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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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Secretary General: Shu-po Kwan

Address: The Fountain

P.O. Box 1172

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Far East Correspondence Address:

The Fountain,

c/o Mr. W. Wong,

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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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Therefore if any man be in Christ,  
he is a new creature;  
old things are passed away;  
behold,  
all things are become new.

- II Corinthians 5:17 -

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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.



# SILENTLY SLIPPING

- Chris -

As life becomes more and more sophisticated in this age of technological and scientific advancement, attempts have been made to simplify things as much as possible. One such attempt is the gradual replacement of the British system of measurement by the metric system. There is no longer the need to remember a mile is 1760 yards, one yard three feet and one foot twelve inches. The metric system defines one kilometre to be one thousand metres, one metre one hundred centimetres and one centimetre ten millimetres. Other measurements such as weight, temperature and volume are defined in similar fashion. Memory work is reduced to a minimum. A 150-pound man thus weighs 70 kilograms, water freezes at zero degree Celsius and the speed limit of 30 miles per hour is 50 kilometres per hour.

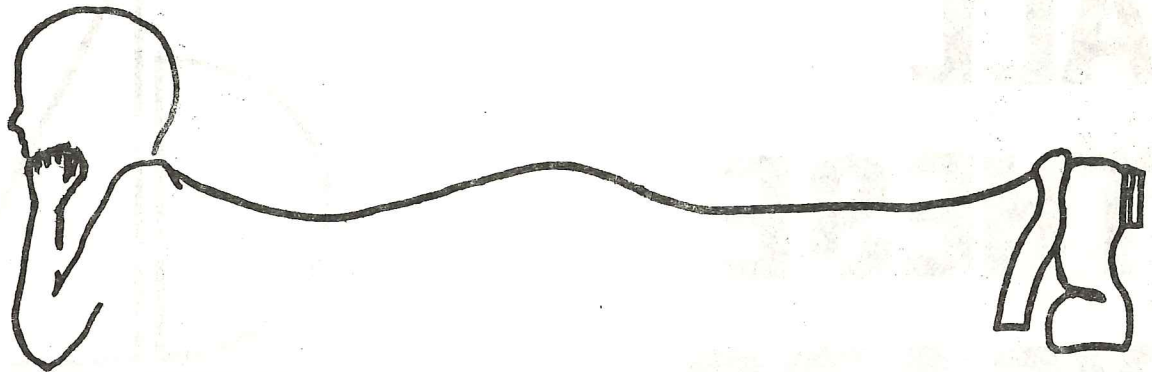
However, there is one unit that is common to both systems, and that is the measurement of time. Though a second, a minute, or an hour can be decimalized to the general principle of the metric system, a day is a fixed period of time. It is the time that takes the earth to

complete a revolution about its axis. Similarly a week and a month can be re-defined, but the year is predetermined. It is the period of time for the earth to complete a revolution around the sun. It is about 365 days 5 hours and 49 minutes. Somehow, time is a peculiar element!

Man may have achieved a million things. However, there is nothing he can do about the passing of time. While you sleep, work, think, walk, do something or do not do anything, time is slipping by. Perhaps a dull movie, a boring lecture or an embarrassing moment may seem to last forever. Yet, time is so faithfully and silently ticking away.

It was not so long ago that we listened with admiration to our elder brothers and sisters describe how they studied in the university and graduated from it. Now we could tell our younger brothers and sisters about it. It was not so long ago when we longed to be adults and do the things that adults do.





Now we are looked upon by the younger generation as adults and are being watched in what we do. It was not so long ago that we were shunted from serious discussions. Now we are expected to have a part in them. It was not so long ago when we thought we had a million years to live. Suddenly we find that we too grow old.

Gone are the days when we wished the years would fly by so that we become grown-ups the next day. Now as we come to a new year, we cannot help but reflect upon the year that has just passed. The joy of success, the agony of defeat, the tense moments, the relaxed hours, the pleasant and the unpleasant are retained in our memory. In the new year, we tend to hope that the unpleasant would vanish away and the pleasant would continue with the new one. Somehow we believe and hope things would be better in the new year.

Things in our control may improve if we try harder. Most things unfortunately are not. Friends may leave us though we want to please them. Professional schools may keep us out despite of our good grades. A country may re-

fuse to let us stay no matter what contribution we make. The year 1976 may be just another 365 saddening, heart-breaking days.

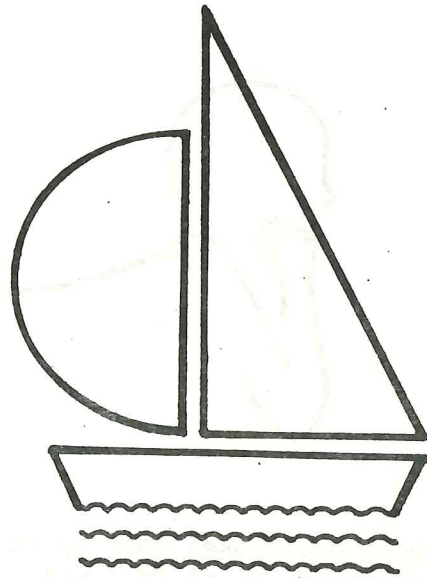
Yet we all have bright hope for our future. It is not silver nor gold. It is not fame nor fortune. It is the eternal life. It is the Kingdom of God. It is the reconciliation with God by which we become the children of the almighty God. And because of it, we have a new perspective of life that will allow us to face adversity.

Jesus Christ has given us this hope. He has come and died on the cross that we can be reconciled to God. It is not our wishful thinking but is His plan of salvation. If we acknowledge our sins and accept Him as our Saviour, we become the children of God.

You may accomplish what you plan for in 1976. You may not succeed in anything. Yet 1976 would be the most important time in your life if you find Jesus as your Saviour. ☐

# THROUGH ALL THESE YEARS

- Ivy -



"Amazing Grace", a song well known to the people of our time, was written by John Newton about 200 years ago. Perhaps we are familiar with the melody, but have we ever thought about the meaning of the words in this song?

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound!  
That saved a wretch like me;  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to  
fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and  
snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace had brought me safe thus  
far,  
And grace will lead me home.

John Newton was born July 24, 1725. His mother, a devout Christian, taught and took care of him during his early childhood, but this did not last long. When John was just under seven years old, his mother died. His father, a commander of a ship, soon married again but the loss of his mother's instructions could not be compensated for. At the age of eleven, his father took him to sea and for the next five years, he made several voyages.

As a child his mother taught him how to pray and read the Bible, but this seeming goodness had no solid foundation. Instead it passed away like the early morning dew, and he picked up from the crew of the voyages he made, how to curse and blaspheme. During these five years, he treated religion like a toy, taking it up and putting it down whenever he felt like it. Once, he was so sick of his misconduct and way of life that he tried to renounce society. In



order to avoid temptations, he fasted and prayed, but this way of life left him in a gloomy and unsociable state.

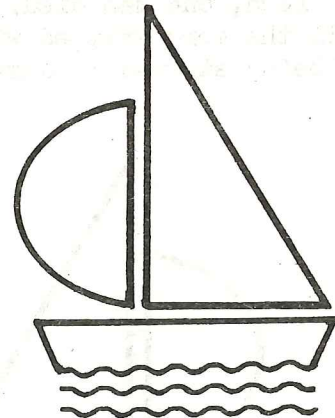
After some time at home, John started to go back to sea and then joined the slave trade, whose business was to purchase slaves and sell them to the ships at an advanced price. For the next couple of years, he and his master settled in West Africa. It was during this time that he began to think about his future, and there was a great desire within him to retrieve the time he had lost and to exert diligence in what was before him. The only hindrance he had was his master's wife, who was strangely prejudiced against him from the beginning. Once when John was taken ill, his master left him in his wife's care and left for a trip. She grew weary of looking after John and entirely neglected him. He lay there on a mat spread upon a board, burning with fever, with a log of wood as his pillow. Very slowly he recovered and gained back his appetite, but she only gave him what was left after her meals. John's hunger was so great that many times he was compelled at great risk to pull up roots in the plantation to eat. Next to pressing want, his mind was filled to the brim with scorn and contempt.

His master's relationship with him soon broke due to false charges against him of dishonesty. From then on, whenever his master left the ship, he locked John up on deck with only a pint of rice. Thus he often had to stay on deck for 20-40 hours in incessant rain and strong gales of wind without the least shelter. The only comfort he had at these times was reading Barrow's Euclid on mathematics. Thus he drowned himself in finishing the first 6 books of Euclid and tried to escape from his present sorrows and unpleasant feelings.

For the remaining years, he had numerable instances of being very close to death's door. One time he was very drunk and if it was not for his friend that caught hold of him, he would have jumped overboard and killed himself.

Another time, they were hit with a violent sea, and getting up from his sleep he started to go on deck. He was met by his captain who asked him to bring his knife with him. He retrieved into his cabin, and the person who went up in his place was instantly washed overboard by the mighty waves that slashed the deck. They continued to fight the storm, pumping and bailing water out of the ship and using most of their clothes and beddings to stop the leaks. It was a long night and John towards the early morning said without any meaning, "If this will not do, the Lord have mercy on us!"

This was John's first desire for mercy, but at the back of his mind he asked himself another question, "What mercy can there be for me?" He dreaded death and as he thought of his past licentious life and how he had cursed and sinned, his mind was filled with despair.



He thought that if Christianity was true, he would not be forgiven.

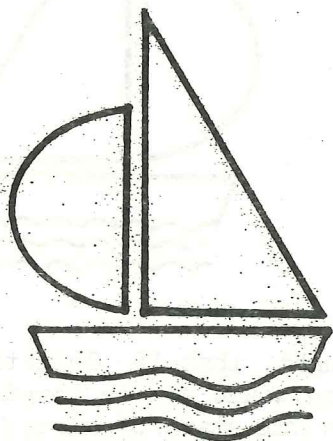
In this state of mind, John battled on with the rest of the crew. He began to pray and think about that Jesus whom he had so often ridiculed with the rest of his shipmates. What struck him most was Jesus' death, that He died not for His own sins but for mankind's, and in so doing, those who believed on Him would be cleansed. How he wished that this was a real fact because he wanted to be cleansed from his past sins.

His biggest question now was how



to gain full assurance that what the Bible said was true. This he felt was the prerequisite before he could place his trust and hope in God. So he started to examine the Bible which he had with him and as a result he came across Luke 11:13 which says, "If you then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him?" He reasoned that if the Bible is true, then the promises of this passage must also be true. So John prayed and asked God to grant him this Spirit in order that he might be able to understand the Bible. He admitted that he could not say that he believed the gospel, but he was determined to take it for granted and to study the Bible in this light.

They battled on in this wrecked ship for another four weeks, hoping to hit land. In the midst of this hard labour of keeping the ship afloat and scarce food, one man died. Thus they were all the more gripped with fear — fear of being starved to death or having



to feed upon one another in order to stay alive. What if they managed to stay alive? How long will the wrecked ship keep afloat?

In addition to all these, the captain was convinced that if they threw John overboard, everything would be back to normal and their lives would be preserved. This affected John very much because his conscience echoed with his

captain's words. So he spent a lot of his time reading and meditating on the Bible and also praying to God for mercy and instructions.

Finally they hit land, and within two hours after they landed, the wind blew with great violence again. John knew that had they been on sea, their wrecked and feeble ship could not have survived, and none of them would either. It was at this time that he realized that there is a God who hears and answers prayer, and he thanked Him for delivering him out of all these dangers.

While John was reading the Bible, he was very much struck by the passage in Luke 15 about the prodigal son who, having got his portion of his father's possession, left home and squandered it all. But when the son repented and went back home, his father welcomed him with open arms. Such love and goodness he found in God to sinners. He heartily repented of his past sins and with a sense of undeserved mercy was fully convinced that he needed this Almighty Saviour whom he read about in the Bible.

This was the turning point in his life and after a few more years of seafaring life, he gave it up. He spent a lot of time studying the Bible and finally became a pastor. He wrote a few books and hymns and among them was the "Amazing Grace".

This song has been sung by many people over these 200 years. There are those who were attracted by its melody, or those who truly identified themselves with the words. No matter what the reasons are, this is John Newton's personal experience and appreciation of God's grace and providence. It expresses what he has gone through and how God has guided him even through his early life before he knew God. He mentioned in this song that God's grace not only saved him and relieved him of his fears, but also sustained him and guided him throughout the rest of his life. This grace, amazing as it is, can be ours to experience too. □



# CAN WE HELP?

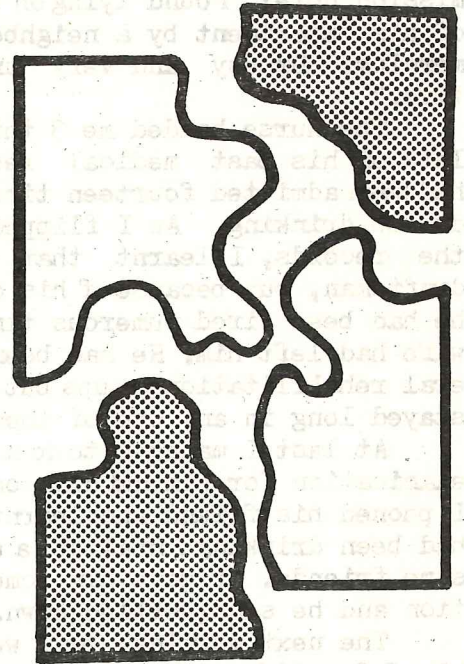
- Leng -

Two mildly drunkmen were staggering along Main Street. One of them asked his friend, "Heh, what is the difference between an alcoholic and a casual drinker?"

"Well, that's easy," the other replied, "a casual drinker can quit at any time; an alcoholic can't."

I stood there watching them stagger through the busy traffic to the beer parlour on the other side of the road. Were they regarding themselves as casual drinkers?

Last summer I spent some time working in the Chemical Withdrawal Unit, a place where problem drinkers went to be withdrawn from alcohol. Some of them were given medical treatment while others were being observed because of their agitated states. Most patients had been there more than once. Probably



George would be one of those who visited there most often.

"Not again," a nurse interjected as the orderly wheeled a drowsy-looking middle-aged man into the ward.

"I'll go and get you the old charts now. They're too heavy to carry." The orderly smiled as he disappeared behind the door. I went up to the bed but the man was not even aware that I was around.

"What is your name?" There was no answer. "What is your name, sir?" I raised my voice.

"I don't know."

By the smell of his breath I immediately knew that he had been drinking heavily.

"When was your last binge?"

"This morning."

"Did you have a blackout?"

"I don't know."

"Tell me what happened."

"Leave me alone!" He turned his head to the wall.



I took a look at the emergency admission note: "Found lying on the floor of his apartment by a neighbour this morning. Drowsy and very uncooperative."

The nurse handed me 3 thick booklets of his past medical record. He had been admitted fourteen times before due to drinking. As I flipped through the records, I learnt that he was a draftsman, but because of his drinking, he had been fired numerous times. His wife had left him. He had been to several rehabilitation groups but had never stayed long in any one of them.

At last I managed to do a physical examination for him and did some tests. I phoned his friend and learnt that he had been drinking for almost a week with some friends. I gave him some medication and he soon settled down.

The next morning, as I went to see him, I found him much calmer than before. After inquiring about his drinking, I asked him, "George, do you think we can help you with your drinking habits?"

"Well, I've gone through all the agencies. I can go back to them, you know. Besides, as a rule I only drink when I have company."

"Are you sure you can stay dry?"

"I am sure I can this time doc. I have enough of that already." He looked earnestly into my eyes.

"I wish he really means what he says." I said to myself as I left his room.

The next couple of days, George's condition improved tremendously. He was playing chess in the lounge and amused himself by beating everyone he played with. Everyone was happy for him.

"Do you have time to play chess with me?" He asked when I visited him.

"Maybe George is really going to lead a new life." I thought.

George was discharged a week later.

Five weeks went by and one evening I was called by the nurse to the emergency department. When I saw the patient I gasped with surprise.

"Hey, George, what happened to you? You're drunk!"

He gave me an empty look and dozed off again. From his appearance I knew that he was boozing heavily again. He was found drunk on the street by the police.

The next morning when I went back to see him, he was still quite drowsy. I looked at him. His face seemed to be full of sorrow. Was he really trying hard to stay off the bottle? I did not know.

When George was more alert later in the day, I went to talk with him.

"George, do you remember me?"

"Yeh, you were drinking with me last night at the pub."

"Do you know where you are and what date it is?"

"I am in the hotel in Red Lake and .... what is your second question?" He stared at me with wide-opened eyes.

He was confabulating and was losing his short-term memory.

As I walked home that evening, my mind was still on George. He was struggling to become a new person. He seemed to be quite determined. Somehow he failed.

I remembered a pastor in Hong Kong who introduced Jesus Christ to the drug addicts and as a result they were not only cured of their crippling habits, but were also able to lead a meaningful life with renewed strength from God. They even went back to tell the others about Christ's love for them and what Christ has done in their lives. In Christ they have found a direction and purpose in which to live for. Jesus could give a man new life. It is He who could change George.

The next morning, when I went to see George again, I found his bed empty. I was not able to locate him in the lounge either.

"He signed out this morning." A nurse sighed.

"When will he change!" Another nurse said with despair.

"Until he finds a new life!" I found myself saying. ☐





# THAT BOYHOOD DREAM

- Harry -

In a corner of the city of Montreal, Duddy, the youngest son of a taxi-driver, is in his late teen.

Some forty years ago, Duddy's grandfather immigrated from Poland to Canada. He landed at Halifax and was preparing to go to Toronto, but the railway ticket only took him as far as Montreal. So he settled down, like most Jews, around the area of St. Dominique.

Duddy's mother died when he was young. Max, Duddy's father, is not a good father. He fails to teach his two sons how to behave properly (Besides being a taxi-driver, Max is also a "pimp"). To Max, money is the most important thing. He fills Duddy's mind with stories of the Boy Wonder, Jerry Dingleman. Jerry is a wealthy Jew who made his money by smuggling drugs and

various other kinds of illegal business. However, Max admires his "success" and is impressed by the fact that he only started out as a street boy in St. Dominique. In Duddy's naive mind, he decides to become another "Boy Wonder".

Ever since his boyhood days, Duddy has been the greatest troublemaker. He throws a snowball at his teacher who tries to stop him from smoking; he leads his "gang" to roam around the city, causing a nuisance everywhere. Duddy never studies either, he barely makes his high-school graduation with failures in history and algebra. Naturally, Duddy becomes the black sheep in the family.

Nobody, except Duddy's grandfather, loves him, so Duddy tries to please his grandfather as best he could. His grandfather once says to him, "A man without land is nobody. Remember that, Duddel." Duddy never forgets it.

Since then, he had been trying in every possible way to make money to buy land. When Duddy works as a waiter in a hotel, he bribes the cook for faster orders in order to get extra tip. He also operates a roulette game which is illegal. As he gets more money he be-



comes more unscrupulous and aims even higher. He takes part in smuggling drugs. He cheats his customers in his movie-making business. By forging a cheque, Duddy undermines the genuine friendship of Virgil, an epileptic, who takes him as a real "buddy". Duddy's obsession with money also turns off Yvette, who loves him very much. Finally, Duddy gets the land that he longs for. Max, who has rejected Duddy all along, now praises him for what he has accomplished. Ironically, his grandfather, whom Duddy has been trying to please, rejects him totally because of his illegal way in getting money.

This is the story written by a famous Canadian novelist, Mordecai Richler, in the book The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz. Richler himself is of Jewish origin and his family came from Russia and Poland. He is especially known for novels written about his own race. Many of his stories have their settings in Montreal, the city where Richler himself was born. Among his novels, The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz is probably the most popular one and has been made into a movie.

In the novel, Richler skilfully draws a sharp contrast between Duddy at the beginning and Duddy at the end. He starts out to be one whom nobody cares, so he goes all out for money, the status symbol of society and the lofty goal that everyone is striving for. In the end, Duddy is accepted by his father, the symbolic figure in the novel who represents the sector of society which weighs human value only in terms of money. This group of people is further represented by the waiter of a restaurant at the end of the book. The waiter, upon recognizing that Duddy is the "Mr. Kravitz who just bought all that land around Lac St. Pierre", offers to mark Duddy's bill because he has no cash with him. If gaining his father's acceptance and money is all that matters, Duddy has surely achieved it. But it is significant to note that his grandfather, the one who loves Duddy

most, finally rejects him because of Duddy's way of making money. It is also tragic that in turning off both Yvette and Virgil, Duddy sacrifices the most precious friendships that could have mattered to him. For the sake of money, Duddy gives up the truly precious things: friendship, love and his conscience.

Although the Duddy that Richler writes about in this novel is a Jewish boy in Montreal, we could find the same character from every race. Everywhere we could find people strive desperately for material satisfaction in one way or the other. I can think of the people in the business world who try to get on each other's back day and night. I look around and see the hundreds and thousands of college students trying to get a degree of some kind in order to make money. It is easy for us to think that future is but getting a well-paying job, get married and lead a comfortable life. The means that we use to achieve our goal may well be justified by society. While Duddy betrays his conscience, love and friendship, we may even involve ourselves in a greater tragedy. We may try to get a sense of security in material possessions, but we may have forgotten that we do not even have control over tomorrow, that no matter how much wealth we accumulate, it will come to nothing the hour we breathe our last breath.

Like Duddy, we may have committed the mistake of evaluating ourselves in material terms and make ourselves slaves to our own "possessions". Not knowing our Creator, who has made man the master over all things, we are satisfied with being slaves. □

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Please refer to Chinese side p. 12 for the financial report of The Fountain.

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Why  
do  
people  
ignore  
you ?

- Tim Nelson -

God, last night  
I looked at the stars,  
And I saw  
Andromeda  
Orion  
Jupiter  
Like a mobile of suspended orbs.  
I saw the  
cosmos of your creation.  
God, you must know  
an awful lot about physics.

Yesterday I read about  
DNA  
Cytoplasm  
Neurons.  
I studied  
Respiration  
Replication  
Photosynthesis.  
Through a microscope I saw  
Amoebae  
Paramecia  
Algae.  
I saw life.  
God, you must know  
an awful lot about biology.

Yesterday I played  
Football  
Baseball  
Soccer,  
And I swam, ran,  
Swung, climbed,  
And I watched my feet  
And legs and arms and hands.  
I saw the incredible  
engineering behind them.  
I felt their impossible dexterity.  
God, you must know  
an awful lot about athletics.

Yesterday I saw  
a picture of a brain,  
That cellular mass  
that allowed me  
to reason  
and decide  
and love  
and hate  
all on my own.  
Then I looked at boxes  
filled with tapes,  
Circuits and memory banks,  
And saw what a pitiful facsimile  
they were next to that mass of cells.  
And I thought,  
God, you must know  
an awful lot about psychology.

Yesterday I heard the  
voices you gave to  
Caruso, Callas.  
I realized the  
talents you gave  
Gershwin, Bach, Tchaikovsky.  
I heard Sinatra and Campbell.  
God, you must know  
an awful lot about music.

Yesterday I read about  
Socrates  
Descartes  
Kierkegaard.  
And I watched people--  
all kinds of people.  
I saw them searching  
for meaning.  
Then I knew  
you had given everyone  
spiritual need.  
God, you must know  
an awful lot about philosophy.

Today I read about  
Jesus.  
I read that he's  
your only Son--  
an Extension of yourself.  
I read about his life,  
And about his death;  
How you sent him to  
Take the rap for me,  
How you deserted him  
--for me;  
How he was  
Scorned, spat on,  
Mocked, beaten,  
Tortured  
for me;  
For worthless me.

And all this because  
You  
Really  
Cared for me.  
God, you must know  
an awful lot about love.

I can't help wondering, God,  
Why do people ignore you? ☐

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日期  
Date

# 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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