



**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)

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"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)

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If God is for us, who can be  
against us? Since He did not spare  
His own Son but gave Him up for us  
all, will He not with Him gracious-  
ly give us everything else?

- Romans 8:31-32 -

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DECEMBER 7, 1975

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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 Pseudonyms may be used, but anonymous articles will not be published.

# OF THESE YOUTHFUL DAYS

- Rie -

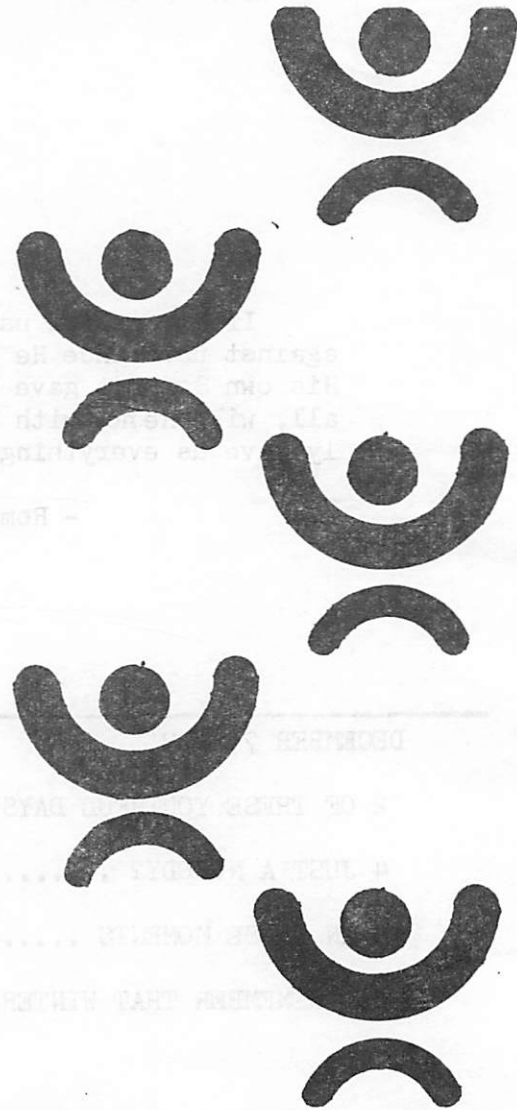
Fred is a first-year science student in a Canadian university. He came from Hong Kong in September. His goal is to get into medicine, but he is also aware of the fact that as long as he is on student visa and is not an immigrant, he has no hope of attaining his goal. And who knows whether the government will once again make a dramatic move, like the one in 1973, to allow foreigners staying in Canada to apply for immigrant status? Besides, on arrival Fred heard that some Canadian medical schools don't accept immigrants at all. Anyway, if he cannot become an immigrant, then most probably he will just get his B.Sc. degree and go back to Hong Kong. Fred does not like teaching. Yet besides teaching, what prospect is there in Hong Kong for a B.Sc. in chemistry or microbiology? Fred also thinks of next summer. Probably he has to take courses in the summer school, for the immigration department does not issue work permits

now. That means he cannot earn money and will lay a heavy financial burden on his father.

What does Fred's fate illustrate?

The fall of 1975 still saw a large number of Chinese students coming to North America. These young people think of their future careers and security, and they wonder what the future holds for them. They are not sure which academic disciplines will give them a better prospect in terms of securing a job; they are worrying about their financial situations while studying in a foreign land; and above all they do not know where they will be going after graduation. Some of them may still entertain the hope that they shall be able to stay as immigrants, but that all depends on government policies.

Nowadays perhaps Chinese students in North America do not experience



homesickness so intensely. Their number has increased so greatly in the last few years that at present there are clusters of them in the major cities of U.S.A. and Canada. It is not very hard for them to find companionship among fellow Chinese students and subsequently their sense of loneliness and homesickness can be much lessened. These young people, living in the turbulent 70's, encounter a different problem. The world is rife with political, social and economic turmoils. Look at South East Asia. Who can guarantee long-term social and economic stability there? Who is going to tell the future political fate of the 4 million Chinese in Hong Kong? Certainly then the Chinese students in North America will think of security. Many of them want to stay in North America, though it is not their motherland. They think they will be able to lead a more comfortable life and enjoy a greater material comfort here.

But do they really know what they want in life?

Colorful wall posters are very popular among students in North America. If you go to a student's home you may find posters here and there, on the walls and on the doors. One spectacular thing about these posters is that accompanying the beautiful drawings or designs there are usually some poetic lines or proverbial sayings some of which are quite meaningful and thought-provoking. There is one particular poster which shows two people walking on a beach in the sunset and has these words on it: "we know where we are going, we have found our way in the dark." These words are poetic enough, but who can really utter them with true conviction? To many Chinese students the most important thing is to strive for security. Yet do they really believe that material comfort is everything and can satisfy them? Do their short life-spans have meaning and direction at all? Where are they going?

Everyday thousands and thousands

of students move about on various North American university campuses. They study, play, talk and laugh. It is a beautiful picture of youthful days. Nevertheless, behind that youthful happiness many are frustrated and perplexed. Everyday many are trying to plan ahead; they are worrying about their future. But have they ever stopped for a while and thought about the real meaning of life?

Maybe Fred, that first-year science student from Hong Kong, will reply: "I have no time to let my mind dwell on abstract things like the meaning of life. They are not relevant to me. What I need now is a way out. I want opportunities and luck. I don't want my will thwarted by reality. I want a bright future. I want security! You tell me not to devote myself totally to the pursuit of material things but to think about life. All right, may I ask you a practical question: can you satisfy my present needs which are so pressing and real? Can you offer me hope here and now?"

Yet, does Fred know that there is One who cares for him here and now?

The Lord of life, who created the universe and sustains every being that is in it, does care for Fred and will look after Fred's material needs. He is not One who ignores man's need for security, but One who has compassion for man and fully identifies Himself with man's struggles and aspirations.

Once again let us take a look at our fellow Chinese students on innumerable campuses.

Do they really belong to a rootless and lost generation?

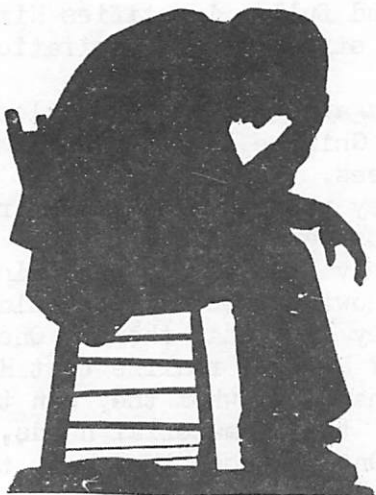
Are they just crowds wandering about, not knowing where they should go?

Do they know that there is One who loves them? Do they realize that He is not only the One in whom they can trust concerning their material needs, but also the One to whom they can trust their lives?



# Just a Nobody?

- Leng -



It was 8:29. Tony rushed down the long hallway leading to the lecture-rooms. He opened the door of one of the rooms. He walked quietly in, went to the last row and chose an inconspicuous corner-seat. It was one of the many mornings when Tony had to wake up very early and was carried half asleep to the university by the metro-bus. The long trip usually gave him time for an extra nap. Now he was sitting in his seat amidst a hundred "strange" faces. He met his class-mates a few times a week, but he did not really know them. Five minutes later, a professor came in. Tony thought he had never seen this prof before, but he was not sure. The number of professors he had come across confused him. But five minutes later, he realized he was in the wrong lecture-room. He rushed out. It was not too long before he sneaked into the right class-room and sat down quietly.

Again it was time for lunch. He never enjoyed eating mechanically the sandwich he had made for himself the night before. The bread was hard. The few closer friends he made since he had arrived in this new land had different time slots, so they could seldom get together for lunch. When Tony was still finishing his lunch, a student came and sat opposite to him.

"Hi, my name is Joseph," the stranger introduced himself. Tony stared at the stranger. Being used to meeting new friends for 2 months, he found himself greeting Joseph with an indifferent "Hi".

"I am in second year Arts, what are you studying?" the stranger asked with a friendly smile.

"Well, I am in first year Engineer-

ing." Being a year junior really hurt Tony's ego, but anyhow he was proud that he was in a "professional" school.

The conversation went on. For the first time since Tony had come to North America he came across someone who asked him so many questions about himself. Tony was not too annoyed. Anyway, at last he found someone to talk to. The lunch hour was soon over.

"How about having lunch together whenever our timetables fit?" Joseph suggested. Tony readily agreed.

Tony went to his lectures in the afternoon and walked out of the last class like a robot at 5:30. Sometimes he marvelled at himself of being able not to speak a word for hours.

After finishing a quick supper, Tony went to the library, searched the book shelves and eventually found a book he wanted. He went to the librarian. Knowing the rules of borrowing books, he searched his pockets for the library card. He could not find it.

"But you see, I am really studying in this university. I can show you my text-books. I even wear a university T-shirt. Now, this is the name of my professor. You can check with him. He can tell you who..." No, the professor would not know him, Tony immediately realized.

"But please! I have a test tomorrow and I..." but when he saw the blank eyes which stared at him in the face, he swallowed his last words.

He sat on a chair in the library with the book opened in front of him. He wanted to go home for his mail. Tony was frustrated. He hated himself. He hated the librarian. Above all he hated

the university.

"Can't he do me a favour? Why can't he treat me as a person? What is happening in this university? I am just a nobody here."

He remembered the number of cards he had been given on the day of registration.

"This is your student identification card. Don't lose it. This is your library card. This is your certification of privileges. Hey, don't forget to get your social insurance card and your health insurance card. This big envelope here contains all the cards you have to hand in at the first lecture of each of your courses. Remember!

"Just one more thing. Remember your student number. It is your identification. Without it, you can get nowhere!"

Sitting in the library, Tony recalled these words very vividly. He threw a fist in the air. But soon he calmed himself down. He came to realize that maybe he was just a nobody.

Next day, he met Joseph again at lunch time. This time Tony felt that Joseph was more than a mere friend to him. He found that only Joseph treated him as a somebody. In the next few weeks, they saw more of each other, and they knew each other more.

"Let me ask you one thing, Joe," Tony said. "Why do you bow your head to say grace before lunch? There are so many people sitting around, don't you feel embarrassed?"

"Not at all, Tony. It is a conversation with God, telling Him how I thank Him for giving me food and a

chance to study here."

"Well, let's change our topic."

It was a Friday afternoon. Both Joseph and Tony did not have lectures.

"Let's go for a walk by the river bank before it is covered with snow," Tony suggested. "I had the result of my test this morning. The prof handed out the papers in order of merit. You know what? I was the last but one guy to get my paper. I want to take a walk and forget about my frustration."

Strolling along the quiet river bank, they could find no words to say to each other. Joseph was always so quiet.

"You know, Joe, the education system is really a crazy one. To the university and the professors, I am just a number. They don't know who I am. To my friends I am just someone they happen to come across, maybe by mistake. When I moved last week, all of them said they had other appointments and could not help me. Luckily you helped me with my luggage. I just want to know who I am in others' eyes. This morning when I went out to get my paper, hundreds of despising eyes focused on me."

"Tony, it is true that the university and the professors may regard you as a number. Some of your friends may regard you as an unimportant somebody whom they happen to meet. But to me, you are important as a person whom God loves."

"Just a minute! Don't try to talk me into it!"

"Tony, God loves you so much that He gives you the freedom to choose to love Him or not. He has first shown His love for you by sending Jesus to die for you so that your sins can be forgiven. It is only by accepting Jesus as your personal friend that you can experience God's daily love and concern for you. That is why I thank God each meal for His concern and His provision and I do not feel embarrassed."

"Well, you have your ideals and I

have mine."

"Yes, but ideals are like stars. The harder you try to reach for them, the farther they seem to be. When I came here to study, I thought the education which I would be having would prepare me to face life. But I was soon frustrated to find out my disappointment. However, since I came to know Jesus, He has been guiding me each day, sharing my happy moments and comforting my weary days. He is not an ideal or a concept. He is offering you a real experience of His love. To Him you are important."

Tony looked at Joseph. There were some gems of truth in what he said. Tony sat down on the grass. Then he remembered a song:

"I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail,  
Yes I would, if I could, I surely  
would.

.....

A man gets tied up to the ground,  
He gives the world its saddest  
sound,  
Its saddest sound."

He longed to be set free, free of  
all the frustrations in life. He wanted  
to be a real person.

"Jesus loves you."

Tony looked at Joseph with inquisitive eyes. Joseph seemed closer to him than ever before. □

There is always more waiting up  
ahead...  
for God is in all our tomorrows,  
as well as our yesterdays,  
and His love and purpose toward us  
never change.

- Rosalind Rinker -



# In Those Moments

-Tze-

If you have a chance to see the Rocky Mountains in the West, I am sure you will agree it is an unforgettable experience. In winter, when snow covers much of Canada, and you travel into the Rockies by car, awe will grasp you. Look at those snow-capped mountain tops. You are not only captivated by the greatness of Nature, but you also sense that there are ungraspable mysteries hidden in those mountain ranges. Suddenly you feel yourself yearning for freedom, for higher truths.

Once I went with some friends to Star Lake, a vacational resort 100 miles east of Winnipeg. Besides a few lodging cabins there were virtually no other buildings near the lake. All was Nature. There was a small hill rising up near the lakeshore. I climbed up the hill and stood erect on the top, overlooking the water. From there I could see a few small heavily-wooded islands on the lake. It was then summer. The sky was blue. The breeze was gentle. I looked at the calm water under my feet. I was wrapped up in tranquillity. An unspeakable feeling of exhilaration held me. It seemed that I was truly in touch with Nature. It was as if I myself was part of it. For a moment I was acutely aware of the solemnity and sacredness of life.

Indeed, sometimes there are moments when our minds emerge from daily concerns and question what life is all about. Once in a while, amidst our

long hours of studying, amidst our frustrations in trying to plan for a secure future, we will pause and ask: how can we live a more meaningful life?

Hemingway, in For Whom The Bell Tolls, says, "You have it now and that is all your whole life is; now. There is nothing else than now. There is neither yesterday, certainly, nor is there any tomorrow.... There is only now, and if now is only two days, then two days is your life and everything in it will be in proportion.... And if you stop complaining and asking for what you never will get, you will have a good life." If we take Hemingway's advice, then we will become individuals without any future, any hope, any goal. Life is but a game. Study, eat, drink, and be merry. Yet, is there nothing beyond?

It was 11 p.m. The library was closing and you had to leave. You walked out with an armful of books. You had been studying for hours and now you were a little tired. The campus was quiet. The cold night wind chilled you. You saw your own shadow in the yellow light of the street-lamp. Looking up, you saw the stars fixed in the black sky. For a minute you did not know what you should think about. You just felt your heart yearning for something satisfying.

There was a parable. A merchant was seeking for good pearls. At last he discovered a real bargain -- one pearl of great price, and he sold everything he owned to purchase it.

It was Jesus who told this parable.

Are we still looking for the pearl of great price -- the most meaningful thing in life to which we can commit ourselves?

Once Jesus asked His disciples whether they wanted to leave Him. One of the disciples, Peter, replied: "Lord, to whom shall we go? You have words of eternal life."

After all, isn't it worthwhile to commit oneself to Jesus in whom one can find the pearl of great price? ☐



# I remember that winter

- Alice Chow -

My first encounter with Christianity took place when I attended an Anglican school at the age of seven. At that time I recited many creeds and scripture verses. I enjoyed Bible stories because they sounded so much like fairy tales. But God did not mean anything to me except when I was in "danger", like before an exam or when I was alone in a dark room.

As I grew older, I became more "logically-minded". I regarded the Bible as a book of myths. I did not really care if there was a God in this world because I was very much occupied with other things. I loved talking about beautiful clothes and movie stars, and I loved going to dancing parties. These things did satisfy me, but just for a little while. The more dancing parties I went to, the more empty I felt inside my heart. These excitements provided thrills but not real happiness. Unconsciously I was yearning for something

meaningful and lasting on which I could rely.

My final year of high school came. Those who came from Hong Kong would understand the significance of the School Certificate Examination to all high school graduates. That year was a miserable year. I was contemptuous of the educational system and yet I had to force myself to live with it. It was an agonizing experience. I hated the spoon-feeding style of teaching and the vigorous competition among students. I found it unfair to have our future determined by one public exam. I also came to realize the injustices and miseries in society: the gap between the rich and the poor; the lucky winners in life and the unfortunate losers. Life did not seem to be pleasant and worth-living. From the time I woke up till the time I went to bed I was sighing and withdrawing myself from other people. I began to ask questions like:

"Who am I? What am I doing on this earth? What is life? What is man?" Despite all these frustrations, I dragged myself through that year and completed the exam. When the result came I was shocked to find that I had failed.

It was a drastic blow to my pride and my sense of self-worth. I wanted to escape from reality and go to study abroad. But my father talked me into repeating Form 5. Reluctantly I went back to school. The new class was an extraordinary one; nearly 90% of my classmates were Christians. I felt like an outcast among them. They approached me as a friend and tried to introduce me to Christ. But I rejected them. To me all religions were good and they should not sell Christianity as if it were the only one.

A few months passed by and during all that time I was observing my classmates closely. I began to sense a certain "something" in them. It was hard to use concrete terms to describe their certain "something", but it was something like stability and a sense of direction which I lacked.

This certain "something" must have driven me to accept their invitation to their church winter camp. At first I could feel the pressure on me. Everybody was hoping I would become a Christian. But I had already made up my mind not to surrender to all these religious fanatics. I would think it over and decide for myself.

The campsite was on a quiet and peaceful island. For a person like me who had been raised up in the city, this island was like a paradise. I could smell fresh air. I could walk around without worrying about being run over by a car or pushed around by people. I could feel myself as part of nature. Most of all, it was an ideal environment for me to think. The schedule of the camp was not tight and I had plenty of time to stroll along the fields either by myself or with a friend. Those were precious moments. I discov-

ered so much about my past and present, my emotions, needs and fears. I found out what I really wanted was a purpose in life. I found out my anxieties mainly stemmed from the fear of failure and the fear of misfortunes that might happen to my loved ones and myself. It was a deep-rooted sense of insecurity. I had heard a lot about God through my friends and I yearned for Him, but I could not believe that He really existed. He seemed far away and hard to grasp. I could not see and feel His existence.

The winter camp lasted for three days. On the final day they held a sharing meeting out in the open. I joined it but I was not listening to what they were saying because my attention was attracted to the beautiful scenery around me. That was a beautiful morning. The sun was shining and the sky was blue. The mountains and the trees formed a perfectly harmonized picture. I was overwhelmed by the wonder and grandeur of nature. Suddenly a question came to my mind. How did all these things come about in the first place? How was this world formed? At that time I could only think of two possible answers. The one proposed by scientists said the world was a result of mere chances, whereas according to the Bible, the world was created by God. The mountains, the sea and the trees all fit together perfectly. Could all this be a result of mere chances? I also thought of myself, a human being with a soul. According to the scientists, we were just a perfected form of evolution. I might agree with it if it only referred to our physical bodies, but how about our soul? So I concluded there must be a God who had created all this. It dawned on me that if there was really a God and if according to the Bible, He loved us so much as to send Jesus Christ to give us salvation, then to reject Him would be the most foolish thing to do.

So I finally decided to take the step of faith to invite Jesus Christ into my heart. I prayed to God and told

Him that I believed He had created me, and that although I had rejected Him, now I would like to accept His salvation. But I honestly told God that I did not have enough faith. I asked Him to help me and to give me more faith.

A few months after the winter camp, the time of my School Certificate Examination drew near. I had not prepared myself well enough and I could feel the unbearable pressure again. Just one week before the exam, my mother fell ill and had to go to the hospital for an operation. Her situation was very critical. I loved my mother very much. I pretended to be calm and optimistic when I heard the news, but behind that mask my heart was breaking. I would not know what to do if my mother died or if I failed my exam again. I was alone and helpless. I cried out to God for help. I really poured out myself to Him without reservation.

I could not recall how I actually went through that period of suspense and agony. But that experience had strengthened my faith in God. Even though I was frustrated and sorrowful, deep inside me there was still peace and the assurance that no matter what happened, God would take care of it. I had never felt so secure before. God also answered my prayers by giving me a satisfactory exam result and healing my mother.

After that experience I began to seek God more seriously. I studied the Bible. I prayed to Him. I also started to go to church and to have fellowship with other Christians. The more I tried to know Him, the more real He was to me.

Sometimes people ask me when exactly I became a Christian. I am not able to answer them, but I would say that my act of faith, during the camp, in accepting the salvation and asking God to give me more faith was the beginning of an entirely new dimension of life for me. ☐

## NORTH CENTRAL CHINESE CHRISTIAN WINTER CONFERENCE

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Rev. Moses Chow

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# RENEWAL

Owing to the Canadian mail strike, many readers could not return their subscription renewal forms to us by October 31, 1975. We have now extended the deadline for renewal to January 15, 1976. Would those readers who have received renewal forms please return them to us as soon as possible.





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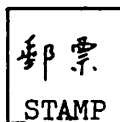
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# MY DECISION 我的決志

Please pray for me and correspond with me. 請為我禱告·請與我通信

- ☐ 我不是基督徒, 但希望進一步認識基督的真理。  
I am not a Christian, but I want to know more about Jesus Christ.
- ☐ 讀此刊後, 心受感動。我願意信耶穌, 接受祂為我救主。  
My heart is moved after reading this magazine and I would like to receive Jesus Christ as my Lord and Saviour.
- ☐ 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。  
I am a Christian. I would like to dedicate my life to Jesus Christ and trust that He has a plan for my future.
- ☐ 我是基督徒, 但曾冷淡。現將自己重新奉獻給主。  
I am a Christian, but I have turned away from God. After reading this magazine I would like to rededicate myself to the Lord.

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