



**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

May 8th, 2022

(Episode 41)

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

*[The town of Mansoul had sent a third petition to Prince Emmanuel, again by the hand of Mr. Desires-awake who, at his request, desired Mr. Wet-Eyes to accompany him. They apologized for disturbing the good Prince, then Mr. Desires-awake cast himself prostrate upon the ground at the feet of the mighty Prince, as he did the first time....]*

“Oh! that Mansoul might live before You!” said Mr. Desires-awake as he delivered his petition.

The Prince then, having read the petition, turned aside awhile as before; then returning to the place where the petitioner laid on the ground, He demanded to know his name, and why he was chosen to be sent upon such an errand above all the others in the town of Mansoul.

The man answered the Prince, “Oh let not my Lord be angry; and why would You inquire after the name of such a dead dog as I am? Pass by, I pray, and take no notice of who I am, because there is, as You very well know, such a great disparity between You and me. Why the townsmen chose to send me on this errand to my Lord is best known to themselves, but it could not be because they thought I had favor with my Lord. For my part, I despise myself; who, then, should be in love with me? Nevertheless, I wish to live, and I desire that my townsmen should live as well; and because both they and myself are guilty of great transgressions, therefore they have sent me. I have come in their names to beg of my Lord for mercy. If it please You, therefore, to have a merciful inclination toward us; but please don’t ask what Your servants are.”

Then said the Prince, “And who accompanies you on such a weighty a matter as this?”

So Mr. Desires told Emmanuel that he was a poor neighbor of his, and one of his most intimate associates. “And his name,” said he, “may it please Your most excellent Majesty, is Wet-Eyes, of the town of Mansoul. I know that there are many with that name who are worthless, but I hope it will not offend my Lord that I have brought my poor neighbor with me.”

Then Mr. Wet-Eyes fell on his face to the ground, and made this apology for his coming with his neighbor to his Lord: “Oh, my Lord,” he said, “what I am, I don’t even know myself, nor whether my name is false or true, especially when I begin to think what some have said, namely, that this name was given me because Mr. Repentance was my father. Good men have bad children, and the sincere often produce hypocrites. My mother also called me by this name from the cradle; but whether she did

so because of the moistness of my brain, or because of the softness of my heart, I cannot tell. I see dirt in my own tears, and filthiness in the bottom of my prayers. But I pray You,” he continued, and all this while the gentleman wept, “that You would not remember against us our transgressions, nor take offence at the unqualifiedness of Your servants, but mercifully pass by the sin of Mansoul, and refrain from the glorifying of Your grace no longer.”

So at His bidding they arose, and both stood trembling before Him. He spoke to them with this purpose: “The town of Mansoul has grievously rebelled against My Father, in that they have rejected Him from being their King, and chose for their captain a liar, a murderer, and a vagabond slave. For this Diabulous, your pretended prince, though once so highly esteemed by you, rebelled against My Father and Me, even in our palace and highest court there, thinking to become a prince and king. But having been timely discovered and apprehended there, and for his wickedness bound in chains, and separated to the pit with those that were his companions, he offered himself to you, and you have received him.

“Now this is, and for a long time has been, a high affront to My Father; so for this reason, My Father sent a powerful army to reduce you to your obedience. But you know how those men, their captains, and their counsels, were treated by you, and what they received from your hand. You rebelled against them, you shut your gates upon them, you bid them battle, you fought them, and fought for Diabulous against them. So they sent word to My Father for more power, and I, with My men, had come to subdue you. But as you treated the servants, so you treated their Lord. You stood up in hostile manner against Me, you shut up your gates against Me, you turned a deaf ear to Me, and resisted as long as you could; but now I have conquered you. Did you cry for My mercy while you had hopes you might still prevail against Me? But now that I’ve taken the town, you cry; but why did you not cry before, when the white flag of My mercy, the red flag of justice, and the black flag threatening execution were set up to call you to it? Now that I have conquered your Diabulous, you come to Me for favor; but why did you not help Me against the mighty? Yet I will consider your petition, and will answer it so as will be for My glory.

“Go, ask Captain Boanerges and Captain Conviction to bring the prisoners out to Me into the camp tomorrow, and say to Captain Judgment and Captain Execution, ‘Stay in the castle, and take good heed

to yourselves that you keep all quiet in Mansoul until you shall hear further from Me.” And with that He turned from them and went into His royal pavilion again.

So the petitioners, having received this answer from the Prince, returned, just as they had the first time, to go to their companions again. They had not gone far when thoughts began to work in their minds that no mercy toward Mansoul as yet was intended by the Prince. So they went to the place where the prisoners laid bound; but these workings of mind about what would become of Mansoul had such strong power over them that by the time they had returned to those who sent them, they were hardly able to deliver their message.

Finally, they arrived at the gates of the town, where many met them, who anxiously awaited their return to know what answer was made to the petition. The townsmen cried out to those who were sent, “What news from the Prince? and what has Emmanuel said?”

But they said that they must, as before, go up to the prison, and there deliver their message. So away they went to the prison, with a multitude at their heels. Now, when they had come to the gates of the prison, they told the first part of Emmanuel’s speech to the prisoners, to wit, how he reflected upon their disloyalty to His Father and Himself, and how they had chose and closed with Diabulous, had fought for him, hearkened to him, and been ruled by him; but had despised the Prince and His men. This made the prisoners look pale; but the messengers proceeded and said, “He, the Prince, said, moreover, that He would yet consider your petition, and give such answer thereto as would stand with His glory.” And as these words were spoken, Mr. Wet-Eyes gave a great sigh.

At this they were all of them struck into their dumps, and could not tell what to say: fear also possessed them in a marvelous manner, and death seemed to sit upon some of their eyebrows.

Now, there was in the company a notable, sharp-witted fellow, an undignified man of estate, and his name was old Inquisitive. This man asked the petitioners if they had told every whit of what Emmanuel said, and they answered...

To Be Continued...