



CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH
NINILCHIK

SUNDAY YOUNG PEOPLE'S READING

The HOLY WAR

Made by Shaddai Upon Diabulous for the
Regaining of the Metropolis of the World

or

The Losing and Taking Again of the
Town of Mansoul

by John Bunyan

Retold in Modern English
by Jon Cardwell

February 12th, 2023

(Episode 62)

"I have given symbols..." Hosea 12:10

[The Diabolonians had written a letter to Diabulous and sent it by the hand of Mr. Profane. Delighted with their correspondence, the evil giant, Diabulous, sent Mr. Profane back to the Diabolonians with his reply....]

“Therefore, our trusty Diabolonians, continue still to pry more into and endeavor to spy out the weakness of the town of Mansoul. We also desire that you yourselves attempt to weaken them more and more. Send us word also by whatever means you think we best attempt in regaining the town thereof: namely, whether by persuasion to a vain and loose life; or, whether by tempting them to doubt and despair; or, whether by blowing up of the town by the gunpowder of pride, and self-conceit. Also, O you brave Diabolonians and true sons of the pit, be ready always to make a most hideous assault within when we are ready to storm it without. Now make haste in your project, as we will also in our desires, to the utmost power of our gates. This is the wish of your great Diabulous, Mansoul’s enemy, as he who trembles when he thinks of judgment to come! All the blessings of the pit be upon you, and so we close our letter.

“Given at the pit’s mouth, by the joint consent of all the princes of darkness, to be sent, to the force and power that we have yet remaining in Mansoul, by the hand of Mr. Profane.

—By me, Diabulous.”

This letter, as was said, was sent to Mansoul, to the Diabolonians who still remained there and inhabited the wall, from the dark dungeon of Diabulous, by the hand of Mr. Profane (by whom they also in Mansoul sent theirs to the pit). Now, when this Mr. Profane returned and had come to Mansoul again, he went to the house of Mr. Mischief, as was his custom, for there was the gathering, being the place where the contrivers met. When they saw that their messenger returned safe and sound, they were greatly pleased. Then he presented them with the letter he brought from Diabulous for them; the which, when they read and considered its contents, it increased their gladness. They asked him after the welfare of their friends, as how their Lord Diabulous, Lucifer, and Beelzebub were, with the rest of those of the den. To which this Profane answered, “Well, well, my lords; they are well, even as well as can be in their place. They also,” said he, “rang the bell for joy after reading your letter, as you well perceived when you read their reply.”

Now, as was said, when they read their letter and realized it encouraged them in their work, they fell to their way of contriving again, namely, how they might complete their Diabolonian design upon

Mansoul. And the first thing they agreed upon was to keep all things from Mansoul as much as they could: “Let it not be known, let not Mansoul be acquainted with what we plan against it.” The next thing was how, or by what means, they should try to bring to pass the ruin and overthrow of Mansoul. One said this and another said that.

Then Mr. Deceit stood up and said, “My right Diabolonian friends, our lords and high ones of the deep dungeon have proposed unto us these three possible ways—

“1. Whether it was best for us to seek its ruin by making Mansoul loose and vain? 2. Or whether it best to drive them to doubt and despair? 3. Or whether it best to endeavor to blow them up by the gunpowder of pride and self-conceit. [**Take heed, Mansoul!**]

“Now, I think, if we shall tempt them to pride, that may do something; and if we tempt them to wantonness, that may help. But, in my mind, if we could drive them into desperation, that would hit the nail on the head; for then in the first place, we would have them question the truth of the love of the heart of their Prince towards them, and that will disgust Him greatly. This, if it works well, will cause them to stop sending petitions to Him— then goodbye earnest solicitations for help and supply! For then they will naturally come to this conclusion: ‘May as well do nothing if we do it for no good reason.’” So to Mr. Deceit they unanimously consented. [**Take heed, Mansoul!**]

Then the next question was, “But how shall we bring this scheme to pass?” This was answered by the same gentleman, that this might be the best way to do it: “Even let,” said he, “as many of our friends as are willing to venture themselves to promote their prince’s cause disguise themselves with apparel, change their names, and go into the market like far country-men. They can offer themselves as servants to the famous town of Mansoul, and let them pretend to do for their masters as beneficially as may be; for by doing so, if Mansoul shall hire them, in little time they may so corrupt and defile the corporation that her current Prince shall not only be further offended by them, but He will eventually spit them out of His mouth. And when this is done, our prince, Diabulous, shall prey upon them with ease: yes, of themselves they shall fall into the mouth of the eater” (Nah 3: 12). [**Take heed, Mansoul!**]

This plan was no sooner proposed that it was as highly accepted; and all Diabolonians were now eager to engage in such a delicate an enterprise. It was not thought suitable, however, that all should do this; therefore they chose two or three, namely, the Lord Covetousness, the

Lord Lasciviousness, and the Lord Anger. The Lord Covetousness called himself by the name of Prudent-Thrifty; the Lord Lasciviousness called himself by the name of Harmless-Mirth; and the Lord Anger called himself by the name of Good-Zeal. [Take heed, Mansoul!]

So upon a market-day they came into the market-place— three handsome fellows they were to look upon— they were clothed in rustic country clothes, which were also now in a manner as white as were the white robes of the men of Mansoul. Now these men could speak the language of Mansoul well. So when they had come into the market-place and offered themselves as servants to the townsmen, they were immediately taken up on their offer; for they asked very little wages and promised to do their masters great service. [Take heed, Mansoul!]

Mr. Mind hired Prudent-Thrifty, and Mr. Godly-Fear hired Good-Zeal. True, this fellow Harmless-Mirth had to hang around for awhile because he could not get a master as soon as the others; for there was a long and sober religious observance in the town of Mansoul, but after a while, because their observance would be over, the Lord Willbewill hired Harmless-Mirth to be both his butler and his messenger: and thus they got masters for themselves. [Take heed, Mansoul!]

These villains, now having gotten this far into the houses of the men of Mansoul, quickly began to do great mischief therein; for, being filthy, cunning, and sly, they quickly corrupted the families where they were. Yes, they polluted their masters greatly, especially this Prudent-Thrifty, and also the one they called Harmless-Mirth. True, he who went masked as Good-Zeal was not as well-liked by his master: for he quickly found that he was just a counterfeit rascal; so when the fellow perceived his scam was discovered, he escaped speedily from the house, or I doubt not that his master would have hanged him on the gallows.

Well, when these vagabonds had thus far carried out their plan, and had corrupted the town as much as they could, the next thing they considered among themselves was what time their prince, Diabulous, outside the town, should attempt to seize upon Mansoul, while they themselves were still within; and they all agreed upon this, that a market-day would be best for that work. Why? For then the townfolk would be busy in their ways. And always take this for a rule: when people are most busy in the world, they least fear a surprise. “We also then,” said they, “shall be able with less suspicion to...”

Be Continued....
[Take heed, Mansoul!]