



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

June 18th, 2023

(Episode 72)

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

[The offspring of the Diabolonians, Harmless-Mirth and Prudent-Thrifty, were hung publicly by both Lord Willbewill and Mr. Mind respectively. These villains were crucified at Eye-gate for Diabulous and his army of Doubters to witness, who suffered a great number of losses through the valiant efforts of Mansoul and her captains.] So the next day Mansoul rested, and commanded that the bells should be rung; the trumpets also joyfully sounded, and the captains shouted round the town.

Moreover, my Lord Willbewill was not idle, but served notably against the domestic Diabolonians still within the town. Not only did he keep them in awe, but he also happened to find one, and captured him, whose name was Mr. Anything, a fellow of whom mention was made before; for it was he, if you remember, who brought the three fellows to Diabulous, whom the Diabolonians took out of Captain Boanerges's companies, and had persuaded them to list themselves under the tyrant, to fight against the army of Shaddai. My Lord Willbewill also took a notable Diabolonian, whose name was Loose-Foot; this Loose-Foot was a scout for the vagabonds in Mansoul, and he used to carry information out of Mansoul to the camp, and out of the camp to those of the enemies in Mansoul. Both these my lord sent away safe to Mr. True-Man, the jailer, commanding the jailer to keep them in irons; for he intended to have them taken out to be crucified at a time best suited to the corporation and most discouraging for the camp of the enemies.

Although he could not move about as much as he had in former days because of the wound he recently received, My Lord Mayor still gave out orders to all who were the natives of Mansoul, to look to their watch, to stand upon their guard, and, as occasion should offer, to prove themselves as brave as men.

Mr. Conscience, the preacher, he also did his utmost to keep all his good documents alive upon the hearts of the people of Mansoul.

Well, awhile after, the captains and stout ones of the town of Mansoul agreed and resolved upon a time to make a sally out upon the camp of Diabulous; that is, they desired to send forth a force of troops to attack their besiegers. They planned to do this at night, which was a foolish move for Mansoul, for the night was always the best for the enemy, but the worst for Mansoul to fight in. Yet they were keen to do this because their courage was so high and because their last victory was still stuck in their memories.

So the night appointed having come, the Prince's brave captains cast lots as to who should lead the company in this new and desperate expedition against Diabulous, and against his Diabolonian army. The lot fell to Captain Credence, to Captain Experience, and to Captain Good-Hope, to lead the Forlorn Hope (this Captain Experience was created by the Prince when He still resided in the town of Mansoul). So, as I said, they made their sally out upon the army that laid siege against them; and their misfortune was to fall in with the main body of their enemies. Now Diabulous and his men, being expertly accustomed to night-work, took the alarm immediately, and were as ready to give them battle as if they had received advance word of their coming. Therefore, the two armies engaged violently with hard blows on every side. The hell drum was also beat most furiously, while the trumpets of the Prince sounded most sweetly. And thus the battle was joined; and Captain Insatiable looked to the enemy's conquests, waiting for when he should receive some prey.

The Prince's captains fought stoutly, beyond what indeed could be expected they should. Many were wounded. They caused Diabulous's whole army to retreat. But I cannot tell how, but the brave Captain Credence, Captain Good-Hope, and Captain Experience, as they were upon the pursuit, cutting down, and following hard after the enemy in the rear, Captain Credence stumbled and fell, and in falling, he caught so great a hurt that he could not rise until Captain Experience helped him up, at which their men were put in disorder. The captain was also so full of pain that he could not forbear but to cry out aloud. At this, the other two captains fainted, supposing that Captain Credence had received his mortal wound; their men also were more disorderly, losing every inclination to fight. Now Diabulous being very observant, though at this time he was yet put to the worst, he perceived that a halt was made among the men who pursued after him. What does he do but taking it for granted that the captains were either wounded or dead, and he therefore made at first a stand, then turned about to face his enemy, and then came up upon the Prince's army with as much of his fury as hell could help him to; and by chance, fell in just among the three captains, Captain Credence, Captain Good-Hope, and Captain Experience. Diabulous cut, wounded, and pierced them so dreadfully, that through discouragement, through disorder, and through the wounds they had received, and also the loss of much blood, they were scarce able to get safe into the hold again, though they had for their power the three best hands in Mansoul.

Now, when the body of the Prince's army saw how these three captains were put to the worst, they thought it wise to make as safe and good a retreat as they could, and so they returned by the sally-port again. This had put an end to their present action.

But Diabulous was so flushed with this night's work that he promised himself, in few days, an easy and complete conquest over the town of Mansoul. Therefore, on the day following, he came up to the sides thereof with great boldness and demanded entrance, and that they forthwith deliver themselves over to his government. The Diabolonians, too, who were within the town's gates, began to be somewhat brisk, as we shall show afterward.

But the valiant Lord Mayor replied that what he got he must get by force; for as long as Emmanuel, their Prince, was alive (though He at present was not so with them as they wished), they should never consent to yield Mansoul up to another.

And with that, the Lord Willbewill stood up, and said, "Diabulous, you master of the den, and enemy to all that is good, we poor inhabitants of the town of Mansoul are too well acquainted with your rule and government, and with the result of those things that will certainly follow by submitting to you. Therefore, though while we were without knowledge we allowed you to take us, as the bird that saw not the snare fell into the hands of the fowler, yet since we have been turned from darkness to light, we have also been turned from the power of Satan to God. And though, through your subtlety, and also the subtlety of the Diabolonians within, we have sustained much loss, and also plunged ourselves into much perplexity, yet to give ourselves up, to lay down our arms, and to yield to so horrid a tyrant as you, we shall not. We would rather die here in the place we choose than to do as you say. Besides, we have hopes that in time deliverance will come from court unto us, and therefore we will still maintain a war against you."

This brave speech of the Lord Willbewill, with that also of the Lord Mayor, somewhat abated the boldness of Diabulous, though it kindled the fury of his rage. It also comforted the townsmen and captains; yes, it was as a plaster cast to the brave Captain Credence's wound. For you must know that a brave speech now was timely and also advantageous; especially since the captains of the town with their men of war came home routed, and the enemy took courage and boldness at the success he had obtained to draw up to the walls and demand entrance, as he had.

The Lord Willbewill was... **To Be Continued...**