when men and women refuse to exploit and kill each other."

The peace treaty that Kissenger signed with North Vietnam was like a bubble. It was intended to float high into the sky but was pinched right off. Both the North and South Vietnamese troops violated the ceasefire.

"Where have all the young men gone?  
Long time passing,  
Where have all the young men gone?  
Long time ago,  
Where have all the young men gone?  
Gone for soldiers everyone,  
When will they ever learn?"

The words came to my mind when I visited Saigon one year ago with my friends. It was almost seven at night when we landed on the Saigon International Airport. The sun had not set. In the customs office, the light was dim; the place was so dirty and so dark. The hotel was dark and old. After we had settled down, we went for dinner. Restaurants were still operating as normal. The automobiles that were driven by ordinary people were at least ten



years old. Motorcycles were the common means of transportation; yet most of them had long clouds of dense white smoke left behind them. The marketplaces were busy during the morning and were closed at noontime when everything was sold out. Shops and government offices opened from morning till noon and were closed until 2:00 p.m. when people started again after an afternoon nap.

The sky was empty under the blazing sun. No plane was hovering above and there was not even the sound of a rattling helicopter from far, far away. No gun shot or siren was heard. The people carried on with an exceptional sense of quietness and no trace of war was there to be found. But sandbags were piled up in front of the police stations and the presidential palace. A curfew from midnight till seven in the morning was imposed. People carried money in plastic bags and paid in thousands. I was reminded constantly to bring my passport wherever I went in case they spotchecked people for conscription into the army.

The marketplaces and shopping centres were crowded both in Saigon and Cholon -- just like any place else. Children were to be found, women were to be found, old men were to be found but young men skipped my eyes except for the few in uniform. Perhaps the voices of Peter, Paul and Mary were too sweet for them.

The question "Yes and how many times must the cannon balls fly before they're forever banned?" now seems to have an answer -- they have stopped flying. Not even a single bullet from the world outside is going to be fired in Vietnam. How is Saigon now? It is now known as the new Ho Chi Minh City. The first U.S. marines who stepped on Vietnam soil ten years ago were greeted on the beach by flower leis. Now the last one had to fight his way out against the South Vietnamese who howled and screamed with displeasure, for they were left behind. The anti-war songs in the sixties may have a chance to rest.

It had been an extremely costly

war to the United States. 56,000 American lives were lost on the battlefield and \$150 billion were spent on equipments and humanitarian aid. The nation's economic situation was weakened. The balance of payment was in a huge deficit; the unemployment rate soared high into the sky; the inflation rate was climbing steeply; the dollar devalued -- the nation was poor. And finally President Ford announced: "We of course, are saddened indeed by the events in Indochina, but these events, tragic as they are, portend neither the end of the world, nor of U.S. leadership in the world." The escaped draftees were already welcomed back and perhaps the last American missing in action was in the helicopter which fell accidentally into the sea.

Yet there is always another one -- the Middle East -- which is ready to be blown apart any second while the peace in Vietnam is greeted by uneasiness.

Oh, how dreadful it would be if a special urgent announcement called for you to prepare and the mailman came to give you a draft card! Would you escape?

+ + +

Then they came up, arrested Jesus, and held Him tight. One of those who were with Jesus drew his sword and struck at the High Priest's slave, cutting off his ear. Then Jesus said to them, "Put your sword back in its place... Don't you know that I could call on my Father for help and at once He would send me more than twelve armies of angels?" Then Jesus spoke to the crowd, "Did you have to come with swords and clubs to capture me as though I were an outlaw?" Jesus was captured by the people of His own will. This was the conversation which crept quietly into my ear when I realized that the powerful God came down to be delivered to die on the cross.

Peace actually came to men 2,000 years ago when Christ died on the cross. It is only when men accept the inner peace Jesus gives that they can be at peace with one another.



# AS FOR ME AND MY PEOPLE

Henry Beauchamp is an Indian who is in full-time Christian service with the Indian Alliance Church in Winnipeg. He works among Indians and his ministry includes visitations of Indian inmates at the penitentiary. The following are excerpts of the interview between The Fountain and Henry concerning the problems of the Indians.

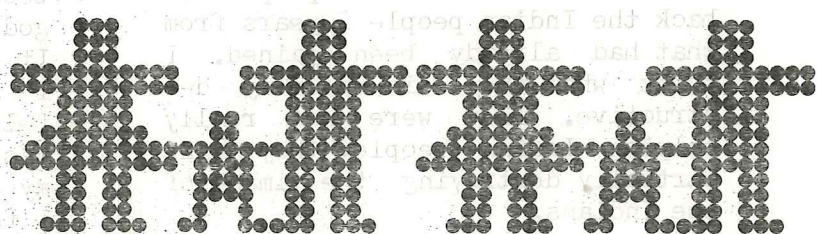
Q: Can you tell us something about your past life and experiences, and how you have come to be in your present vocation?

A: When I was 13 I moved to Winnipeg and then I lived up north for a year, working as a garbage man in a camp. I knew that I was trying to get away from myself. When I first came to the city I found out for the first time that I was different from other people. Every time when people heard that an Indian was around they made fun of him and started to talk of how awful it will be to experience what an Indian experiences through life because he always get drunk and things like that. My life of rebellion began at the age of 14. I started drinking and by 16 I had taken a lot of drugs. I tried to avoid the diffi-

culties of life, being not able to face them and not able to cope with the situation around me. I tried to block my mind all the time. I couldn't face life as it was. I tried to escape by working up north, but things were still the same. I earned some money. But the more money I got the more I drank. So I came back to the city. I was about 17 then and I met Christianity for the first time. When I came home I found that my brother was going strict. He read the Bible and he prayed every night. He talked to me but I made fun of him and told him to go away and leave his religion to himself. One afternoon he asked me to go with him to Church and that was the first time I had ever seen what Christ can do in the lives and hearts of people. I met some of my old friends in the Church. I saw them all get up and say, "I love Christ because of what He has done for me." I knew these men; they had taken a lot of drugs in the past. They drank and didn't care about anybody else but themselves and they had hatred towards people. I could see the change in their lives. When the sermon was halfway through I got up and I told the pastor: "I don't know what you're talking about concerning this Jesus." But I told



child and was being disciplined. my mother would tell me that some- thing was going to get me. I was always very much afraid of the spir- its, the dark and the unknown. I became very superstitious. To be- lieve in God only became a means of security. I had a false sense of security. I was always moved and prayed and I was told for a while, and then it came. But when Christ came into my life, I found myself at peace. I found myself trusting in something



him that if Jesus could change the lives of these people, I wanted to be one of them myself. That was how I came to Christ. For a month, I went along real good. Then I got back to drinking. I smashed up my friend's car and ended up in jail. And that was when I really started to think about my own people. Most of the people I saw in jail were Indians; there were hardly any white people or any other kind of people. I got a burden for the Indians there. The Lord was speaking to me. He wanted me in the ministry. When I came out I told the pastor about it. He told me he was looking for some- one to be trained for the ministry. It was a chance for me and I took it. From then on everything just came step by step. My personal growth came with the teaching that was given to me, the personal coun- selling that I got, and the Bible studies that I had. Now I'm look- ing forward to going to another city, maybe in September. My wife and I will then be travelling from city to city trying to find out how many Indians are in certain areas. We are going to start where the evangelization work is needed most.

Q: What do you think are the major pro-

blems that the Indians are facing today? From your contact with fel- low Indians what is your understand- ing of them?

A: Before I became a Christian I found it was very hard to identify myself as an Indian. It was very hard for me to cope with the situation around me, because I was an Indian and the biggest problem every Indian has to face is to be able to live as an Indian. The identity he has right now is that if you are an Indian you have to wear a feather on your head. But that identity was in the past. I think the greatest problem of my people is not being able to cope with the future. Because they can't face reality and the "now" part of living, they go back to the past. They want to live in the 1800's and go around hunting buffaloes. Many are drinking and don't work or do anything, because they're afraid to identify them- selves as they are.

Q: What is your opinion about inci- dents in recent years like those at Wounded Knee and Kenora?

A: Personally I couldn't agree with the way the tactics were being used by those Indians for gaining something for themselves. The



things that those people did were beyond what they should have done. The tactics that they used were very rough and very unreasonable. And most of the comments from other reserves were that these people set back the Indian people 2 years from what had already been gained. I think what they did was very destructive. They were not really helping Indian people; they were partially destroying the image of the Indians.

Q: In your view, what is the future of the Indian people and their greatest need?

A: I think their greatest need is Christ. For myself, I think that for the Indian people to be able to find themselves and identify themselves as Indians and to be proud of it at the same time, they have to come to Christ to find peace in their lives.

Q: You mentioned the greatest need of the Indian people is Christ. Can you elaborate on how you come to the conclusion that Christ is so unique? Can the Indian people's own religion help them to find themselves?

A: In the Indian religion the person only works on the basis of hoping to find favour from god. There is a lot of fear involved in the worship, because the god whom the Indians serve is usually considered as the greatest of all good and evil spirits. There is also fear in person-to-person relationships, because of what Indian medicine can do. The discipline that is being taught among Indians is discipline out of fear. When I was a

child and was being disciplined, my mother used to tell me that something was going to get me. I was always very much afraid of the spirits, the dark and the unknown. I became very superstitious. To me god only became a means of security. It was a false sense of security. I always prayed and prayed and I felt good for a while, and then it was gone. But when Christ came into my life, I found myself at peace. I found myself trusting in something that was based on fact. The background of the Indian religion is basically fear -- fear in a person's life; fear of other people; fear of curses; fear of spirits. A person usually ends up being very distrusting. He cannot trust people. Hatred and bitterness start coming in. I have talked to some inmates in jail, and they said the Indian religion brought a lot of hatred and bitterness into their lives. A person ends up in jail, because there is no way hatred and bitterness and fear can leave a person at peace and leave other people alone. Only Christ can overcome that by the love He has, enabling a person to live finally in trust. I think this is what the greatest answer to life really is.

Q: In your experiences of talking to fellow Indians about Christ, what were some of their reactions?

A: The reactions at times are very hostile. Their first reaction would be that Christianity is a white man's religion. But I shared with them my testimony and my experiences in Christ. For me, the greatest religion that I have come across for Indian people is following Christ, and it's not even a religion; it's beyond religion. It's a personal experience in every man. ☐



# NOW I REST

- Anita -

One day I asked myself this question:

"What is Love?"

So I searched -- and searched -- and searched --

The Shakespeareans said Love is tragedy.

The ancient Greeks said Love is eros, is procreation.

The Freudians said Love is libido, is sex, is lust.

Still others said Love is philia, is friendship.

Erich Segal wrote: "Love means never having to say you're sorry."

The existentialist claimed that it's a schizoid world that we are living in where men are alienated and Love is lost.

Then my fellow college students said:

"Love represents a magnetic attraction between two persons."

"Love is a feeling of high emotional affiliation...which sends a person's ego into dizzying heights."

"Love is helping the other person whenever he needs it, being his companion. It's having common goals, dreams, and ambitions."

"Love ...is doing things together and liking it."

"Love is giving -- time, understanding, yourself."

"Love is having security in being wanted and knowing you have someone to rely on."

"Love is faithfulness to my mate and caring for our children."

"Love is," I mocked, "you never know which is the right answer."

"Is there a thing as real love?"

"What is the greatest love?"

I puzzled -- and pondered -- and panicked --

Then one day I heard a story --

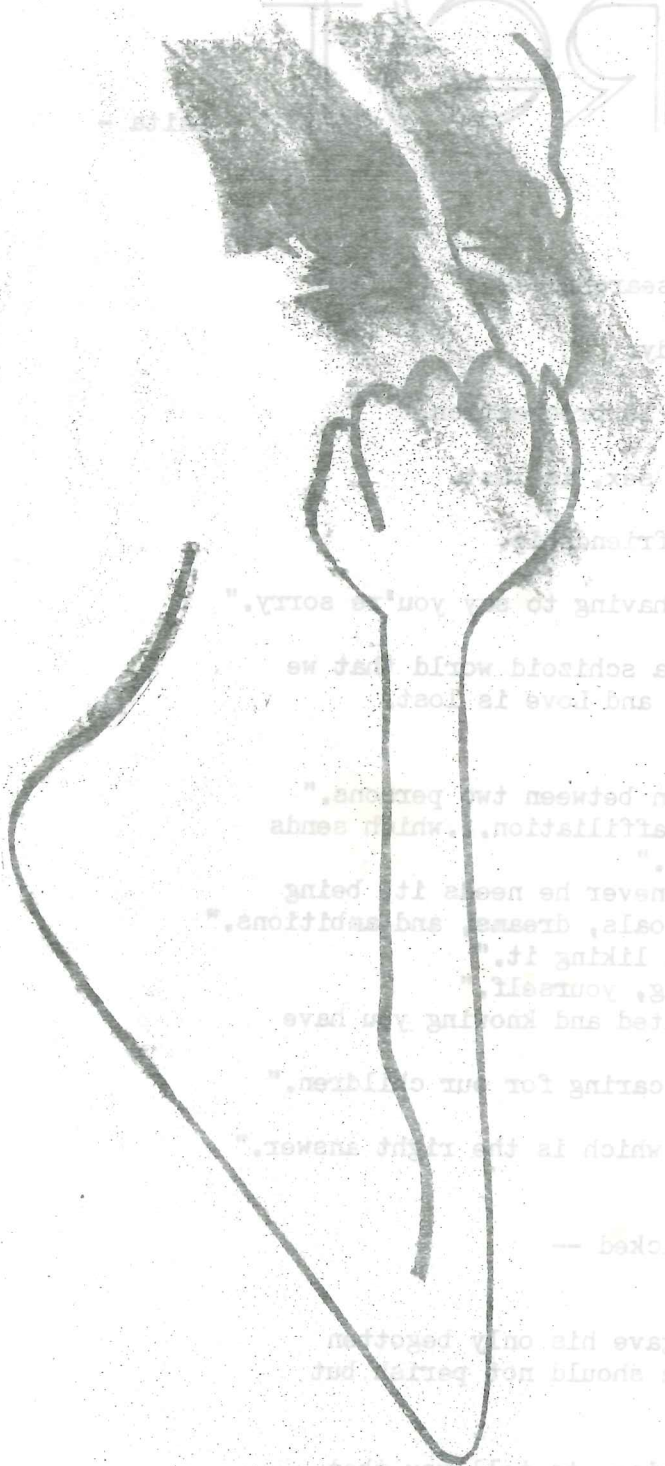
"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Now I rest -- and relax -- and rejoice, to tell you that --  
I've found the author, the focus, and the perfecter of love,  
for --

GOD IS LOVE.



# WHAT WE NEED NOW



- Lawrence -

"I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance." William Faulkner, the great American novelist, was delivering his acceptance speech of the Nobel Prize for Literature. Indubitably all of us share Faulkner's vision. Humanity needs compassion and sacrifice and endurance; humanity needs love.

The voices of the Beatles are becoming smaller and smaller. They had shown a concern for humanity at the later stage of their career. Perhaps the remnants of what they sang are still lingering in the air: "Love, love, love .... love is all you need." This reminds us of another very touching tune: "What the world needs now is love." However, it seems that the world is largely not disturbed by these melodies. Everywhere we witness political intrigues, social upheavals, economic warfare, and ever-returning wars. Love seems to be too ineffective a thing to influence the masses of people who engage themselves in all these enterprises.

Yet if we think that those who immerse themselves in the ebb and flow of strifes, hatred and self-aggrandisement are not aware of the nobility and



supremacy of love, we still do not understand human beings. How many times have our ears received, from the addresses of heads of states, rhetorical exhortations to extend brotherly love towards one another? We are accustomed to hearing from those who are in power that it is imperative and indispensable for mankind to uphold love as the guiding principle if we are not to perish together. But, how many times have we examined what has been done in this globe where we survive as a race, and our aching hearts bear witness to our perplexity? We find ourselves in the midst of the picket lines of strikers, the placards of demonstrators, the confused scenes of assassinations, the anarchical situations of bloody revolts and revolutions, and the gunfires and scorched grounds of indifferent wars.

Here and there we do find sparks of divinity. We pass a corner where a mother is giving suck to her little baby. The mother's visage is the most beautiful in the world, for it is one which tells you decisively that it is determined to sacrifice everything to protect the little beloved one. Ah, maternal love, love personified!

We also remember the enduring saying of the Chinese sage Mencius. He told us if we walk by and see that a small kid is going to fall into a well, who among us will not be moved and hurry to save him from falling? Mencius has enough insight to affirm that deep in the heart of every human being there is the invaluable element of sympathy and love.

The sparks thrill us. We believe that basically man is a being capable of loving. Yet continually we are disheartened, for overwhelmingly we evidence that the sparks are becoming miserably powerless. Amidst the compassionless air of nations and societies they are either being extinguished or reduced to insignificance. Perhaps tomorrow when we wake up, the world will be yet poorer for the passing away of some more sparks.

We are indeed, downhearted, dis-

illusioned and discouraged. But we do not despair. Ultimately we persist in holding tight the conviction that man is not a cold-blooded being, that man has the ability to put love into practice. As long as the last sparks still glow, we will not give up hope. We long for the day when those sparks of divinity will grow and change to fires, fires that have enough strength to warm and illumine every human heart, so that we can achieve real brotherhood. We crave for the bond of love.

There is one who is able to raise fires in our hearts and not only to sustain them, keep them burning, but also to make them prevail.

Jesus Christ can enable our power to love to be realized effectively and authentically.

Man was made by God and he shared his Creator's divine nature of love. The entire cosmos mourned when man turned away from the God of the universe, for henceforth man had turned away from the source of love. Since then man walked only as a distorted image of what he originally was. He still retains his divine potentiality; now and then some sparks of compassion radiate from him. Yet he now becomes fundamentally a handicapped and disabled creature; he cannot exercise his potentiality to love freely and fully. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, died on the cross not only to redeem us back to God, but also to impart to us a new life which embraces the power to truly love. Jesus can liberate us from our frustrated and impotent state, and gives us the fulfillment of self.

We do not have to be taught that we need love. We have already known this in our head. What we need is to be set free so that our potentiality can be actualized and we can exercise what we are originally capable of. The world needs an overflowing of love. It should be flooded by love instead of by the tears of those who suffer because of man's impersonal atrocities and wickedness.

Jesus can give us the flood of love if we receive Him.



# I must tell you

I may never meet you again, and so there is something which I must tell you right now.

It is of such importance that I would be a cruel monster if I should fail to let you know: yet it is so simple that you will read it in a few minutes.

It is so vital that it may change your entire future: yet it is available to you at no cost whatever.

It is a message that you may not like: yet you will never be able to forget it.

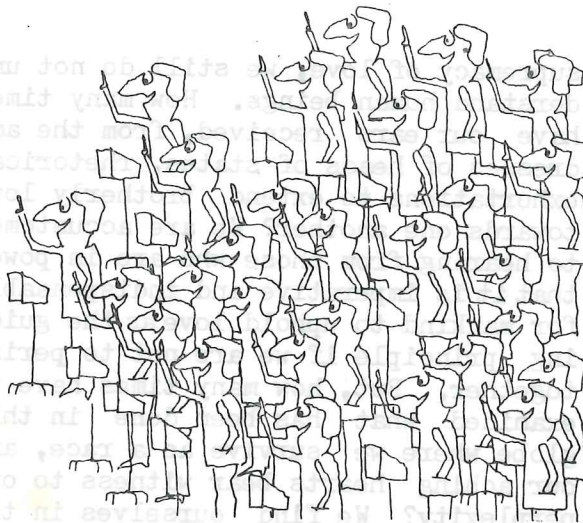
And whether you believe it or not, it will affect you in life and in death.

First of all, let me emphasize that this message is absolutely true, because it is God who said it. God will not make you believe this message -- that is your choice -- but He will hold you responsible for having heard it.

Then, let me tell you frankly that it is a personal message to you. You cannot escape it. You must either accept or reject. You must either say "I will" or "I will not." You cannot be neutral.

Here, then, is the message. It is an exact quotation from the Holy Bible: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (Jn 3:16). Now, did you ever hear such wonderful words as these before? Are they not amazing? Just think for a moment what they say!

First, "God so loved the world!"



Since you are in the world, it means that He loved you. If that does not startle you, remember that when God loved you, He loved a sinner because that is what you are. The Bible says that you are a sinner, and if you are honest you will agree. Now, although God loved you, He hates your sin. God is holy, and He must punish sin.

The second great fact is this: "He gave His only begotten son." Do you know what that means? It means that the Lord Jesus Christ suffered on the cross of Calvary so that your sins might be put away. You see -- someone must pay the penalty of sin, either you or a sinless substitute. God gave His Son so that He could be your sinless substitute.

And now for the third tremendous fact: "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Think of it! God gives eternal life to those believe in Christ. Now your part is to believe in Him. This simply means that you should confess that you are a sinner, realize that Christ is willing and able to meet your need, and then receive Him as your Lord and Savior.

This is the message which I had to tell you. Now you must make a decision. Will you accept Him or reject Him? Will you believe on Him or will you refuse Him?

- William MacDonald -

(Reprinted by Permission, Good News Publishers, Westchester, Illinois, 60153 U.S.A. Available in tract form.)

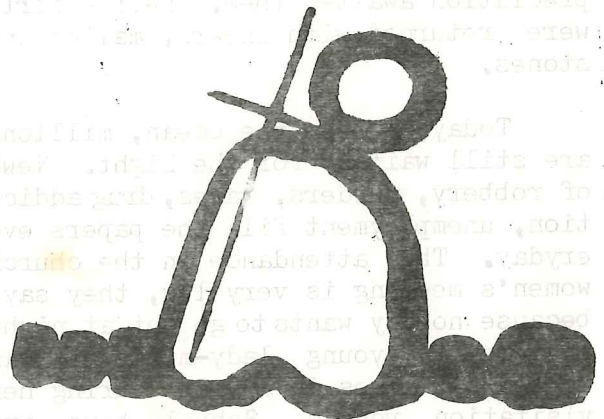


# WHO WILL CONTINUE?

- Arnion -

"Ours is such a small sacrifice," I thought, as I browsed through the stories of the martyrs of the early Church; the catacombs, the Roman arena, the stakes and the searing hot iron. Polycarp refused to be nailed to the stake, "He that granted me to endure the fire, will grant me to remain at the stake unmoved!" Blandina, a young slave girl, was scourged. She faced the beasts, endured the gird-iron and was finally thrown to the bulls. There were numerous Christians who, "being dead, yet speaketh!" Hear we not their words: "How much have you given up for Him?"

"Ours is such a small sacrifice," I thought, reading the books on the missionaries to China. Some died on the voyage; others were killed by the bandits. We hear of missionaries who, having buried their dead children by the river, hurried on their trip. They had no time even for mourning, let alone a proper funeral. The baby boy that brought about Marie Taylor's death lived only thirteen days because no wet-nurse wanted to serve the foreigners. Of Johnathan Goforth's eleven children, only six lived. No, they were not men without feelings. Flesh and blood made Hudson Taylor cry out: "Is it possible that I shall nevermore feel the pressure of that little hand...nevermore



see the sparkle of those bright eyes? ...the thought comes like a throb of agony." Of the children who survived, many had to live away from their father, sometimes mother also. Hudson Taylor denied himself even of the right to feel sorry for parting with his family. Writing to Mrs. Taylor, he confessed, "I feel so ashamed that you and the dear children should affect me more than millions here who are perishing, while we are sure of our eternity together. "Brave words! Glorious words! Words that pierce the heart like a dagger. O when will we hear them from Chinese lips?

Yes, they denied themselves of their rights. Besides suffering hardships (like sleeping on planks, living in lice-ridden houses, walking thirty miles to where they worked, sleeping in cabins with beggars and stinky lepers) they had to give up their natural



rights: the right to have the ordinary safeguards of good health; the right to have their own time; the right to enter into a normal romance, if any; the right to lead a normal home life; the right to have privacy; the right even to feel that they had sacrificed. These were men who prepared to die daily in quiet, practical reality, who prepared to be the servants of their brothers. At home, people criticized them as fanatics involving in a foolhardy business. On the mission field they were often two or three days' journey from the nearest fellow missionary with whom common feelings might be shared. Yes, no pat on the back or words of appreciation awaited them. Their efforts were returned with sneers, malice and stones.

Today, across the ocean, millions are still waiting for the Light. News of robbery, murders, rapes, drug addiction, unemployment fill the papers everyday. The attendance in the church women's meeting is very low, they say, because nobody wants to go out at night anymore. A young lady-minister was robbed six times in a year during her visitation rounds. School boys are forced to join the gangs, young girls to a life of prostitution. And the Lord said, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?"

Here in North America, we counted the cost in secret. The weather back across the ocean is hot; the housing is poor; the pay is low; there is little room for development, and less chance of being known internationally. The streets are crowded; the traffic is terrible; mosquitoes bite and flies are irritating. But here I am looking for a better house. My boss has promised me promotion in six months. My in-laws are planning to come over. The baby gets sick very easily even in this healthy place. And my wife doesn't like shopping in dirty markets back there. Besides, I struggled so hard to come over here myself...

"Ours is such a small sacrifice," I thought, as in my meditation the Pas-

sion scenes unfolded before my eyes. I seemed to hear the Roman soldiers count the lashings: "fifteen...sixteen...seventeen..." With each count the crowd roared and flesh and blood flew in all directions. I seemed to see Jesus stand on the top of the mountain with the cross beside Him. All Jerusalem were eagerly scrambling up the hill to get a better view of the bloody ordeal. For these people He died. I seemed to hear the sound of the nails being hammered into tender flesh. I saw the blood gush forth...and then drip down, slower and slower. Yet each drop said with such intensity: "For you, for you." Oh my God! Oh Love Divine, what have you done! "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be cursed," said the Apostle Paul.

When the lost ones of the homeland are being cast into the outer darkness, the martyrs of the early Church will rise in indignation; the missionaries to China will be very grieved. Why are there still so many lost after almost two hundred years of evangelization? Oh imagine the Saviour, with the nail-prints of His hands and the agony of love in His heart, turn and say to us,

"Why did you not continue the work?

Yours was such a small sacrifice!"

"O let me think how Thou didst leave

Untasted every pure delight  
To fast, to faint, to watch,  
to grieve,

Through toilsome days,  
through homeless nights!  
To faint, to grieve, to die  
for me!

Thou camest not Thyself to  
please:

And dear though earthly comforts be,

Shall I not love Thee more  
than these?"



# YOUR DECISION

剪寄之頁

日期 Date \_\_\_\_\_

Sex: M. <input type="checkbox"/> F. <input type="checkbox"/> 性別 男 <input type="checkbox"/> 女 <input type="checkbox"/>	Education: Univer-大 <input type="checkbox"/> High <input type="checkbox"/> 學歷 sity學 <input type="checkbox"/> School 中學 <input type="checkbox"/> Others 其他 <input type="checkbox"/>
Age: 10-20 <input type="checkbox"/> 21+ <input type="checkbox"/> 年齡 十至二十 <input type="checkbox"/> 廿一或 <input type="checkbox"/> 以上	Occupation: <input type="checkbox"/> 職業

☐ 我不是基督徒,但希望進一步認識基督的真理。請與我通信。  
I am not a Christian, but I want to know more about Jesus Christ.  
Please correspond with me.

☐ 讀此刊後,心受感動。我願意信耶穌,接受祂為我救主。請為我禱告。  
My heart is moved after reading this magazine and I would like to receive  
Jesus Christ as my Lord and Saviour. Please pray for me.

☐ 我是基督徒。讀此刊後,心中受主愛的激勵,願將自己完全奉獻給主,求主帶領我一生。請為我禱告。  
I am a Christian. I would like to dedicate my life to Jesus Christ and  
trust that He has a plan for my future. Please pray for me.

☐ 我是基督徒,但曾冷淡。現將自己再次奉獻給主。請為我禱告。  
I am a Christian, but have turned away from God. After reading this  
magazine I would like to rededicate myself to the Lord. Please pray for me.

☐ 我是基督徒,樂意在此事工上有份。  
I am a Christian, and would like to support this work of God.

附上獻金 元為「泉源」之用。  
Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for Fountain General Fund.

支票收款人應為 : The Fountain  
(Please make cheque payable to The Fountain.)

☐ 我已遷居。舊址如右:  
I have moved. My old address is:

☐ 請勿再寄「泉源」給我。住址如右:  
Please stop sending me The Fountain at:

請退回電腦排印之住址貼條  
Attach address label here.

我的意見:

My opinion about The Fountain is:



郵票  
STAMP

THE FOUNTAIN,  
P.O. BOX 1172,  
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA,  
CANADA,  
R3C 2Y4.

PLEASE PRINT

為便利電腦排印名址  
請用英文正楷填寫清楚

發信人  
FROM

英文姓名  
NAME

Mr.  
Mrs.  
Miss

姓

Last Name

名 First Name

英文地址  
ADDRESS

郵政區號  
Postal Code

--	--	--	--	--	--

請寄贈下列親友  
(請用郵政區號)

NEW REQUESTS  
Please use postal codes.)

		Quantity 數量	
Name 英文姓名	Address 英文住址	Fountain '泉源'	"To You" '寄'

Please put (NC) after name if he (or she) is a non-Christian.

若親友為非基督徒,請在姓名後加註「未信」二字。

For additional requests, please use another sheet of paper.

如空格不足,請用另紙。