



J.M.J.

The Catholic Colonies: Part 2



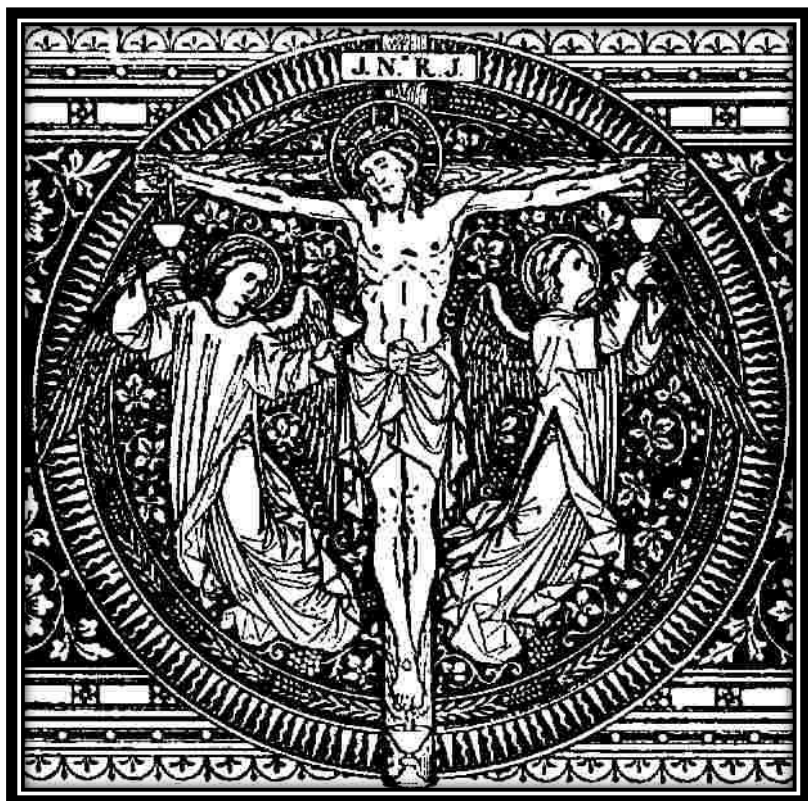
By +Angela Marie Michaels



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Glory to the Blood of Jesus!

*“Blood of Jesus, Precious Blood,
Praise to Thee for all Thou art;
Fount of grace, the Godhead’s shrine,
Source of glory, Blood Divine. . .
Blood that angel hosts adore,
Would that men would love Thee more,
Blood of Jesus, Sacred Heart,
Praise and thanks for all Thou art,
Home where all find peace and rest,
Be Thou known and loved and blest!”*

—Fr. Faber



↖CHRISTLAND

N
W + E
S

↖*sea*

↘

↖*north coast*

sea

↖CAPITAL

The Sanguis Christi Isles
~ aka "The Catholic Colonies"

The Northeast ↗

coast

Droplets

Potus

SEMINARY

Lavacrum

Treadville

↖*The Northwest*

Droplets

MONASTERY

sea

coast

mountains

↖

mountains

THE WILDS

↘

forest

↖*Pretium*

wilderness

↘

THE MAGDALENA

coast

Cordium

sea

Cruce

The Misericordiae

River

coast

THE GLORY GOLDFIELDS

Taberna

Caritas

↓

Omni

Honor

Purgatory

OUR LADY OF MERCY

CHILDREN'S HOME

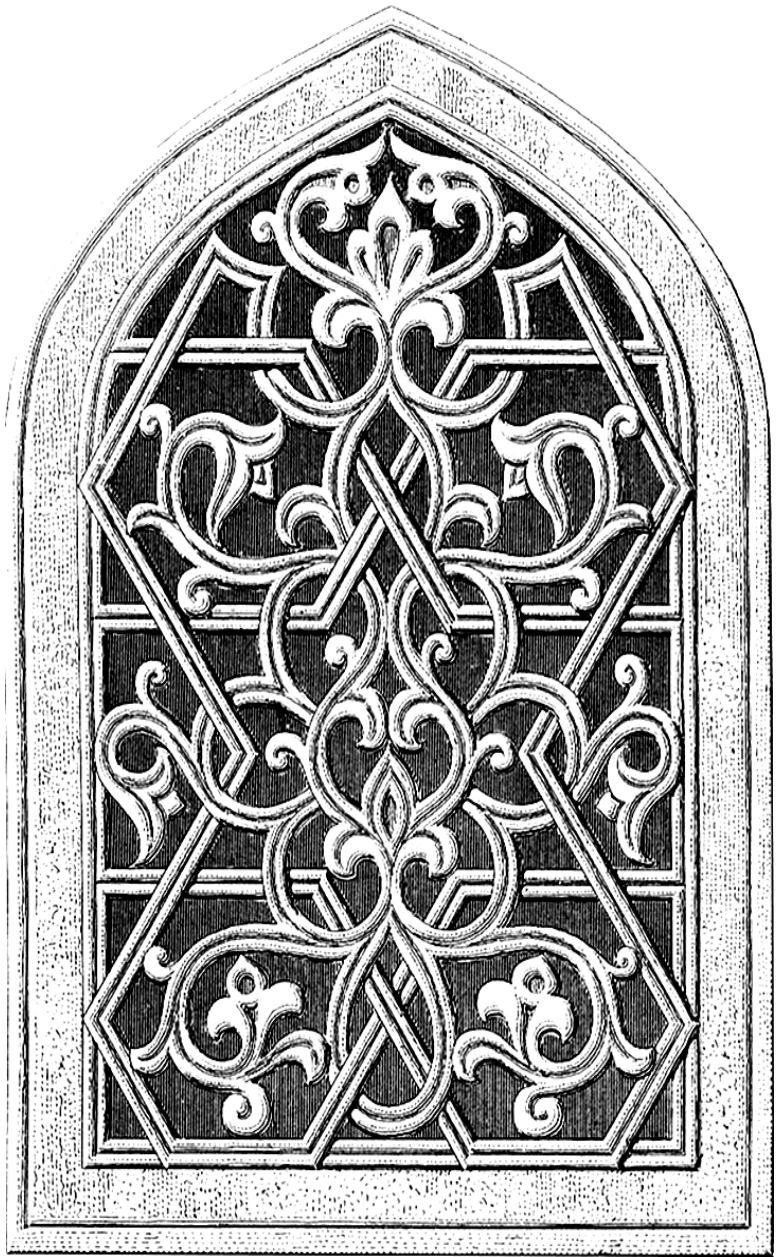


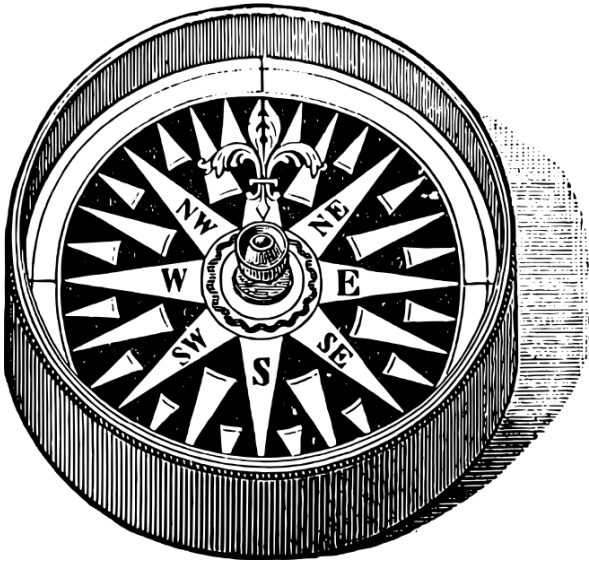
A.M.D.G.

B.V.M.H.

All to the
Greater Glory of God
and in Honor of the
Blessed Virgin Mary

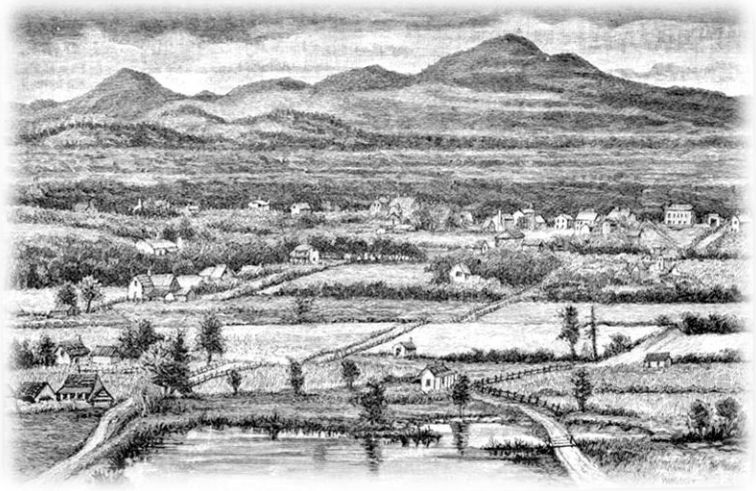






Chapter 1: Investigation Renewed

CONSTABLE MICHAEL J. MCCRAE finished writing on a page headlined "*The Blackguard Gang,*" slipping the completed record into a folder, and setting it aside to be eventually taken over to the filing cabinet.



Chapter 2: The Glory Goldfields

“NEWSFLASH!”
“Monald!” “Oh!”



Chapter 3: Canvassing Caritas

“YOU HAVE a few good hours left of sunlight to work with. It won’t be evening for awhile. I’ll find us suitable lodging for the night and get our horses safely stabled. We’ll meet back here by eight for supper. Alright?”



Chapter 4: What McCrae Uncovered. . .

APPPOINTING a couple of competent men to keep on the alert for any trouble around Cruce during his absence, Constable McCrae rode out early Monday morning, June seventeenth, heading for the town called Treadville.



Chapter 5: Birthday Surprises

“WELL, Merten, I’ve thought it over, prayed about it, and I plan on broaching the subject later tonight with him.”

Dr. Alden’s hired hand beamed, a bright light entering his brown eyes as he propped open the stable door, “I think you are making the right decision.”

“I hope so. . .”

“I know so,” Merten grinned.

“Confident, aren’t you,” Dr. Alden teased.

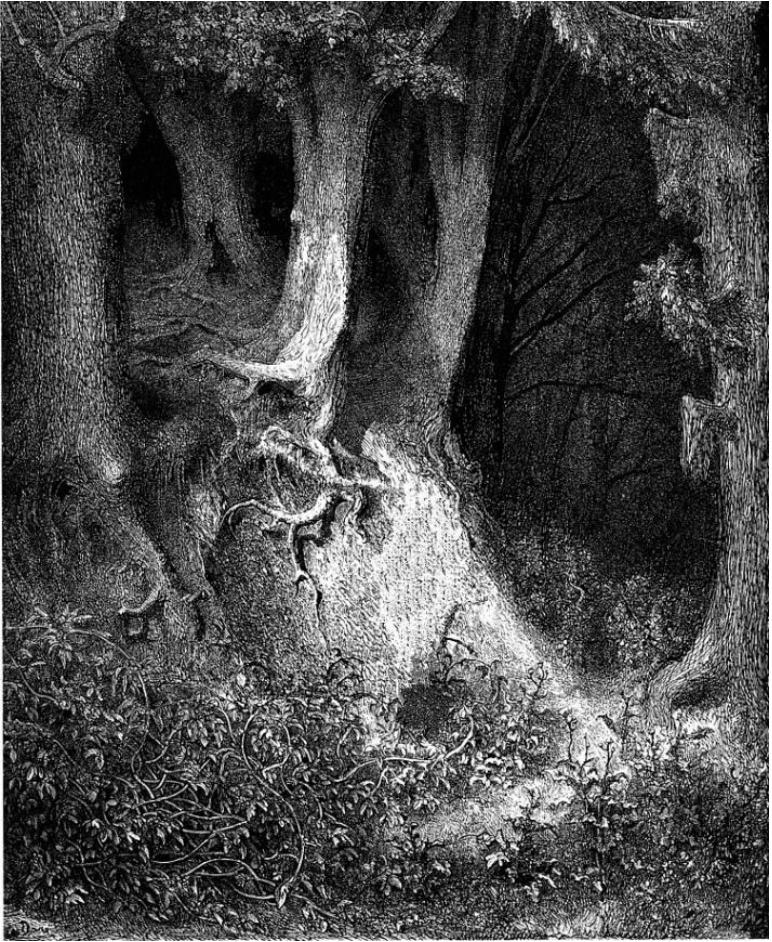
“With reason, doctor! *Remember Mrs. Madge. . .*”



Chapter 6: "Little Orphan Neddie"



Chapter 7: *The Governor Arrives*



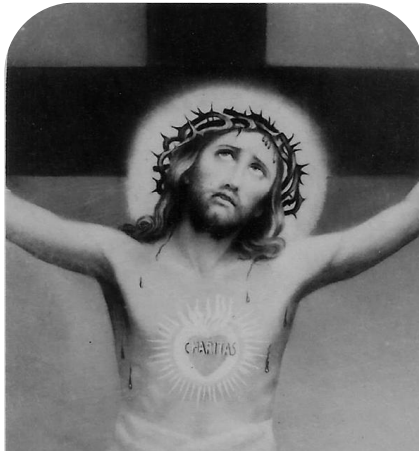
Chapter 8: What Edwin Remembered. . .



Chapter 10: Consequences

To be continued in...
The Catholic Colonies: Part 3





I Am Merciful Love
*Look at Me,
See how ardently I love Thee,
See what my love for Thee has cost Me,
Unite thyself to Me,
Offer Me. Invite Me,
Love Me*

Afterword:

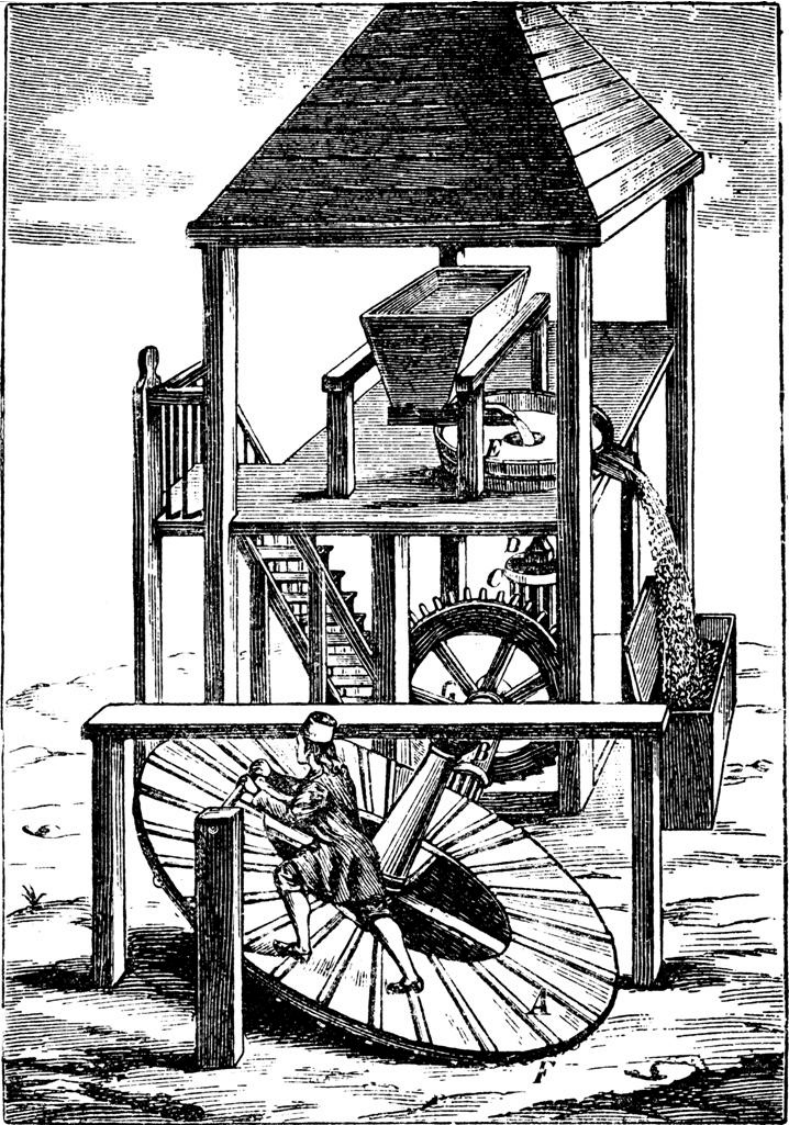
Many of my stories are written in a time reminiscent of the Middle Ages, although also resembling the Victorian era. Please keep in mind that they are not to be regarded as historically accurate of a certain time period. I mention this mainly in regards to the prayers and saints which I include. The prayers from the Holy Mass follow the 1962 Roman Missal, and thus the Liturgical Calendar of that time (which features many saints of a later time period than I picture my characters living).

Please excuse this early century/recent century fictional setting. I hope that you enjoy the stories all the same; I know that I have thoroughly enjoyed writing them!

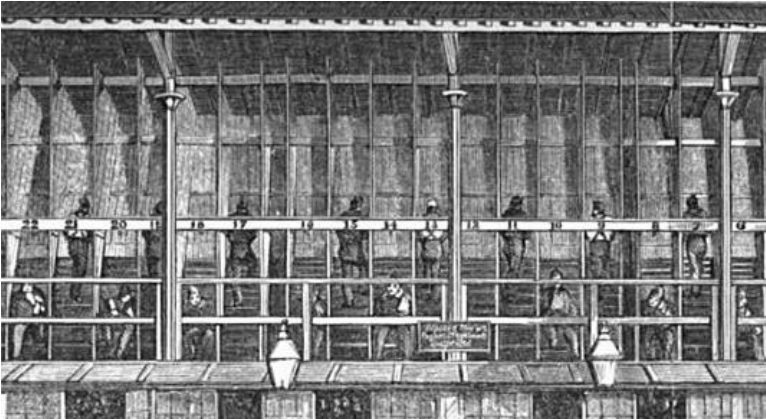
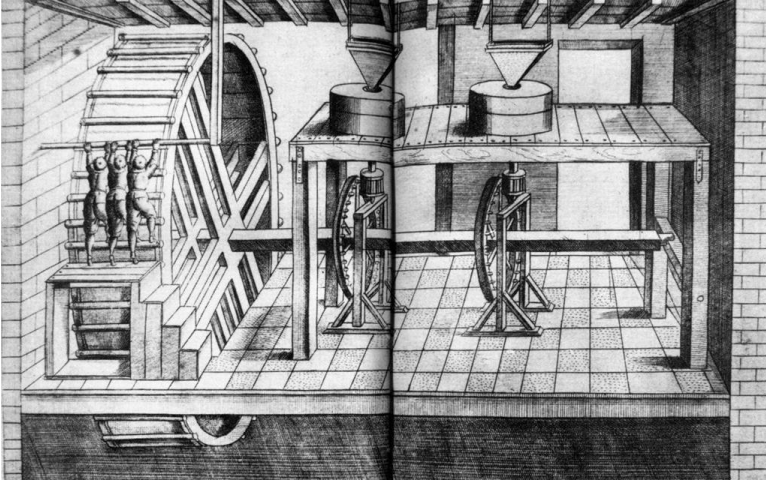


*Disclaimer: All errors contained in the story are mine;
anything good in it is the work of God's grace!*





Examples of treadmills, "treadwheels"



*A Treadville version:
Steps with partitions in between prisoners...*