

THE YOUNG WOMEN

NARSAPATNAM.

By Miss Clara A. Mason.

"Narsapatnam needs a missionary family, when will that need be supplied?" are the closing words of two of the missionaries in writing the last yearly report. This is just an echo of the challenge that we have heard since Narsapatnam was set apart as a station over twenty-seven years ago. For in all that time, there have been only nine years in which Narsapatnam has had a male resident missionary.

True, the field is lonely and isolated, being situated 26 miles from Tuni and Yellamanchilli and 19 miles from the Railway station. But the joy of the work and the fellowship of the Master more than compensate for the lack of companionship.

I remember returning from Missionary Conference one day. Fellowship with the missionaries had been sweet and the meetings inspiring. When I got off at my station and watched the fast receding train as it disappeared from sight, I felt alone indeed. But duty lay ahead and so I climbed into the ox-cart and started on that toilsome ride of 19 miles to the mission house over the hot sandy road and then again under the shade of the trees that line each side of the road. But it wasn't long before the wonderful panorama of hills hazily blue in the distance, and verdantly green as we came nearer, of a slow winding river and beautiful waving green fields with leaf-thatched villages dotted here and there came into view. And I realized that the privilege which angels craved but could not do, of preaching Christ crucified, Christ risen, Christ glorified was mine. Loneliness was forgotten in the thought of the great privilege that had been granted me.

Prior to 1893, Narsapatnam had been toured extensively by the missionaries from Tuni and Yellamanchilli, but in that year it was set apart as a separate mis-

sion station with Rev. George Barrow and wife as its first missionaries. Mission property was purchased, a room in the bungalow fitted up as a chapel, in which two services on Sunday and one during the week were begun with a very encouraging attendance, while bazaar preaching was prosecuted with a good deal of vigor. Converts were baptized before large crowds of people. In 1893 a young and influential caste widow was baptized in the presence of hundreds of spectators, and though persecuted, she remained true to her new found faith. Her uncle, the munsiff (magistrate) an old and bitter persecutor of the Christians, uttered such defamatory statements and spread such reports about the missionary as were calculated to greatly damage his influence. After much prayer and thought, a charge of defamation was brought against the munsiff, who soon bitterly repented of his folly, made a public retraction and apology and resigned his office. He was greatly touched by the Christ-like way in which the missionary forgave him, and at his own urgent request, the missionary came to his house to preach and pray. The whole attitude of the village was changed. The native preacher and his wife, David and Sarah, who for months, had been compelled to step outside, owing to a previous attempt to burn them alive by setting fire to their house, were now allowed to live in peace. Early in 1894, Mr. Barrow had the joy of baptizing two men and their wives and a married sister, whose husband afterwards left her and married another woman. These were all of the same caste as the widow mentioned above. They and their children have been and are useful members of our Christian community. Preachers, teachers and Bible women have come from these families. Some are clever and consecrated to the Master's service.

"Amma if Mr. Barrow had lived, there would have been a large number of converts, both from the caste and non-caste

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