

Fountain



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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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"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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The Lord is my shepherd,
 I shall not want.
 He makes me lie down in green pastures;
 He leads me besides quiet waters.
 He restores my soul;
 He guides me in the paths of righteousness
 for His name's sake.

Surely goodness and lovingkindness will follow me
 all the days of my life,

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Psalms 23:1-3, 6.

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At long last, here is another issue of The Fountain. We, the editors as well as all co-workers of the work await with the same expectant heart as you to publish another issue as soon as possible. However, for the past months we do not have enough articles, articles that have a solid message and one that echoes with the daily life of a student in this continent. We need those articles desperately. We need all who have experienced the life-giver, Jesus Christ, to join us in reaching out to out fellow students. Together we can share the fullness and richness of life in Jesus Christ.

A Young Visitor

by: Ying



The easterly wind arrived. Her gentle breeze melted the white snow, giving the dull earth a fresh new appearance. The morning rain polished the tiny grass tips to a tender green.

Shovel by shovel, I worked the ground over with an old spade. Hopefully, the flower seeds could have an early start. Some colors would do wonder to this old grey house. It looked so desolate.

The sun had withdrawn its last ray, and the air felt chilly. Though a little weary from all the digging, I was pleased with the progress and decided to call it a day. As I was locking the tool shack, the image of a young boy caught my eye.

"Hi," I greeted, wondering why wasn't he home at this time of the evening.

"Hello" from the slender figure came an expressionless reply.

"You're so quiet, I didn't even see you. Are you..." before I could finish the sentence, he turned the corner and was gone.

"The kids today." With a sigh, I locked the gate.

More easterly wind and more spring rain. Gradually the flower beds took on a nice shape. As more flowers bloomed, the young boy increased the frequency of his visits. Always, he would take his departure in as unexpected a manner as his arrival. While I tried to be friendly to my young visitor, his guard-

ed attitude kept our interaction at a formal and distant level. Yet, his humorless expression left a deep impression on my mind. Where was his youthful joy?

Proudly, the tulips displayed their scarlet blossoms.

"I wish I live in this house." So intimate a remark from such a casual acquaintance.

"May I ask why?" Feeling that I was led on thin ice, that was the only sentence I could manage.

Very carefully, he avoided my inquisitive gaze. With his eyes looking at a crawling bug, he said, "We don't have any flowers at home."

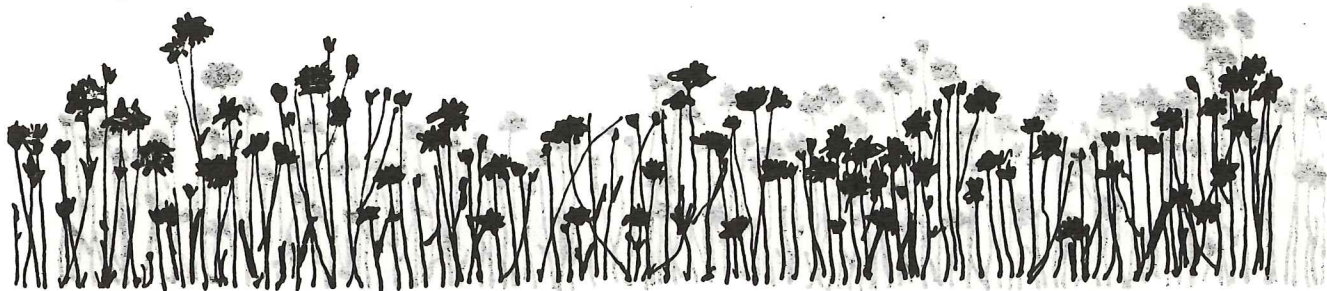
"You can take some home if you want."

He hesitated, then decided against the suggestion in a most polite fashion.

For the first time, I saw a faint smile on his solemn face. I knew then that he was my friend.

Summer was far spent. The row of sunflowers provided a most extraordinary view in the glowing sun. The boy and I would spend the hours watching the huge golden flowers turn as the sun turned.

"What's there in the sun? Why should the sunflowers follow it so tirelessly?" Ever so often, he would make a comment which seemed too philosophical for a boy of his age. Perhaps he had an unusual childhood. Or, was he



just exceptionally bright?

He paused a little and continued, "It's kind of nice to know that there is something one can follow. At least the sunflowers can count upon the sun. I wish there is something I can count on too. You want to hear a poem? I wrote it myself, it's not very good.

...come summer wind
blow summer wind
scatter scatter scatter
fade fade fade."

He opened his precious self to me. I saw hurt, disappointment, loneliness and fear. The evening darkness thickened. His slender figure moved slowly into the night. What was there at the other end of the road? Why did he prefer the company of a grown-up stranger to that of his own home and bed?

"Hi, you want to see my airplane? It really works." Rarely had I seen him so excited.

"Sure, as soon as I tie up this bag of leaves."

It was a model plane made of wood and scraps of iron.

"It's a real beauty. I bet your dad must be really proud of you."

No reply. His face tightened. I said the wrong thing.

Silence could be really suffocating. Finally his quiet voice broke the embarrassment.

"He is not really my dad. My mom is too busy. I tried to make them proud of me. But, nothing is good enough for them."

"I'm sorry."

"I was too, once, but not anymore."

The sunflowers are lucky. They have the sun. May be some day I can be independent and count on myself. Did you go away on weekends? I wanted to show you the plane but you weren't around." He had changed the topic.

"Oh, I was at the church."

"Do you go to church every Sunday?"

He was interested, which surprised me.

"Yes, I do. You know, sunflowers aren't the only lucky ones. We can take Jesus to be our sun. He has never failed me."

"That's like what Mr. Brown said," he continued.

"Mr. Brown?"

"He was my grade 3 teacher." He was kind of nice. Once he took me to a special meeting. They talked about a Jesus who came to earth "because He loved every child. Is this the same Jesus you believed in?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Brown said people killed Him because He was good. I couldn't make that out."

"As you get older, you will find people do many strange things."

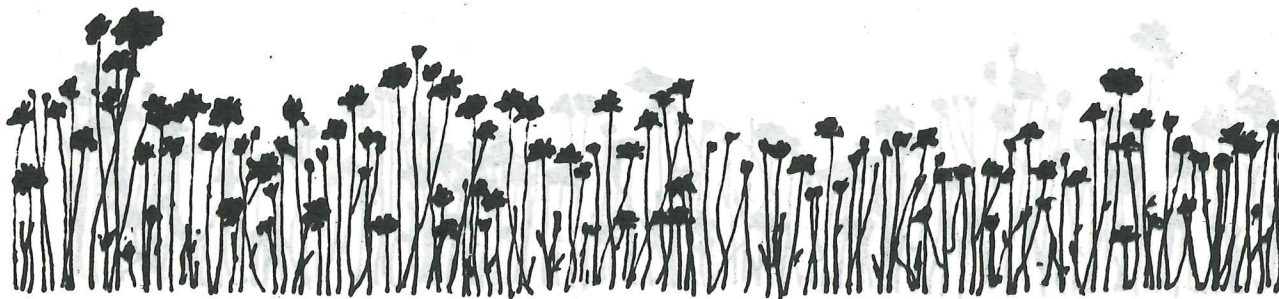
"People can be sort of mean, can't they? I sure get blamed a lot. That makes me really mad."

"What do you do when you're mad?"

"I walk away." On his face was that familiar expression. "And I hate myself..."

"Why, you should be proud of yourself."

"No, I'm chicken. I wanted to kill them but I don't even talk back."



It hurts to see the pain in this young boy's heart. What could I give him to ease his pain, a little thread of hope or a word of comfort? Better still, a few words of truth.

"You know, I was a very miserable person one time..." He cut in, "You? Unhappy? I don't believe it."

"Yes, I was." It gave me chills to recall those dark days when I indulged myself in bitterness and despair.

"What made the difference?" He asked in an intimate and curious voice.

"Jesus once said that there is no one on earth who is righteous, which means, nobody is all good..."

"But you're good." He protested.

"No. I may look O.K. in some ways but, like you said, inside me there are a lot of bitterness and hatred. Most of all, I hate the people whom I love the most."

"I don't understand." He looked most bewildered.

"You see. We are hurt real bad when our Mom or Dad or a good friend disappoint us. So we hate because we're not loved. In other words, sometimes we really want to say 'love me' when we say 'I hate you.'"

"You know, it makes sense." I could tell from his expressions that we were on the same frequency.

"Go on."

"Yes, Jesus helped me to know that I'm really no better than anyone else. It was very hard to accept because I was really proud of myself. When I realized that, I began to understand how wonderful Jesus really is because He loved me the way I was. He did not

reject me. What's more, He died and came alive again for me."

"So, you decided to act differently?"

"Yes, I finally found in Jesus the perfect God who deserved all my life's love and devotion. Besides, He has given me guidance through the Bible. And now I can honestly say that I understand how to forgive and how to love."

"Forgive?"

"You know, we don't really know how much God loves us until we know how completely He can forgive all the bad things in our heart and life."

"Is it the same with people?"

"You're a very bright boy!"

"Come to think of it, I'm really not all good either. Maybe I also need to learn to forgive. Can you show me how?"

"I'll be most happy to. Once you know Jesus the other part will be easy."

"Can you teach me about Jesus if I come tomorrow after school? I got to go home now. My Mom is waiting for me for supper."

"Sure thing."

The golden leaves danced in the autumn air. The Indian summer touched the nature with a magic quality that was both fascinating and captivating.

Where there is forgiveness, there is love. Where there is love, there is life.

Jesus is life. Jesus forgives. Someday, my little friend will find the sun of his life.

The Best Seller Nobody Reads

by: Russell Barnlund



Why does a book become a best seller? Is it not because it becomes popular and everybody wants to read it? And now how did it become popular? Was it not because those who purchased it, read it and passed it on to their friends, who in turn recommended it to others? Each book would be read by many people besides the original owner. Each reader would talk about its story in glowing terms, and soon most of the country would become familiar with its contents. Its influence would be felt by all. Then it would fade gradually in popularity because another best seller would be rising up to take its place. But with one "best seller", everything I have said seems to be reversed. It remains a best seller year after year. Is this not a strange phenomenon? It may be worth our while to look for some of the reasons. The book I refer to, of course, is the Bible.

Let us first consider "why" it is a best seller if almost nobody reads it? Or recommends it? Or talks about it? What induces people to buy it? Is there some strange superstition about the merits of having it in our possession when asked on the Day of Judgment? There must be a better reason, or other reasons besides that one. Is it because we intend to read it? SOMEDAY? That does sound more reasonable, doesn't it? I think that IS the reason I kept one in my possession so many years before I read it.

The question of "why we intend to read it" must be answered. Does the reading alone have that much merit in the eyes of God? or must we ACT upon that which we learn from it? (I believe this thought gives us a real clue to at least one of the reasons why we POSTPONE reading it.) If we know we must act upon what we learn from the Bible, we must have a feeling that it contains something we "need to know". And why do we have this feeling? Is it because God planted it deep within us when we were born? Can you explain it in some other way? The questions can go on and on. I will do my best to discuss the most crucial ones. The God of whom I speak will reveal the answers at the appropriate time to those who honestly seek them.

If God has planted a need in us to know His word and Himself, what keeps us from pursuing that need? Does the pursuit of that need cause us to be different from the great majority of people around us? Is this what keeps us from reading the Bible and recommending it to our friends? Does the world about us seem to be in the grips of a POWER opposed to God's purposes for us? From my knowledge of the Bible and from my own experience I would say YES. And I would say that power is Satan the devil. The Bible, especially in the New Testament, reveals how God has provided deliverance from the dev-

il's power through the life and death of His Son Jesus Christ. Naturally the devil wants to keep us from reading it and has devised more ways of doing so.

You may wonder by now what sort of book the Bible is, causing strife even in the celestial realm, and what it will do to me if I read it? It is better that I tell you first what I believe it is designed to do FOR you as well as to you.

A small plague on the wall of a store selling appliances wryly offered this advice: "When all else fails, read the instructions." It brought to mind the many times I had purchased some new mechanical gadget which I thought I understood, and in my eagerness to find out what great things I could accomplish with this new marvel, I had no time to labour over tedious instructions on how to use it. But often, I found I had made a serious error, which could have been avoided had I done so. The instruction booklet was supplied by the manufacturer who knew the produce because he had MADE it.

This could serve as a modern day parable -- of God, the Bible, and us. He has made us more complex than any of our inventions, but has provided an adequate Book of instructions which should be heeded if we are to function as we should -- for our own satisfaction and for His glory. But we lay aside the instruction Book to see what great things we can accomplish on OUR own, never turning to it unless "all else fails" and we fall into desperate straits. Many won't touch it even then, but those who do turn to it -- who approach it with reverence as God's own Holy Word, designed to meet THEIR need -- will marvel at how well and completely it satisfies. And they will find more! They will find God Himself in person, and a relationship with Him as Creator, Saviour and Lord. And how they will praise Him for the Book that showed them the way. □

CHRISTIANITY

IS NOT

GOING TO CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY.



IT IS



TALKING TO GOD DAY TO DAY
KNOWING THAT HE IS ALWAYS
THERE.

not thoughts, but actions

Cathy Chun

It was February 1976 when I first encountered Christianity. I met two Canadian girlfriends and they told me about God and Jesus Christ. I was quite interested in it. I learned that God loves us so much that He sent His only Son, Jesus Christ, to come to this world and die on the cross for us. I knew that I was a sinner and I needed God's forgiveness. I also needed God to love me and teach me how to love others. So, at the end of February, I prayed to God and asked Him to forgive all my sins and take control of my life.

After I became a Christian, I started to read the Bible and pray. I found that Christianity is more than a

religion. It involves changes in my character, attitudes and even my life.

In April, my family was having some financial difficulties. Since I was on student visa, I was not allowed to work. However, I ventured working illegally to support myself and my brother. This bothered me. On one hand, I knew that I was breaking the law, and it is a sin according to the Bible; while on the other hand, I needed the money badly. At that time, I just finished my first year in university. My ambition was to be a Chartered Accountant or a manager, and to develop a reputable career for myself. I enjoyed studying very much and I wanted to learn more; I wanted to finish my degree. All these would vanish if I could not pay for my education. This was too much to give up. Too much. The struggle inside me went on for a few months. The decision was so hard to make, it was like choosing between life and death. I knew I was wrong. I was breaking the law, but my pride and ambitions forbid me to quit the job and give up.

Eventually, in July, I decided to obey God and quit the job. There was no alternative but to go back to Hong Kong. But I trusted that God would guide my future because I was obeying Him and was doing the right thing. That evening when I made my final decision, I cried and prayed to God.

The very next day, I received a letter from my uncle saying that he would support all my financial needs and asked me to quit my job. I had never asked for his help and he did not know that I had already made the decision. I could not hold back my tears when reading through the letter. I thanked God and really experienced His wonderful love. It was after I had yielded and put my trust totally in Him that I could experience His wonderful and best plan for me.

After I became a Christian, there were changes in my character. When I

was small, I used to be very bad-tempered. I got frustrated very easily. I seldom played with my brother and sister, and I never fulfilled my responsibilities as an elder sister. Also, I never appreciated my parents, how much they loved me and cared for me. In school, I was always isolating myself and I did not even bother to try to know my classmates. Since I did quite well in my studies, my pride began to build up and this blocked my communication with them even further. My goal was to be the top of the class and be praised by my teachers and parents. I spent most of my time studying. It seemed that life was full of competition. If you did not try your best to fight your way up, you would be left behind and be ignored.

Though I was praised and loved by my parents and teachers, somehow, I felt that I was lonely. They could provide my material needs, but something was missing. There seemed to be a vacuum inside me that nothing could fill. Human love was so limited and unstable. Who was there to comfort and wipe my tears whenever I was disappointed or unhappy. They could play with me and laugh with me, but it was impossible to expect them to share my worries and sorrows. When I compared this fragile and limited human love with the unconditioned, infinite and divine love of God, God's love is the only thing that can fill the vacuum in me.

God commands us to love our neighbor as ourselves. This is such a hard lesson to learn: loving others. Because of my selfish character, it was extremely hard for me to love others. I was always jealous of them. It was so difficult to appreciate and to share with them my true and inner thoughts. In particular, I hated my younger sister. I envied the new clothes she had, the friends she had and everything she did. Time after time, we quarrelled and started the "cold war" between us. I knew I was wrong, and I wanted God to forgive all I had done and teach me how to love others.

Knowing that I had to change my cold and unfriendly attitudes towards others was one thing, but to actually do it was a different story. For a long time, I had this desire to change inside my head, but there was never any action. I kept on giving myself the excuse, "Not this time, I can't forgive him or her, I'll try to change my attitude next time." One time I was chatting with a couple of friends. We talked about our professors. I criticized each one of them. Later, one of my friends remarked, "It sounds that you hate this one, dislike that one, I think there is nobody that you like at all." His statement pierced my heart. I never realized that I was filled with so much hatred. In my mind, I wanted so much to love and care for others, but my actions and words seldom showed a trace of love. I was so ashamed of myself. I knelt before God, and I was really serious in my simple prayer, "Lord, change me."

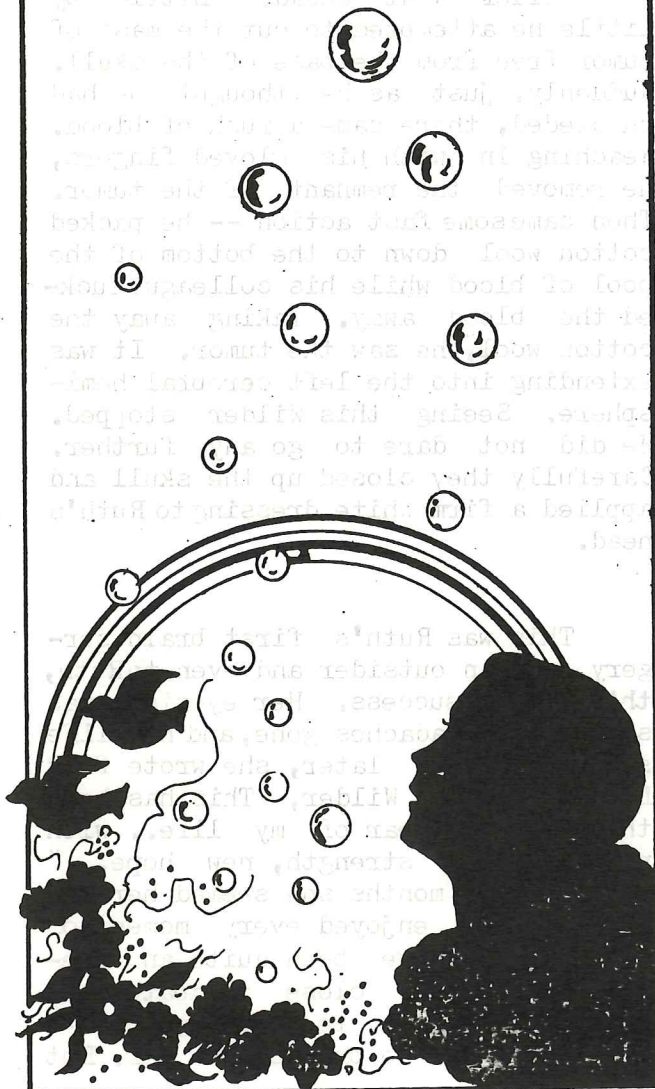
Gradually, I started to make progress in my interpersonal relationships. I learned to appreciate my parents. Though I have been over here for three years, I seldom break my habit of writing a letter home every week. I also tried to be a good sister, and helped my younger brother and sister if I could. I met a lot of Chinese students in the university, and I tried to be more friendly. I started to participate more in church or other group activities and get to know more about my friends.

Now, the purpose of my studying is not solely to get good marks, but to really learn from the courses. Life is not a routine of studying and trying to be the top of the class. Most important of all, I know that God created me in this world for a specific purpose. Everyday becomes a new adventure for me.

This will be my last year in Canada. After I graduate, I will go back to Hong Kong. I do not know what the future will be like, but I truly believe that God is faithful, and He will guide me all the way. □

Ruth

by Ivy



"Give me a few more years to live! I don't want to leave my family and this world."

Filled with mixed feelings, Ruth left Los Angeles and headed for Boston. She could not help but think of her first brain surgery...

It was the month of December. Accompanied by her mother, Ruth left for Montreal. They were on their way to see Dr. Wilder Penfield, her younger brother and the famous neurosurgeon. Hopefully he could help her.

At Montreal, Wilder examined Ruth's eye immediately with his ophthalmoscope. Clearly he could see the dreadful swelling of the head of the optic nerve,

the little red hemorrhages, each bordered by a white margin. His knees suddenly became weak. To him this was positive proof of a high degree of pressure within the skull which might result in her going blind within a day or two. Without delay, he had X-rays taken of her head. The result came as a shock. She had brain tumor. There in the middle of the right frontal lobe of the brain was a clearly defined shadow of calcium granules.

This came as a blow to Ruth who was only forty-three years old, mother of three children and a happy wife. Together with three colleagues, Wilder reviewed Ruth's case. According to her past symptoms, she probably had the tumor for thirty years but it was not till recently that it had become malignant. There was no way out but to operate on her. What step should be taken now? Wilder stressed very strongly that the surgeon who would be operating on her has to be radical, but of course, short of paralysis. "I would hope then for a year or so of useful life before the beginning of the end... We could probably take her to Dr. Harvey Cushing in Boston or to someone else, and get her there before she goes blind. But we would have to hurry."

The situation was desperate. Patiently Wilder waited for his colleagues' verdict. They came back and asked him one question, "If you were to do this operation, could you do it as if she were not your sister?"

Wilder hesitated. He knew that it was unusual for one to operate on members of one's family. But this time, he had to face it even though he feared that his concern may hamper his judgment and make his hand unsteady.

After a pause, Wilder finally replied, "Yes."

The morning came and Ruth was pushed into the operating room. There she was, her head bald, white and shiny on the head holder. Carefully Wilder sterilized her scalp. Then she disappeared as sterile sheets were placed over her. The operation was under-

way...

Carefully Wilder worked for hours, taking the tumor out and trying to keep the brain as intact as possible. At last the frontal lobe was removed to as far back as the motor gyrus. Going any further would cause permanent paralysis, but he could not stop. In front of him, he could see the growth extending underneath to the floor of the skull, connecting with the venous sinuses. He dreaded this because the sinuses were capable of very rapid bleeding and would be very difficult to control.

Wilder paused and looked at his colleague. "Don't chance it," was his colleague's reply. To stop now was defeating his own purpose because he was afraid that any other surgeon would turn back too soon.

Wilder went ahead. Little by little he attempted to cut the mass of tumor free from the base of the skull. Suddenly, just as he thought he had succeeded, there came a rush of blood. Reaching in with his gloved fingers, he removed the remnant of the tumor. Then came some fast action -- he packed cotton wool down to the bottom of the pool of blood while his colleagues sucked the blood away. Taking away the cotton wool, he saw the tumor. It was extending into the left cerebral hemisphere. Seeing this Wilder stopped. He did not dare to go any further. Carefully they closed up the skull and applied a firm white dressing to Ruth's head.

This was Ruth's first brain surgery. To an outsider and even to Ruth, this was a success. Her eyesight was saved, her headaches gone, and her life spared. A year later, she wrote from Los Angeles to Wilder, "This has been the happiest year of my life... with new life, new strength, new hope..." For eighteen months she seemed her own self and she enjoyed every moment of it. It must have been quite an experience, being so close to death and then coming back to life again. No wonder life is so precious to her. But

it did not last long. Her symptoms returned. Her hope challenged again and the question of death came back to her. At Wilder's request, Dr. Harvey Cushing did his best to save her in a second brain surgery in Boston. Again she was able to return to her family but death finally took her, almost three years after her first operation.

Somehow, Ruth's case kept lingering in my mind. It made me think of death -- that which we all have to go through, whether we like it or not. It may be as easy as the snap of a finger or it may be a painful one. Sometimes even the advances in technology and human skill could not help at all. I thought of Wilder struggling that day in the operating room, using every bit of his mind and strength, and every assistance he could get. Amidst the world's most advanced technology and know-hows, the operation was a failure. Frustrated and filled with despair, Wilder cried out, "Why should anyone want to operate on brain tumors? I've worked all day, using every faculty, and still I have failed."

Death is the most democratic experience in life for we all have to participate in it. Before, I did not think too much about death because it seemed so far away. Yet, everyday I read about accidents, people being shot, mugged or knifed. Then there are those cardiac patients and of course people like Ruth. Coming to think of it, it is very true that we do not want to face up with the reality of death. We are reluctant to leave this world, our family and our possessions. Like Ruth, we may find ourselves hoping for a few more years when the time comes. Yet if we can understand more about death and get a proper perspective of it, it will certainly help us to live. As a Christian, the Bible has helped me to look at death in the right perspective. It has certainly helped me to live in this present life on earth.

As I read through the Bible, I found out that God never meant that man should die. Man has a will of his own and he chose to rebel against God. This rebellion brought sin into the world, and because of this sin came both physical and eternal death.

Pursuing on in my search of the Bible, I realized that man's greatest enemy -- eternal death, had already been defeated. It was defeated at the Cross of Calvary where Jesus died for all man's sins, once and for all. Not only this, He had also risen from the dead. This act of passing through death and rising again brings victory to all His believers. Those who admit they are sinful and are willing to accept Christ's finished works as a reconciliation, will be exempted from eternal death. That is why eternal death is something of the past and dealt with. At present, what we see in this world is physical death, a mere separation from the physical world. It's final destruction will be in the future, when Christ comes again.

Before, I used to see the tears and sorrow that were left behind by death. In a way I was afraid to face up to it myself. But now through the Bible, I became to understand more. As a Christian I have no need to fear death, both physical or eternal. To me physical death is but temporary. It is like going to sleep for a while until the time when Christ comes to call us to be with Him. Then those who believe in Him will go into His presence, into a new world that is free from the pull of sin, free from pain, suffering and anxiety. When the time comes, it will be just a "departure" as the Bible puts it, giving me a sense of going home. How I wish that I could share this with Ruth so that she can have the same experience.

As for me now, I have to make the most out of this life, and live it to the fullest for God. But when I have to leave this world, I will go, for I know that I will go into the presence of God and enjoy eternity with Him. ☐

THAT OLD TRUNK

by: Norma Boone

The trunk was very old and very ugly. But it had potential for beauty beneath the battered exterior. It's original design must have been especially fine. I would restore it, I firmly decided. The materials required were simply paint, and varnish remover and new paint to apply to the cleansed surfaces. The procedure was not so simple; empty it, strip it, cleanse it, dry it, and then begin the slow replacing of the original beauty.

I saw a parallel between that old trunk and a living Christian. The firm ribs of wood spoke to me of God's righteousness and strength imparted to a believer at the time of his introduction to Christ as Saviour. The black paint covering the dents, chips, and even an odd missing part represented peace, God's peace. The stability and the protective coating was the blending of peace that only God can bring to a life. The gold paint for the embossed metal became a picture of God's joy. Joy that brightened and shone. It was a spark of effervescence and resilience that was a gift of Christ.

Abruptly I saw my life and the lives of others who were like the trunk still in its unrestored condition. They had God's righteousness but so little peace and seemingly no joy. Boldly out of a troubled spirit I asked the Restorer what was wrong? Was there a shortage of materials to complete the job?

"Oh no," he replied, "the process in some cases is slow, but there is an abundant source to draw from. However, those who wish to have my righteousness, peace and joy must take these commodities and use them, keeping them visible for all to see."

The old trunk looked beautiful in its restored condition. Christians look beautiful too when they put on God's covering of righteousness, peace and joy.

My decision

我的決定

日期

Date

性別
Sex

☐ 男
M.

☐ 女
F.

教育程度
Education

☐ 大學

University

☐ 中學

High Sch.

☐ 其他

Others

年齡

☐ 十七以下

☐ 十七至廿四

☐ 廿四以上

Age

17-

17-24

24+

職業

Occupation

- ☐ 我不是基督徒，但願意進一步認識基督真理。我未能接受基督的最大原因右列。請與我通信。

I am not a Christian, but I want to know more about Jesus Christ and His salvation. The main reason why I cannot accept Him now is listed on the right. Please correspond with me.

- ☐ 讀此刊後，我願意決志跟隨耶穌基督。在神面前我承認是個罪人，願意接受耶穌基督的救贖，並以祂為主宰，帶領我一生。請為我禱告。（我信主的經過右列。）

After reading this magazine, I decide to accept Jesus Christ as my Savior. I have sinned against God and want His forgiveness. I'll let Him take full control of my life. Please pray for me. (How I made my decision is explained on the right.)

- ☐ 我是基督徒，但在信仰上有許多困擾（右列），使我對神失去信心。請與我通信。

I am a Christian, but because of various problems (listed on the right) I have lost my faith in God. Please correspond with me.

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