

No pen can picture the hardships, anxieties, and privations which fell to the lot of Father Badin in the vast field committed to his care. During all seasons—and often at night—he had to travel through unbroken forests, cross flooded rivers, expose his life to the tomahawk of the Indian, and contend single-handed with the ignorance, prejudices, and bitter hostility of sectarians. He was alone for nearly three years; and at one period he was twenty-one months without an opportunity of going to confession.

He found about three hundred Catholic families scattered all over the State: and during his missionary career in Kentucky he must have rode on horseback at least one hundred thousand miles. He often rode from fifty to eighty miles on a sick-call. "After one of these long rides," writes Dr. Spalding, "he found the sick man sitting on a stool, eating hard-boiled eggs to cure the pleurisy!"

The ignorant bigotry of the times called, once in a while, for religious controversy; and skill and learning never failed Father Badin on such occasions. Some of his flock were also excellent controversialists. One of these was Judge Twyman, who, while attending the court in Mason County, happened to be taking his dinner at a hotel, where religious discussion was brought to the front. Catholics were loudly abused and laughed at as a lot of fools. "They adore images, and worship the