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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 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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We welcome Christians to send in written contributions, especially evangelistic articles. Articles may include testimonies, short reflective prose, stories, biographies, book reviews, Bible studies, topical discussions, poems and translated works. Please avoid adopting a didatic approach.

Please write prayerfully, and pray before God for both Christian and non-Christian readers and for the co-workers of The Fountain.

All articles are considered prayerfully by the editors for publication, modification, reprint, circulation in the form of booklets and tracts, or translation.

There will be no financial reward for published articles.

Unpublished articles will not be returned.

The name and address of the author mustaccompany all contributions. Pseudonyms may be used, but anonymous articles will not be published.





CAMPUS

- Leng -

To survive the tough and competitive university life is not easy. It has been months since school started, but it seems as if it had been years.

The house is quiet. The room is dimly lit by the table-lamp. I am still labouring on my term paper. The deadline is only days away, and the grade I get from the paper will determine whether I shall be able to pass the course or not. I have been trying my very best, but somehow something seems to be lacking. I labour on. It is difficult to concentrate especially when my mird is tired. I rest my head on the table and doze off.

Getting up at seven is no easy task, especially when I have to prepare my own breakfast and lunch. I really treasure the days at home when my meals were prepared for. It is not so much the feeling of being served that I have missed, but the love and concern behind it.

Travelling on the crowded bus, I am still half asleep. The bus driver

keeps me awake by making a few adrupt stops which almost make me rolling from one side of the bus to the other. Everyone seems to be so quiet, so reserved. It makes the morning monotonous.

I can still remember that only a few months ago, I was thrilled by the gorgeous administrative building and the solemn lecture theatres. The spacious seminar rooms gave an atmosphere suitable for free discussions, Sitting there now, I have a different feeling. The classmate on my left is talking to his friend about the hockey game the night before, whilst the one on my right is talking about his date the previous weekend. An elderly classmate is talking about his house and his tax deductions. I do not know how to fit myself into any of the conversations. I feel like a stranger. But I have something to look forward to -the Friday night supper in Chinatown.

Taking an active part in the seminar is a discouraging experience. I am still not quite used to free discussions. Sometimes I stutter. Some-

times I get frustrated when I cannot get the message across. But I always console myself that I shall get used to it in a few months. I have faith in myself.

Studying abroad is a challenging experience. I have come thousands of miles hoping to acquire more knowledge in a foreign land. Now I realize that life is more than just knowledge. I need love.

Reading letters from home and from friends has always been the highlight of my days. The faces of relatives and friends are so vivid that they seem to be talking to me face to face. I share their laughter and I appreciate their concern. But it only lasts for a few moments. Sometimes I wait so many days for a reply that I start wondering whether or not the post office is on frustrates Occasionally, it strike. me to see misunderstanding built up between my friends and me in our correspondence. The life of an overseas student is lonesome and available be more liberal, I had very live

The most bewildering question remains. What shall I study in the future? Most universities are closing the doors of their professional schools to overseas students. Even graduate schools are setting a quota on non-resident enrollment. What shall I do after I have graduated? Well, I still have a couple of years to spend before I have to face this problem. I can afford putting this thought aside.

Taking a break between classes, I stand along the corridor of the lecture theatres. People are busily rushing by. I see my friends but they hardly have time to stop and say "Hi". They are in such a rush so as to reach their lecture halls before classes start. Sometimes I feel that people are leading a "rushing life". Each of them has his own aspirations and dreams, but not too many of them have time to pause and care for you. Of course, there are days

of fun and games, but I find it difficult to get a friend with whom I can have a heart-to-heart talk.

Suddenly Andrew comes into my mind. He seems to be an extrovert, but his concern for me is sincere. I still remember that time when he spent hours correcting the grammatical mistakes of my English term paper though he had a test the next day. I might be a little selfish at that time, but I was desperate for help. Besides, he seems to be a bright guy, managing to pass his courses in spite of going to Bible studies, church and christian fellowship meetings. Well, I guess we are both very different from each other.

Televised lectures are not too exciting. A third of the class is asleep. There is a continual disturbance from other students. My mind wanders off to the plans for the evening. Apart from going to buy my weekly grocery, I have promised Andrew to go to his Bible study. However, there are still a lot of books I have to read and a lct of letters to write. Shall I go or shall I stay at home?

of blowwith an arm load of groceries, I find the trip home especially long and adifficult. But my mind still ronders of whether I should go to Andrew's place or not.

that Jesus will give meaning to my life when I believe in Him. He has stud that Jesus guides him in his study, leads him in his work and gives him direction in his daily life. He seems to have joy in what he does. Will believing in Jesus make a difference in my life?

The snow is melting. There is the smell of the freshness of spring. Walking on the muddy pavement on my way to Andrew's home, my heart seems to be lighter. I find it amazing to see grass appearing, rejuvenated after the long, cold and desolate winter. I find the cool breeze especially refreshing. But above all, I am on my way to find the answer to life.



LIMIYERBITY

VEAR

- Pinky Lai -

I had sat down for almost ten minutes before I realized that I was in the wrong classroom. Immediately I grasped my books and ran out. Darting my eyes at the rooms across the hallway, I quickly picked out the correct number. Knowing that no time could be spared, I stepped boldly in, only to find no less than fifty pairs of eyes on me. I struggled my way to the only empty seat I could see, embarrassed partly by my interruption of the professor's introduction of himself, but above all, by the offending sound of my clogs. Yes, it was a painful moment. But I would not have missed that first class in English for anything.

That was just one of the many embarrassing experiences that happened in my first year as an Arts student in the university. You are inclined to review those memories when you are in your final year. They become more vivid as you look back. I still remember that I came to Canada with an optimistic outlook, hoping to achieve a great deal academically. My first impression of the university was that it would provide golden opportunities for learn-

ing. Tired of the emphasis on factual learning that dominated my highschool studies, I was convinced that the education system of the university would be more liberal. I had very little notion as to why I needed education and knowledge. Perhaps the thought of being "learned" satisfied my ego.

times I get frustrated

In many ways, the new environment seemed to be another world to me. I can still recapture the excitement I held as I attended the first class in every course that I took in my first year. Every time I was overwhelmed with a renewed enthusiasm. Yet there was always an undefined anxiety which made the experience more challenging. The professors often spoke faster than to my liking. And they spoke in such different accents too! Yet nothing could stopme from pursuing eagerly the numerous concepts and philosophies that I had been ignorant of until then. Though I was already a Christian at that time, I did not have a very steady relationship with God. Often I would make decisions rashly and do things according to my own will. Owing to my desire to reach out for everything that was new, I was quick to absorb what I



was taught. I began to feel that I had been unaware of the riches of knowledge available in the world. Still holding my Christian faith strongly, I tried to escape from the philosophies that seemed too profound for me to comprehend. For instance, I was impressed by King Lear as a great work of art. The existentialist viewpoint, the cruelty of human nature, the barriers between individuals, the transience of life and the fickleness of an unknown divine power were but some of the philosophical issues arising from this tragic play. I was not well-equipped in my attempt to answer these questions from a Christian's point of view. In fact, I was afraid to face up to the challenge. Though I tried to escape, I was tortured with conflicts inside.

But thank God for guiding me out of this inward battle. Gradually, I learnt to be more mature in my way of assimilating what I was taught. I noticed a change when I was taking a socialism course in my second year. The socialists concern for the underprivileged might be genuine, but I was cautious in weighing the importance of

their theories as the ultimate answer in life.

Apart from the wisdom to make a judgement of what I learnt, God also gave me a will to establish a stronger tie with Him. Partly owing to encouragement from church and my other Christian friends, I began to study the Bible more intensively. I could see that as worldly knowledge could not give me an answer and promise in life, the Bible, being the word of God, could do so. Studying the Bible made me feel that I was studying something permanent, something that could give lifelong guidelines to rely on. King David once wrote, "Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path." (Psalms 119:105) God's word bore such an authority as I read it that I felt its reality in my own life. I began to see that I might have overrated the value of worldly knowledge. There was no need for me to escape from the theories that contradicted my Christian belief. Each of them represented a limited perspective of the mysteries of life, whereas God summarized all the problems of mankind in one word -- sin. I could see that the "man-made" philosophies could not provide a consistent, definite, and long lasting answer, whereas God had provided the salvation of mankind. Through the death and resurrection of His Son Jesus Christ, He demonstrated vividly the power to triumph over sin and death. I could find an everlasting answer to my search for meaning in life by acknowledging Christ as my own Master.

Though I began to see the light through the Bible, God did not turn me into a hermit, studying only His word in an isolated world of my own. On the contrary, I continued to explore the knowledge that I could gain in the university. I saw that through my studies, I could become more objective and less naive in evaluating what I believed. God protected me and guided me throughout my second year, and supported me in any challenges that the courses might offer. I was no longer afraid.

Now that my third year is drawing to a close, I cannot but nurse a kind of melancholy feeling that I shall soon withdraw from the university life. I see new challenges and feel an uncertainty that I would never have visualized one year ago. Deep in my heart, I know that the university can serve as a refuge. Under it, I may elude practical questions concerning my future. I could well make plans for myself and convince myself that I shall assume the role of a teacher when I go back home. But can I withstand the competition in job-hunting? Will the grades on my transcript be satisfactory? Without any previous teaching experience, how shall I know the right way to educate the young ones?

It is easy for one to make plans for the future, but whether or not one could carry them out is another question. Behind the courage and ambition of a man, there is often the odds that he may fail. If I rely on my own power, my own knowledge and my own perception of the unknown future, I would have no

guarantee whatsoever that I shall live a life with meaning. The fact that things change every day makes my own power the more unreliable. I know that I am not the one to ultimately determine my future, just as I did not plan my own existence.

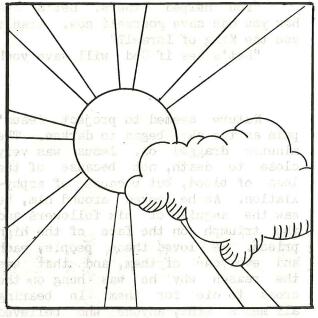
It is true that as a Christian, I am not exempted from the feelings of fear • and uncertainty common to all prospective graduates. I am far from being a "saint" devoid of human emotions. Yet I am relieved to say that these feelings are not all that there is left to my three-year university life. As God has guided me throughout these years, helping me to trust Him more and more as I face challenges, I have the faith that He will guide me step by step in the future as well. He knows the best and will provide the best for me as long as I trust and obey Him. Through the Bible, God has revealed to me that He is the sole Master to plan my future. In Proverbs 20:24 I have read, "Man's goings are of the Lord: how can a man then understand his own way?" There is also the promise of God's guidance in Proverbs 3:5,6, "Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and do not lean on your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge Him, and He will make your paths straight." the fickleness of an unknown divine

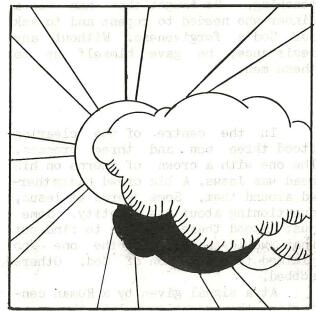
As I read His word every day, I am assured that He is with me always (Matthew 28:20). Though I do not see the future under human limitations, I am at peace that the Master to whom I have submitted my self is the One who plans my future as well.

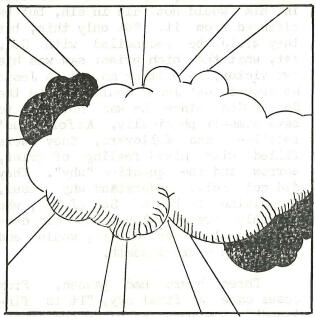
Moving?

Please notify us if there is a change of address for the summer.

Don't forget to attach the old mailing label as well.









-ANN-

After supper, he went with his friends for a walk. Crossing the ravine, they came to a place where there was a garden, and they entered. Feeling tired, his friends could not refrain from sleeping, and he was left alone. His heart was heavy. When he thought of what would happen, he knelt down and prayed.

The night air was still. The silence was interrupted by the approach of a battalion of about six hundred men, marching into the garden where they were staying. Through the leaves, he could see the flashing of torches and lanterns. As the group came closer, the noise wcke his friends. Startled by the uproar, they pulled themselves to their feet, getting their knives ready. The garden was now filled with light and the sound of men moving towards them through trees and shrubs.

It was a chaotic scene. His face was well lit by the flaming torches. Yes, they had come to arrest him. Not only this, they were determined to crucify him. They wanted to put an end to the influence that he had on the people, and above all, an end to his

teaching. He taught that man was a sinner who needed to repent and to ask for God's forgiveness. Without any resistance, he gave himself up to these men.

In the centre of the clearing stood three men and three crosses. The one with a crown of thorns on his head was Jesus. A big crowd hadgathered around them. Some jeered at Jesus, questioning about his identity. Some just stood there, curious to find out what would happen to the one who claimed to be the Son of God. Others sobbed.

At a signal given by a Roman centurion, the executioner laid the cross down and pulled Jesus on top of it. It must have caused him much pain as he fell on the back of his head, the crown of thorns cutting deeply into his scalp. With hammer in one hand and a big nail in the other, the executioner was prepared to have the matter done with. With much force he brought the hammer down and nailed Jesus' hand onto the cross.

Many spectators turned away. Some cried, some moaned, some were mocking more loudly. Others, unable to bear the scene, started to walk away. The crowd had thinned down to just a small number. Death now came slowly as he hung there, blood dripping from his pierced hands and feet. At times, his head drooped to one side. His forehead was stained with blood from the crown of thorns. He felt pain on his wrist, in his muscles, and all over his body as it sagged in fatique on two big nails. Worst of all, he had to struggle for breath. At times, he looked up to heaven and prayed to God.

Some of the spectators shook their heads and continued to hurl insults at Jesus.

"Save yourself if you are the Son of God."

"Yeah, come down from the cross."

"You helped others. Let's see how you can save yourself now. Aren't you the King of Israel?"

"Let's see if God will save you!"

Nature seemed to project Jesus' pain as the sky began to darken. The minutes dragged on. Jesus was very close to death, not because of the loss of blood, but because of asphyxiation. As he looked around him, he saw the anguish of his followers and the triumph on the face of the high priest. He loved these people, each and everyone of them, and that was the reason why he was hung on the cross to die for them. In bearing all men's sins, anyone who believed in him would not die in sin, but be cleansed from it. Not only this, but they would be reconciled with God. Yet, what the high priest saw was his own victory in putting an end to Jesus. He argued that Jesus could not be the Son of God since he was not able to save himself physically. As for Jesus' relatives and followers, they were filled with mixed feelings of grief, sorrow and the question "why". They did not fully understand why Jesus, who claimed to be the Son of God, who not only preached love, but did demonstrate love for others, would end up in such a cruel death.

Three hours had passed. From Jesus came a final cry, "It is finished!" The body sagged on the cross. Jesus had willed to die himself.

The sky became darker and darker er. There were no lightning flashes or clouds. Yet the sky was so dark that one could stare at the sun with one's physical eyes. The birds were in complete silence. The wild flowers stood unmoved in the still air. All of a sudden, the earth trembled, sending a chill down the spines of the spectators.

The crowd started to disperse. Some were disappointed by the outcome

of Jesus, while some had satisfied their curiosity. All of the people hurried toward the city with the women flinging shawls over their heads, at times glancing up at the sky.

The third day of his death was a Sunday. Early in the morning, when it was still dark, a few women went to the tomb where Jesus had been buried. They found that the stone had been rolled away and Jesus' body was nowhere to be found. Hastily, they ran to tell the others about it.

"What? Jesus is not there?" asked some of the disciples.

Curious to find out what had happened, two of Jesus' disciples ran to the tomb. Peter, on entering, saw the pieces of linen cloth lying there. The face-cloth, which had been on Jesus' head, was not lying with the linen wrapping, but rolled up in its own place. Jesus was nowhere to be found. With a puzzled look on his face, Peter stood there for a while, eyes fixed on the loose linen cloth. Not knowing how to explain it, he started to walk away.

In a small room, the disciples were gathered. They crowded around Thomas, one of the twelve disciples. Extremely excited, they were trying to tell him what had happened the other night when he was not there.

"Thomas, we have really seen our Lord! He is alive!"

"Remember the day when we discovered that Jesus" body was gone? That night, we were so afraid. We shut ourselves upin that room for fear that we might be arrested because of our Teacher. Then all of a sudden, he was there among us. He even talked to us."

"Thomas, don't you believe that we really saw him?"

"Unless I see with my own eyes the marks of the nails on his hands, and put my fingers into where the nails were, and touch the scar on his side, I will never believe!"

Eight days went by, and the disciples were once again gathered together. Thomas was there this time. The doors were locked. Suddenly Jesus was standing in the midst of them, saying, "Peace be with you." Turning to Thomas, he said, "Put your finger here—look, touch my hands. Take your hand and put it in my side. Can you feel the scars of the wounds? Thomas, you must not doubt, but believe."

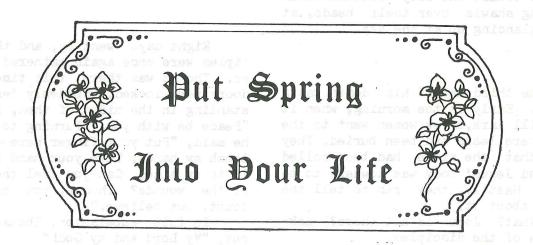
In full submission, Thomas cried out, "My Lord and my God!"

The scenes flashed across my mind -- Jesus arrest, the dying Saviour, the empty tomb, the unbelieving Thomas and the resurrected Christ. As I came to the end of the account of Jesus death and resurrection from the Bible, I could only echo with Thomas by exclaiming, "My Lord and my God!" With trembling heart, I accepted the risen Christ as my Lord. Since then, He has taken the little faith I had and turned it into a thrilling experience of a new life.

Now the risen Christ lives within my heart. Every morning as I read the Bible, as I pray and talk to Him, I know that He is indeed alive. As I trudge through the snow to classes during those cold winter mornings, I can still feel the warmth of Christ within me. As I feel the pressure of time on me, I can ask God for wisdom on how to use my time wisely. I can also ask Him to teach me how I can love and care for others in the same way as He has loved and cared for me. Yes. Christ indeed is alive and living in my heart today. This, to me is the strongest evidence of his resurrection.

CORRECTION

We apologize for mis-spelling "Handel" as "Handle" on p.11 of the last issue.



As winter retreats, signs of new lifewill make their appearance. Spring beauty will replace winter drabness.

In our northern hemisphere, this change begins to take place at about the same time as Easter. Thus parallels are drawn between the developing new life in nature and the new life demonstrated in Jesus Christ's emergence from the grave on that Easter morning.

Spring is a welcome visitor, especially in cold, bitter climates where "the dead of winter covers sarth is a shroud. Then spring comes and awakes the world to vibrant life.

Easter, too, commemorates a literal transition from death to life. Jesus Christ, God's Son, "tasted death for everyone in all the world" (Hebrews 2:9), but death could not long hold in its grip the Author of life!

Spring also reminds us of another parallel.

lel.

By nature, you and I were "spiritually dead and doomed by our sins" (Ephesians 2:5). Just as winter casts its drab mantle over everything and seems to smother life, so sin exercises its death-like spell over us.

We are separated from God -- spiritually dead and in need of new life.

And that's exactly what Jesus Christ gives to us. By his death on the cross for our sins and his resurrection from the dead, he brings new life to all who trust him as Saviour.

pened, two of lesus' disciples ran to

Hence the Bible describes that great change which takes place as a "new birth". You are "born again" spiritually when you admit your need of a life-transforming change and personally trust Jesus Christ, the only one who can effect that change in you.

When you do that, things are different in your life. Describing that change, the Bible says:

"When someone becomes a Christian he becomes a brand new person inside. He is not the same anymore. A new life has begun!" (2 Corinthians 5:17)

The soul's winter is past and spring has come! Death gives way to life, asw ybod dans tadt becavoo

Have you experienced that change for yourself? You can be a new person this very moment if you trust Jesus Christ as your Saviour and Lord. Ask Him now to forgive your sins and come into your life, me and the life

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