



**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 26th, 2023

(Episode 63)

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

*[After two Diabolonians, Lord Covetousness and Lord Lasciviousness infiltrated and corrupted Mansoul by deceit and disguise, these vagabonds plotted how to be ready so Diabulous could attack...]*

...and they all agreed upon this, that a market-day would be best for that work. Why? For then the townsfolk 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 gather ourselves together for the work of our friends and lords; yes, and in such a day, if we shall attempt our work, and miss it, we may, when they shall give us the rout, the better hide ourselves in the crowd, and escape.” **[Take heed, Mansoul!]**

These things being thus far agreed upon by them, they wrote another letter to Diabulous, and sent it by the hand to Mr. Profane, the contents of which were these—

*“The Lords of Looseness send to the great and high Diabulous, from our dens, caves, holes, and strongholds, in and about the wall of the town of Mansoul, greeting: [Look to it, Mansoul!]*

“Our great lord, and the nourisher of our lives, Diabulous; how glad we were when we heard of your fatherhood’s readiness to comply with us, and help forward our scheme in attempts to ruin Mansoul! None can tell but those who, as we do, set themselves against all appearance of good, whenever and wherever we find it (Rom 7:21; Gal 5:17).

“Touching the encouragement that your greatness is pleased to give us to continue to devise, contrive, and study the utter desolation of Mansoul, that we are not anxious about it, for we know quite well that it cannot be but pleasing and profitable to us to see our enemies, and them that seek our lives, die at our feet or flee before us. We therefore are still contriving, and that to the best of our cunning, to make this work most easily congerable to your lordships, and to us. **[Look to it, Mansoul!]**

“First, we considered of that most hellishly cunning, compacted, threefold project, you had proposed to us in your last letter; and have concluded, that though to blow them up with the gunpowder of pride would do well, and to do it by tempting them to be loose and vain will be helpful; yet to contrive to bring them into the gulf of desperation, we think will do best of all. Now we, who are at your beck and call, have thought of two ways to do this— First, for our parts, we will make them as vile as we can, and then at a time appointed, you together with us shall be ready to fall upon them with the utmost force. And of all the nations that answer to your whistle, we think an army of Doubters may be the

most likely to attack and overcome the town of Mansoul. Thus shall we overcome these enemies; otherwise the pit shall open her mouth upon them and desperation shall thrust them down into it. To make this desirable plan effective, we have already sent three of our trusty Diabolonians among them. They are disguised in garb, they have changed their names, and are now accepted of them; namely, Covetousness, Lasciviousness, and Anger. The name of Covetousness was changed to Prudent-Thrifty; and hired by Mr. Mind who has become almost as bad as our friend. Lasciviousness has changed his name to Harmless-Mirth, who has become the Lord Willbewill's lackey; and his efforts have made his master very wanton and morally unrestrained. Anger changed his name into Good-Zeal, and was entertained by Mr. Godly-Fear; but the peevish old gentleman took pepper in the nose, quickly saw through Anger's disguise, and turned our companion out of his house. Nay, if he had not run away and informed us, surely his old master would have hanged him for his labor. [**Take heed, Mansoul!**]

"Now these have helped much to forward our work and plan upon Mansoul; for notwithstanding the spite and quarrelsome temper of the old gentleman last mentioned, the other two have plied their business well, and are likely to ripen the work quickly. [**Look to it, Mansoul!**]

"The next step of our plan is this: its conclusion will be that you come on the town upon a market-day when they are actively involved in the heat of their business; for then, surely, they will feel most secure and be least likely to think an assault would be made upon them. At such a time, they will also be less able to defend themselves, and to offend you in the prosecution of our scheme. And we, your trusty ones— and we are sure your beloved ones— when you make your furious assault outside, we will be ready to second the business within. So shall we, in all likelihood, be able to put Mansoul to utter confusion, and to swallow them up before they realize what is happening. If your serpentine heads, most subtle dragons, and our highly esteemed lords know of a better way than this, let us quickly know your minds. [**Take heed, Mansoul!**]

"To the Monsters of the Infernal Cave, from the house of Mr. Mischief in Mansoul, by the hand of Mr. Profane."

Now all the while that the raging runagates and hellish Diabolonians were thus contriving the ruin of the town of Mansoul, they, namely, the poor town itself, were in sad and woeful health; partly because they had so grievously offended Shaddai and His Son and partly because their enemies within had renewed their strength; and also because, though

they made many petitions to Prince Emmanuel and to His Father Shaddai by Him for their pardon and favor, they had not yet obtained a single smile. On the contrary, through the craft and subtlety of the domestic Diabolonians, their cloud grew blacker and blacker, and their Emmanuel stood at a further distance.

The sickness also still greatly raged in Mansoul, both among the captains and the inhabitants of the town. Only their enemies were now lively and strong; and it seemed likely that they would become the head while Mansoul would be the tail.

By this time, the letter last mentioned, the one written by the Diabolonians who still lurked in the town of Mansoul, was conveyed to Diabolous in the black den, carried by the hand of Mr. Profane. He took the letter to Hell-Gate Hill as before, and conveyed it by Cerberus to his lord. But when Cerberus and Mr. Profane met, they were in a short time as great as beggars, falling into a conversation about Mansoul and about the scheme against her.

“Ah! old friend,” said Cerberus, “have you come to Hell-Gate Hill again? By St. Mary, I am glad to see you!”

PROFANE. “Yes, my lord, I have come again about the concerns of the town of Mansoul.

CERBERUS. “Tell me, I pray, what condition is that town of Mansoul in at present?”

PROFANE. “In a brave condition for us, my lord, and for my lords, the lords of this place, I think; for they are greatly decayed as to godliness, and that is as well as our heart can wish; their Lord is noticeably absent from them, and that also pleases us well. We have also a foot in their door already, for our Diabolonian friends abide in their bosoms and all we lack now is to become masters of the place! Besides, our trusty friends in Mansoul are daily plotting to betray it to the lords of this town. Moreover the sickness rages bitterly among them, and as a whole, we hope at last to prevail.”

CERBERUS. Then said the dog of Hell-Gate, “No time like the present to assault them. I wish that the undertaking is close to follow and that the desired success may soon be accomplished. Yes, I wish it for the poor Diabolonians’ sakes still living in continual fear of their lives in that traitorous town of Mansoul.”

PROFANE. “The contrivance is almost finished. The lords in Mansoul that are Diabolonians are at it day and night. The others are like silly doves, lacking a heart to be...” **Continued...**