



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

April 9th, 2023

(Episode 66)

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

[Once Diabolous and the lords of the pit read the letter from the Diabolonians still in Mansoul, they wrote their reply and sent it back by the hand of Mr. Profane. So Mr. Profane] ...came up the stairs from the deep to the mouth of the cave where Cerberus was. Now when Cerberus saw him, he asked how matters went below, about and against the town of Mansoul.

PROFANE. "Things went as well as we can expect. The letter I carried there was highly approved, was well liked by all my lords, and I am returning to tell our Diabolonians so. I have an answer to it here in my bosom, one I am sure will make our masters who sent me glad; for its contents are sure to encourage them to pursue their plan to the utmost, and to be ready also to fall upon them within when they see my Lord Diabolous harassing the town of Mansoul from outside."

CERBERUS. "But does he intend to go against them himself?"

PROFANE. "Does he! Indeed, and he will take more than twenty thousand along with him, all sturdy Doubters and men of war, chosen men from the land of Doubting, to serve him in the expedition."

Then was Cerberus glad, and said, "And is there such brave preparations made to go against the miserable town of Mansoul? For it would be my dream to be put at the head of a thousand of them so I might also show my valor against the famous town of Mansoul."

PROFANE. "Your wish may come to pass; you look like one who has mettle enough, and my lord will have with him those who are valiant and stout. But my business requires haste."

CERBERUS. "Certainly, so it does. Hurry to the town of Mansoul, with all the deepest mischief this place can grant you. And when you come to the house of Mr. Mischief, the place where the Diabolonians meet to plot, tell them that Cerberus wishes them his service, and that if he may, he will, with the army come up against the famous town of Mansoul."

PROFANE. "That I will. And I know my lords who are there will be glad to hear it, and to see you also."

So after a few more such kind of compliments, Mr. Profane took his leave of his friend, Cerberus; and Cerberus again, with a thousand of their pit-wishes, wished him success and prosperity, as well as to his masters. Upon hearing this, Mr. Profane bowed respectfully, turned, and ran speedily away.

Thus, therefore, he returned, and went and came to Mansoul; and as he had before, he went to the house of Mr. Mischief where he found the

Diabolonians assembled and waiting for his return. Now when he had come and presented himself, he also delivered to them his letter, and attached this compliment to them: “My lords, from the confines of the pit, the high and mighty principalities and powers of the den salute you here, the true Diabolonians of the town of Mansoul. Wishing you always the most proper of their benedictions, for the great service, high attempts, and brave achievements you have put upon yourselves for the restoring of the famous town of Mansoul to our prince Diabulous.”

This was therefore the present state of the miserable town of Mansoul: she had offended her Prince, and He was gone; and by her foolishness, she had encouraged the powers of hell to come against her to seek her utter destruction.

True, the town of Mansoul was made somewhat sensible of her sin, but the Diabolonians had gotten into her bowels. She cried, but Emmanuel was gone; and her cries did not fetch Him as yet again. Besides, she did not know if, whether ever or never, He would return and come to His Mansoul again; nor did she know the power and industry of the enemy, nor how her behavior hastened hell’s plot to execute their plan devised against her.

They did, indeed, still send petition after petition to the Prince, but He answered all with silence. They neglected reformation, and that was as Diabulous would have it; for he knew, if they regarded iniquity in their heart, their King would not hear their prayer. They still therefore grew weaker and weaker, and were like whirling dust before the storm (Isa 17:13). They cried to their King for help, and laid Diabolonians in their bosoms (Psa 66:18), so what therefore should a King do to them? Yes, there seemed now to be a mixture in Mansoul; the Diabolonians and the Mansoulians would walk the streets together. Yes, they began to seek their peace; for they thought that, since the sickness had been so mortal in Mansoul, it was vain to engage in hand-to-hand combat with them. Besides, the weakness of Mansoul was the strength of their enemies; and the sins of Mansoul, the advantage of the Diabolonians. The foes of Mansoul had also now begun to promise themselves the town for a possession: there was no great difference now between Mansoulians and Diabolonians: both seemed to be masters of Mansoul. Yes, the Diabolonians increased and grew, but the town of Mansoul diminished greatly. There were more than eleven thousand men, women, and children who died by the sickness in Mansoul.

But now, as Shaddai would have it, there was one whose name was Mr. Prywell, a great lover of the people of Mansoul. And he, as his manner was, listened as he traveled up and down in Mansoul to see, and to hear, if at any time he might discover whether or not there was any plan against it. For he was always a jealous man, and feared some mischief sometime would befall it, either from the Diabolonians within, or from some power without. Now, once upon a time it so happened, as Mr. Prywell went listening here and there he chanced upon a place called Vilehill, in Mansoul, where Diabolonians used to meet; so hearing a muttering— you must know that it was in the night— he softly drew near to hear; nor had he stood long under the house-end, for there stood a house there, but he heard one confidently affirm that it was not or would not be long before Diabulous himself should possess Mansoul again; hearing also that the Diabolonians intended to put all Mansoulians to the sword, that they would kill and destroy the King's captains, and that they would drive all his soldiers out of the town. The mutterer said, moreover, that he knew there were more than twenty thousand fighting men prepared by Diabulous to accomplish this plan, and that it would not be months before they all should see it. When Mr. Prywell heard this story, he quickly believed it was true. Therefore he went immediately to my Lord Mayor's house, and acquainted him with it.

The Lord Mayor sent for the subordinate preacher and broke the news to him. The subordinate preacher soon gave the alarm to the town— for he was now the chief preacher in Mansoul— because, as yet, my Lord Secretary was ill at ease. And this was the way the subordinate preacher alarmed the town: that same hour he caused the Lecture-bell to be rung, so the people came together: he then gave them a short exhortation to watchfulness, and made Mr. Prywell's news its argument. "For," said he, "a horrible plot is planned against Mansoul, even to massacre us all in a day; nor is this story to be slighted, for Mr. Prywell is its author. Mr. Prywell has always been a lover of Mansoul, a sober and judicious man, a man who is no tattler, nor raiser of false reports, but one who loves to look into the very bottom of matters, and talks nothing of gossip, stories, or opinions, but by very solid facts and arguments.

"I will call him," he continued, "and you shall hear him yourselves." So he called him, and he came and told his tale so punctually, and affirmed its truth with such ample grounds, that Mansoul fell immediately under a conviction... **To Be Continued...**