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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)

PUBLISHER: The Winnipeg Chinese Christian Fellowship

Secretary General: Shu-po Kwan

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Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3C 2Y4,  
Canada.

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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)

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Second Class Mail

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I am always thinking of the Lord;  
and because he is so near,  
I never need to stumble or to fall.  
Heart,  
body,  
and soul are filled with joy.  
You have let me experience  
the joys of life  
and the exquisite pleasures  
of your own eternal presence.

- Psalms 16:8, 9, 11 -

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JUNE 6, 1976.

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CIRCULATION: 6,600 COPIES

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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.



# each in his prison

- Rony -

It hurts to open up. It hurts to admit that I need to be understood, to be befriended.

For nights she appeared in my dreams. We were out boating...She was in the hotel making a call to me ... There she was in her new home. I was so anxious to ask about her married life, yet didn't know how to approach the subject of her husband.

Just a face in a dream. For two years she remained just a face in my dreams. All of a sudden, for no reason whatever, she ceased to write me. My letters to her met with no replies. My sincerity was spurned at. Her puzzling silence is tormenting.

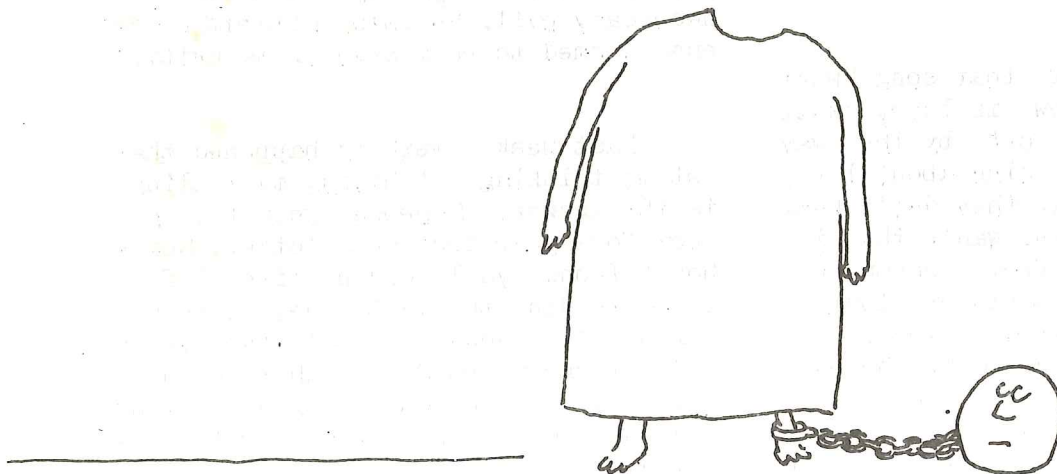
One time she told me she had a nightmare. We were out on the beach. Then she discovered we were walking on quicksand. The more we walked, the deeper we sank. We held on to each other...

The gnawing pain of having lost a close friend wakes me up in the middle of the night. It shocks me that a friendship which lasted for more than ten years could end so suddenly, and with no explanation too. Could she so easily forget those days spent together, those happy moments sharing childhood dreams and girlish secrets?

Now whenever I suffer from the nostalgia of lost friendship, I try to lessen my frustration by waiting for the mail. I keep entertaining the thought that somehow, somewhere, she is sending me a letter.

It hurts to talk about the real me. My intense longing to be loved is covered up by my equally intense desire to put on a facade. I have to show the world that I am independent. I need to appear emotionally invulnerable. How can I help it, being raised in such a family? When my childish yearnings for explicit expressions of parental love were unsatisfied, I ceased to expect any. Memories of Mom crying in secret made me feel lost and insecure. Love and hate were puzzling concepts to my childish mind. I learnt to hide my feelings to save my pride. Dad says why can't I be more jolly. Can I change the way I am? I am sick and tired of trying to wreck my brains thinking up conversation topics. I may as well be dumb.

One night Dad called me to his bedside. The faint smell of medicine in the room made me uneasy. "Talk about something," he said. An awkward silence. Did he think the gulf intensified over these years could be bridged now that we kids are grown up?



"What do you wanna do when you finish college?" I knew what was in his mind. His ways were not my ways. To me he hadn't lived up to my image of what a father should be. Why should I share my dreams, my ideals, to someone who hardly understood me at all. He was almost like a stranger towards whom I had feelings of fear mingled with a certain amount of hatred. There I was, sitting by the bedside, staring at the magazines on the night table, anxious to get away from such a delicate situation. It so reminded me of those poignant lines of Eliot's The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,

"that's not what I meant at all,  
That is not it, at all."

The barrier between individuals could be so tragically insurmountable that I could have cried my heart out.

It would be a long while before I could forget that night Dad asked me to go with him to see the musical "Oliver Twist". I hated the idea of going to the movies with someone to whom I would be ashamed to show my feelings, as I often got emotionally involved with the story. Anyway, I went, just to please him. (Sometimes I almost pitied him for being lonely.) As I sat there, I was determined not to cry even when

the story came to its most touching part. When Oliver was singing,

"Where, where, where is love?"

I managed to fight back my tears. The irony of situation struck me. The orphan on the screen was as much to be pitied as the father and daughter who sat there watching in the dark, each wondering where was that love of which they had been deprived. I thought of how Mom would never forgive and forget. She had been hurt too deeply. Dad wasn't going to apologize. Mom wasn't going to budge either.

"each in his prison  
Thinking of the key, each confirms  
a prison."

I seldom feel any self-pity because I know that the numerous individuals I meet everyday are all hiding behind their facade. They too have the same yearning for love and understanding. Why are we so afraid of showing our feelings? Is it for fear of being rejected? Maybe the fear of being hurt, of being unrequited, prohibits us from taking the initiative to open up our inner self. Or maybe deep down in our hearts we are not capable by ourselves of loving genuinely. Linus kidded him-



self thinking he loved mankind. He was more honest in admitting that "it's people I can't stand."

Each time I hear that song "what the world needs now is love, sweet love", I get turned off by the way people so flippantly sing about love. I have a feeling that they don't know what real love is. Who wants the kind of superficial love from someone who deep down isn't capable of loving, whose real nature is not love? How can there be a better world if the people in it are by nature cruel, contentious and self-centred? It makes me wonder if there shouldn't be a love that can change the nature of man. There are moments when I feel like yelling out the words of the pop singer, Justin Haywood,

"I'm looking for someone to change my life,  
I'm looking for a miracle in my life."

Strange as it may seem, my search for love, though unfulfilled, was marked by beautiful memories. I remember being shown inside a church for the first time when I was about twelve. It so delighted me that I often sought opportunity to go back. I loved sitting there in the pews by myself, looking at the stained glass windows, enjoying the blissful silence. I found solace in sitting there because I knew that somewhere there must be a god who knew all about me (otherwise he wouldn't be god). He would be the one who could understand me better than my parents could; better than I could understand myself. Whenever I felt forlorn, I consoled myself with the imagination that maybe this god way up there in heaven really cared for me since no one else on earth did. In those childhood days, this made belief of the existence of someone who loved me carried me through hours of loneliness.

During my adolescence, I learnt to be sophisticated and managed to

grow insensitive to my heart's cry for love. The pains of growing up were partly ignored, partly tolerated as a necessary evil. Becoming cold and hardened seemed to be a sign of maturity.

Last week something happened that set me thinking if hiding my feelings is the answer. Someone whom I've not seen for a year sent me a letter. Somehow I found myself crying after I finished reading the last line. Here's a person I've known for only two years and yet she's bold enough to open up herself. She shared her frustrations and inner desires. Her sincerity disarmed me.

"Sometimes I wonder if I am socially handicapped. It has always been my prayer to ask God to teach me to feel free with people, to forget myself...I have been struggling with this for a long time and I am still praying earnestly about this...I need to learn how to lose myself with those whom the Lord loves."

I've never seen such frank admission of one's own weakness. She's got something which is missing in my life. I know it's the kind of love I'm looking for. The kind that can change a person's nature, enabling him to love even when unloved. Her letter showed that it is only when one ceases being a phony that one can experience real love.

It sets me thinking if the God she believes in could be the same god in whose existence I had found solace while sitting there alone in the church. Could there be a God, or is it just a product of man's imagination?

It intrigues me to find out. Yet I am scared to do so because it may mean committing myself.

Do I have the guts to emerge out of my facade? Or shall I go on hiding?

# CONFLICTS

- Tim -



4.30 p.m. Another fifteen minutes and Pearl would be back. My mental temperature dipped sharply with the thought of her facial image. Quickly, I put away the uniform and jumped into bed. With blanket pulled over my face, I resigned to a place of temporary escape.

Indeed I was quite successful in working with the mentally ill, the emotionally deprived and the severely depressed. Yet, five minutes later, my main concern was to run away from my room-mate. All too often, the best of intentions do not guarantee acceptance. Human interactions have a strange way of turning sour in the process.

"I love mankind, but it's people I can't stand." -- an over-quoted statement perhaps, but nevertheless true. The history of mankind can be considered a record of its people in interaction, be it positive or negative. While the former produced moving stories of love, mutual assistance and self-sacrifice, the latter resulted in chilling accounts of hatred, murder and often war. Are there laws of be-

haviour which determine the outcome of human interactions? These questions have long baffled and intrigued man for centuries.

As a working hypothesis, human behaviour can be simply defined as interactions between two or more human beings or between a human being and its environment. Behaviour modification techniques, which subscribe to the belief that human behaviours can be manipulated via learning principles, represent the most recent scientific approach to human behaviour. This school accepts as meaningful only the tangible and observable aspects of human behaviour. For them, terms such as the soul, the mind or the spirit are totally meaningless and should be deleted from human vocabulary. Man is, in other words, a "black box". Its content per se is of no importance. His significance is that his behaviour can be understood or manipulated in terms of its antecedent stimuli and subsequent responses. Simply manipulating the contingency, man will work to contribute to the interests of com-



mon good. He can therefore live happily with his fellow man.

The founder of this school, B. F. Skinner, in proposing this theory has actually stripped man of his freedom and dignity. What he left behind is a powerful weapon in behaviour control without any moral guidance. Deny as he may the content of the "black box", man is a moral being who can do evil as well as good.

Skinner shocked the academic as well as the general public with his "contingency of behaviour". Despite of this, the common folk still holds on to the traditional concept of man. He feels his emotions and strives toward

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## HE HAS TO LEAP BEYOND HIMSELF...

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his aspirations. He can look inwardly and sees the secret of his own heart. For many, human conflict is first of all a conflict within himself and secondly with other people.

The Bible is a historical record of man's interaction with God. A careful study shows that there is a main theme throughout the Bible: man's relationship with each other is a reflection of his relationship with the creator -- God. When God first created man, he was good. Jealousy, hatred,

murder, evil intent were non-existent until he broke the fellowship with God via disobedience. In other words, human evil resulted from sinning and sinfulness has become an undeniable part of his nature. Man becomes the seat of conflict between the desire toward his creator and the inclination toward sin (self-will). As Bonhoeffer puts it in his book, Ethics, "Man knows good and evil...only at the price of estrangement from the origin, the good and evil that he knows are not the good and evil of God but good and evil against God." No wonder man feels so intensely the loneliness, the shame, the pain and despair amidst his strifes.

Throughout the centuries, man has been seeking ways to live harmoniously with one another. However, human efforts and the behaviour modification techniques which attempt to help him to positive interactions fall short because they cannot really change man's basic inclinations. All men know and desire after the beauty of living in harmony, love, peace and joy. He has to leap beyond himself to reunite with his creator. It is Christ, the Son of God, whose death and resurrection give man the power to overcome one's sinful nature. With Christ in one's life, man sees himself in totality; his wickedness as well as his goodness. In making peace with God, he can have the strength to obtain peace within himself. When one has come to terms with himself, he can find room to love others with all sincerity and honesty. Only those who have been loved, accepted and forgiven know the meaning of loving, accepting and forgiving.

Skinner's approach has failed to change negative human interactions because it fails to change human heart. Only when one reunites himself with God can he make peace with fellow man. It is God who can change the man in interaction. ☐



Love is...

Love is  
patient and  
kind;

love is not  
jealous,  
or conceited,  
or proud;

love is not  
ill-mannered,  
or selfish,  
or irritable;

love does not  
keep a record of wrongs;

love is not  
happy with evil,

love is  
happy with the truth.

love never gives up:  
its faith, hope,  
and patience never fails.

I Corinthians 13:4-7

BOOK REVIEW

# SKETCHES OF MAN

"When in April the sweet showers  
fall  
And pierce the drought of March  
to the root,  
.....  
Then people long to go on pil-  
grimages  
....."

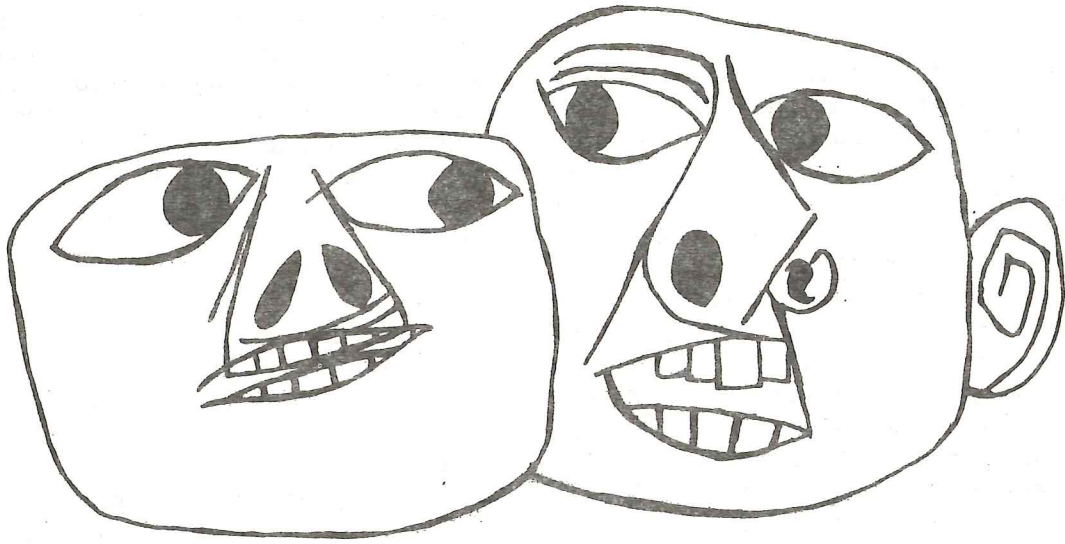
- THE CANTERBURY TALES -

Thus begins one of the greatest works in English literature, Geoffrey Chaucer's the Canterbury Tales. Yet except in literature courses, most students do not bother to pick up Chaucer and read. The Canterbury Tales is a work which they admire and then would rather put away. This is perhaps understandable. Chaucer wrote in his 14th century Middle English, which for us is difficult to read. But nonetheless it is unfortunate that many have refrained themselves from approaching Chaucer, for the Canterbury Tales embodies a theme which is timeless. You, a 20th century man, may be sitting on a sofa in an air-conditioned room while reading Chaucer, but Chaucer is speaking to you even there and then.

The structure of the Canterbury Tales was interesting. There were 29 pilgrims altogether. They were going from an inn to Canterbury to pay tribute to a martyr. To spend their time on the journey they agreed that each

- Rie -





should tell 2 stories on the road to Canterbury, and then another 2 on the way back. Consider the number of pilgrims! Each had to tell 4 stories! What a number of tales the Canterbury Tales had to consist of! Unfortunately Chaucer never fulfilled the original scheme of his work. He just managed to give one tale from some of the pilgrims.

However, even in the incomplete Canterbury Tales, we can witness Chaucer's ingenious skill in portraying characters. Chaucer served in the English court and travelled in France and Italy. He met people in all walks of life, and these experiences might have contributed to the vivid characterization to his work. To appreciate this fact, one needs only to read the General Prologue of the Canterbury Tales where the different pilgrims were introduced. Look at the Prioress, who was of a religious order. But she looked more like a romantic heroine. She spoke French daintily. Her "conscience" was indeed delicate — she would weep if she saw a mouse being caught in a trap. She had a brooch on which was written the words "love conquers all". There was the worldly Monk who possessed greyhounds for hunting purposes. There was the Friar who knew innkeepers and barmaids well in every town. The Physician had a special love for gold,

because "gold stimulates the heart". The Shipman, with a dagger under his arm, looked more like a pirate than a sailor. It seemed that there was something wrong with these people.

The world of the tales in many cases reflected ironically on the characters of the tellers. The Miller was a sanguine fellow who liked to joke. He told a nasty but merry tale of an old carpenter who was worrying that his young wife would be unfaithful to him. He was eventually fooled by his wife's lover to believe that the world would be flooded and thus prepared himself by sitting in a tub. He was consequently ridiculed and his wife somehow still had the chance to sleep with her lover. The Miller's tale offended the Reeve (a steward on an estate) who had been a carpenter in his youth. The sensitive and narrow-minded Reeve thought the Miller was directing the story of the foolish carpenter against him and thus told a tale in rebuttal. He told a tale of a greedy, proud miller who often stole the corn which people asked him to grind. Eventually the miller suffered punishment — two poor clerks whom he had cheated managed to sleep with his wife and daughter! By ridiculing the Miller in the tale, the Reeve actually showed his own corruptness. He was unjustifiably vindictive with

the Miller.

The pilgrim Clerk wanted to tell a tale to bring out the point that wives should be submissive to their husbands. In his tale, a husband tested the obedience of his wife by taking away their son and daughter, pretending that he would kill the children. The wife obeyed completely without any protest. But this illustration of the Clerk was absurd and unconvincing. The husband was too cruel and the wife was unbelievably submissive. Moreover, she should not be so unreasonably passive as to condone her husband's sin of murder. Hence the Clerk defeated his own purpose. His tale was so ridiculous that one might actually think that wives should not be so submissive. The Clerk's tale made one doubt his understanding of the concept of true submission in love.

It is noteworthy that though not all pilgrims told their tales, the Parson's tale was nevertheless apparently intended by Chaucer to be the last tale in the whole work. The Parson had already been favourably described in the General Prologue as a true "shepherd" of Christian believers and not a "mercenary", that is, he was a true Christian leader practising true love and not a religious hypocrite. Then finally after all the tales had been told, and before he told his own, he prayed that Christ might help him to guide the pilgrims. He proceeded to tell his tale which was actually a sermon on sins like pride, envy, greed and lechery which the pilgrims had committed in one way or another. Sin separates man from God and leads to eternal damnation. The Parson emphasized the importance of true penitance before God -- to turn away from sin and ask God's forgiveness.

Chaucer created the world of the pilgrims and their tales. By suggest-

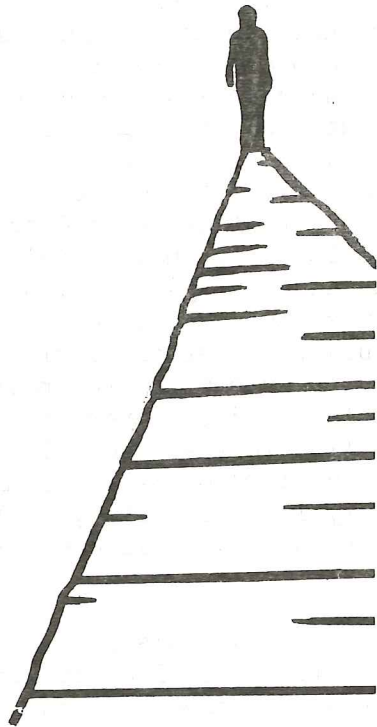
ing in various ways that there was something wrong with the spiritual state of the pilgrims, he revealed the wickedness and imperfection which existed in human nature. Then he used the Parson's tale as a conclusive statement, pointing out the need for being humble before God for the forgiveness of sins.

The Canterbury pilgrims made their pilgrimage in April. It is the month of Easter-- the time commemorating the Resurrection of Christ. Christ, the Son of God, came to earth to die to bear the punishment for man's sins, and resurrected to be man's living Saviour. Those who acknowledge their own sinfulness and trust in Christ will have their sins forgiven and they will become the children of God. April is the time which, because of the significance of the Resurrection, symbolizes spiritual regeneration and true hope for man. It is the month when the spring rain ends the long winter drought. The scorched and dry heart of man, bound up with sin, can likewise receive life again because of Christ.

The Canterbury pilgrims were thus allegorically going on a spiritual journey to salvation. The Canterbury Tales certainly encompassed a Christian sensibility. Perhaps you are still sitting on the sofa, holding an ice-cream cone in one hand and Chaucer in the other. You feel complacent. Chaucer's message seems remote. But the reality is always there. In the journey of our lives we search our own hearts and also look at the people around us, we immerse ourselves in the realm of intricate everyday human relationships. Then in the final analysis, we will come to know that for all our self-righteous rationalizations and self-justifying acts, each one of us does need the forgiveness of sins from the One who knows our hearts. □

\* From the Penguin modern English translation of Canterbury Tales.





# IN THE SAME BOAT

- Lydia Law -

Four years ago, I dreamt of attending university but my dream was shattered by a letter of rejection from the University of Hong Kong. Discouraged and disappointed, I left home alone and came all the way to Canada in hope of mending a shattered dream.

Four years later, my dream is mended. I have proved that I am qualified to attend university. I have obtained that piece of paper which seemed so attractive four years ago. My parents can tell others that they have a daughter attending university abroad. Yet, am I satisfied? Am I happier? Is life more worth living with a degree? Does that piece of paper guarantee a bright future?

I remembered when I was in my final year of university. I was placed in the Psychiatric unit of a hospital for field practice. During that time, I was assigned to a second year university student. All along she had a deep interest in English and had thought of becoming a teacher in that area. A few months ago, she began to lose interest in everything, even things that she loved to do before. She realized that there was something wrong with her but she could not find the answer. At one time, she turned to drugs which made her more disillusioned. Filled with desperation, she finally came to seek for help.

A young good-looking girl, she came from a fairly good family background, achieved good grades in university and had good relationships with friends. However, she was not satisfied. She did not know what she really wanted and where she was going. It seemed that she was drifting through life without a goal and nothing seemed to satisfy her.

In many ways this girl was even more successful than I was, but she was feeling so hopeless and helpless. What

makes me so different from her? Is it because I have better grades in school? No. Is it because I come from a different cultural background? No. Is it because I have more of my own strength than she has to cope with life's problems? No. Three years ago, I was in the same boat as she was. I was attending the first year of university when I began to ask myself what's life all about.

Like the young girl, I came from a good family background. I had many friends, and I had good grades in university. What more did I want? Yet I was not satisfied. There was something lacking. I did not have a goal in my life. It seemed that I was drifting through the phases of life without a goal, not knowing what I really wanted and not satisfied with anything.

It was a life-changing experience I had at that time that made the difference. Christ was introduced to me by a Christian on campus. I came to realize that the Son of God had died on the cross to save mankind from sin. Although the plan of salvation was beyond my comprehension at that time, yet the love expressed through Christ was so great that I found it hard to turn my back away. I invited Christ into my life and let Him take control. He said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." This is what I needed.

I do not mean that after I became a Christian everything would be rosy and smooth. It was not long after I became a Christian that I cried in my heart, "What a boring life!" I felt bored in going to prayer meeting on Wednesdays, to bible study on Fridays, to fellowship meeting on Saturdays and to church on Sundays. However, I was too embarrassed to refuse the invitations of Christians and was afraid that if I did not go, they would say I was a bad Christian. So I kept on going but in my heart I knew I was drifting

away from God. It was during a meeting in the winter conference that God brought me back to Him again. As the speaker spoke of how Christ died on the cross to save me from sin. I was reminded once again of Christ's love. It was only through His death that I am saved. I suddenly realized that all these times I had unconsciously fallen into a routine and had forgotten about His love. I had involved in bible studies, prayer meetings and other Christian activities, thinking that I could be a better Christian in doing so. I understood the real meaning of bible study, prayer and fellowship. It lied in the recognition of Christ as the lord of my life. So I dedicated my life to Christ, to let Him take over and have full control of me.

To say this is easy, but to do this is not. I could recall so many times I looked at things according to my own set of values, rather than from God's point of view. As I judged others with my own standards, I saw all their hypocrisies and shortcomings and became extremely bitter. When I saw all the incidents of suffering and pain, I began to doubt the goodness of God. But Christ upholds me when I am depressed, strengthens me when I am weak, forgives me when I fail, cares for me when I am in difficulties and guides me when I am lost. It is only in Him and Him alone that I find the fullest satisfaction. It is not a good appearance, it is not a good family background, it is not a degree, it is not good relationship with friends that can satisfy, but it is He who satisfies me.

The young girl asked me for an answer to her problems. I don't think I have any answer to give other than introducing Christ to her. Now, facing an unknown future myself, I am not anxious because I know that Christ is the author and finisher of the unwritten chapters of my life. □



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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