



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

January 29th, 2023

(Episode 61)

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

[*On the advice of Mr. Godly-Fear, Mansoul, with tearful repentance in godly sorrow, constantly petitioned Prince Emmanuel to return to them. Meanwhile, some Diabolonians who dwelt in the walls of the town met at Mr. Mischief's hold as Mr. Lasciviousness proposed that they risk offering themselves as servants to some of the natives of the town....*]

“For,” he said, “if they do so, and Mansoul accepts them, they may make the taking of the town of Mansoul easier for us, and for Diabulous our Lord, than it would otherwise be.”

But then the Lord Murder stood up and said, “This may not be done at this time; for Mansoul is now in a kind of a rage, and because of our friend, Mr. Carnal-Security, having already been ensnared once and made to offend her Prince. How will she reconcile herself unto her Lord again, but by removing the heads of these men? Besides, we know that they have a commission to take and slay us wherever they shall find us; let us, therefore, be wise as foxes: when we are dead, we can do them no harm; but while we live, we may.”

Thus, when they had tossed the matter to and fro, they jointly agreed that a letter should be sent away immediately to Diabulous in their name, by which the state of the town of Mansoul should be shown to him, and how much it is under the frowns of their Prince. “We may also,” said some of them, “let him know our intentions, and ask of him his advice in this case.”

So a letter was quickly framed, the contents of which was this—

*“To our great lord, the Prince Diabulous, dwelling below in the infernal cave:*

“O great father, and mighty Prince Diabulous: We, the true Diabolonians, yet remaining in the rebellious town of Mansoul, having received our beings from you, and our nourishment at your hands, cannot with content and quiet endure to behold, as we do this day, how you are dispraised, disgraced, and reproached among the inhabitants of this town; nor is your long absence at all delightful to us, because greatly to our detriment.

“The reason we are writing to our Lord is, for we are not altogether without hope that this town may become your habitation again; for it has greatly declined from its Prince Emmanuel; and He has arisen and has departed from them. Yes, and though they send, and send, and send, and send after Him to return to them, still they have not prevailed nor received good words from Him.

“There has also been of late, and is still remaining, a very great sickness and fainting among them; and not only upon the poorer sort of the town, but also upon the lords, captains, and chief gentry of the place (we alone, who are of the Diabolonians by nature, remain well, lively, and strong); so that through their great transgression on the one hand, and their dangerous sickness on the other, we judge they become vulnerable to your hand and power. If, therefore, it is agreeable with your horrible cunning, and with the cunning of the rest of the princes with you, to come and make an attempt to take Mansoul again, send us word and we shall to our utmost power be ready to deliver it into your hand. Or if what we have said shall not be thought best by your fatherhood and most fitting to be done, send us your thoughts in a few words, and we all are ready to follow your counsel to the hazarding of our lives, and whatever else we have.

“This letter has been given under our hands on the above-written day and date after a close consultation at the house of Mr. Mischief, who is still alive and has his place in our desirable town of Mansoul.”

When Mr. Profane—for he was the carrier—had come with his letter to Hell-Gate Hill, he knocked at the brazen gates for entrance. Then Cerberus, the porter—for he was the keeper of that gate—opened to Mr. Profane, to whom he delivered his letter, which he had brought from the Diabolonians in Mansoul. So he carried it in, and presented it to Diabolous his lord, and said, “Tidings, my lord, from Mansoul, from our trusty friends in Mansoul.”

Then Beelzebub, Lucifer, Apollyon, with the rest of the rabble there came together from all places of the den, to hear the news from Mansoul. So the letter was unsealed and read while Cerberus stood by. When the letter was openly read, and its contents spread into all the corners of the den, command was given that, without interference or hindrance, Deadman’s bell should be rung for joy. So the bell was rung and the princes rejoiced that Mansoul was likely to come to ruin. Now, the clapper of the bell went: “The town of Mansoul is coming to dwell with us: make room for the town of Mansoul.” This bell therefore they rang, because they hoped that they should have Mansoul again.

Now, when they had performed their horrible ceremony, they got together again to consult as to how they should answer their friends in Mansoul. Some advised one thing and some another; but, finally, because the business required haste, they left the whole business up to the prince, Diabolous, judging him to be the most proper lord of the

place. So he drew up a letter as he thought fit, in answer to what Mr. Profane brought, and sent it to the Diabolonians who dwelt in Mansoul, by the same hand who brought theirs to him; and these were the contents thereof—

*“To our offspring, the high and mighty Diabolonians who still dwell in the town of Mansoul, Diabulous, the great prince of Mansoul, wishes a prosperous issue and conclusion of those many brave enterprises, conspiracies, and plans you have in your hearts to attempt, from your love and respect to our honor, to do against Mansoul.*

“Beloved children and disciples, my lords Fornication, Adultery, and the rest, we have here, in our desolate den, received, to our highest joy and content, your welcomed letter by the hand of our trusty Mr. Profane. To show you how acceptable your tidings were we rang our bell for gladness; for we rejoiced as much as we could when we recognized that we still had friends in Mansoul, and such as sought our honor and revenge in the ruin of the town of Mansoul. We also rejoiced to hear that they are in a degenerated condition, that they have offended their Prince, and that He is gone. Their sickness also pleases us, as does also your health, might, and strength. Glad also would we be, right horribly beloved, if we could get this town into our clutches again. Nor will we spare spending our wit, our cunning, our craft, and hellish inventions to bring to a desired conclusion this, your brave beginning in order thereto.

“And take this for your comfort, our birth and our offspring, that if we should again surprise it and take it, we will attempt to put all your foes to the sword, and will make you the great lords and captains of the place. Nor need you fear, that if ever we get it again, that we, afterward, shall not be cast out anymore; for we will come with more strength, and so will hold them far more securely than we had at the first. Besides, it is the law of that Prince that now they own, that if we get them a second time, they shall be ours forever (Matt 12:43-45).

“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 Be Continued....**