



**CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH**  
NINILCHIK

SUNDAY CHILDREN'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 14th, 2021

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

...But when the townsfolk saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eye, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, they did as old Ill-pause advised; they took and did eat thereof.

Now this I should have told you before, that even then, when this Ill-pause was making his speech to the townsmen, my Lord Innocency fell right where he stood, and he could not be revived. (I don't know why he fell; perhaps by a shot from the camp of the giant, or from some sinking sickness that suddenly took him, or whether by the stinking breath of that treacherous villain, old Ill-pause, for so I am most apt to think). Thus these two brave men died, Captain Resistance and Lord Innocency— brave men, I call them; for they were the beauty and glory of Mansoul, as long as they lived there. Absent now was a noble spirit in Mansoul; they all fell down and yielded obedience to Diabulous; they became his slaves and subjects, as you shall hear.

Now these two great nobles being dead, the rest of the townsfolk were like men who found a fool's paradise. As was hinted before, they shortly fall to prove the truth of the giant's words. First, they did as Ill-pause had taught them; **they looked**, that is, they were captivated with the forbidden fruit; **they took thereof**, and ate the fruit; and having eaten, **they shook**, because the fruit made them immediately drunk. So they opened both the Ear-gate and Eye-gate, and let Diabulous enter with all his troops; and the townsfolk had quite forgotten their good Shaddai, His law, and the judgment with solemn threatening He had attached to the tree if its command was broken.

Diabulous entered the gates and marched up the road to the middle of the town to make his conquest as sure as he could. Finding, by this time, the affections of the people warmly inclining to him, he, as thinking it was best striking while the iron is hot, made this further deceivable speech unto them, saying, "Alas, my poor Mansoul! I have indeed done you this service and promoted you to honor with increased liberty. But, alas! alas! poor Mansoul, you now lack someone to defend you. For know this most assuredly, when Shaddai hears what was done, He will come. He'll be sorry you have broken His bonds and cast away His cords from you. What will you do? Will you, after having broadened your mind, allow your privileges to be invaded and taken away? How will you clear yourself of this difficulty?"

Then they all, with one consent, said to this bramble, "You reign over

us.”

So Diabolous accepted the motion, and became the king of the town of Mansoul. This accomplished, the next thing was for him to take possession of the castle; and the castle was the whole strength of the town. So, into the castle he goes. Shaddai built the castle in Mansoul for His own delight and pleasure; but the castle had now become a den and stronghold for the giant Diabolous.

Now, having taken possession of this stately palace or castle, he turns it into a garrison for himself. Diabolous strengthens and fortifies it with all sorts of provisions he can use against King Shaddai, or against those who should endeavor to regain the castle and his obedience again.

This done, but not thinking himself yet secure enough, he thinks of remodeling the town. He does so by setting up one and putting down another at his own pleasure. Therefore, my Lord Mayor, whose name was Lord Understanding, and Mr. Recorder, whose name was Mr. Conscience, these Diabolous removed from their positions of power.

As for my Lord Mayor, though he was an understanding man, and one too who had complied with the rest of the town of Mansoul in admitting the giant into the town, yet Diabolous thought it unfit to let him live in his former luster and glory, because he was a seeing man. For this reason, Diabolous darkened him, not only by taking from him his office and power, but by building a high and strong tower, just between the sun's reflections and the windows of my lord's palace; by which his house, and all of his dwelling place, were made as dark as darkness itself. And thus, being alienated from the light, he became like one who was born blind. My lord was confined to his dark house, which was his prison; and moreover, boundaries were established so that, if he were ever paroled, he must remain within his confines. And now, had he had a heart to do for Mansoul, what could he do for it, or how could he be profitable to her? So then, as long as Mansoul was under the power and government of Diabolous (and as long as it was under him, since it was obedient to him, which was even until by a war it was rescued out of his hand), as long as my Lord Mayor was more a liability to the famous town of Mansoul rather than an asset or advantage to them.

As for Mr. Recorder, before the town was taken, he was a man well read in the laws of his King. Moreover, he was a man of courage and faithfulness to speak truth at every occasion; and he had a tongue as

bravely hung as he had a head filled with judgment. Diabulous could not stand this man. Although he gave his consent to his coming into the town, nevertheless, he could not control him, not even by all the wiles, trials, strategies, and devices he could use. Diabulous could not make Mr. Recorder wholly his own. True, he was quite fallen and had degenerated from his relationship to his former King; and was quite pleased with many of the giant's laws and service; but all this would not do, forasmuch as he was not wholly his. He would now and then think upon Shaddai, and have the dread of His law upon him; and then he would speak against Diabulous with a voice as great as when a lion roars. Yes, when his fits were upon him (for you must know that sometimes he had terrible fits), he would also at certain times make the whole town of Mansoul shake with his voice: and therefore, the now king of Mansoul, Diabulous, could not stand him.

Diabulous, therefore, feared the Recorder more than anyone who was left alive in the town of Mansoul, because, as I said, his words shook the whole town; they were like the rattling thunder, and also like thunderclaps. Since the giant could not make him wholly his own, he had no other choice but to study all he could to corrupt the old gentleman, and by debauchery to stupefy his mind, and harden his heart more and more in the ways of vanity. And as he attempted, he accomplished his plan: he corrupted the man, and little by little, drew him into sin and wickedness, that at last he was not only corrupt, as at first, and so by consequence, defiled, and was almost (at last, I say) past all conscience of sin. Yet, this was the farthest Diabulous could go.

**To Be Continued....**