

A large, stylized orange graphic that resembles a fountain. It features a central vertical stem with several lines radiating upwards from a base, forming a fan-like shape. To the left of this stem are several nested, rectangular, stepped lines that also fan outwards, creating a sense of depth and movement. The entire graphic is rendered in a solid orange color against a light background.

the fountain

P.O.Box 1172, Wpg., Man., Canada, R3C 2Y4

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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P.O. Box 1172

Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3C 2Y4,
Canada.

Far East Correspondence Address:

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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

Registration # 1651

JULY 17, 1977

VOLUME 12 NUMBER 4
CIRCULATION: 6,500

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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 didactic approach. Articles' length should be kept under 2,000 words.

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

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TM: do we need it ?

REVENUE IS NUMBER 4
CIRCULATION: 6,200

JULY 12, 1977

- Ann -

"We are meant to be happy," said Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

(90,000) following by West Germany (54,000).

One can probably still remember the Beatles' well known devotion to Transcendental Meditation in 1967. Everyone of them agreed that TM was "the thing" for them. By 1968, Maharishi was living in a blitz of publicity because of his association with not only the Beatles but actress like Mia Farrow and other celebrities like U.S. senators. The same year, he spoke to an enthusiastic crowd of 3,500 at Madison Square Garden, and later at Harvard. In a short few years, TM has penetrated into every walk of life in North America. They call themselves the Science of Creative Intelligence and was first offered as a credit course at Stanford University in 1970. Now, fifty other universities and colleges in the States, including Yale, Harvard, and UCLA have also included it in their curriculum. Apart from this, Maharishi has his own university called Maharishi International University in Iowa.

What about TM at this present time? It certainly is still flourishing, reaching to a scope of 89 countries. Some 30,000 are signing up every month, and there are now 370 TM centers in the States with 6,000 TM instructors. In 1975, California claimed to have 23,000 meditators. Outside the States, there are also 300,000 TM meditators and 2,000 instructors, with Canada leading the way

The Attraction

Then what is the attraction? To Stanford's Law Professor John Kaplan, he was drawn to TM because "It's a non-chemical tranquilizer with no unpleasant side effects." He represents those who feel bogged down by this industrialized and affluent society and is looking for a way out from the pressures of modern life. Then there are those who are searching for the truth about reality and for something that can offer them a deeper kind of peace. Still others who have mixed feelings toward the distorted type of Christianity they are brought up with. So in their hunger for a mystical and religious experience, they have turned to TM.

So one may ask, "Who is this Maharishi? And where do TM and its Science of Creative Intelligence come from?" Geographically, they came from the Far East. Maharishi Mahesh Yogi who introduced TM to the West grew up as the son of a forest ranger in India. He graduated from University of Allahabad with a B.Sc. degree in physics in 1942. Shortly after graduation, he became the disciple of the well known Guru Dev until the guru died in 1953. Then Maharishi withdrew to a cave in the Himalayas and after two years of isolation, he emerged and began teaching

the yogi technique of meditation now called TM. He never received much popularity in India among his own people because these Hindu meditation and practices are very common and Maharishi's was nothing new to them. It was only after coming to America that TM began to flourish. Now his headquarters is in Switzerland, where they have converted the posh Anapurna Hotel into a training center.

The Secret Word

Then "What exactly is TM?" and "What does it have to offer to an individual?" In simple words, TM is "mantra" meditation. The meditator usually sits in a normal posture with hands folded and eyes closed. He then repeats his personal mantra, a secret word specially selected and given to him. Under no circumstances was he to reveal this to anyone, because this would result in the loss of the inherent power of the word. By repeating this mantra, it is said that one can arrive at "pure being" or the "source of thought". In other words, TM claims that it can be in union with the supreme being. It aimed at disentanglement from the world and moving into levels of consciousness where the average 20th century materialist has never gone before. It speaks of escape from stress leading to the resulting physiological freedom that one can acquire. Then there is the claim of being able to develop one's full mental powers

and thus becoming an upper-level achiever. All this could be ours, said Maharishi, if only we spend 20 minutes in the morning meditating and 20 minutes in the evening. Not one minute more and not one less. Then there is their attractive claim as quoted from a TM instructor,

"TM is an effortless scientifically verified technique for providing deep rest to the nervous system and unfolding the full mental potential of the individual. We deny that TM is a religion or a philosophy, claiming that its practice requires no prior faith, commitment, no change of life-style or diet, and no special exercise...no withdrawal from life."

So-called Science

Before we go on, let's take a look at TM's Science of Creative Intelligence. How scientific is it? The SCI is supposed to be the wisdom of ancient Hindu practices rediscovered by Guru Dev and scientifically verified by the direct experience of meditation and related research. However, the practice of this "science" is not of intellectual analysis. It is opposed to empirical science in that it is a process of direct and subjective experience while meditating. In fact, it deals with an infinite and invisible "field of creative intelligence", the existence of which by its very nature cannot be verified by empirical observations. To emphasize again, the SCI arose not

from empirical science, nor the "direct experience" of a group of meditators, but from the Hindu scriptures.

The Indescribable "It"

What about Maharishi's claim for TM to be non-religious? If one goes through the first two free lectures, one will certainly agree that this innocent and non-religious technique is in reality a heavy spiritual practice. The TM Book calls Maharishi a "monk" and his followers refer to him as a "saint" or "holy man". As for TM itself, it is heavily loaded with Hinduism. Take for example the initiation ceremony that each person has to go through after the first two lectures. He is required to bring a clean white handkerchief, flowers and fresh fruit with him. Before the ceremony begins, incense is burnt and the initiate is asked to remove his shoes. His gifts of handkerchief, flowers and fruit are placed on a table in front of a candlelit picture of Guru Dev. Then the "puja", which is a hymn of worship, is chanted by the instructor. In it one can find these words,

"To Lord Narayana, to lotus-born Brahma, the Creator...I bowdown... To the glory of the Lord I bow down again and again, at whose door the whole galaxy of gods pray for perfection day and night...Having bowed down to him we gain fulfillment..."

From these few lines, we can see that it is an expression of praise. Therefore it is ludicrous to say that TM is non-religious, for this ceremony by itself is clearly worship.

Non-religious as TM claims itself to be, Maharishi does have something to say about their god which does not bring a word of revelation to man. "It", as is referred to, is said to be incapable of speech - "being everything, It cannot do anything or know anything. It is beyond doing or knowing." It is also said to be incomprehensible and indescribable, since "It" has no limitations. The three words given to this

impersonal god is "Being-Intelligence-Bliss" and Maharishi used them interchangeably with "eternal", "consciousness" and "bliss". They were taught that the only way to find out what these words mean is by the mystical experience induced by TM. In so doing, they claim to be able to escape the surface of reality and move to deeper levels of thought. The ultimate aim is to arrive at the very place where all thought originates, and as they call it - a state of pure being or god-consciousness or bliss. Here we can sense confusion as each meditator comes to rely on his subjective feelings, and particularly on his experience of meditation, as the only standard of reality and god.

Feedback

From the above brief overview of two of TM's claims, we see that they are not exactly what they claim themselves to be. They are not purely scientific and as for their non-religious claim, they are really far from it. But people may say,

"Who cares about all this! I'm only interested if it really works."

"I only want to expand my mental powers and be really free from the entanglements of this world."

"I want to experience peace of mind. I want to find out the truth about reality."

Does TM really work? For Victor Zukowski of Mass., his opinion is, "Look, I really tried. I paid my \$125, attended all the sessions, and submitted to a ridiculous initiation ceremony. I meditated for 6 months and do you know what happened? I fell asleep every time."

For some, however, TM seems to work. C. Smith of Oklahoma said, "I found that with TM I could take life's pressures better. My mind was clearer, and I had a better disposition. The best thing about it is that all you have to do is say your mantra twice a day. Period."

Vail Hamilton, a TM instructor at Berkeley for several years, said that TM was great and she even went for further training in Italy. But as years went by, she was really bothered by the lack of unity and coldness among meditators. She experienced conflict when she saw herself presenting the innocent, non-religious technique of TM, when in reality it is a heavy spiritual practice. The more she thought about meditation, the more she felt uneasy about it. She really could not see how she could reach god simply by meditation. And besides, her subjective experience didn't show her one bit more about this god that she was trying to reach. Maybe she might even be heading the wrong way. Having been an instructor for several years, it didn't help her a bit. In her mind were these questions, "Is everything we experience legitimate? Where is the standard?" Finally she got out of TM, and for what reason? -- "For the same reason I got into it; I was seeking the truth about reality."

Simply Relax

TM seems to work for some, at least in the initial stages. In fact, TM claims by the results of their research that blood pressure drops, and that alpha waves produced by electrical activity of the brain indicate a sign of relaxation. For some, they even show signs of being less dependent on cigarettes, liquor and drugs. As we lay aside the religious aspect of TM and look at it solely in terms of its physical effects, TM faces its biggest challenge. The issue is not whether it is wrong, but whether it is the only meditative technique to benefit the body. Dr. John Laragh, director of the cardiovascular unit at New York Hospital (the Cornell Medical Center in Manhattan) and perhaps the leading expert on hypertension in the U.S., said,

"I'm not sure that meditating has had any different effect on blood pressure than relaxing and sitting on a couch and reading a book."

Cardiologist Herbert Benson of Harvard Medical School, who contributed to much of the original scientific research of TM, now says that he has a method that gives the same results; anybody can learn it in a minute, without a fee and without going to TM classes. His method is simply to sit down and relax. "To see there is really only one way to get the relaxation response is silly," said Benson.

Yes, if we care to look around us, there are a lot of methods that claim to give us the same result as TM. The cover story - "Meditation: The Answer to all Your Problems?" in Time concludes, "TM will not necessarily make people better, but it may very well make them feel better, or, if nothing else, think that they feel better. And that is about as much as they can expect from forty minutes a day."

The Parting Gift

Unaware of it, man's quest is for something that is deeper. Down through the ages, man has been searching for something to satisfy his inner need. Not knowing how to pinpoint it, many have turned to material things, hobbies, entertainment of various kinds and sex. But in all this, they still cannot find satisfaction and personal fulfillment. It is not temporary relaxation but real peace that satisfies man's hungry search. And how may I ask can being relaxed get us to a state of being that can lead us to god?

Real peace only comes as a result of our sins being forgiven, of ridding oneself of one's pride, selfishness, hate, envy etc. - the very basic problem. Real peace is what God has to offer to every searching soul. "Peace is my parting gift to you, my own peace, such as the world cannot give. Set your troubled hearts at rest, and banish your fears." This is different. It is that which comes as a result of dealing with our basic problem and not of superficial relaxation. □

OF DYES AND DIRT

- Ronnie -



The glorious sunshine is inviting. Taking a stroll in the backyard, I notice our neighbour across the street has the family's weekly wash flapping in the morning breeze. The clothes lines arouse a feeling of nostalgia.

Back home, washed clothing drying in the sun has almost become a landmark of the city. Walk down the narrow streets, look up at the crowded apartment blocks, and you see lines strung from window to window, or canes protruding from windows, hung with shirts, underwear, diapers, sheets. Walk in the back lanes and you find yourself under the banner of white uniforms, red socks, blue overalls, green pants and yellow dresses. A splash of color amid sooted buildings. At times you feel raindrops on your head when in fact you are walking under a dripping clothes line. Lines upon lines of clothing on rooftops, along posts, on fences, on sidewalks. They add a touch of color to the otherwise drab monotony of crowded tenement houses.

I still remember in my preschool days I used to enjoy watching our old servant do the laundry. She would take the clothes from a large wooden tub, lay them on a corrugated board of hard wood, and scrub on soap. Slosh, slosh, off came the dirt. I would squat there fascinated by the process and begged if I could wash my tiny handkerchief.

Here in most North American households, the use of washing machines and dryers offers a labor-saving solution to the problem of dirty clothing. In rural areas one still sees the familiar sight of clothes lines strung between trees.

While taking a course in art history, I came across the painting "The Washer-women" by French artist Boudin. He

portrayed a few women washing clothing in a river, against the background of a rural scene. The subject matter needs no explanation; the washing of dirty clothing is understood by every culture, every language group.

The universal concept of "clean" is as deep-rooted as it is truth-revealing.

More than 2500 years ago Isaiah recognized the universal predicament of our dirty clothing.

"All of us have become like one who is unclean;
And all our righteous deeds are like a filthy garment;
And all of us wither like a leaf,
And our iniquities, like the wind, take us away."

Washed clothes need to be washed again because man's urge to keep clean is inherent in his nature. The irony is that he is often unaware of his greater need to be cleaned inwardly.

Mankind is unclean not only in action but also in thought; vain ideas that are contrary to the truth. The God of Truth challenges us to

"Wash your heart from wickedness that you may be saved!
How long shall your iniquitous and grossly offensive thoughts lodge within you?"

Down the ages man has experienced the agony of a pricked conscience. Efforts to lift the burden of his wrongdoing remain futile. Tormented by the "dirt" of his sin and guilt, King David cried out in anguish and despair,

"Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin."

While mankind is searching for "water" to remove the stain of sin, God has provided a way for us to be cleansed. It is through Jesus who "loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

I used to think that a white shirt turned yellow can be whitened again by bleaching. There is the satisfaction out of seeing the bleached shirt flapping under a blue sky. But

when there is freshly fallen snow on the ground, the white shirt would look so soiled in comparison. Snow is the standard of whiteness. You and I feel complacent just because we manage to conform to the standards of our morally lax society. How do we measure against the standard set by the God who is absolutely holy and perfect? He declares that there is none righteous. All have sinned, and all fall short of God's glorious ideal.

Have you ever tried dyeing a piece of scarlet fabric into another color? You will discover that it remains scarlet even though the cloth has become rags through numerous dyeing. This is because scarlet is a double dye; it has been dyed twice so that the pigment gets into the fibre. God says our sins are like scarlet, deeply ingrained. We are double sinners, by nature and by practice. Not only do we inherit the tendency to sin after the first man, Adam, sinned; but we also commit sin by our own conscious choosing. Despite the failure of human effort to remove guilty stains, God now extends an invitation to enable us to satisfy his standard of holiness:

"Come, let us talk this over!" says the Lord,
"No matter how deep the stain of your sins, I can
take it out and make you as clean as freshly fallen
snow. Even if you are stained as red as crimson, I
can make you white as wool!"

How marvellously effective is the washing in the lifeblood of his son Jesus. Our sins CAN be washed away because "the blood of Jesus cleanses us from ALL sin."

John the Apostle tells the good news to those who are honest enough to admit they have sinned that

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous
to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all un-
righteousness."

You who put so much emphasis on outward appearance, have you been cleansed completely within and without?

Experience that cleansing! ☐

the TWO WORLDS of a DREAMER

Mitch Tulloch

When I was young, I was fairly happy. I lived in the security of my parents, who loved me and provided everything I needed. Being agnostic, however, they provided me with essentially no religious instructions. Perhaps because of their goodness to me, I felt obliged to be respectful and obedient towards them. In any case, I was quieter and less rowdy than most of my friends. I did well in school, I was not very athletic, I was interested in everything, I read comic books and watched cartoons on T.V. I guess I was a fairly normal boy.

As I moved into my teens, my personality began to solidify. I was a dreamer, who dreamed of flying to far-off worlds, of committing brave and fearless acts, of having sexual relationships with girls I knew. Often my favourite time of the day would be bedtime, where I could enter my fantasy world for an hour or two before I fell asleep. I was also an academic, who pursued interests in music, mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, paleontology, and almost anything else I came into contact with.

As I entered high school, my academic abilities began to be more recognized. I placed very high, first in a provincial, then in a nation-wide mathematics competition. I placed first in a provincial physics competition. I won awards for highest marks in various subject areas, and I left high school with the highest average ever attained at that school, and a Governor General's Medal, as well as several scholarships. I haven't related all these facts to you to boast of my intellectual abilities, but simply to convince you that whatever else you conclude from what happened to me later, at least you can't consider me to be a complete idiot. But in high school I was also disappointed in love, and began to go to parties, to drinks, to buy rock records, to get involved in the school newspaper, and to generally bum around a lot. Yet, I

still did all these things half-heartedly, waiting for something to happen.

So I drifted into university, the logical place for a person likeme, and sunk deeper and deeper into myself. I became more sensual: eating, sleeping, and masturbating took up more and more of my time. I socialized little. I studied physics, and became obsessed with knowing everything about the universe and all that is in it. I continued to do well academically, but became more and more discouraged as I came to understand that I wasn't a genius but just an ordinary top-student. After my third year in Honour Physics, I had a summer job at the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory. There I worked myself to the point of exhaustion and returned home tired and apathetic. I received much praise from my supervisor for my hard work, and even co-authored a paper published in Astrophysical Journal. Yet I was bored to tears by the whole thing, by the little I had accomplished. If only I could drive myself harder, read more journals, run more computer programs! I felt I was only working at 10% capacity. While I was there, I also began to read pornographic magazines and degraded my concept of morality even further.

I began my fourth year with the confidence that, "As it has been, so shall it be." My two previous years had been completed with near-perfect marks, so I was confident that I would breeze through this year as well. But only after a month, I began to understand that this would not be so. With my deepening interest in the philosophy of science, in the fundamentals of mathematics and physics, in quantum mechanics and relativity, I began to ask questions. Why is this so? What is the reason for this? Where does this theory come from? How can this concept be explained? And I wasn't getting satisfactory answers to my

questions. I became involved in a Philosophy of Physics study group, but together we raised many more questions than we answered. Now it gradually dawned on me that there was two reasons why this was so. First, my imperfect intellectual abilities plus my poor study habits meant that I couldn't understand the basic principles of physics and mathematics. Second, there was no a priori, fundamental, unified principles behind physics and mathematics. Physics is indeed a science of approximations, in which there is no final, unified theory which is both comprehensive (convincing all phenomena) and comprehensible; while mathematics is based on axioms and principles whose origin cannot be explained, for they simply exist, and there is no apparent reason for them being as they are. Thus within a year, that which I had chosen to make the foundation of my life crumbled beneath me, and I lost all hope of even understanding anything at all.

While all this was happening, another amazing thing happened - I fell in love. I can remember the exact moment I fell in love with her. I dreamt pure, refreshing dreams about her, not sordid sexual fantasies as I did with other women. She swept into my life like the sea, washing me clean of my desires and filling me full of idealistic passion. I read Byron and Shelley. I walked the streets at 3 a.m. thinking about her. I talked with her, played piano duets with her. One evening, I told her that I loved her.

I ought to have mentioned that her favourite book was the Bible. What does one do if the girl one loves has a favourite book? Read it, of course. So I began to read the Bible.

What with being in love as I was and becoming totally disillusioned with science, my studies collapsed. It was made worse in that my love was unre-

turned, and yet this only made me love her all the more. But the pressures were growing. My parents were very concerned about my studies, and were angry when it became obvious to them what was happening. I was so achievement-oriented that the prospect of abandoning my hopes and dreams of an academic life almost drove me mad. What should I do? What other way could I live? I almost completely gave up attending classes and spent much of the day just laying in bed and worrying about my future.

During this period the only real comfort and hope I derived were from reading the Bible. I began to engage in long conversations on religious matters with the girl I loved, and I think I was deeply impressed by the honesty and simplicity of her answers. She never tried to evangelize me, but she would read me long passages from scripture over the telephone late at night, especially from the Psalms. And the scriptures she read comforted me and deepened the desire I had in my heart to - well, to meet God. I imagined him to be following me at times, but when I turned around, he wasn't there. It was as if he was sitting in heaven with his back turned toward me whereas I wanted to see him face to face. It was as if he wouldn't look at me, wouldn't explain something to me, but I could see him and know he was there.

When my parents found out how deeply concerned over religion I was becoming, they became alarmed, and my father tried to convince me to lay aside these matters until the school year ended, so I could concentrate on my studies more and graduate. But I felt that God had to take priority, that my studies mattered less and less. I began attending confirmation classes with an Anglican Priest at St. John's Chapel at the University. This relieved my parents for a time, as they hoped he would be able to resolve my

"religious problems" so that I could return to my studies. But God drew me on.

Finally I had to make a decision. I had just received notification that I had been awarded a National Research Council post-graduate scholarship for \$5,500. What a farce! Who am I, I reasoned, to receive such a thing when I had not worked a tenth as hard as some of my fellow students who worked themselves to exhaustion and yet received poor marks. Why should a person who is only exceptionally good at cramming for exams receive recognition when those who really work to understand concepts remain unrewarded for their efforts? And how absurd to offer such an award to someone who isn't going to graduate anyway!

Besides, doesn't Jesus say we are to seek his kingdom and not to worry about earthly things? Did he not tell someone somewhere that he should give up all he had and follow him? Well, what does it mean to follow Jesus? At that time I did not know, but Bible passages such as this gripped me with such a terrible urgency and I felt compelled to act upon them.

So what did I do? I wrote up a letter of rejection to NRC suggesting they offer the scholarship to someone who deserved it (it turned out a close friend of mine with both ability and discipline received it, much to my joy); wrote a letter to the University of Toronto telling them that I would not be coming there to take a graduate degree in Astronomy (they had already accepted my application); and wrote a letter to the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory to tell them to give my summer job (they had offered me employment again) to a student who planned to continue in astronomy. All that remained for me to do was to mail the letters.

Now I had not spoken very much about the many remarkable coincidences and events that had happened up to that time, events that to me were a demonstration that God was indeed near me, and that drew me to search for him more fervently. Because of these things, I fully expected that something was going to happen the moment I dropped my three letters into the mailbox. The moment had come! I held my breath and trembled inside. I dropped the letters into the mailbox...

Nothing happened. I went home. I ate dinner. I might have watched T.V. I went downstairs to bed. I called up the girl I loved, and told her what I did, and how puzzled I was that nothing had happened. She told me to ask Christ into my life. I hung up. I lay there in bed.

My life had become totally meaningless. My thoughts were like a crowd of people all speaking at once. I began to realize that I loved no one, needed no one. I was the centre of the universe. I could do anything. Only I was important. I. I. I am. I can be God. It was like ascending towards heaven. But the moment I reached out to grasp absolute control over all things, down I went into the depth of nothingness. It was a blank, unfeeling mind that moved my lips. In the darkness, words were heard, my voice, saying, "Christ, come into my life." There is no emotion in these words. "Christ, I know nothing. I don't care for anything or anyone anymore. Christ, come into my life." I just keep repeating, as if a broken record, like a machine, the phrase, "Christ, come into my life."

He did. A light turned on in my head, and I was filled with light. I understood what I had done that day, and I understand what Christ had done twenty centuries ago in Jerusalem.

I had taken my future, my hopes, my dreams, condensed them into three letters, and put them on an altar and sacrificed them all to God, saying, "Accept my offering, my God, and give me that which I desire of You." In the light I saw Christ on the cross at Calvary, and God saying. "You sacrifice to me? What is your sacrifice compared to the sacrifice that I performed when I gave up my only Son to be crucified for you, to be your sacrifice, to bring you to me, to bring you into my kingdom, to give you eternal life." This God exists. And he loves. He loves YOU. He gave up his only son so that YOU might live. Only believe. And if you cannot believe, ask that you might believe. If you do not have faith, ask for faith. If you have objections, don't tell me - tell them to God, for he hears you and can answer them much better than I can. He knows your very thoughts, and is with you this moment as you are reading this. Speak to him, and he will answer you. Seek him, and you will find him. Believe that his Son Jesus died as a sacrifice for your sins, that upon Jesus God inflicted all the penalty you deserve. The Bible says, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son so that whosoever would believe in him might not perish but have eternal life." Believe this, and God will forgive all your sins, adopt you as his child, and be your God in this life and in all eternity.

I laughed for joy and fell asleep, as my old world crumbled around me and my new one came down from heaven. □

The author returned to the University of Manitoba the following year and completed a B.Sc. General degree by studying religion and New Testament Greek. He will shortly be leaving for Nigeria to teach Mathematics in a secondary school there.



THE FOUNTAIN,
P.O. BOX 1172,
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA,
CANADA,
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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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我決志的經過/我的意見:

☐ 我是基督徒, 樂意在此事工上有份. 附上獻金
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Please put (NC) after name if he or she is a non-Christian.
如以上為非基督徒請於姓名後加註「未信」二字。