

# **THE HOLY WAR**

**Waged by Shaddai against Diabolus**

**to Retake the Metropolis**

**of the World**

**or**

**The Losing and Taking Again**

**of the City of Mansoul**

**by**

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**(A version in easier English, by Geoffrey Stonier)**

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## CHAPTER 1

In my travels, as I roamed through many regions and countries, I came by chance on that famous continent called Universe. A very large and spacious country it is, lying between the two poles, and located amid the four points of the heavens. It is a place well-watered, and richly adorned with hills and valleys, beautifully situated, and, for the most part (at least where I was), is very fruitful, well populated, and with a very sweet air.

The people are not all of one complexion, or of one language, way of life, or religion, but differ, so it is said, as much as the planets themselves. Some are clever and some are less clever depending on the regions they live in.

In this country, as I said, it was my fate to travel; and where I travelled, I learned much of their mother tongue, together with their customs and ways. To speak the truth, I was greatly delighted to see and hear many things that I observed among them. Indeed, I felt that I could have lived and died a native among them (for so much was I taken with them and their way of life) had not my master sent for me to return to his house to do business for him and oversee his work.

Now, there is in this brave country of Universe a fair and lively city, a corporation called Mansoul; so stately in its building, so diverse in its accommodation, so advanced in its privileges (I mean with reference to its origin), that I must say of it, as was said before of the continent in which it is situated, that there is nothing else like it under the whole heaven.

As for the location of this city, it lies between two worlds. The first founder and builder of it, according to the best and most authentic records I could gather, was Shaddai; and he built it for his own delight. (Genesis 1:26) He made it the mirror and glory of all that he had made, even as the top-piece of all else that he made in that country. Indeed, so great was the city of Mansoul when it was first built that it is said by some that the gods, when they first saw it, came down to see it and sang for joy. And as he made it so delightful to look at, so he also gave it power to have dominion over all the country round about. Indeed, all were commanded to acknowledge Mansoul as their capital city, and all were commanded to pay homage to it. Yes; the city herself had a definite commission and power from her King to demand service from all, and also the right to arrest those who refused.

At the centre of this city, there reared up a most famous and stately palace. For strength, it might be called a castle; for pleasantness, a paradise; for largeness, a place so great that it could take in the whole world. (Ecclesiastes 3:11) This place, King Shaddai intended for his own use and for no other; partly for his own delight, and partly because he would have no strangers coming in to terrorise the city. This place also Shaddai turned into a garrison; but he committed the keeping of it to its citizens.

The walls of the city were well built. Indeed, so fast and firm were they that, had it not been for the citizens themselves, they could neither be shaken nor broken down at all. For in this lay the excellent wisdom of him who built Mansoul, that the walls could never be broken down or breached by the most powerful enemy or foreign power unless the citizens allowed it.

This famous city of Mansoul had five gates for entry and exit; and these were, like the walls, resistant, and could never be opened nor forced except with the permission of those within. The names of the gates were: Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate.

I could tell you other things about the city of Mansoul, which, if added to the ones I have

already mentioned, provide further proof of all her glory and strength. She always had plenty of provisions within her walls. She possessed the best, most just, and excellent law that then existed in the world. There was not a rascal, rogue, or traitor within her walls. Her citizens were all faithful men, and truly united; and this, you know, matters a great deal. And to all these things, she always had (so long as she kept true to Shaddai the King) his favour, and protection. She was ever his delight.

Well, once upon a time, a powerful giant called Diabolus came by, who ordered an assault on this famous city of Mansoul in order to take it and make it his own capital city. This giant was king of all villains, and a most greedy prince. We will, if it pleases you, talk first about the origin of this Diabolus, and then his assault on the famous city of Mansoul.

Diabolus was a great and mighty prince; yet he was both poor and wretched. As to his origin, he was at first one of the servants of King Shaddai, elevated by him to a position that was both high and powerful. Indeed, he was put over some principalities that belonged to the best of the King's territories and dominions. This Diabolus was made 'a son of the morning,' (Isaiah 14:12-15) and a great personage. It brought him much glory, and caused him to shine with honour, with an income that might have satisfied the heart of Lucifer, had it not been ravenous, and as deep as hell itself.

Well, seeing himself lifted up to fame and honour, and craving in his mind for yet higher status and degree, what did he do but plot to become Lord over all, and receive sole power under Shaddai. (Now, this position the King reserved for his Son; indeed, he had already conferred it on him.) So he first considered in himself what was the best thing to do. Then he opened his mind to some of his companions who were like-minded. They came to the conclusion that they should make an attempt on the life of the King's Son to destroy him, that the inheritance might be theirs. (Mark 12:7)

Well, to be brief, the treason, as I said, was determined, the time appointed, the word given, the rebels gathered together, and the assault attempted. Now, the King and his Son, knowing all things, could not but discern what was happening in all his dominions; and he, always having a great love for his Son, was greatly provoked and offended at what he saw. What did he do but discovered them in the very nick of time at their first attempt, convicted them of their treason, their horrid rebellion and conspiracy, and cast them out from all places of trust, benefit, honour, and preferment. This done, he banished them from his court, and turned them out into horrible pits, fast bound in chains, never more to expect the least favour from his hands, and there to wait for a judgement he had determined would last for ever. (2 Peter 2:4; Jude verse 6)

Now, when they were cut off from any place of trust, profit, and honour, and knowing that they had lost their Prince's favour for ever (being banished from his court, and cast down into the horrible pits), you can be sure that they would now add to their former pride whatever malice and rage against Shaddai and his Son they could muster. So they roved and ranged furiously from one place to another (1 Peter 5:8), seeing if, perhaps, they might find something that was the King's, and spoil it, to avenge themselves on him.

At last, they came to this expansive country of Universe, and steered their course towards the city of Mansoul. Knowing that the city was one of the chief works and delights of King Shaddai, what did they do but, after taking counsel together, they launched an assault on it. I say that they knew that Mansoul belonged to Shaddai, for they were there when he built and beautified it for himself. So, when they found the place, they shouted horribly for joy, and roared against it like a lion for its prey, saying, 'Now that we have the prize, we know how to be avenged on King Shaddai for what he has done to us.' So they sat down and called a council of war, and considered the best way to win over for themselves this famous city of Mansoul. They put forward these four questions —

**First.** Should they reveal themselves and their plot to take the city of Mansoul?

**Second.** Should they go and sit down near Mansoul in their rags and beggarly disguise?

**Third.** Should they reveal to Mansoul their intentions, and assault the city with deceitful words?

**Fourth.** Should they set aside certain of their companions to shoot some of the principal citizens if they came into sight, all the better to promote their cause?

***Decisions taken:***

1. It was agreed that the answer to the first was 'No'. It would not be in their best interests to show themselves to the city because the appearance of so many of them would alarm and frighten the citizens; whereas a few or just one of them was not likely to do so. And to strengthen this advice, it was added further that if Mansoul took alarm, 'It is impossible,' said Diabolus (for he was speaking now), 'to take the city; for no one can enter the city without her consent. Therefore, let only a few, or just one, assault Mansoul; and in my opinion,' added Diabolus, 'let it be me.' To this they were all in agreement.

2. To the second proposal, namely, whether it was best to go and sit down near Mansoul in their rags and beggarly disguise, this too was answered with the negative 'By no means!' Though the citizens of Mansoul were able in the past to see and to have to do with things that are invisible, they had never yet seen any of their fellow-creatures in so sad and pitiable a condition as they. This was the advice of the fierce Alecto. Then Apollyon said, 'The advice is quite right; for even one of us appearing to them as we are now will bring about a great troubling of their spirits and put them on their guard.' Alecto added, 'And if so, then, as my Lord Diabolus has just said, it would be useless for us to think of taking the city.'

Then came the word of that mighty giant Beelzebub: 'The advice we have just heard is sound; for though the men of Mansoul have seen us as we used to be, yet they have never seen us as we now are. It would be best, in my opinion, to come to them in a disguise they are used to.'

After this advice, to which they all agreed, the next thing to be considered was, in what shape, colour, or disguise Diabolus should best show himself as he tried to make Mansoul his own. One said one thing, and another the opposite. At last, Lucifer answered that, in his opinion, it was best that his lordship assume the body of one of those creatures over which the city had dominion. 'For,' said he, 'these are not only familiar to them, but, being over them, they would never imagine that an attempt is being made on the city. To blind them all, let him assume the body of one of those creatures that Mansoul considers to be wiser than the rest.' (Genesis 3:1; Revelation 20:1-2)

This advice was applauded by all. So it was decided that the giant Diabolus should take the shape of a dragon which was, in those days, as familiar to the city of Mansoul as a bird to a boy today; for nothing that was in its primitive state was at all amazing to them. Then they proceeded to the third proposal, which was:

3. Whether it was best to reveal their intentions, or their purpose, in coming to Mansoul. This too was answered in the negative because of the weight of the former argument; that is, that the inhabitants of Mansoul were a strong people — a strong people in a strong city — whose walls and gates were resistant (to say nothing of their castle), nor could they be won over except by their own consent. 'Besides', said Legion (for this was

his answer), 'if they discover our intentions, they will send word to their King for help; and if that is done, we will soon know the time of day it will be with us. Therefore, let us attack under the guise of justice, covering our intentions with all manner of lies, flatteries, and deceiving words; promising things that can never be, things that will never happen. This is the way to win Mansoul and make them, of their own freewill, open their gates to us. Indeed, they will beg us to come in to them. And the reason why I think that this project will suit us is because all the people of Mansoul are still simple and innocent, all honest and true. Nor do they yet know what it is to be assaulted with fraud, guile, and hypocrisy. They are strangers to lying and deceitful lips; so if we go in disguise, they will not find us out. Our lies will pass for truth, and our deceiving words for upright dealing. Whatever we promise them they will believe, especially if, in all our lies and false words, we pretend great love for them, and that our intention is only for their benefit and honour.'

Now, no one had anything to add to this; it was like water flowing down a steep waterfall. Then they went on to consider the last proposal, which was:

4. Whether it was best to order some of their company to shoot one or more of the principal citizens if they judged that this would advance their cause. This was carried in the affirmative, and the first casualty of this strategy was Mr. Resistance, otherwise called Captain Resistance. He was a great man in Mansoul, this Captain Resistance, and a man whom the giant Diabolus and his company feared more than the whole city of Mansoul. Now, who should be the executioner? That was the next question, and they appointed Tisiphone, a fury from the lake of fire, to do it.

Having ended their council of war, they rose up and tried to do what they had decided. They marched towards Mansoul, but under a cloak of invisibility, except one. He did not come to the city in his own likeness, but under the disguise, and in the body, of a dragon.

So they drew up and sat down before Ear-gate, which was the place of hearing, to detect all who were outside the city, for the Eye-gate was the place of inspection. So, as I said, he came up with his company to the gate, and put into place his ambush for Captain Resistance within bow-shot of the city. This done, the giant came up close to the gate and called to the city of Mansoul for an audience. Nor did he take anyone with him except Ill-Pause, who was his orator in all difficult matters.

Now, as I said, coming up to the gate (as was the custom in those times), he sounded his trumpet for a hearing; at which the chief officers of the city of Mansoul, such as Lord Innocent, Lord Willbewill, the Lord Mayor, Mr. Recorder, and Captain Resistance, came down to the wall to see who was there, and what was the matter. And Lord Willbewill, when he looked over and saw who stood at the gate, demanded to know who he was, where he had come from, and why he had roused the city of Mansoul with such a great noise.

Diabolus, then, as if he were a lamb, began his speech, and said:

'Gentlemen of the famous city of Mansoul, I am, as you see, not a far dweller from you, but from nearby, and one who is bound by the King to offer you my homage and what little service I can. So then, that I may be faithful to myself and to you, I have something of concern to impart to you. Grant me an audience, and listen to me patiently. First, I assure you, it is not for my benefit, but yours, that I seek to open my mind to you. For, gentlemen, to tell you the truth, I have come to show you how to obtain a great deliverance from a bondage that, unknown to you, has taken you captive and enslaved you.' At this the city of Mansoul began to prick up her ears and ask, 'What is it? Please what is it?' And he replied, 'I have something to say to you concerning your King, concerning his law, and

also something about yourselves. Concerning your King, I know he is great and powerful; yet all that he has said to you is neither true nor to your advantage.

'1. It is not true, for although he has awed you, nothing will happen to you, even if you do the thing he has forbidden. So if there is no danger, what a slavery it is to live always in fear of great punishment for doing so small and trivial a thing as eating a little fruit!

'2. Concerning his law, I say this: they are both unreasonable, complicated, and intolerable. They are unreasonable, as I suggested to you before; for the punishment is not equal to the offence. There is a great difference between life and an apple; yet the one must go before the other according to the law of your Shaddai. But it is also complicated, in that he said at first that you may eat of all the fruit; and then he forbade you to eat one of them. And then, finally, it is intolerable, in that the one fruit which you are forbidden to eat (if indeed you are forbidden) is alone able to bring you a blessing as yet unknown to you. This is seen in the very name of the tree - 'the tree of knowledge of good and evil'. Do you have that knowledge yet? No, indeed not; nor do you have any idea how good, how pleasant, and how much it is to be desired to make you wise, so long as you stand by your King's commandment.

'Why should you be kept in ignorance and blindness? Why should you not be enlarged in knowledge and understanding? And now, you inhabitants of the famous city of Mansoul, addressing myself particularly to you, you are not a free people! You are in bondage and slavery, and under a grievous threat. You have been given no reason except, 'I would have it so; thus it shall be.' And is it a bad thing to think that the very thing you are forbidden to do, if you do it, it will give you both wisdom and honour? For then your eyes will be opened, and you will be as gods. (Genesis 3:1-5) Now, since this is so', he continued, 'could you be kept by any prince in greater slavery and bondage than you are this day? You are underlings, all bound up in slavery as I have shown you. For what greater bondage is there than to be kept in blindness? Does not reason tell you that it is better to have eyes than to be without them? And so it is with liberty, than to be shut up in a dark and stinking cave'

Just as Diabolus was speaking these words to Mansoul, Tisiphone shot Captain Resistance where he stood over the gate and mortally wounded him in the head so that he, to the amazement of the citizens, and, to the encouragement of Diabolus, fell over the wall dead. Now, when Captain Resistance died (and he was the only man of war in the city), poor Mansoul was left totally without courage, nor had she any heart to resist. But this was just what the devil wanted. Then Mr. Ill-Pause stood up, whom Diabolus had brought with him as his orator; and addressed the city of Mansoul as follows:

'Gentlemen, it is my master's happiness that he has this day a quiet and teachable audience; and it is hoped by us that we will convince you not to throw away our good advice. My master has a very great love for you; and although, as he knows very well, that he runs the danger of the anger of King Shaddai, yet his love for you makes him do so. Nor need another word be spoken to confirm the truth of what he has said. Nothing is more self-evident. The very name of the tree should put an end to all dispute in this matter. Therefore, at this time, I will only add this advice to you by leave of my Lord' (and with that, he made Diabolus a very low bow). 'Consider his words, look at the tree and its promising fruit; remember also that as yet you know little, and this is the way to know more. And if your reason does not tell you to accept such good advice, you are not the men that I take you for.'

Now when the citizens 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 (Genesis 3:6), they followed old Ill-Pause's advice, and took and ate the fruit. Now I should have told you before this, that even when Ill-Pause was making his speech to the citizens, Lord Innocence (whether by a

shot from the giant's camp, or from some fainting weakness that suddenly took hold of him, or whether by the stinking breath of that treacherous old villain Ill-Pause, which I think most likely), fell down where he stood, nor could be brought back to life again. Thus these two brave men died; brave men, I call them, for they were the beauty and glory of Mansoul as long as they lived there. Nor was there left a noble spirit in Mansoul; so they all bowed down and yielded obedience to Diabolus, and became his slaves and bondsmen, as you will hear.

Now, with two notables dead, what did the rest of the citizens do, but discover that they were in a fool's paradise unless, as I hinted earlier, they proved the truth of the giant's words. First, they did as Ill-Pause had advised them; they looked, they considered, and were charmed with the forbidden fruit. They took it, and ate; and having eaten, they acted like drunk men. Then they opened the gates, both Ear-gate and Eye-gate, and let Diabolus in with all his fellow-conspirators, immediately forgetting their good Shaddai, his law, and the severe punishment that came with its breach.

Diabolus, having now obtained entrance through the gates of the city, marched up to the centre to make his conquest as sure as he could. And finding, by this time, that the affections of the people were warm towards him, he, thinking it best to strike while the iron was hot, made this further beguiling speech to them, saying:

'Alas! my poor Mansoul! I have done you this great service to bring you honour, and to ensure your liberty. But, alas! alas! poor Mansoul, you need someone to defend you; for you can be sure that when Shaddai hears of this, he will come. Sore indeed will be the one from whom you have broken free of his bonds, and cast his cords away from you. (Psalm 2:3) What will you do? After all your trouble, will you allow your privileges to be attacked and taken away from you? What will you do?'

Then, in complete unity, they said to this bramble, 'You come and reign over us.' (Judges 9:14) So he accepted their invitation, and became king over the city of Mansoul. This done, the next thing was to give him possession of the castle, and thus the whole strength of the city. So into the castle he went, that castle which Shaddai built in Mansoul for his own delight and pleasure. This was to become a den and stronghold for the giant Diabolus.

Now, having taken possession of this stately palace or castle, what does he do but make it a stronghold for his own use, which he strengthened and fortified with all manner of provisions against King Shaddai or those who would attempt to return it to him and his dominion.

This done, but not thinking that he was secure enough, the next thing he did was to reconstitute the city authorities by setting up one, and putting down another, according to his own pleasure. The Lord Mayor, whose name was Lord Understanding, and Mr. Recorder, whose name was Mr. Conscience, he put out of office and power.

As for the Mayor, though he was an understanding man, and had agreed with the rest of the city of Mansoul to admit the giant into the city, Diabolus thought it best not to let him remain in his former fame and glory because he was a clever man. So he banished him into obscurity, not only by removing him from office and power, but by building a high and strong tower between the sun's rays and the windows of the former Lord Mayor's palace. By this means, his house and all his property were made as dark as dark can be. (Romans 1:21) And so, being away from the light (Ephesians 4:18-19), he became like one who was born blind.

In addition, the Lord Mayor was put under house-arrest; nor could he, on parole, go

further than the walls of his house. And now, even if he had a heart to do something for Mansoul, what could he do, or how could he do something for her? So then, as long as Mansoul was under the power and government of Diabolus (and so long as she was under him, she was obedient to him, even until the War rescued her from his hand), so long the Lord Mayor was an impediment rather than an advantage to the famous city of Mansoul.

As for Mr. Recorder: before the city was taken, he was a man well-read in the laws of his King, and was also a man of courage and faithfulness, speaking the truth on every occasion. He had a brave tongue and a head full of sound judgement. Now, this man Diabolus could not stand, because, although he had agreed with his coming into the city, he could not, with all his wiles, trials, stratagems, and devices, make him his own man. True, he had greatly fallen away from service to his former King, and was also pleased with many aspects of the giant's laws and service. But all this was not enough for Diabolus, for he was not wholly his. The former Recorder would now and again think of Shaddai, and then a dread of his law would come over him. He would then speak against Diabolus with a voice as great as a lion's roar. Indeed, he would also, at certain times, when the mood took him (for you must know that sometimes he had terrible fits), make the whole city of Mansoul tremble at his voice. And that was why the new king of Mansoul could not stand him.

Diabolus, therefore, feared the Recorder more than any man left alive in the city of Mansoul, because, as I said, his words used to shake the whole city; like thunder-claps they were. Since the giant could not make him wholly his, what did he do but considered every way to corrupt the old gentleman, and by corruption to deaden his mind and harden his heart in the ways of pride. And as he went on, he accomplished his design, corrupting the man, and, little by little, drawing him into sin and wickedness so that, at last, he was not only corrupted from the first, but, in consequence, was defiled, and became almost (sad to say) past all conscience of sin. And this was the furthest Diabolus could go. Then he considered another project: that of persuading the men of the city that Mr. Recorder had gone mad, and so should be disregarded. As evidence of this, he pointed to his fits, saying, 'If he is sane, why does he behave so? But,' he continued, 'as all mad folks have fits, and fall into insane language, so does this old and feeble gentleman.'

So, by one means or another, he quickly got Mansoul to ignore, neglect, and despise whatever Mr. Recorder said. For, besides what I have already told you, Diabolus had a way to make the old gentleman, whenever he was drunk, to take back and deny what he had said in his fits. And, indeed, this was another way to make him look ridiculous, and to ensure that no one would take any notice of him. Now, Mr Recorder never spoke openly of King Shaddai, but only when the fits were on him. Besides, he would at one time grow hot against things which, at another times, he would stay silent about; so unstable was he in his behaviour. Sometimes he would appear as if fast asleep, and again sometimes as if dead, particularly when the whole city of Mansoul was in pursuit of pleasure, dancing to the giant's pipe.

Sometimes, when Mansoul trembled at the thundering voice of the former Recorder, and when they told Diabolus about it, he would reply that what the old gentleman said was not because he loved them or pitied them, but out of a foolish fondness he had for preaching; and that is how he would quieten and pacify the people. And to leave no argument unanswered that would tend to make them feel secure, he said, and said it often:

'Mansoul, consider that despite the old gentleman's raging, and the rattle of his strange and thunderous words, you have heard nothing from Shaddai himself.' What a liar and deceiver he was, when every outburst from Mr. Recorder against the sin of Mansoul was the voice of God through him to them! But Diabolus went on to say, 'You see that Shaddai



puts no value on the loss and rebellion of this city of Mansoul, nor will he trouble himself with calling his city to account for giving herself to me. He knows that although you were his, you are now lawfully mine. So, leaving us to each other's company, he has washed his hands of you.

'Furthermore, Mansoul', said Diabolus, 'consider how I have served you even to the uttermost of my power; and that, to the best of my ability, I will give you the world. Besides, I dare say that the laws and customs that you now accept, and by which you do homage to me, give you more solace and contentment than you ever knew in the paradise you were at first. Your liberty, as you also know very well, has been greatly enlarged for you by me. Once, I found you a penned-up people. I put no restraint on you. You have no law, statute, or judgement of mine that frightens you. I call none of you to account for your doings, except that madman (you know who I mean). I allow you to live, each one like a prince in his own domain, with as little control from me as I myself have from you.'

And that is how Diabolus quieted the city of Mansoul whenever the former Recorder used to burst out against them; and indeed, with such accursed speeches as these, he would set the whole city in a fury against the old gentleman. Yes; the rascals would sometimes be for destroying him. They often wished, in my hearing, that he lived a thousand miles way. His company, his words, indeed, the very sight of him, and especially when they remembered how in the old days he used to threaten and condemn them (for all that he was now corrupted), terrified and tormented them badly.

But all their desires were in vain (I do not know how), for he was preserved by the power of Shaddai. Despite his wisdom, Mr. Recorder had little effect on them. Besides, his house was as strong as a castle, standing near a stronghold of the city. If, at any time, any of the rabble attempted to do away with him, he would pull up the sluices and let such floods into the moat that anyone could have been drowned.

But leaving Mr. Recorder, we now come to Lord Willbewill, another of the nobility of the famous city of Mansoul. This Willbewill was as high-born as any man in Mansoul, and was better than any of them, for he was a freeholder. Besides, if I remember my tale correctly, he had some privileges unique to himself in the famous city of Mansoul. Now, altogether, he was a man of great strength, resolution, and courage. No one, on any occasion, could turn him away. But I say this: whether he was proud of his estate, privileges, strength, or not (but you can be sure it was a manly pride), he scorned still to be a slave in Mansoul. He therefore resolved to bear office under Diabolus that he might (such a clever one he was) be a petty ruler and governor in Mansoul. Such a headstrong man! Yet that is how he was; for this man, when Diabolus first made his speech at Ear-gate, was one of the first to listen to his words and accept his counsel. He agreed to the opening of the gates, and letting him into the city. So Diabolus looked on him kindly, and found a special place for him. And noting his valour and stubbornness, he longed to have him as one of his great ones, to act and do in matters of the highest estate.

So he sent for him, and talked to him about a secret matter that lay on his heart. But it did not take much to persuade him. For if at first he was willing for Diabolus to be let into the city, now he was as willing to serve him. When the tyrant, therefore, saw the willingness of Lord Willbewill to serve him, and that his mind leaned that way, he straightway made him the captain of the castle, governor of the wall, and keeper of the gates of Mansoul. Indeed, there was a clause in his commission that nothing should be done in all the city of Mansoul without his consent. So that now, next to Diabolus himself, no one else but Lord Willbewill was foremost in all the city of Mansoul. Nor could anything be done in the city of Mansoul except by his will and pleasure. He took Mr. Mind as his clerk, a man who spoke exactly like his master; for he and his Lord were of one mind, and in practice not far apart.

(Romans 8:7) So now, Mansoul had one purpose — to fulfil the lusts of the flesh and of the mind. (Ephesians 2:2-4)

But it is not far from my thoughts what a desperate man this Willbewill was when power was put into his hand! He flatly denied that he owed anything to his former Prince and sovereign Lord. This done, next, he took an oath, and swore loyalty to his great master Diabolus. Then, being installed in his station, offices, advancement, and preferment, oh! you cannot imagine, unless you saw it with your own eyes, the strange work this man did in the city of Mansoul.

Of first importance, he slandered Mr. Recorder to death. He could neither endure to see him, nor listen to his words. He would shut his eyes whenever he saw him, and close his ears when he heard him speak. Also, he could not bear so much as a fragment of the law of Shaddai to be seen anywhere in the city. For example, his clerk, Mr. Mind, had some old, worn copies of the law of Shaddai in his house; but when Willbewill saw them, he cast them behind his back. (Nehemiah 9:26) It was true to say that Mr. Recorder had some of the laws in his study; but Lord Willbewill could not be induced to go there. He always said that the windows of the old Lord Mayor's house were always too bright for the good of the city of Mansoul. Even the light of a candle he could not endure. So nothing at all pleased Willbewill but what pleased Diabolus his Lord.

There was no one like him to trumpet round the streets the brave nature, the wise conduct, and great glory of king Diabolus. He would tread the streets of Mansoul praising his illustrious Lord, and make himself out to be as abject a subject as the base and rascally crew of his valiant prince. And, as I say, whenever and wherever he met these scoundrels, he would make himself out to be one of them. In all bad decisions he could be counted on to act without bidding, and to do mischief without an order.

Lord Willbewill had a deputy under him whose name was Mr. Affection, one who was greatly corrupted in his principles, and worse in his life. (Romans 1:25) He was wholly given over to the sins of the flesh, and so they nicknamed him 'Vile-Affection'. Now, he and the woman Carnal-Lust, daughter of Mr. Mind (a case of like attracting like), fell in love, made a match of it, and married. And, as I understand it, they had several children. The boys were called Impudent, Blackmouth, and Hate-Reproof. Their three daughters were called Scorn-Truth, Slight-God, and the youngest Revenge. These all married citizens in Mansoul, and produced many evil brats, too many to be mentioned here. But we continue with the story.

## CHAPTER 2

When the giant occupied the city of Mansoul, and put down and set up whom he wished, he took it upon himself to deface certain property. Now, there was in the market-place in Mansoul, and also on the gates of the castle, an image of the blessed King Shaddai. This image was so exact (it was engraved in gold), that it more resembled Shaddai than anything else in the world. This, the coward ordered to be defaced, and it was done by the vile hand of Mr. No-Truth. Now, you must know that, as Diabolus ordered, so Mr. No-Truth defaced the image of Shaddai. He also gave orders that Mr. No-Truth should set up in its place the horrible and formidable image of Diabolus, bringing great shame on the former King, and corrupting his city of Mansoul.

In addition, Diabolus made havoc of all remains of the laws and statutes of Shaddai that could be found in the city of Mansoul; that is, those that related to public and private morals, together with all civil and natural documents. Also, he sought to do away with all the severe penalties of Shaddai's law. In short, nothing remained of good in Mansoul which he and Willbewill did not seek to destroy; for they desired to turn Mansoul into a brutish state, and make it into a pig sty at the hand of Mr. No-Truth.

When he had destroyed what law and order he could to further his purpose, namely, to alienate Mansoul from Shaddai her King, Diabolus ordered that they should proclaim his own worthless edicts, statutes, and commandments, in every place in Mansoul. These gave free reign to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life (1 John 2:16), which are not of Shaddai but of the world. He encouraged, tolerated, and promoted lust and all ungodliness in the city. Indeed, Diabolus did everything he could to encourage wickedness throughout the city of Mansoul.

He promised them peace, contentment, joy, and bliss, in the keeping of his commands, and that they should never be called to account for not doing the opposite. And let this serve as an example to those who love to hear of what is done beyond their knowledge in far off countries. Mansoul became wholly at the beck and call of Diabolus like an arrow to his bow. Nothing was seen or heard there that did not tend to reinforce his rule.

Having barred the Lord Mayor and Mr. Recorder from taking office in Mansoul, and seeing that the city, before he came to it, was the most ancient of corporations in the world, and fearing, if he did not keep up her greatness, the citizens at any time might protest that he had done them a wrong, therefore, I say (that they might see that he did not intend to lessen their grandeur, or to take any of their former glory from them), he himself chose them a Lord Mayor and a Recorder, people who would please them, and who would please him very well indeed.

The name of the Mayor whom Diabolus appointed was Lord Lusting, a man who had neither eyes nor ears. All that he did, whether as a man or an officer, he did by nature, like a beast. And what made him contemptible (though not to Mansoul, but to those who looked on and grieved at its ruin) was, that he never chose good but always evil.

The Recorder was one whose name was Forget-Good, and a very sorry fellow he was. He could never think of anything but harm, and did it with delight. He was naturally prone to do things that were hurtful, even harmful to the city of Mansoul and to all who dwelt there. These two, therefore, by their powers, practices, examples, and tolerance of evil, eased the common people into evil ways. For do we not know that when those who sit in state are vile and corrupt themselves, they corrupt the whole region and country where they live?

Besides these, Diabolus put several burgesses and aldermen in Mansoul on a list, from

which the citizens could elect officers, governors, and magistrates, when needed. Here are the names of the main ones: Mr. Incredulity, Mr. Haughty, Mr. Swearing, Mr. Whoring, Mr. Hard-Heart, Mr. Pitiless, Mr. Fury, Mr. No-Truth, Mr. Stand-In-Lies, Mr. False-Peace, Mr. Drunkenness, Mr. Cheating, and Mr. Atheism; thirteen in all. Mr. Incredulity was the oldest of the company, and Mr. Atheism the youngest.

There was also an election of common councilmen and others, such as bailiffs, sergeants, constables, and the like. But all of them were like those we have already named, being either fathers, brothers, cousins, or nephews to them. I omit their names for the sake of brevity.

When the giant had gone so far in his work, he decided to build some strongholds in the city, three that had the appearance of being totally resistant. The first he called the Stronghold of Defiance because it had command over the whole city, and was designed to keep her from the knowledge of her ancient King. The second he called Midnight Stronghold because it was built to keep Mansoul from the true knowledge of herself. The third was called Sweet-Sin Stronghold because by it he fortified Mansoul against all desires for good. The first of these strongholds stood near the Eye-gate, that, as far as possible, it might prevent light from shining in there. The second was built near the old castle that it might become blinder, if possible. The third stood in the market place.

The person Diabolus appointed as governor over the first of these was called Spite-God, a most blasphemous wretch. He was a member of the unholy crew who came against Mansoul at first. The one who was made governor of Midnight Stronghold was called Love-No-Light. He was also one of those who first came against the city. The one who was made governor of the Sweet-Sin Stronghold was called Love-Flesh. He was a very lustful fellow, but did not come from the same country as the others. This fellow could find more sweetness when he stood sucking at a lust than in all the paradise of God.

And now Diabolus thought he was safe. He had taken Mansoul; he had garrisoned himself there; he had put away the old officers and had set up new ones; he had defaced the image of Shaddai and had set up his own; he had spoiled the old law books, and had promoted his own empty lies; he had appointed new magistrates, and set up new aldermen; he had built new strongholds, and had manned them with his own men. And all this he did to make himself secure in case the great Shaddai or his Son should come and wage war on him.

Now, you may well think that long before this time, in some way or other, word would have been brought to the great King Shaddai, how his Mansoul, in the continent of Universe, was lost; and that the renegade giant Diabolus, once one of his Majesty's servants, had, in rebellion against the King, taken possession of her for himself. Indeed, news had been carried and brought to the King, and right down to the last detail.

The first news was how Diabolus had come to Mansoul (they being a simple and innocent people) with craft, subtlety, lies, and deceit, and how he had treacherously slain their right noble and valiant captain, Captain Resistance, as he stood over the gate with the rest of the citizens, and how brave Lord Innocent fell down dead (with grief, as some say, or poisoned by the stinking breath of Ill-Pause, as others say) at hearing his rightful Lord and King, Shaddai, abused by the mouth of so filthy a follower of Diabolus as that rogue Ill-Pause. The messenger went on to tell how, after Ill-Pause had made a short speech to the citizens on behalf of Diabolus his master, the simple city, believing that what he said was true, agreed to open Ear-gate, the main gate of the corporation, and let him in, together with his evil crew, to take possession of the famous city of Mansoul.

And further, he told how Diabolus had treated the Lord Mayor and Mr. Recorder by

keeping them away from all places of power and trust. He told also how Lord Willbewill had turned traitor, a very rebel and renegade, and so had Mr. Mind his clerk; and how the two ranged over all the city, teaching the wicked ones their ways. He also said that this Willbewill was put into a position of great trust. In particular, Diabolus had put into Willbewill's hand all the strongholds in Mansoul, and that Mr. Affection had been appointed Lord Willbewill's deputy in all his rebellious affairs. 'Yes;' said the messenger, 'this monster, Lord Willbewill, has openly disavowed his King Shaddai, and has, horror of horrors! given his faith and trust into the hand of Diabolus'.

'Also', continued the messenger, 'besides all this, the new king, or rather the rebellious tyrant over the once famous, but now perishing, city of Mansoul, has appointed a new Lord Mayor and a Recorder. As Mayor, he has set up Mr. Lusting, and as Recorder, Mr. Forget-Good — two of the vilest men in all the city of Mansoul'. This faithful messenger also proceeded to tell what sort of new burgesses Diabolus had appointed; also that he had built several strong forts, towers, and strongholds in Mansoul. He told them also (which I forgot to mention) how Diabolus had armed the city of Mansoul to prepare her, on his behalf, to resist Shaddai their King, should he come to restore them to their former obedience.

Now, this messenger did not deliver his news in private, but in open court, to the King and his Son, high lords, chief captains, and nobles — they were all present to hear. But when they had heard the whole of the sorry story, it would have amazed you, had you been there to witness it, what sorrow and grief and shame of spirit there was among them all, to think that famous Mansoul was now lost. Only the King and his Son had foreseen all this long ago, and had sufficiently provided for her relief, though they had not told anyone else about it. Yet, because they also wanted to have a share in the misery of Mansoul, they also, and to the greatest degree, bewailed the loss of Mansoul. The King said plainly that it grieved him to his heart (Genesis 6:5-6), and you may be sure that his Son was not far behind. Thus they showed to all their love and compassion for the famous city of Mansoul.

Well, when the King and his Son retired to a private chamber, they again consulted about what they had decided beforehand; that is, that just as Mansoul would be lost for a time, so certainly it would be recovered again; recovered, I say, in such a way that both the King and his Son would receive eternal fame and glory through it. So, after this consultation, the Son of Shaddai (a gracious and delightful Person who always had great affection for those in affliction, but who was a mortal enemy of Diabolus because of what he was (Isaiah 49:5), and because he thought much of his crown and dignity).

This Son of Shaddai, I say, having put himself into the hands of his Father, and having promised that he would be his servant in recovering his Mansoul again, stood firmly by his resolution, nor would he repent of it. (1 Timothy 1:15; Hosea 13:14) The agreement was this: that at a certain time, determined by both, the King's Son would take a journey into the country of Universe, and there, by way of justice and righteousness, and by making amends for the follies of Mansoul, he would lay a foundation of perfect deliverance from Diabolus and his tyranny.

Moreover, Emmanuel resolved at a convenient time to make war on the giant Diabolus even while he was in possession of the city of Mansoul; and that, by the power of his arm, he would drive him out of his stronghold, his viper's nest, and retake it for himself as his habitation.

This being determined, an order was delivered up to the Lord Chief Secretary to draw up an accurate record of what had been resolved, and to publish it in all corners of the kingdom of Universe. A condensed version of its contents you may, if you please, read as

follows:

Let everyone know who is concerned, that the Son of Shaddai, the great King, has promised in a covenant with his Father to return his Mansoul to him; indeed, and put Mansoul, through the power of his matchless love, into a far better and happier condition than it was before it was taken by Diabolus.

These papers, then, were published in several places to the irritation of the tyrant Diabolus; 'for now', he thought, 'I will be attacked, and my home will be taken from me'.

Now, when this matter — I mean the plan of the King and his Son — was first aired at court, how the high lords, chief captains, and noble princes, who were there, were taken up by the business! First, they whispered about it to one another, and after that the news began to ring out through the King's palace, everyone marvelling at the master plan drawn up between the King and his Son and set in motion for the miserable city of Mansoul. Yes; the courtiers could hardly do anything either for the King or kingdom without declaring the love of the King and his Son for the city of Mansoul.

Nor were these lords, high captains, and princes content to keep this news inside the court. Indeed, before the records were complete, they themselves came down and spread the news in Universe. At last it came to the ears, as I said, of Diabolus, which discomfited him; for you are right to think it would upset him when he heard of such a plan against him. Well, after thinking about it, he decided on these four things:

**First**, that this news should, if possible, be kept from the ears of the city of Mansoul; 'for', said he, 'if they heard that Shaddai, their former King, and Emmanuel his Son, are bent on delivering the city of Mansoul, what can I expect but that Mansoul will revolt under my hand and government, and return again to him?'

To do this, he flattered Lord Willbewill even more, and gave him strict control and command over all the gates of the city, especially Ear-gate and Eye-gate, that he should keep watch day and by night, 'for I hear of a plan', said he, 'a plan to make us all traitors, and bring Mansoul back under her first bondage again. I hope they are just stories', said he; 'however, by no means let such news be noised abroad in Mansoul in case the people become downhearted. I am sure that this is not welcome news to you; I assure you it is not to me; and I think that, at this time, it would be wise to nip in the bud all such rumours that might trouble our people. Therefore, I want you to do as I say in this matter. Let there be strong guards posted daily at every gate of the city. Let them stop and examine everyone you know who comes from afar to trade with us, nor let them into Mansoul until you are certain that they support our excellent government. I command, also', said Diabolus, 'that you instruct spies to continually walk up and down the city of Mansoul, and let them have power to suppress and put down anyone you discover plotting against us, or who talks favourably of what Shaddai and Emmanuel will do.'

This, therefore, was done. Lord Willbewill listened to his Lord and master, and willingly obeyed his orders with all the diligence he could muster, preventing anyone who had gone out from bringing any news back to Mansoul on his return to the city.

**Second**, this being done, next, Diabolus, in order to make Mansoul as secure as he could, framed and imposed a new oath and horrible covenant on the citizens — that is, that they would never desert him nor his government, nor betray him, nor seek to alter his laws; but that they should own, confess, stand by, and acknowledge him as their rightful king, in defiance of whatever anyone else might say or do under any pretence, law, or title whatever, to lay claim to the city of Mansoul. Diabolus thought that Shaddai did not have the power to absolve them from this covenant of death, and agreement with hell. (Isaiah

28:15) Nor did silly Mansoul object at all to this most monstrous undertaking; but, as if it had been a sprat in the mouth of a whale, they swallowed it without chewing it over. Were they troubled at all? No; rather they boasted of their brave faithfulness to the tyrant their pretended king, swearing that they would never change sides nor forsake their old Lord for a new one. That is how Diabolus tied up poor Mansoul.

**Third**, jealousy, which never thinks itself strong enough, inspired him in his next exploit, which had this aim, to further corrupt this city of Mansoul. So he had drawn up in writing by the hand of Mr. Filth who was an odious, nasty piece of work, a notice to be set up on the castle gates in which he granted and gave licence to all his true and trusted sons in Mansoul to do whatever their lustful appetites prompted them to do; and no one was to hinder or deter them on pain of incurring the displeasure of their prince.

Now, he did this for two reasons:

1. That the city of Mansoul might be further weakened, and so be unable, should news come that their redemption was near, to believe, hope, or consent to this truth; for reason says, 'The bigger the sinner, the less grounds there are for hope of mercy',
2. The second reason was that perhaps Emmanuel, the Son of Shaddai their King, when he saw the horrible and profane antics of the city of Mansoul, might repent of entering into a covenant of redemption, and of pursuing that covenant for their redemption; for Diabolus knew that Shaddai was holy, and that his Son Emmanuel was holy as well. Indeed, he knew it through painful experience. Because of his iniquity and sin, Diabolus was cast out of from the highest sphere. Therefore, what more logical than for him to think that it might turn out the same for Mansoul? But fearing at the same time that this knot would break, he thought of something else.

**Fourth**. To attempt to possess all hearts in the city of Mansoul, Diabolus noised it abroad that Shaddai was raising an army to overthrow and utterly destroy the city of Mansoul. He tried to forestall any news that might come to their ears about their deliverance; 'for', thought he, 'if I publish this news first, whatever else comes after will all be swallowed up; for what else will Mansoul think, when they hear that they are about to be delivered, but this — 'Shaddai intends to destroy us?' So he summoned the whole city to the marketplace, and there, with a deceitful tongue, he addressed himself to them:

'Gentlemen, and my very good friends. You men of the famous city of Mansoul are all, as you know, my legal subjects. You know how, from the first day that I came among you until now, I have behaved towards you, and have brought you liberty and great privileges, all of which you have enjoyed under my government. This I hope has been to your honour and mine, and also to your content and delight. Now, my famous Mansoul, there is noise of trouble abroad, of trouble for the city of Mansoul. I am sorry that it is so for your sakes; for I received just now by post from my Lord Lucifer (and he has an excellent intelligence system), that your old King Shaddai is raising an army to come against you to destroy you root and branch. And this, Mansoul, is the reason why I have called you together — namely, to advise you as to what is the best thing to do at this time. On my part, I am but one, and can easily look after myself if I wanted to seek my own comfort, and leave my Mansoul in the face of danger. But my heart is so firmly united with you, and I am so unwilling to leave you, that I will stand and fall with you whatever danger faces me. What do you say, my Mansoul? Will you desert your old friend, or are you thinking of standing by me?'

Then, as one man and with one mouth they cried out together; 'Let him die the death who will not!'

Then Diabolus continued:

'It is in vain for us to hope for pardon, for this King does not know how to show it. True, perhaps, at his first parley with us, he might talk about and pretend to offer mercy, so that he might all the more easily make himself master of Mansoul. Whatever he says, do not believe one word or one letter of it; for all such language is designed to win us over and to make us, while we wallow in our blood, the trophies of his pitiless victory. To my mind, therefore, we should decide to resist him to the last man and not believe him in anything; for through that door will come our danger. But shall we be flattered out of our lives? I hope you know enough about politics than to allow yourself to be taken in so easily.

'And suppose he gets us to yield, and saves some of our lives or the lives of some of the underlings in Mansoul, what use will that be to you who are the chief officers of the city, especially the ones I set up, and whose greatness comes through faithfully sticking to me? And suppose, again, that he should spare every one of you, you can be sure that he will bring you back into your former bondage, or worse. Then what will your lives be worth? Will you live in pleasure as you do now? No, no! You will be bound by laws that will restrict you, and you will be forced to do what is at present hateful to you. I am for you, if you are for me; and it would be better to die valiantly than to live like wretched slaves.

'But, I say this: the life of a slave will be counted a life too good for Mansoul. Blood, blood, nothing but blood, is in every blast of Shaddai's trumpet against poor Mansoul. Be on the alert, for we hear that he is coming. Up, and bear arms, that now, while you have the time, I might teach you the art of war. I have enough armour for you. Yes; and it is sufficient for Mansoul from top to toe. Nor can you be harmed by what his army can do if you keep yourselves well-armoured and buckled up. Come, therefore, to my castle, and welcome, to make yourselves ready for the war. There you will find helmet, breastplate, sword, and shield, and what not; all designed to make you fight like men.

'1. My helmet, otherwise known as the head-piece, is your hope of doing well as long as you live. This is what gives them peace who walk according to the wickedness of their heart, and add drunkenness to their thirst. (Deuteronomy 29:19) A piece of approved armour this one; and whoever has it, and holds on to it, no arrow or dart or sword or shield can harm him. This, therefore, keep on, and you will stave off many a blow, my Mansoul.

'2. My breastplate is made of iron. I had it forged in my own country, and all my soldiers are armed with it. (Revelation 9:9) In plain language, it is a hardened heart, a heart as hard as iron and as much past feeling as a stone. Once you wear it, neither mercy will win you over, nor judgement frighten you. This, therefore, is an essential piece of armour for all who hate Shaddai and fight against him under my banner.

'3. My sword is a tongue that is set on fire by hell. It can bend itself to speak evil of Shaddai, his Son, his ways, and his people. (Psalm 57:4; Psalm 64:3; James 3:6) Use it well; it has been tried a thousand times twice told. Whoever has it guards it, and makes great use of it under my direction, and will never be conquered by my enemy.

'4. My shield is unbelief; calling into question the truth of the word, or all the sayings that speak of the judgement that Shaddai has appointed for wicked men. (Job 15:26) Use this shield. Many attempts have been made upon it; and sometimes, it is true, it has been dented. (Psalm 76:3). Those who have written of the wars of Emmanuel against my servants will testify that he could do no mighty work there because of their unbelief.



(Mark 6:5-6) Now, to handle this weapon of mine rightly, it is not to believe things because they are true. If he speaks of judgement, do not care about it; if he speaks of mercy, do not care about that; if he promises, if he swears that he will do such-and-such to Mansoul, but, if she repents, no harm will come to her but only good, disregard what is said, question the truth of it all, for it is to wield the shield of unbelief as my servants ought to do. And he who does otherwise does not love me, nor do I count him anything but a personal enemy.

'5. Another piece', said Diabolus, 'of my excellent armour is a dumb and prayer-less spirit, a spirit that scorns to cry out for mercy. So, my Mansoul, whatever you do, be sure to make use of it. What! Cry for quarter! Never do that if you would be mine. I know you are proud men, and am sure that I have clothed you with effective armour. So, to cry out to Shaddai for mercy, may it be far from you! Besides all these things, I have clubs, firebrands, arrows, and death — all good hand-weapons, and good for the job',

After he had provided his men with armour and arms, he addressed himself to them in these words:

Remember that I am your rightful king, and that you have sworn an oath and entered into a covenant to be true to me and my cause. I say again, remember this, and show yourselves brave and valiant men of Mansoul. Remember also the kindness that I have always shown you, and that without asking. I have granted you many things such as privileges, grants, immunities, profits, and honours. I call on you to return my loyalty, lion-hearted men of Mansoul. And what better time to prove it as when another seeks to take away my dominion over you into his own hands? One more word, and I have finished. If we overcome this one shock, I do not doubt that, in little time, all the world will be ours. And when that day comes, my true-hearted ones, I will make you kings, princes, and captains. And what glorious days we will have then!

So then, Diabolus having armed and forearmed his servants and bondsmen in Mansoul against their good and lawful King Shaddai, he now doubled his guards at the gates of the city, and took himself off to the castle, which was his stronghold. His bondsmen also, to show their mettle, and supposed (but ignoble) gallantry, practised with their arms every day, and taught one another feats of war. They also defied their enemies, and sang the praises of their tyrant. They also threatened what they would do if ever it came to war between Shaddai and their king.

## CHAPTER 3

Now, all this time, good King Shaddai was preparing to send an army to recover the city of Mansoul from the tyranny of Diabolus, their pretended king. But at first he thought it right not to send it under the orders and command of brave Emmanuel his Son, but under some of his servants, to test the mood of Mansoul, and whether his servants could win her over to their King. The army consisted of more than forty thousand, all true men, for they came from the King's own court, and were those of his own choosing.

They came up to Mansoul under the command of four brave generals, each man a captain of ten thousand men. And these are their names and ensigns. The name of the first was Captain Boanerges; the name of the second Captain Conviction; the name of the third Captain Judgement; and the name of the fourth Captain Execution. These were the captains that Shaddai sent to recapture Mansoul.

These four captains, so it was said, the King thought fit to send first to Mansoul to make an assault on it; for indeed, generally speaking, in all his wars he never sent his four captains in the rear, for they were very brave and rough-hewn men, men fit to break the ice, and to have their way by the power of the sword. And their men took after them.

To each of these captains, the King gave a banner (Psalm 60:4), that it might be displayed to show the justice of his cause, and because of the authority he had in re-taking Mansoul.

**First**, to Captain Boanerges (Mark 3:17), for he was the chief, were given ten thousand men. His ensign was Mr. Thunder. He bore black colours, and his escutcheon was three burning thunderbolts.

The **second** captain was Captain Conviction. To him, also, were given ten thousand men. His ensign's name was Mr. Sorrow. He bore pale colours, and his escutcheon was the book of the open Law from which issued a flame of fire. (Deuteronomy 33:2)

The **third** captain was Captain Judgement. To him, were given ten thousand men. His ensign's name was Mr. Terror. He bore red colours, and his escutcheon was a burning fiery furnace. (Matthew 13:40-42)

The **fourth** captain was Captain Execution. To him were given ten thousand men. His ensign was Mr. Justice. He also bore red colours, and his escutcheon was a fruitless tree with an axe lying at its root. (Matthew 3:10)

These four captains, as I said, had every one of them under his command ten thousand men, all loyal to the King, and courageous in battle.

Well, the captains and their forces, their men and under-officers, were one day mustered by Shaddai in the field for a roll-call, in preparation for their service to the King.

Now, when the King had assembled his forces for battle, he gave to the captains their special commissions and their orders in the hearing of all the soldiers. They should be careful and courageous to fulfil and execute the same. Their commissions were, in substance, much the same, though, as to name, title, place, and degree of the captains, there were some very small variations. And here, let me give you an account of the matter, and what was contained in their orders:

A commission from the great Shaddai, King of Mansoul, to his trusted and noble Captain, Captain Boanerges, for making war on the city of Mansoul:

'O Boanerges, one of my bravest and thunderous captains over ten thousand of my valiant and faithful men, go in my name, with your force, to the miserable city of Mansoul. (Matthew 10:11; Luke 10:5) When you get there, offer them first of all conditions of peace; and command them to cast off the yoke and tyranny of the wicked Diabolus so that they might return to me, their rightful Prince and Lord. Command them, also, to cleanse themselves from all that is of Diabolus in the city of Mansoul, and look in future to you, that you may be satisfied concerning the sincerity of their obedience. Now, when you have finished ordering them (if in truth they submit to you), then, to the uttermost of your power, set up for me a garrison in the famous city of Mansoul. Do not harm the least of the citizens who live and breathe there, if they submit themselves to me, but treat them as if they were your friends or brothers; for I love them all, and they are dear to me. (1 Thessalonians 2:7-11) Tell them that it will take time to come to them; and let them know that I am merciful.

'But if, at your summons, they refuse your authority, and resist and rebel, then I command you to make use of all your cunning, power and might to take them by force. Farewell.'

This was a summary of their commissions; for, as I said before, each commission was the same for each noble captain.

After they had received their authority from the hand of the King, the day was set, and the place of their rendezvous fixed, and each commander presented himself proudly as became his cause and calling. So, after parading before Shaddai with their colours flying, they set out on their march to the famous city of Mansoul. Captain Boanerges led from the front, Captain Conviction and Captain Judgement made up the main body, and Captain Execution brought up the rear. Having a long way to go (for the city of Mansoul was far off from the court of Shaddai, Ephesians 2:13, 17), they marched through the regions and countries of many nations, not harming or molesting any, but blessing wherever they went. They also lived at the King's expense everywhere they went.

Having travelled for many days, at last they came within sight of Mansoul. When they saw it, the captains could do no less than bewail the condition of the city; for they quickly saw how it had fallen under the power of the will of Diabolus, and followed his ways.

Well, in short, the captains came up to the front of the city, marching up to Ear-gate, and positioned themselves there (for that was the place of hearing). So, when they had pitched their tents and dug themselves in, they prepared for the assault.

Now, when the citizens saw so gallant a company, so bravely mustered and so well disciplined, having on their glittering armour and displaying their flying colours, they came out of their houses to watch. But that cunning fox Diabolus, fearing that the people, at this sight would open the gates to the captains, came down with all speed from the castle and ordered them to fall back to the middle of the city. When he had them there, he made this lying and deceiving speech to them:

'Gentlemen', said he, 'although you are my trusted and well-beloved friends, I cannot but reprove you a little for your unwise action in going out to gaze at that great and mighty army that has just appeared before us and have now dug themselves in to put our famous city of Mansoul under siege. Do you know who they are, where they have come from, and what is their purpose in coming to the city of Mansoul? They are the ones I told you about long ago who have come to destroy this city, and

against whom I have armed your bodies at great cost and fortified your minds. Why, then, did you not cry out at the first sight of them, 'Set fire to the beacons!', and alarm the whole city because of them, that we might be ready to defend ourselves and defy them? Oh that you had showed yourselves men to my liking! But in what you have done, you have made me half afraid — I repeat, half afraid — that when the time for battle comes, I shall find you lacking in courage when you stand up to them. Did I not tell you to set a watch and double your guards at the gates? Have I not tried to make you as hard as iron, and your hearts like a piece of the lower millstone? Was it to make you turn out like women, and behave like a company of innocents, gaping at your mortal enemies? Shame on you! Up and defend yourselves. Beat the drums. Gather together in a warlike manner, that our foes may know that, before they conquer this city, there are valiant men in Mansoul.

'I will now stop reproving you, and offer no more words of rebuke. But I charge you, that from now on you will let me see no more actions like these. Let no one from now on do anything except on my orders, not even to show his head over the wall of the city of Mansoul. You have now heard me. Do as I command, and you will ensure that I will remain safely among you. I will take care of your safety and your honour. Farewell.'

Now, the citizens were struck with panic and fear. They ran to and fro through the streets of the city of Mansoul crying out, 'Help! help! The men who turned the world upside down have come here also.' (Acts 17:6) Nor could any of them be quieted; but, like those who had lost their minds, they cried out, 'The destroyers of our peace and people have come.' This went down well with Diabolus. 'Ah', he thought to himself, 'this is good. This is how I like it. Now you will show your obedience to your prince. Let us stand our ground here, and let them take the city if they can.'

Well, after the King's forces had besieged Mansoul three days, Captain Boanerges ordered his trumpeter to go down to Ear-gate, and there, in the name of the great Shaddai, summon Mansoul to give audience to the message that he, in his Master's name, was then ordered to deliver to them. So the trumpeter, whose name was Take-Heed-What-You-Hear, went up, as he was ordered, to Ear-gate, and there sounded his trumpet for a hearing. But none came to listen, for this was what Diabolus had ordered. So the trumpeter returned to his captain, and told him what he had done, and also how he had fared. The captain was grieved, but bid the trumpeter go to his tent.

Again, Captain Boanerges sent his trumpeter to Ear-gate, to sound as before for a hearing. But again they stayed indoors, and would not come out; nor would they give him an answer, so careful were they to observe the order of Diabolus their king.

Then the captains and other field-officers called a council of war to consider what else needed to be done to win the city of Mansoul. After a spirited and thorough debate about the contents of their orders, they decided to give the city one more chance to respond to another summons by the hand of the trumpeter already mentioned. 'But, if they are refused again', they declared, 'and the city continues to resist', they instructed the trumpeter to tell the city that they would use all means to force them to submit to King Shaddai. (Luke 14:23)

So Captain Boanerges ordered his trumpeter to go up to Ear-gate again, and, in the name of the great King Shaddai, to blow hard and summon the people to come down without delay to Ear-gate, and there listen to the King's most noble captains. So the trumpeter went, and did as he was commanded. He went up to Ear-gate and blew his trumpet, and issued a third summons to the city of Mansoul. (Isaiah 58:1) The Captain also told him to say that if they still resisted, the captains of his Prince would come with a mighty force

upon them and compel them to obey.

Then up stood Lord Willbewill who was governor of the city (this Willbewill was the apostate I mentioned before), and keeper of the gates of Mansoul. He, then, with proud and impudent words, demanded to know something about the trumpeter, who he was, where he came from, and why he was making so hideous a noise at the gate, and speaking such insufferable words against the city of Mansoul.

The trumpeter replied, 'I am a servant of the most noble captain, Captain Boanerges, general of the forces of the great King Shaddai, against whom both you and the whole city of Mansoul have rebelled, and lifted up the heel. But my master, the captain, has a special message to the city, and to you, as one of its leaders. Listen, Mansoul, to what I have to say in peace; if not, you must take the consequences.'

Then said Lord Willbewill, 'I will carry your words to my king, and he will know what to say.'

But the trumpeter quickly answered, 'Our message is not to the giant Diabolus but to the miserable city of Mansoul. Nor do we care what answer he makes, nor any of his crew. We have been sent to this city to recover her from his cruel tyranny, and to persuade her to submit as she did in former times to the most excellent King Shaddai.'

Then said Lord Willbewill, 'I will take your message to the city.'

The trumpeter replied, 'Sir, do not deceive us, lest, in so doing, you deceive yourselves even more.' He added, 'For we are determined, that if you do not submit peaceably, then we will make war against you and bring you under by force. And concerning the truth of what I say, this will be a sign for you — you will see a black flag, with hot burning thunderbolts on it, set up on the mount tomorrow as a token of your defiance against your prince, and of our determination to hand you over to your rightful Lord and King.'

So Lord Willbewill returned from his place on the wall, and the trumpeter came back to the camp. When the trumpeter entered the camp, the captains and officers of the mighty King Shaddai met together to know if he had obtained a hearing, and what came of his errand. The trumpeter told them, 'When I blew my trumpet, and called aloud to the city for a hearing, Lord Willbewill, the governor of the city, who also has charge of the gates, came up when he heard me, and, looking over the wall, asked me who I was, where I came from, and why I was making such a noise. So I told him of my errand, and by whose authority I came. 'Then', said he, 'I will take your message to the governor and to Mansoul.' Then I returned to my Lords.'

Then said the brave Boanerges, 'Let us stay for a while in our trenches, and see what these rebels will do.'

Now, when the time drew near for Mansoul to give the brave Boanerges and his companions their answer, it was ordered that all the men of war throughout the whole camp of Shaddai should, as one man, stand to their arms and make themselves ready, if the city of Mansoul listened, to treat her with instant mercy. But, if not, to take her by force. So, when the day arrived, the trumpeters sounded throughout the whole camp that the men of war might be ready for what was to come that day. But when those who were in the city of Mansoul heard the sound of the trumpets throughout the camp of Shaddai, and thinking that they were under attack, at first became very agitated. But after settling a little, they made what preparation they could for the war.

Well, when the time was up, Boanerges was determined to hear their answer. So he sent

his trumpeter again to summon Mansoul to listen to the message they had brought from Shaddai. He blew his trumpet, and the citizens came up, securing the Ear-gate as much as they could. (Zechariah 7:11) Now, when they came up to the top of the wall, Captain Boanerges asked to see the Lord Mayor. At that time, Lord Incredulity was the Lord Mayor, for he came in the place of Lord Lusting. So Incredulity came up and showed himself over the wall. But when Captain Boanerges set eyes on him, he cried out, 'This is not him! Where is Lord Understanding the ancient Lord Mayor of the city of Mansoul? I will deliver my message to him.'

Then the giant said to the captain (for Diabolus had also come down), 'Mr. Captain, you have boldly summoned Mansoul at least four times to subject herself to your King, whose authority I do not accept; nor will I dispute that now. I ask, therefore, what is the reason of all this disturbance, if only you could see yourselves for what you are?'

Then Captain Boanerges who owned the black colours, and whose escutcheon was three burning thunderbolts, taking no notice of the giant or his speech, addressed himself to the city of Mansoul: 'Be it known to you, unhappy and rebellious Mansoul, that the most gracious King, the great King Shaddai my Master has sent me to you with this commission' (and he showed the city his large seal) 'to reduce you to obedience to him. He has ordered me, if you yield to my summons, to treat you as my friends or brothers. But he has also bid me tell you that, if, after my summons to submit, you still stand firm and rebel, then we will take you by force.'

Then up stood Captain Conviction (his were pale colours, and for an escutcheon he had the book of the law wide open), and said:

'Hear, Mansoul! You were once famous for your innocence, but now you have fallen for lies and deceit. (Romans 3:10, 19-23; 16:17-18) You heard what my brother, Captain Boanerges, said; and you would be wise, and it will be for your future happiness, to stoop down and accept conditions of peace and mercy thus offered, especially from one against whom you rebelled, and one who has the power to tear you to pieces. (Palm 50:21-22) For so it is, that Shaddai, our King, when he is angry, will allow no one to stand against him. If you say that you have not sinned or rebelled against our King, all your actions since the day that you cast off his service (and that was the beginning of your sin) are sufficient to testify against you. What do you mean by listening to the tyrant and receiving him as your king? What do you mean by rejecting the laws of Shaddai and obeying Diabolus? Indeed, what do you mean by taking up arms and shutting your gates against us, the faithful servants of your King? (Luke 12:58-59) Be wise, then, and accept my brother's invitation, and not despise this time of mercy, but agree with your adversary quickly. (Matthew 5:25) Ah! Mansoul, do not slight mercy and run into a thousand miseries through the flattering wiles of Diabolus. Perhaps that lump of deceit has tried to make you believe that we seek our own profit in this our service. But you must know that it is obedience to our King, and a desire for your happiness, that is the cause of this undertaking of ours.

'Again I say to you, Mansoul, consider if it is not by amazing grace that Shaddai should so humble himself as he has. (2 Corinthians 5:18-21) Now he, through us, reasons with you by way of entreaty and sweet persuasion, that you subject yourselves to him. Has he the same need of you that we are sure you have of him? No, no! But he is merciful, and does not want Mansoul to die, but turn to him and live.'

Then up stood Captain Judgement, whose were the red colours, and for an escutcheon had a burning fiery furnace, and he said:

'You inhabitants of the city of Mansoul, who have lived so long in rebellion and acts of treason against King Shaddai, know that we have not come to-day to this place, in this manner, with this message of ours, of our own minds, or to revenge our own quarrel. It is the King, my Master, who has sent us to bring you to obedience to him. If you refuse to yield in a peaceable way, we have orders to compel you. And never think, nor yet allow the tyrant Diabolus to persuade you to think that our King, by his power, will not be able to bring you down, and set you under his feet; for he is supreme in all things. If he touches the mountains, they smoke. (Psalm 144:5) Nor will the door of the King's clemency stand open for ever; for the day that shall burn like an oven is before him. (Malachi 4:1; 2 Peter 2:3) Indeed, it hastens on quickly; it does not slumber.

'Mansoul, is it little in your eyes that our King is offering you mercy, and after much provocation, at that? Yes; he still holds out his golden sceptre to you (Esther 5:2), and will not allow his door to be shut against you. Will you provoke him to do it? If so, consider carefully what I say. To you it is opened, but not forever. If you say that you will not see him, judgement stands beside him. Therefore, trust in him. Yes; because there is wrath, beware lest he take you away with his stroke (Job 26:18-19); and then a great ransom will not deliver you. Will he be impressed by your riches? No; not gold, nor all the forces of your strength. He has prepared his throne for judgement, for he will come with fire, and with his chariots like a whirlwind, to vent his anger with fury, and his rebukes with flames of fire. (Psalm 9:7; Isaiah 66:15) Therefore, Mansoul, take heed lest you fulfil the judgement of the wicked, and justice and judgement take hold of you.'

Now, while Captain Judgement was delivering this speech to the city of Mansoul, it was seen by some that Diabolus trembled. But the captain proceeded with his parable and said:

'Woeful city of Mansoul, will you not open your gate to receive us, the deputies of your King who would rejoice to see you live? (Ezekiel 22:14) Will your heart endure or your hands be strong on the day when he deals in judgement with you? I repeat, can your bear to be forced to drink, as one would drink sweet wine, the sea of wrath our King has prepared for Diabolus and his angels? Consider, then; consider.'

Then there stood up the fourth captain, noble Captain Execution, who said:

'O City of Mansoul, once famous, but now like a fruitless bough; once the delight of the high ones, but now a den for Diabolus! Listen to me, and to the words that I speak to you in the name of the great Shaddai. See, the axe is laid to the root of the trees. Every tree, therefore, that does not bring forth good fruit, is cut down and cast into the fire. (Matthew 3:7-10; Luke 3:9)

'O City of Mansoul, you have been this fruitless tree! You bear nothing but thorns and briars. Your bad fruit proves that you are not a good tree; your grapes are grapes of gall, and your clusters are bitter. (Deuteronomy 32:32) You have rebelled against your King; and, look! we, the power and army of Shaddai, are the axe that is laid at your root. What do you say for yourselves? Will you turn? I say again, tell me, before the first blow lands, will you turn? Our axe must first be laid at your root. It must first be laid at your root with threats before it is laid at your root by way of execution. And between these two lies your repentance, and this is all the time you have left. What will you do? Will you turn, or shall I strike? If I land the blow, O Mansoul, down you go; for I have orders to bring my axe to your root! Nothing but your yielding will prevent our King from executing judgement. What are you fit for, O Mansoul without mercy, but to be cut down, and cast into the fire and burned?

'O Mansoul, patience and forbearance do not last for ever! You have a year, or two, or three; but if you provoke him with a three years' rebellion (and you have already done this several times over), what will follow but, 'Cut it down!?' Yes; after that, you must be cut down. (Luke 13:9) And do you think this is an empty threat, or that our King does not have the power to keep his word? O Mansoul, you will find that in the words of our King, when sinners made little or light of them, there is not only threatening, but burning coals of fire!

'You have been a burden long enough. Will you go on being so? Your sin brought this army to your walls, so will its coming bring in judgement and the execution of your city? You have heard what the captains said; but as yet you keep your gates locked. Speak out, Mansoul; will you do so still, or will you accept the conditions of peace?'

The city of Mansoul refused to heed the plain speeches of these four noble captains. Yet their sound did have an effect, though their force could not break the gate open. In short, the city desired time to prepare their answer to these demands. The captains then told them that, if they would throw out to them Ill-Pause who was in the city, they might reward him according to his works. That would give them time to consider. But if they refused to cast him over the wall of Mansoul, then they would have no time left; 'for,' they said, 'we know that as long as Ill-Pause draws breath in Mansoul, all wise counsel will be overturned, and nothing but harm will result.'

Then Diabolus, who was present, being loath to lose Ill-Pause because he was his orator (and yet he would give him up if the captains laid hands on him), was resolved at this moment to give them an answer himself. But, changing his mind, he ordered the then Lord Mayor, Lord Incredulity, to do it, saying, 'My Lord, you give these renegades an answer, and speak up so that Mansoul can hear and understand you.'

So Incredulity, at Diabolus' command, began to say:

'Gentlemen, we see that you have disturbed our prince, and launched an attack on the city of Mansoul, and encamped against it. But from where you come we do not know, and what you are we do not believe. Indeed, you tell us in your frightful speeches that you have your authority from Shaddai; but by what right does he command you to do these things? Of that we remain ignorant.

'You have also, under this authority, ordered our city to desert her Lord, and, for protection, to give herself up to the great Shaddai your King; flatteringly telling her that, if she does this, he will pass by and not charge her with her past offences.

'Furthermore, you have also, to the terror of the city of Mansoul, threatened her with a great and terrible destruction to punish her if she refuses to do your will.

'Now, captains, wherever you come from, though your orders may be correct, you must know that neither my Lord Diabolus, nor I, his servant, Incredulity, nor yet our brave Mansoul, will take any notice of either of your persons, your message, or the King that you say sent you. Of his power, his greatness, and his vengeance, we have no fear; nor will we yield at all to your summons.

'As for the war you threaten us with, we will defend ourselves as well as we can. And know that we are not without the means to defend ourselves. In short (for I will not be tedious), I tell you this, that we take you for a band of renegades, who, having shaken off all obedience to your King, have assembled in this tumultuous manner,



and are going from one place to another to see if, through the flatteries you are skilled to use on one side, and threats you think will frighten on the other, you can make some silly city or country give up and follow you. But Mansoul is not one of them.

‘To conclude: we are not afraid of you, nor will we obey your summons. Our gates we keep shut against you, and our city will be kept tight against you. Nor will we tolerate your siege for long. Our people must live quietly (Luke 11:21), and your appearance disturbs them. So go away with your bag and baggage, and be gone, or we will let fly from the walls against you.’

This speech made by old Incredulity was seconded by desperate Willbewill, with words to this effect:

‘Gentlemen, we have heard your demands and suffered your threats, and have heard the sound of your summons; but we are not afraid of your forces, and disregard your threats. We remain as you find us. And we command you, that in three days’ time you will cease to appear in these parts or you will know what it is to dare offer to rouse the lion Diabolus when asleep in his city of Mansoul.’

The Recorder, whose name was Forget-Good, also added this:

‘Gentlemen, my Lords; as you see, with mild and gentle words we have answered your rough and angry speeches. They have, moreover, in my hearing, given you leave to depart as quietly as you came. So do us a kindness and go away. We might have come out with force against you, and made you feel the edge of our sword. But, just as we love ease and quiet ourselves, so we do not desire to assault or hurt others.’

Then the whole city shouted for joy, as if Diabolus and his crew had gained a great advantage over the captains. They also rang the bells, and made merry, and danced on the walls.

Diabolus returned to the castle, and the Lord Mayor and Recorder went their own way. But Lord Willbewill took special care that the gates were made secure with double guards, double bolts, and double locks and bars; and directed that the Ear-gate particularly should be better looked after, for that was the gate the King’s army most sought to enter. Lord Willbewill made old Mr. Prejudice, an angry and ill-tempered fellow, captain of the area of that gate, and put at his service sixty men, deaf men, men expert in that work, for they could hear neither the words of the captains nor of the soldiers.

Now, when the captains heard the answer of the great ones, and that they could not get through to the original natives of the city, and that Mansoul was determined to fight the King’s army, they prepared themselves for battle. And first, they strengthened their forces against Ear-gate; for they knew that unless they could breach that they would not gain the city. This done, they put the rest of their men in their places. After that, they gave out the watchword which was, **‘YOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN’**. Then they sounded the trumpet. Those in the city answered with shout upon shout, charge against charge; and so the battle began.

Now, the officials in the city had planted on the tower over Ear-gate two great guns: one was called High-Mind, and the other Heady. They had great trust in the power of these guns for they had been cast in the castle in Diabolus’ foundry by Mr. Puff-Up. Nasty pieces of equipment they were! But so vigilant and watchful were the captains that when they saw them, and when they were shot at, the shells passed their ears with a bang but

did them no harm. The citizens used these two guns only to greatly annoy the camp of Shaddai and guard the gate. But they had not much reason to boast of them, as we shall see.

The famous Mansoul also had other small armaments which they made use of against the camp of Shaddai.

Those in the camp also did valiant deeds, letting fly just as fast at the city and at Ear-gate; for they saw that unless they could break open Ear-gate it would be in vain to batter the walls. Now, the King's captains had brought with them several slings and two or three battering-rams. With their slings, therefore, they battered the people's houses in the city, and with their rams they sought to break open Ear-gate.

The camp and the city had several skirmishes and brisk encounters, while the captains with their engines made many brave attempts to break open or beat down the tower that stood over Ear-gate, and so make their entrance. But Mansoul resisted so strongly through the rage of Diabolus, the valour of Lord Willbewill, and the conduct of old Incredulity the Mayor, and Mr. Forget-Good the Recorder, that the charge and expense of that summer's war, on the King's side, seemed to be quite heavy; but they saw the advantage in returning to Mansoul. When the captains saw how it was, they retreated, and entrenched themselves in their winter quarters. Now, in this war, you might think there was great loss on both sides. Be pleased to accept this brief account.

The King's captains, when they marched from the court to come against Mansoul to war, as they travelled, they happened to meet three young fellows who decided to enlist as soldiers: good men they were in appearance, men of courage and skill. Their names were Mr. Tradition, Mr. Human-Wisdom, and Mr. Man's-Invention. So they came up to the captains and offered their service to Shaddai. The captains then told them of their mission, and advised them not to act rashly. But the young men told them that they had considered the thing beforehand, and hearing they were on the march, came with the express purpose of meeting them to be enlisted under their Excellencies. Then as they appeared to be men of courage, Captain Boanerges enlisted them in his company, and away they went to the war.

Now, at the start of the war, in one of the briskest skirmishes, so it was that a company of Lord Willbewill's men emerged from the portal of the city and fell on the rear of Captain Boanerges' men where these three fellows happened to be. They took them prisoner and carried them away into the city where they were not detained long before it was noised about the streets of the city that three notable prisoners had been captured by Lord Willbewill's men, and brought in from the camp of Shaddai. At length, this news was carried to Diabolus in the castle; what Lord Willbewill's men had done, and whom they had taken prisoner.

Then Diabolus called for Willbewill to know what had happened. So he asked him, and he replied. Then the giant sent for the prisoners; and, when they arrived, he demanded their names, where they had come from, and what they were doing in the camp of Shaddai. So they told him. Then he sent them back to prison. Not many days after, he sent for them again and asked them if they would be willing to serve him against their former captains. They told him that they did not so much live by religion as by fate and fortune; and that since his lordship was willing to entertain them, they would be willing to serve him. Now, while this was going on, there was one Captain Anything who was doing great deeds in the city of Mansoul. To this Captain Anything Diabolus send these men with a note telling him to take them into his company. This is what he wrote in his letter:

'Captain Anything, my dear man. The three men who are the bearers of this letter have a

desire to serve me in the war. Nor is there anyone better to send them to than you. Receive them, therefore, in my name; and, as needs must, make use of them against Shaddai and his men. Farewell.'

So they went, and he received them, and made them sergeants. But he made Mr. Man's-Invention his arms-bearer. Enough of this; let us now return to the camp.

Those in the camp made an assault on the city; for they beat down the roof of the Lord Mayor's house and made him more vulnerable than before. With a sling, they almost killed Lord Willbewill outright; but he made a quick recovery. They also made a notable killing among the aldermen, for with only one shot they killed six of them: Mr. Swearing, Mr. Whoring, Mr. Fury, Mr. Stand-To-Lies, Mr. Drunkenness, and Mr. Cheating.

They also dislodged the two guns that stood in the tower over Ear-gate and laid them flat in the dust. I told you before that the King's noble captains had gone into their winter quarters, and had entrenched themselves there, and their carriages, so as to best serve their King and be the greatest annoyance to the enemy by sending urgent alarms to the city of Mansoul. And so successful were they that, I may say, they almost brought down the corporation. For now it was impossible for Mansoul to sleep as safely as before, nor could they pursue their vicious way of life as in times past; for they received from the camp of Shaddai such frequent and terrifying alarms, indeed, alarm upon alarm, first at one gate and then at another, and again at all the gates at once, that they knew no peace. Yes; they were alarmed so frequently, and when the nights were longest, and the weather coldest, and so consequently the season most unseasonable, that that winter was to the city of Mansoul a winter she had never experienced before. Sometimes the trumpets would sound, and sometimes the slings would whirl stones into the city. Sometimes ten thousand of the King's soldiers would be running round the walls of Mansoul at midnight, shouting and lifting up their voices for battle. Sometimes, again, some of those in the city would be wounded, and their cry and laments could be heard all over the now languishing city of Mansoul. Yes; so distressed were they that, I dare say, Diabolus their king had in those days no rest.

In those days, as I was informed, new thoughts, and thoughts that contradicted one another, began to possess the minds of the men of the city of Mansoul. Some would say, 'We cannot go on living in this way.' Others would reply, 'This will be over shortly.' Then a third would stand up and say, 'Let us return to King Shaddai, and so put an end to these troubles.' And a fourth would reply fearfully, 'I doubt he will receive us.' The old gentleman, too, the Recorder, who was in office before Diabolus took Mansoul, he also began to talk aloud, and his words were now to the city of Mansoul as if they were great claps of thunder. No voice was so terrible to Mansoul as his was, together with the noise of the soldiers and the shouts of the captains.

Also things became scarce in Mansoul. The things that her soul lusted after were rapidly disappearing. There was a blight on all her pleasant things and burning instead of beauty. (Isaiah 3:24) Wrinkles, and some show of the shadow of death, were on the inhabitants of Mansoul. And now, how glad Mansoul would be to live quietly and with satisfaction of mind, even though things were very scarce in their world!

The captains, also, in the depth of this winter, sent word by the mouth of Boanerges' trumpeter a summons to Mansoul to yield herself up to the King, great King Shaddai. They sent it once, twice, and three times, not knowing when Mansoul would be willing to surrender herself up to them. Yes; so far as I could gather, the city would have been surrendered up to them before now had it not been for the opposition of old Incredulity and the fickleness of Lord Willbewill. Diabolus also began to rave; so Mansoul, as for yielding, was not yet all of one mind. Therefore, they felt distressed under these

perplexing fears.

I told you just now that those of the King's army had, during the winter, ordered Mansoul to submit herself three times.

The first time the trumpeter went, he went with words of peace, telling them that the captains, the noble captains of Shaddai, pitied and lamented the misery of the now perishing city of Mansoul, and were troubled to see them so far from deliverance. He said that the captains had bid him tell them that if only poor Mansoul would humble herself and turn, her former rebellion and most notorious treason would be forgiven by their merciful King; yes, and forgotten too. And having bid them beware, that they were not doing the best thing, and that they were opposing their lawful king, and were bound to lose, he returned to the camp.

The second time the trumpeter went, he spoke to them more roughly; for, after sounding his trumpet, he told them that their continuing to rebel only upset the captains, and made them all the more resolved to conquer Mansoul, or lay their bones along the city walls.

He went again the third time, and spoke to them yet more roughly, telling them that now, since they had been so horribly profane, he could not tell with certainty whether the captains were inclined to mercy or to judgement. 'Only', said he, 'they ordered me to summon you to open the gates to them.' So he returned, and went into the camp.

These three summons, and especially the last two, so distressed the citizens that they called a meeting, the result of which was this: that Lord Willbewill should go up to Ear-gate, and there, with the sound of a trumpet, call to the captains of the camp for a parley. Well, Lord Willbewill sounded on the wall. The captains came up with their retinue, with ten thousand around them. The citizens then told the captains that they had heard and considered their summons, and would come to an agreement with them, and with their King Shaddai, upon certain terms, articles, and propositions they would set out.

1. If those of their own company, as the present Lord Mayor and their Mr. Forget-Good, with their brave Lord Willbewill, might, under Shaddai, still be the governors of the city, castle, and gates of Mansoul.
2. Provided that no one now serving under the great giant Diabolus, be cast out by Shaddai from house, harbour, or the freedom that he had enjoyed up till now in the famous city of Mansoul.
3. That it should be granted to those of the city of Mansoul to enjoy certain of their rights and privileges: that is, what was formerly granted them under the reign of their king Diabolus, who for so long had been their only Lord and great defender.

'That no new law, officer, or executioner of law or office, should have any power over them, without their choice and consent.

'These are our propositions, or conditions of peace; and upon these terms only', they said, 'we will submit to your King.'

But when the captains heard this weak and feeble offer from the city of Mansoul, with their high and bold demands, Captain Boanerges made this speech as follows:

'Inhabitants of the city of Mansoul; when I heard your trumpet sound for a parley with us, I can honestly say that I was glad. And when you said that you were willing to submit yourselves to our King and Lord, then I was even gladder. But when, by your

silly provisos and foolish clauses, you set out the stumbling-block of your iniquity before your own faces, then my gladness turned to sorrow, and my hopes of your return began to fade.

'I reckon that old Ill-Pause, the ancient enemy of Mansoul, drew up those proposals that you now present to us as terms of an agreement. But they deserve not to be heard by any one who confesses to serve Shaddai. (2 Timothy 2:19) We all, therefore, jointly, and with the highest disdain, refuse and reject these things as the greatest of iniquities.

'But, Mansoul, if you will give yourselves into our hands, or rather into the hands of our King, and trust him to make such terms that will seem good in his eyes (and I dare say they will be most profitable to you), then we will receive you, and be at peace with you. But if you will not trust yourselves to the arms of Shaddai our King, then things are the same as before; and we know also what we have to do.'

Then old Incredulity the Lord Mayor cried out:

'And who, being out of the hands of their enemies, as you see that we are now, would be so stupid as to put the staff out of their own hand into the hand of someone they do not know? I, on my part, will never yield to so unlimited a proposition. Do we know the ways and temper of your King? It is said by some that he will be angry with his subjects if they chance to step out of the way by as much as a hair's-breath; and by others, that he requires from them much more than they can perform. So, it appears, Mansoul, to be wise and take good care in this matter; for once you yield, you give up yourselves to another, and so you are no longer your own. To give up yourselves to an unlimited power is the greatest folly in the world; for now you may indeed repent, but you can never justly complain after that. Do you indeed know, when you are his, which of you he will kill, and which of you he will save? Will he not cut off every one of us, and send us out of our own country to another people, and invite them to inhabit this city?'

This speech of the Lord Mayor undid all that had gone before, and threw flat on the ground any hope of an agreement. So the captains returned to their trenches, to their tents, and to their men, as before; and the Mayor returned to his castle and to his king.

## CHAPTER 4

Now, Diabolus was awaiting the return of the Lord Mayor for he had heard that he had been negotiating. So, when he came into the state room, he greeted him with, 'Welcome! How did it go today?' So Lord Incredulity, with a low bow, informed him of the whole matter, saying, 'This is what the captains of Shaddai said to me, and this is what I replied.'

When Diabolus heard this, he was very glad, and said, 'My Lord Mayor, my faithful Incredulity! I have proved your loyalty more than ten times over, and never yet found you to be false. I promise you, when we get over this trouble, I will advance you to a place of honour, a place far higher than that of Lord Mayor of Mansoul. I will make you my deputy; and, next to me, you will have all the nations under your hand. Yes; you will have power over them, so that they will not resist you; nor will any of our people walk at liberty unless they are content to walk under your sway.' When the Lord Mayor came out from Diabolus, he felt he had obtained a great favour indeed. So to his place he went in great state, hoping to feed himself well enough on hope until the time came when his greatness would be appreciated.

But now, though the Lord Mayor and Diabolus were in agreement, this rebuff to the brave captains pushed Mansoul into a state of mutiny. For while old Incredulity went into the castle to congratulate his Lord with what had passed, the old Lord Mayor, who was there before Diabolus came to the city — that is, Lord Understanding — and the old Recorder, Mr. Conscience, when they heard what had passed at Ear-gate, they gathered some of the citizens together (for you must know that they were not allowed to be present at any debate in case they went over to the captains; but, I say, they got wind of what had happened there, and were very concerned about it).

They began to realise how reasonable were the noble captains' demands, and the evil consequences that would follow from the speech of old Incredulity, the Lord Mayor. They saw how little respect he had either for the captains or their King, also, how he had implicated them in disloyalty and treason. 'For what else', they said, 'could be made of his words, when he said that he would not yield to their proposition? Will he not bring destruction down on us all when they promised that they would show us mercy?' The crowd, now possessed with the conviction of the harm old Incredulity had done them, began to run back and forth, and into every corner of the streets of Mansoul. They began to mutter, then to talk openly, and after a while, they cried as they ran, 'Oh, the brave captains of Shaddai! If only we were under the government of the captains, and of Shaddai their King!'

When the Lord Mayor was told that Mansoul was in an uproar, he came down to quieten the people, thinking that he would calm them down with the gravity and dignity of his appearance. But when they saw him, they came running to him, and would have doubtless have done him a mischief had he not taken refuge in his house. However, they beat on his door, and would have pulled his house down about his ears if they could; but the place was too strong, so they failed in that. Plucking up courage, he addressed the people out of a window with these words: 'Gentlemen, why is there such an uproar today?'

Then Lord Understanding replied, 'It is because you and your master have not acted rightly towards the captains of Shaddai. For you are at fault in three things. **First**, you would not let Mr. Conscience and myself listen to your speech. **Second**, you offered such terms of peace to the captains that they were bound to be rejected, which meant that their Shaddai would have been prince in name only, and Mansoul would have still been able to carry on living in all its excesses and conceit before him. So, in consequence, Diabolus would still be king, and Shaddai king only in title. **Third**, after the captains had offered us

favourable conditions, and promised to receive us in mercy, you undid everything with your unreasonable, ill-timed, and ungodly speech.'

When old Incredulity heard this speech, he cried out, 'Treason! treason! To your arms, to your arms, loyal friends of Diabolus in Mansoul!'

Understanding replied, 'Sir, you may put whatever meaning you wish on my words; but I am sure that the captains of such a high Lord as theirs, deserved better treatment at your hands.'

Then said old Incredulity, 'This is no better. Sir', he continued, 'what I said was on behalf of my prince, his government, and the good of the people, who, by your illegal actions, have started this mutiny against us.'

Then the old Recorder, whose name was Mr. Conscience, said, 'Sir, you ought not to reply in this way to what Lord Understanding has said. It is plain enough that he spoke the truth, and that you are an enemy of Mansoul. You stand convicted, then, by your evil and fancy language, of bringing grief by the hand of the captains. Indeed, you have done great damage to Mansoul. Had you accepted the conditions offered, the sound of the trumpet and the alarm of war would now have ceased around the city of Mansoul. But that dreadful noise continues; and the lack of wisdom in your speech is the cause of it.'

Then old Incredulity replied, 'Sir, as I live, I will carry your words to Diabolus, and you will have an answer from him. Meanwhile, we will look to the good of the city, and not ask advice from you.'

Understanding replied, 'Sir, both you and your prince are foreigners to Mansoul, and not citizens. And who can tell that, having brought us into greater dangers, and when you see that the only way to safety for yourselves is by means of flight, you will leave us to look after yourselves, or set us on fire and disappear in the smoke or in the light of our burning, and so leave us to our ruin?'

'Sir', said Incredulity, 'you forget that you are under a governor, and that you ought to behave like a subject. Know that when my Lord the king hears of this day's work, he will give you little thanks for your labour.'

Now, while these gentlemen were arguing, down from the walls and gates of the city came to Lord Willbewill, Mr. Prejudice, old Ill-Pause, and several of the newly appointed aldermen and burgesses, and they asked the reason for the hubbub and tumult. With that, everyone began to tell his own tale so that nothing could be heard clearly. Then silence was called for, and that old fox Incredulity began to speak. 'My Lord', said he, 'here are a couple of crusty old gentlemen that have, as a fruit of their bad disposition, and, I fear, through the advice of Mr. Discontent, gathered this company against me today, and have attempted to stir up the city into acts of rebellion against our prince.' Then all the followers of Diabolus who were present stood up and confirmed these things to be true.

Now, when those who had taken the side of Lord Understanding and Mr. Conscience saw that they were likely to come off the worst (for the greater strength lay on the other side), they looked for help and relief. Then those on Incredulity's side called for the two old gentlemen to be led away to prison; but those on the other side said they should not. Then they began to take sides again. The followers of Diabolus cried 'Up with old Incredulity, Forget-Good, the new aldermen, and their great one, Diabolus'; and the other side, just as fast, praised Shaddai, his captains, his laws, their mercy, their conditions and their ways. Then they bickered for a while. At last, they passed from words to blows, and

there were knocks on both sides. The good old gentleman Mr. Conscience was knocked down twice by one of the followers of Diabolus whose name was Mr. Stunning; and my Lord Understanding was in danger of being killed with a crossbow, but the archer did not take aim properly.

Nor did the other side wholly escape; for there was Mr. Rashhead, one of the followers of Diabolus, who had his brains knocked out by Mr. Mind, Lord Willbewill's servant; and it made me laugh to see how old Mr. Prejudice was kicked and tumbled about in the dirt; for though, a short while ago, he had been made captain of a company of followers of Diabolus, to the harm and damage of the city, yet now they got him under their feet, I assure you, and, by some of Lord Understanding's party, his crown was cracked open.

Mr. Anything also made a good account of himself; but both sides were against him because he was not true to either. For his pains, one of his legs was broken, and the one who had done it wished it had been his neck. Much more damage was done on both sides; but this would never be forgotten: it was a marvel to see Lord Willbewill, usually so indifferent that he did not seem to favour one side more than another, smiling when he saw old Prejudice dragged along through the dirt. Also, when Captain Anything came limping up to him, he seemed to take little notice of him.

Now, with the uproar over, Diabolus sent for Lord Understanding and Mr. Conscience, and clapped them both in prison as the ringleaders of this astonishing affray in Mansoul. So now the city began to quieten down again, and the prisoners were badly treated. Yes; Diabolus considered whether he ought to do away with them, but the time was not right with the war right at their gates.

But let us return again to our story. The captains, when they left the gate, and returned to the camp, called a council of war to decide on further courses of action. Some said, 'Let us go up soon and fall on the city'; but most thought that it would be better to give them another chance to yield. And the reason they gave was this, that as far as they could see, the city of Mansoul was more inclined to give up than before. 'And if', they said, 'that is true, we should not be too hard on them; for we might make them unwilling to respond to our summons.'

They agreed with this advice, and called a trumpeter. They put words in his mouth, gave him a set time, and bid him 'God-speed'. Well, not many hours passed before the trumpeter completed his journey. Coming up to the wall of the city, he steered his course to Ear-gate, and there sounded aloud, as he was ordered. Those who were inside came out to see what the matter was, so the trumpeter made this speech as follows:

'Hard-hearted and deplorable city of Mansoul, how long will you love your sinful, sinful, simplicity? (Proverbs 1:22) And fools, how long will you delight in your scorning? Did you not refuse the offers of peace and deliverance? Will you refuse the golden offer of Shaddai, and trust in the lies and falsehoods of Diabolus? Consider when Shaddai has conquered you. Do you think that the memory of your behaviour towards him will bring you peace and comfort, or that by using defiant language you will make him as afraid as a grasshopper? Does he plead with you because he is afraid of you? Do you think you are stronger than he is? Do you not look into the heavens and behold the stars, and see how high they are? Can you stop the sun from running its course, and hinder the moon from giving its light? Can you count the number of the stars, or stop the rain coming from heaven? Can you call the waters of the sea and cause them to cover the face of the ground? Can you bring down every one who is proud and bind their faces in secret?

'Yet these are some of the works of our King, in whose name we come up today to



call you to accept his authority. In his name, therefore, I summon you again to yield up yourselves to his captains.'

At this summons, the citizens of Mansoul seemed at a loss, and did not know what to reply. Therefore, Diabolus appeared straight away and took up the task himself. This is how he began; but he was directing his speech to the citizens of Mansoul:

'Gentlemen, and my faithful subjects, if it is true what this herald said concerning the greatness of their King, his terror will always keep you in bondage, and you will come to regret it. Yes; how can you now, even though he is at a distance, bear to think of such a mighty one? And if not while at a distance, how will you bear to be in his presence? I, your prince, am familiar with you, and you may play with me as you would with a grasshopper. Consider, therefore, what is good for you, and remember the protection I have given you.

'Furthermore, if it is all true what this man said, how is it that the subjects of Shaddai are made into slaves wherever they come? None in the universe are so unhappy as those who are trampled down.

'Consider this, my Mansoul. If only you were as loath to leave me as I am loath to leave you! And consider, I say, while the ball is still at your foot. You possess liberty, if you know how to use it. Yes; you have a king too, if you know how to love and obey him.'

After this speech, the city of Mansoul again hardened her heart against the captains of Shaddai. The thought of his greatness did not overcome them so much, and the thought of his holiness did not drive them into despair. So, after a short consultation, those of the party of Diabolus sent their word through the trumpeter: that on their part, they were determined to remain loyal to their king and never yield to Shaddai. So it was in vain to present them with any further summons, for they had rather die in this place than yield. And now things seemed quite black, with Mansoul out of reach or call.

Yet the captains, who knew what their Lord would do, did not regard themselves as beaten. They sent the citizens another summons, more sharp and severe than the last; but the more often they tried to reconcile Mansoul to Shaddai, the further off they found themselves. 'As they called them, so they went from them — yes, though they called them to the Most High.' (Hosea 11:7)

So they stopped dealing with them in this way any more and looked for another way. The captains then called a conference to think of what was the best way to gain the city and deliver it from the tyranny of Diabolus. One said one thing, and another said another. Then there stood up the right noble Captain Conviction, who said, 'My brothers, this is my opinion:

**'First**, that we continually bombard the city, keeping it in a continual state of alarm, assaulting them by day and by night. By doing this, we will take away their high spirits; for a lion can be tamed by continual assault.

**'Second**, when this is done, I advise you to unite in drawing up a petition to our Lord Shaddai, in which, after we have informed our King of the condition of Mansoul and our affairs here, and have begged his pardon for our lack of success, we earnestly implore his Majesty's help, and ask him to send us a greater show of force with some gallant and well-respected commander to head them, that his Majesty may build on our good beginnings, and complete his conquest of the city of Mansoul.'

To this speech of the noble Captain Conviction, they, as one man, consented, and agreed that a petition should immediately be drawn up and sent by a suitable man to Shaddai with speed. The contents of the petition ran as follows:

'Most gracious and glorious King, Lord of the best world, and builder of the city of Mansoul, we have, dread Sovereign, at your command, put our lives at risk, and at your bidding made war on the famous city of Mansoul. When we went up against it, and as was our orders, we first offered conditions of peace to her. But they, great King, despised our counsel and would not listen to our reproof. (Matthew 22:5; Proverbs 1:25-30; Zechariah 7:11-13) They shut their gates and kept us out of the city. They also mounted their guns, and came out against us, and did what damage they could. But we pursued them with alarm upon alarm, paying out such retribution as they deserved, and we also bombarded the city.

'Diabolus, Incredulity, and Willbewill are our greatest enemies. We are now in our winter quarters, but we still assault and distress the city.

'We think that we have one true friend in the city who would have talked the people round at the sound of our summons, but there are too many enemies there, nor anyone to speak on behalf of our Lord to the city. Therefore, though we have done the best we can, Mansoul remains in a state of rebellion against you.

'Now, King of kings, let it please you to forgive the failure of your servants in conquering Mansoul. And send, Lord, as we now desire, more forces to Mansoul, that it may be subdued; and a man to head them whom the city will both love and fear.

'We do not speak in this way because we want to relinquish the war (for we are prepared to lay down our lives here), but that the city of Mansoul may be won for your Majesty. We also pray your Majesty to reply quickly in this matter, that, after the conquest, we may be free to go anywhere else as it pleases your Majesty. Amen.'

So, the petition was drawn up, and sent with all haste to the King by the hand of that good man Mr. Love-To-Mansoul.

When this petition came to the palace of the King, who should it be delivered to but to the King's Son! So he took it and read it, and because the contents of it pleased him so much, he added to the petition himself. So, after he had made such additions as he thought suitable by his own hand, he carried it in to the King, to whom, when he had with homage delivered it, was given authority to speak for it himself.

Now, the King was pleased when he saw the petition; but how much more, do you think, when it was seconded by his Son! It pleased him also to hear that his servants who were camped out against Mansoul were doing such good work, and were so steady in their resolve that they had already gained some ground against the famous city of Mansoul.

Therefore, the King called Emmanuel to him, his own Son, who said, 'Here I am, my Father.' Then the King said, 'You know, as I do, the condition of the city of Mansoul, and what we have agreed, and what you did to redeem it. Come now, my Son, and prepare yourself for war, for you will go to my camp at Mansoul. You will also prosper and prevail there, and conquer the city of Mansoul.'

Then the King's Son replied, 'I delight to do your will. Your law is in my heart. (Psalm 40:8) This is the day I have longed for, and the work that I have waited for all this time. (Hebrews 10:7, 9) Give me, therefore, in your wisdom, what force you think I need, and I

will go and deliver your perishing city of Mansoul out of the hand of Diabolus, and from his power. My heart has often been sore at the thought of the miserable city of Mansoul; but now it rejoices and is glad.' And with that, he leaped over the mountains for joy, saying, 'I have not considered in my heart that anything is too hard for Mansoul. The day of vengeance has come for you, my Mansoul; and oh, am I glad that you, my Father, have made me Captain of their salvation. (Hebrews 2:10) And now I will begin to plague all those who have been a plague to my city of Mansoul, and deliver it out of their hand.'

When the King's Son had said this to his Father, the news flew like lightning around the court. Indeed, it became the only topic of conversation — what Emmanuel was going to do for the famous city of Mansoul. But you cannot imagine how much the courtiers were taken with this plan of the Prince. Yes, yes; so affected were they with this work, and with the justice of the war, that the highest Lord and greatest peer of the kingdom asked for a commission under Emmanuel, to go and help him recover for Shaddai the miserable city of Mansoul.

Then it was decided that someone should go and carry the news to the camp that Emmanuel was coming to recover Mansoul, bringing along with him so mighty, and powerful an army that he could not be resisted. And oh! how ready were the high ones at court to scurry like servants carrying this news to the camp that lay before Mansoul. Now, when the captains knew that the King was sending Emmanuel his Son, and that it also delighted the Son to be sent on this errand by the great Shaddai his Father, to show how pleased they were at the thought of his coming, they raised a shout that made the earth shake at its sound. Yes; the mountains echoed again and again, and Diabolus himself tottered and shook.

For, you must know that, though the city of Mansoul itself was not much, if at all, concerned with the project (for, alas! they were woefully caught up in their pleasures and lusts), yet Diabolus their governor was very worried, for he sent his spies everywhere, bringing back intelligence from all quarters. They told him what was doing at court against him, and that Emmanuel was coming shortly with a great force to invade him. Neither was there anyone at court, not any peer of the realm, whom Diabolus feared as much as the Prince; for, if you remember, I told you before that Diabolus had felt the weight of his hand already. So, since it was he who was coming, this made him all the more afraid.

Well, you remember how I told you that the King's Son was preparing to come from the court to save Mansoul, and that his Father had made him the Captain of the army. Now, the time of his setting out was fixed, so he began his march and took with him five noble captains and their forces.

1. The first was that famous noble captain, Captain Credence. His were the red colours, and Mr. Promise bore them. And for his escutcheon he had the holy lamb and golden shield (John 1:29; Ephesians 6:16); and he had ten thousand men at his command.

2. The second was that famous captain, Captain Good-Hope. (Hebrews 6:19) His were the blue colours. His standard-bearer was Mr. Expectation, and for his escutcheon he had three golden anchors (Hebrews 6:19); and he had ten thousand men at his command.

3. The third was that valiant captain, Captain Love. (1 Corinthians 13) His standard-bearer was Mr. Pity. His were the green colours, and for his escutcheon he had three naked orphans embraced in the bosom (James 1:27); and he had ten thousand men at his command.

4. The fourth was that gallant commander, Captain Innocent. (Matthew 10:16) His

standard-bearer was Mr. Harmless. His were the white colours, and for his escutcheon he had three golden doves (Genesis 7:10-11).

**5.** The fifth was the truly loyal and well-beloved captain, Captain Patience. (Hebrews 6:12 His standard-bearer was Mr. Long-Suffering. His were the black colours, and for an escutcheon he had three arrows through a golden heart. (Hebrews 10:16)

These were Emmanuel's captains, and these their standard-bearers, their colours, and their escutcheons; and these the men under their command. So, as I said, the brave Prince began his march on the city of Mansoul. Captain Credence led from the front, and Captain Patience brought up the rear; so the other three, with their men, made up the main body, the Prince himself riding in his chariot at the head of them all.

When they set out on their march, oh, how the trumpets sounded, their armour glittered, and how their colours waved in the wind! The Prince's armour was all gold, shining like the sun above. The captains' armour was of silver, and was in appearance like the glittering stars. There were also some from the court who rode alongside because of the love they had for King Shaddai, and for the happy deliverance of the city of Mansoul.

Emmanuel also, when he set out to recover the city of Mansoul, took with him, on the orders of his Father, fifty-four battering-rams and twelve slings to whirl stones. Each one of these was made of pure gold, and they were borne along at the very heart of the army, all the way to Mansoul.

So they marched, till they came within less than a mile from the city, where they stayed till the first four captains came out to brief them. Then they resumed their journey to the city of Mansoul, and to Mansoul they came. Now, when the old soldiers who were in the camp saw that they had a new force to join with them, they again raised such a shout before the walls of the city of Mansoul that it terrified Diabolus again. So they surrounded the city, not like the other four captains, against the gates of Mansoul only, but on every side, behind and before. Whichever way Mansoul looked, it saw men and equipment besieging it. Besides, there were earthworks set up against it. Mount Gracious was on one side and Mount Justice on the other. Furthermore, there were other raised places such as Plain-Truth Hill and No-Sin Bank, where many of the slings were placed against the city. On Mount Gracious, there were four, and on Mount Justice the same, and the rest were placed in several convenient spots around the city. Five of the best battering-rams, the biggest of them, were placed on Mount Harken, a piece of raised ground near Ear-gate, with the object of breaking it open.

Now, when the men of the city saw the host of soldiers ranged against them, and the rams and slings, and the mounts on which they were raised, together with the glittering of the armour and the waving of their colours, they were forced to reconsider their position. But their thoughts grew fainter rather than stronger; for though they had considered themselves sufficiently guarded, now they began to think they were not so sure.

When the good Prince Emmanuel first besieged Mansoul, he hung up a white flag which he flew among the golden slings that were planted on Mount Gracious. He did this for two reasons: **1.** To give notice to Mansoul that he could and would be gracious if they turned to him. **2.** That they might have no excuse should he destroy them because of their continuing rebellion.

So the white flag with the three golden doves was hung out for two days to give them time and space to reconsider. But they, as I hinted before, gave no response to the favourable signal of the Prince, just as before.

Then he ordered the red flag to fly at the place called Mount Justice. It was the red flag of Captain Judgement whose escutcheon was the burning fiery furnace. This also stood waving in the wind before them for several days. Consider how it was hung up just like white flag. Yet they took no notice of it.

Then he commanded his servants again to hang up the black flag of defiance against them whose escutcheon was the three burning thunderbolts. But Mansoul paid no attention to this either. When the Prince saw that neither mercy nor judgement nor execution of judgement touched the heart of Mansoul, he was very moved, and said, 'Surely this strange indifference of the city of Mansoul comes from their ignorance of the manner and acts of war than from a secret defiance of us and hatred of their own lives. It is as if they know something of war in general, but not what is expected of them as I make war on my enemy Diabolus.'

So he sent to the city of Mansoul to let them know what he meant by the signs and ceremonies of the flags, with a desire to know which they would choose, whether grace and mercy, or judgement and the execution of judgement. All this while, they kept their gates shut with locks, bolts, and bars, as secure as they could. Their guards were doubled, and their watch made as strong as they could. Diabolus also plucked up what courage he could to urge the city to resist.

The citizens answered the Prince's messenger in the following way:

'Great Sir, as to what you have signified to us by your messenger, whether we should accept your mercy, or fall by your justice, we are bound by the laws and customs of this place, and can give you no positive answer; for it is against the law, government, and royal prerogative of our king to make peace or war without his consent. But this we will do — we will petition our prince to come down to the wall, and there to deal with you as he thinks fit and profitable for us.'

When the good Prince Emmanuel heard this answer, and saw the slavery and bondage of the people, and how content they were to remain in the chains of the tyrant Diabolus, it grieved him to his heart. Indeed, whenever he saw anyone content to be a slave to the giant, he was much affected by it.

But to return to the main event. After the city carried this news to Diabolus, and told him that the Prince, who had laid siege outside the wall, was waiting for an answer from them, he refused them, and huffed and puffed as well as he could. But in his heart he was afraid.

Then he said, 'I will go down to the gates myself, and give him a proper answer.' So he went down to Mouth-gate, and there prepared to speak to Emmanuel (but in a language the city did not understand). The contents of his speech were as follows:

'Great Emmanuel, Lord of all the world, I know you, the Son of great Shaddai! Why do you come to torment me, and cast me out of my possession? (Luke 8:28-29) This city of Mansoul, as you know very well, is mine, and that by a twofold right. **1.** It is mine by right of conquest. I won it in the open field. Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive be set free? (Isaiah 49:24) **2.** This city of Mansoul is mine also by subjection. They opened the gates of their city to me. They swore loyalty to me, and openly chose me to be their king. They have also given their castle into my hands; yes, they have put the whole of Mansoul in my power.

'Moreover, this city of Mansoul has disowned you. She has cast your law, your name, your image, and all that is yours, behind her back, and has accepted in their

place my law, my name, my image, and all that is ever mine. Ask your captains, and they will tell you that Mansoul, in reply to all their summons, showed love and loyalty to me, and treated with disdain, contempt, and scorn you and all that is yours. Now, you are the Just and Holy One, and can do no iniquity. Depart, then, from me, I beg of you, and leave me in peace to enjoy my rightful inheritance.'

This speech was in the language of Diabolus himself; for although he could speak to everyone in his own language (else he could not tempt them as he does), yet he has his own language, the language of the infernal cave, or black pit.

When the city of Mansoul (poor souls!) did not understand him, neither did they see how he was crouching and cringing while he stood before Emmanuel, their Prince. Yes; all the while they took him to be one whose power and force could by no means be resisted. So, while he was begging the Prince to let him remain in Mansoul, and not to take it from him by force, the inhabitants boasted of his courage, saying, 'Who is able to make war against him?'

Well, when this pretended king had finished his speech, Emmanuel, the golden Prince, stood up and spoke. The meaning of his words was as follows:

'You deceiver', he said, 'I have, in my Father's name, in my own name, and on behalf and for the good of this wretched city of Mansoul, something to say to you. You pretend a right, a lawful right, to the deplorable city of Mansoul, when it is obvious to all in my Father's court that the entrance you obtained at the gates of Mansoul was through lies and falsehood. You lied against my Father, you lied against his law, and you deceived the people of Mansoul. You claim that the people took you as their king, their captain, and right liege lord; but that also was by your deceit and guile. Now, if lying, wiliness, sinful craft, and all manner of horrible hypocrisy, stand in my Father's court (in which court you will be tried) for equity and justice, then I confess to you that you made a lawful conquest. But, alas! what thief, what tyrant, what devil is there who does not conquer in this way? But I can make it appear, Diabolus, that you, in all your pretence of conquering Mansoul, are not speaking the truth. Do you think this is right, that you attributed a lie to my Father, and made him (before Mansoul) the greatest deceiver in the world? And what do you say concerning the right purpose and intent of the law? Was it good also that you preyed on the innocence and simplicity of the now miserable city of Mansoul? Yes; you overcame Mansoul by promising her happiness in her rebellion against my Father's law, when you knew, and could not but know, had you consulted nothing but your own experience, that here was the way to undo them. You have, master of enmity, spitefully defaced my Father's image in Mansoul, and set up your own in its place, to the great contempt of my Father, the heightening of your sin, and the intolerable damage of the perishing city of Mansoul.

'You have also (as if all these were little things with you) not only deceived and undone this city, but, by your lies and fraud, have set the citizens against their own deliverance. How terrible that you have stirred them up against my Father's captains, and made them fight against those who were sent by the One who would deliver them from their bondage! All these things, and very many more, you have done against your light, and out of contempt for my Father and his law. Yes; with the design of bringing under his displeasure for ever the miserable city of Mansoul. I have therefore come to avenge the wrong that you have done my Father, and to deal with you for the blasphemies by which you have made poor Mansoul profane his name. Yes; upon your head, you prince of the infernal cave, will I require it.

'As for me, Diabolus, I have come out against you by lawful power, and to take, by

strength of hand, this city of Mansoul from your burning fingers. For this city of Mansoul is mine, Diabolus, and that by undoubted right, as all can see if they diligently search the most ancient and most authentic records. And I plead my title to it, to the confusion of your face.

**'First**, for the city of Mansoul. My Father designed and built it with his own hand. The palace also that is in the middle of the city he built for his own delight. This city of Mansoul, therefore, is my Father's, and that by the best of titles; and he who contradicts the truth of this lies against his soul.

**'Second**, master of lies, this city of Mansoul is mine:

**'1.** For I am my Father's heir, his first-born (Hebrews 1:2; John 16:15), and the only delight of his heart. I have therefore come up against you in my own right, to recover my own inheritance from your hand.

**'2.** Next, just as I have the right and title to Mansoul by being my Father's heir, so I have it also as my Father's gift. His it was, and he gave it to me. (John 17:6, 11) Nor have I at any time offended my Father that he should take it from me and give it to you. (Isaiah 50:1) Nor have I been forced through bankruptcy to sell my beloved city of Mansoul to you. Mansoul is my desire, my delight, and the joy of my heart.

**'3.** Mansoul is mine by right of purchase. I bought it, Diabolus. I bought it for myself. Now, since it was my Father's, then mine, as I am his heir, and since I also made it mine by virtue of a great purchase, it follows that, by all lawful right, the city of Mansoul is mine, and that you are a usurper, a tyrant, and a traitor, in holding on to it. Now, the cause of my purchasing it was this: Mansoul trespassed against my Father. My Father said that, in the day she broke his law, she would die. Now, it is more possible for heaven and earth to pass away than for my Father to break his word. (Matthew 5:18) Therefore, when Mansoul sinned by listening to your lie, I became a surety to my Father, body for body and soul for soul, that I would make amends for Mansoul's transgressions; and my Father accepted my offer. So, when the time appointed came, I gave body for body, soul for soul, life for life, blood for blood, and so redeemed my beloved Mansoul.

**'4.** Neither did I do this by half. My Father's law and justice, both concerned with the threatening of transgression, are both now satisfied, and well content that Mansoul should be delivered.

**'5.** Neither did I come out this day against you except by commandment of my Father. He it was who said to me, 'Go down and deliver Mansoul.' So let it be known to you, fountain of deceit, and let it also be known to this foolish city of Mansoul, that I have not come against you this day without my Father.

'Now', said the golden-headed Prince, 'I have a word for the city of Mansoul.' But as soon as he mentioned that he had a word for the besotted city of Mansoul, the gates were double-guarded, and everyone ordered away. However, he went on to say, 'Unhappy city of Mansoul, I cannot but be touched with pity and compassion for you. You accepted Diabolus as your king, and became servants of the followers of Diabolus against your sovereign Lord. You opened your gates to him, but shut them fast against me. You gave him a hearing, but you close your ears to my cry. He brought you destruction, and you received both him and it. I have come to bring you salvation, but you will not pay any attention.

'Besides that, you have, as with unholy hands, taken yourself, with all that was mine, and given all to my enemy, and to the greatest enemy my Father has. You have

bowed and subjected yourselves to him, and vowed to be his. Poor Mansoul! What shall I do for you? Shall I save you? Shall I destroy you? What shall I do to you? Shall I fall upon you, and grind you to powder, or make you into a monument of the richest grace? What shall I do to you? Listen, then, city of Mansoul; listen to my words, and you will live. I am merciful, Mansoul, and you will find me so. Do not shut me out of your gates. (Song of Solomon 5:2)

'Mansoul, neither my commission nor my inclination is to do you any harm. (12:47; Luke 9:56) Why do you run away from your friend, and stick so close to your enemy? Indeed, I will have you because it becomes you to be sorry for your sin. But do not despair of life. This great army is not here to harm you but to deliver you from your slavery, and to bring you to obedience.

'My orders are to make war on Diabolus your king, and all his followers; for he is the strong man armed who keeps the house, and I will cast him out. His spoils will be divided, his armour will be taken from him, he will be cast out of his stronghold, and it will be made a residence for myself. (Mark 3:27) And this, Mansoul, shall Diabolus know when he is made to follow me in chains. Will not Mansoul rejoice to see it so? I could, if I wished, cause him to leave you speedily; but I have it in my heart to deal with him so that the justice of the war that I wage on him may be seen and acknowledged by all. He took Mansoul by fraud, and maintains it by violence and deceit. I will expose him naked before the eyes of all his observers. All my words are true. I am mighty to save; and I will deliver my Mansoul out of his hand.'

This speech was intended mainly for Mansoul, but Mansoul did not hear it. She had shut up Ear-gate, barricaded it, kept it locked and bolted, set a guard over it, and ordered that no citizen of Mansoul should go out to him, nor that any from the camp should be admitted into the city. All this she did; so dreadfully had Diabolus enchanted her into serving him against her rightful Lord and Prince. Therefore no one, no voice, no sound of any one belonging to that glorious host, was to come into the city.



## CHAPTER 5

When Emmanuel saw that Mansoul was captivated by sin, he called his army together (since his words were ignored by the city), and ordered them to be ready for the appointed time. Now, as there was no way to take the city of Mansoul except through the gates, with Ear-gate as the main one, he ordered his captains and commanders to bring their arms, their slings, and their men, and place them before Eye-gate and Ear-gate, and themselves for the taking of the city.

When Emmanuel had made all things ready for the battle against Diabolus, he sent again to the city of Mansoul to know if they would yield in a peaceable manner, or whether they were still determined to try him to the utmost? The city then, together with Diabolus her king, called a council of war, and decided that certain propositions should be offered to Emmanuel to see if he would accept them. The next thing was to decide who would be sent on this errand.

Now, there was in the city of Mansoul an old man, a follower of Diabolus, whose name was Mr. Loath-To-Stoop, a stiff man in his way, and a great supporter of Diabolus. They agreed to send him, and put in his mouth what he should say. So he went and came to the camp to Emmanuel. On his arrival, a time was called for when he would be given audience.

So, at the appointed time, he came, and after a diabolic ceremony or two, he began and said, 'Great Sir, that it may be known to all men how good-natured a prince is my master (Titus 1:16), he has sent me to tell your Lordship that, rather than go to war, he is very willing to deliver into your hand one half of the city of Mansoul. I, therefore, desire to know if your Mightiness will accept this proposition.'

Then said Emmanuel, 'The whole is mine by gift and purchase. Therefore I will never consent to lose one half.'

Then said Mr. Loath-To-Stoop, 'Sir, my master said that he will be happy for you to be Lord in name and title of all the city if only he may possess a part.' (Luke 13:25)

Then Emmanuel answered, 'The whole is mine, not just in name and word. Therefore, I will be the sole Lord and possessor of all Mansoul, or none at all.'

Then Mr. Loath-To-Stoop replied, 'Sir, consider the condescension of my master! He says he will be happy if he is assigned a place in Mansoul in which to live quietly, and you will be Lord of all the rest.' (Acts 5:1-5)

Then said the golden Prince, 'All that the Father gives me will come to me; and of all that he gives me I will lose nothing — no, not a hoof nor a hair. (John 6:37) I will not, therefore, grant him even the smallest corner of Mansoul to dwell in. I will have it all to myself.'

Then Mr. Loath-To-Stoop said again, 'But, Sir, suppose that my Lord gave the whole city to you, only with this proviso, that he may occasionally, when he comes into this country, for old acquaintance' sake be entertained as a travelling man for two days, or ten days, or a month or so. Could not this small matter be granted?'

'No', said Emmanuel. 'You came as a travelling man to David, nor did you stay with him very long, yet it nearly cost David his soul. (2 Samuel 12:1-5) I will not let him enter the city any more.'

Then said Mr. Loath-To-Stoop, 'Sir, you seem very hard. Suppose my master agreed to all

that your Lordship has said, provided his friends and kindred in Mansoul may have liberty to trade in the city, and enjoy their present dwellings. May not that be granted, Sir?’

Then said Emmanuel, ‘No; that is contrary to my Father’s will. For all followers of Diabolus that now are, or at any time will be, found in Mansoul, will not only lose their lands and liberties, but also their lives.’ (Romans 6:13; Colossians 3:5; Galatians 5:24)

Then said Mr. Loath-To-Stoop again, ‘But, Sir, may not my master and great Lord, by letters, by visitors, by various opportunities, and the like, if he yields to you, may he not keep up his old friendship with Mansoul?’ (John 10:8)

Emmanuel replied, ‘No; he may not! Any such fellowship, friendship, intimacy, or acquaintance, of any sort, would tend to corrupt Mansoul, and alienate her affection from me, and endanger their peace with my Father.’

Mr. Loath-To-Stoop added further, ‘But, great Sir, since my master has many friends and dear ones in Mansoul, may he not, when he leaves, from his bounty and good-nature, give them as he sees fit some token of his love and kindness for them, that Mansoul, when he is gone, may look at such tokens of kindness from their old friend and remember him who was once their king, and the merry times they enjoyed together while he and they lived in peace together?’ (Romans 6:12-13)

Then said Emmanuel, ‘No; for when Mansoul becomes mine, I will not allow the least scrap, shred, or dust of Diabolus to remain behind. Gifts bestowed upon any in Mansoul will only call to remembrance the horrible communion that existed between them and him.’

‘Well, Sir,’ said Mr. Loath-To-Stoop, ‘I have one thing more to say, and then I have fulfilled my commission. Suppose that, when my master has gone from Mansoul, a citizen experiences difficulties in his business that no one, Sir, except my master and Lord can help. May not my master be sent for on such an urgent occasion as that? Or, if he is not admitted into the city, may not he and the citizen concerned meet in one of the villages near Mansoul, and there put their heads together, and consult over the matter?’ (2 Kings 1:3, 6-7)

This was the last of those sly suggestions that Mr. Loath-To-Stoop put to Emmanuel on behalf of his master Diabolus. But Emmanuel would not grant it, for he said, ‘There is no problem in Mansoul, when your master has taken his leave, that cannot be solved by my Father. Besides, it will be a great insult to my Father’s wisdom and skill to allow anyone from Mansoul to go out to Diabolus for advice, when they are called by prayer and supplication to let their requests be made known to my Father. (Philippians 4:6) Furthermore, should this be granted, it would be like opening a door for Diabolus and his followers in Mansoul to hatch a plot and grieve my Father by committing treason, and to conspire to bring about the utter destruction of Mansoul.’ (1 Samuel 28:15; 2 Kings 1:2)

When Mr. Loath-To-Stoop heard this reply, he took his leave of Emmanuel and departed, saying that he would carry word back to his master concerning the whole affair. So he departed and came to Diabolus in Mansoul, and told him all about it, and how Emmanuel would not allow — no, not by a very little — Mansoul to have anything more to do with Diabolus after he had left. When Mansoul and Diabolus heard this, with one mind they were determined to keep Emmanuel out of Mansoul. They then sent old Ill-Pause, of whom you heard earlier, to tell the Prince and his captains of their determination to resist. When the old gentleman went up to the top of Ear-gate, and called to the camp for a hearing, he said:

‘By commandment of my high Lord, I bid you tell your Prince Emmanuel that Mansoul

and their king are resolved to stand and fall together; and that it is in vain for your Prince to think of ever winning Mansoul except by force.' So some went and told Emmanuel what old Ill-Pause, a follower of Diabolus in Mansoul, had said. Then said the Prince, 'I must test the power of my sword (Ephesians 6:17), for I will not, in the face of all the rebellion and repulses that Mansoul has made against me, raise my siege and depart, but will assuredly win my Mansoul, and deliver it out of the hand of her enemy.'

And with that he issued an order that Captain Boanerges, Captain Conviction, Captain Judgement, and Captain Execution should immediately march up to Ear-gate with trumpets sounding, colours flying, and with shouting for the battle. Also he desired that Captain Credence should join them. Emmanuel, moreover, gave an order that Captain Good-Hope and Captain Charity should draw up their forces before Eye-gate. He ordered the rest of his captains and their men to place themselves to the best advantage against the enemy around the city. All was done as he ordered.

Then he bid that the word should go forth, and the watchword at that time was '**EMMANUEL**'. Then the alarm sounded, and the battering-rams were brought into play, and the slings whirled stones into the city, and the battle began. Now Diabolus himself led the citizens in the war, and that at every gate. Therefore their resistance was all the more forcible, hellish, and offensive to Emmanuel. So the good Prince was engaged in the war with Diabolus and Mansoul for several days altogether. And what a sight worth seeing it was, and how well the captains of Shaddai behaved during this war!

First, Captain Boanerges (yet not undervaluing the rest), made three fierce assaults, one after the other, on Ear-gate, shaking its posts. Captain Conviction also followed up Captain Boanerges as fast as he possibly could, and both noticing that the gate began to yield, they ordered that the rams should still be driven against it. Now, Captain Conviction, going up very near to the gate, was driven back with great force, receiving three wounds in the mouth. And those who rode independently went about encouraging the captains.

Because of the valour of the two captains, which we mentioned before, the Prince sent for them to attend his pavilion, and ordered them to rest for a while and be refreshed. Care also was taken of Captain Conviction that he should be healed of his wounds. The Prince also gave to each of them a chain of gold, and bid them be of good courage.

Nor did Captain Good-Hope or Captain Charity lag behind in this most desperate fight, for they acquitted themselves so well at Eye-gate that they almost had it open. They also received a reward from their Prince, as also the rest of the captains, because they fought so valiantly around the city.

In this engagement, several officers of Diabolus were slain, and some of the citizens wounded. Among the officers, one Captain Boasting was killed. This Boasting thought that nobody would be able to shake the posts of Ear-gate, nor even the heart of Diabolus. Next to him, Captain Secure was killed. This Secure used to say that the blind and lame in Mansoul were able to keep the gates of the city against Emmanuel's army. (2 Samuel 5:6) This Captain Secure, Captain Conviction split open his head with a two-handed sword at the same time he received three wounds in his mouth.

Besides these, there was Captain Bragman, a very desperate fellow. He was captain over a band of those who threw firebrands, arrows, and death. He also received, at the hand of Captain Good-Hope at Eye-gate, a mortal wound in the breast.

There was another one, Mr. Feeling. He was no captain, but one who particularly encouraged Mansoul to rebellion. He received a wound in the eye by the hand of one of Boanerges' soldiers, and would have been killed by the captain himself if he had not made

a sudden retreat.

But I never saw Willbewill so daunted in all my life. He was not able to do as he wanted, for some said that he received a wound in the leg. Some of the men in the Prince's army certainly saw him limping as he walked later on the wall.

I will not give you an account of every soldier who was slain in the city, for many were maimed and wounded as well as killed; for when they saw the posts of Ear-gate shake, and Eye-gate nearly broken open, and also their captains slain, this took away the heart of many of the followers of Diabolus. They also fell by the force of the shot that was sent from the golden slings into the midst of the city of Mansoul.

Of the citizens, there was Love-No-Good. He was a citizen and a follower of Diabolus. He also received a mortal wound in Mansoul, but he died some time later.

Mr. Ill-Pause also, the man who accompanied Diabolus when he first attempted to take Mansoul, received a grievous wound in the head. Some say that his skull was cracked. I can vouch for the fact that never after this was he able to do the mischief to Mansoul that he had done in times past. Also old Mr. Prejudice and Mr. Anything fled.

Now, when the battle was over, the Prince ordered yet once again the white flag to be flown on Mount Gracious in full view of the city of Mansoul, to show that Emmanuel would be gracious to the wretched city of Mansoul.

When Diabolus saw the white flag flying again, and knowing that it was not for him but for Mansoul, he cast in his mind for another ruse to see if Emmanuel would raise his siege and go away at the promise of reformation. So he came down to the gate one evening, a good while after the sun had set, and called to speak with Emmanuel, who presently came down to the gate. This is what Diabolus said to him:

'Just as it appears by your white flag that you are given over to peace and quiet, I think it is right to tell you that we are ready to accept your terms. I know that you are given over to devotion, and that holiness pleases you. Yes; that your grand end in making war on Mansoul is that it may be a holy habitation. Well, draw off your army from the city, and I will bend Mansoul to your bow.

'First, I will stop all acts of hostility against you, and will be willing to become your deputy. As I was formerly against you, now I will serve you in the city of Mansoul. More particularly:

1. I will persuade Mansoul to receive you as their Lord; and I know that they will do it the sooner when they understand that I am your deputy.
2. I will show them where they have erred, and that transgression stands in the way to life.
3. I will show them the holy law to which they must conform, even that which they have broken.
4. I will press upon them the necessity of a reformation according to your law.
5. And, moreover, in order that none of these things fail, I myself, at my own cost and expense, will set up and maintain a sufficient ministry and lectures in Mansoul.
6. You will receive, as a token of our subjection to you each year what you think fit to

order and levy on us in token of our subjection to you.'

Then Emmanuel replied:

'Oh full of deceit, how changeable your ways! How often have you changed and re-changed, just to keep hold of my Mansoul, though, as has been clearly declared before, I am the rightful heir! How often have you made your proposals before, nor is this last one any better than the others! And failing to deceive when you revealed yourself in the black, you have now transformed yourself into an angel of light (2 Corinthians 11:14), and would now appear, in order to deceive, a minister of righteousness.

'But know this, Diabolus, that nothing can be accepted from you; for nothing is done by you unless it is to deceive. You neither have a conscience before God, nor love for the city of Mansoul. Where do any of your sayings come from except from sinful craft and deceit? He who shifts in his views is not to be trusted. If righteousness is such a beauty-spot in your eyes now, how is it that wickedness was so dear to you before? But that is beside the point.

'You speak now of a reformation in Mansoul, and that you are pleased to put yourself at the head of it; yet all the while you know that nothing that man can do under the law and its righteousness can take away the curse from Mansoul. For when Mansoul broke the law, God pronounced a curse against her. By her obedience to the law, she can never deliver herself from the curse, to say nothing of what kind of a reformation there would be in Mansoul when the devil becomes a corrector of vice. You know that everything you say in this matter is nothing but guile and deceit; and is, as it was at first, the last card you can play. Many know you by your cloven foot; but, in the white light of your transformation, you are seen only by a few. But it will not be so with my Mansoul, Diabolus; for I still love my Mansoul.

'Besides, I have not come to give life to Mansoul through her works. If I did, I would be no better than you. But I have come to show that by me, and by what I have and will do for Mansoul, they may be reconciled with my Father, though they have provoked him to anger by their sin, and through the law they can never obtain mercy.

'You speak of subjecting this city to good, when none desires it from your hand. I have been sent by my Father to possess it myself, and to bring it to pass by the skilfulness of my hands so that it will be pleasing in his sight. I therefore possess it of myself; and I will dispossess and cast you out. I will set up my own standard in the midst of them; I will also govern them by new laws, new officers, new motives, and new ways. Yes; I will pull down this city, and build it again; and it will be as though it had never been. It will then be the glory of the whole universe.'

When Diabolus heard this, and saw that he was found out in all his deceiving ways, he was confounded and utterly nonplussed. But having in himself a fountain of iniquity, rage, and malice against both Shaddai and his Son, and the beloved city of Mansoul, what did he do but strengthen himself to give fresh battle to the noble Prince Emmanuel? So, then, we must witness another fight before the city of Mansoul is taken. Come up, then, to the mountains, you who love to see military action, and see from both sides how fatal is the last blow, while one seeks to hold, and the other seeks to make himself master of, the famous city of Mansoul.

Diabolus, having withdrawn from the wall to his stronghold in the heart of the city of Mansoul, Emmanuel also returned to his camp; and both of them, going their separate ways, prepared to give battle to one another.

Diabolus, despairing of retaining in his hands the famous city of Mansoul, resolved to do what harm he could (if, indeed, he could do any) to the army of the Prince and to the famous city of Mansoul; for, alas! it was not the happiness of the silly city of Mansoul that was considered by Diabolus, but its utter ruin and overthrow. So he ordered his officers that, when they saw that they could hold the city no longer, they should do what harm and mischief they could to her, rending and tearing men, women, and children. (Mark 9:26-27) 'For', said he, 'we had better demolish the place and leave it a ruined heap than leave it a habitation for Emmanuel.'

Emmanuel, knowing that the next battle would make him master of the place, gave out a royal command to all his officers, high captains, and men of war, to be sure to show themselves men of war against Diabolus and all his followers, but to be favourable, merciful, and meek to the original inhabitants of Mansoul. 'Turn, therefore', said the noble Prince, 'the hottest front of the battle against Diabolus and his men.'

So the day came, the order was given, and the Prince's men stood by their arms bravely. And, as they had before, they directed their main attack against Ear-gate and Eye-gate. The word went round, 'Mansoul is won'; so they made their assault on the city. Diabolus also, as fast as he could, with all his strength, resisted from within; and his high lords and chief captains for a time fought very cruelly against the Prince's army.

But after three or four notable charges by the Prince and his noble captains, Ear-gate was broken open, and its bars and bolts which were used to keep it secure against the Prince were broken into a thousand pieces. Then the Prince's trumpets sounded, the captains shouted, the city shook, and Diabolus retreated to his stronghold. Well, when the Prince's forces had broken open the gate, Emmanuel came and set up his throne there. He also raised his standard nearby on a mount where his men had placed some mighty slings. The mount was called Mount Hear-Well. There, the Prince rested, right by the entrance to the gate. He also ordered the golden slings to be aimed at the city, especially against the castle, because that was where Diabolus had retreated for safety.

Now, from Ear-gate, the street went straight to the house of Mr. Recorder. That was so, even before Diabolus took the city. Near his house stood the castle which Diabolus had made his foul den all this time. The captains, therefore, quickly cleared that street with the use of their slings, so the way was opened up into the heart of the city. Then the Prince ordered Captain Boanerges, Captain Conviction, and Captain Judgement to march up the street to the old gentleman's door. Then the captains, in most warlike manner, entered the city of Mansoul, and, marching in with colours flying, they came up to the Recorder's house which was almost as strong as the castle. They took the battering-rams with them that they had planted against the castle gates. When they arrived at the house of Mr. Conscience, they knocked, and demanded entrance. Now, the old gentleman, not knowing what they wanted, kept his door shut all the time the fighting was going on. When Boanerges demanded to enter his door, and no answer was made, he rammed it with one stroke, making his house tremble and totter and the old gentleman shake and shiver. Then Mr. Recorder came down to his door, and, as best he could, with quivering lips, he asked who was there? Boanerges replied, 'We are the captains and commanders of the great Shaddai and of his Son, the blessed Emmanuel. We demand possession of your house for the use of our noble Prince.' With that, the battering-ram made the door shake again. This made the old gentleman tremble all the more, yet he would not open the door. Then the King's forces marched in, the three brave captains mentioned before. Now, the Recorder's house was a very convenient place for Emmanuel, not only because it was near the castle and strong, but because it was large, and fronted the castle, the den where Diabolus lurked, for he was afraid to come out of his stronghold. As for Mr. Recorder, the captains treated him very well; for as yet he knew nothing of the great plan of Emmanuel, so that he did not know what to do, nor what would be the end of such a thunderous attack.

It was soon noised about in the city how the Recorder's house had been taken, his rooms occupied, and his palace made a seat of war. No sooner did the news get out, but the citizens took alarm, and told others; and you know how a snowball grows by rolling, so, in a little time, the whole city believed that they should expect nothing from the Prince but destruction. The reason was this: the Recorder was afraid, the Recorder trembled, and the captains were acting strangely before him. Many came to observe; but when they saw with their own eyes the captains in the palace, and their battering-rams ever playing at the castle gates to break them down, they were confirmed in their fears, and were amazed. And, as I said, the man of the house increased the feeling of doom; for whoever came to him and talked with him, he would mention that death and destruction now attended Mansoul.

'For', said the old gentleman, 'you know that we have all been traitors to that once despised, but now famously victorious and glorious, Prince Emmanuel. As you see, he has not only besieged us, but has forced his way through our gates. Moreover, Diabolus flees before him; for, as you know, he made my house a garrison against the castle where he is. On my part, I have sinned greatly, and if anyone is clean, it will be well for him. But, I say, I have sinned greatly in keeping silence when I should have spoken out, and in perverting justice when I should have dispensed it. True, I have suffered at the hand of Diabolus for taking the side of the laws of King Shaddai. But, alas! what will that do? Will that compensate for my rebellious and treacherous deeds that I have done, and have allowed without protest to be committed by the city of Mansoul? Oh! I tremble to think what will be the end of this dreadful furious business!'

Now, while the brave captains were busy in the house of the old Recorder, Captain Execution was just as busy in other parts of the city, securing the back streets and the walls. He also hunted Lord Willbewill carefully, not allowing him refuge in any corner. He pursued him so hard that he parted him from his men and made him happy to hide his head in a hole. Also, this mighty warrior cut three of Lord Willbewill's officers down to the ground: one was old Mr. Prejudice, he who had his skull cracked during the mutiny. This man had been made by Lord Willbewill keeper of Ear-gate. He died by the hand of Captain Execution. There was also one called Mr. Backward-To-All-But-No-One. He was also one of Lord Willbewill's officers, and was put in charge of the two guns that were mounted on the top of Ear-gate. He was cut down to the ground by the hand of Captain Execution. Besides these two, there was another, a third, whose name was Captain Treacherous, a vile man he was, but one in whom Willbewill put a great deal of trust. Him also Captain Execution cut to the ground with the rest.

He also slaughtered a great number of Lord Willbewill's soldiers, killing many who were strong and sturdy, and wounding many who were nimble and active and who fought on Diabolus' side. All these were followers of Diabolus. Yet not a single citizen of Mansoul was harmed.

Other feats of war were likewise performed by other of the captains, as at Eye-gate, where Captain Good-Hope and Captain Charity were in charge, and where great deeds of execution were done; for Captain Good-Hope, with his own hands, killed Captain Blindfold the keeper of the gate. This Blindfold was captain of a thousand men, and they fought with clubs. He pursued these men, slaying many, and wounding more, making the rest hide away in corners.

At that gate, there was also Mr. Ill-Pause, of whom you heard before. He was an old man, and had a beard that reached down to his belt. He was the one who acted as orator to Diabolus. He did much harm to the city of Mansoul, and fell by the hand of Captain Good-Hope.

What more can I say? The followers of Diabolus in those days lay dead in every street, though too many remained alive in Mansoul.

Now, the former Recorder and Lord Understanding, with some other leaders of the city, knowing that they would stand and fall with the famous city of Mansoul, came together, and, after consultation, agreed to draw up a petition and send it to Emmanuel while he sat in the gate of Mansoul. So they drew up their petition to Emmanuel, the contents of which were as follows: that they, the old inhabitants of the now deplorable city of Mansoul, confessed their sin, and were very sorry that they had offended his princely Majesty, and prayed that he would spare their lives.

There was no reply to this petition, and that troubled them all the more. Now, all this while, the captains who were in the Recorder's house were using the battering-rams to beat down the gates of the castle. So, after some time, labour, and effort, the gate of the castle called Impregnable was broken open, splitting into several splinters, and so a way was made to go up to the stronghold in which Diabolus had secreted himself. Then the news was sent down to Ear-gate, for Emmanuel was still there, to let him know that a way was now open through the gates of the castle of Mansoul. And, oh! how the trumpets sounded at this news throughout the Prince's camp, for now the war was close to an end, and Mansoul was being liberated.

Then the Prince rose from his place and took with him those of his men of war who were best for that expedition, and marched up the street of Mansoul to the old Recorder's house.

Now, the Prince was wearing his armour of gold, and he marched up the city with his standard borne aloft before him. But he kept his face straight as he passed by, so that the people could not tell by his looks whether he loved them or hated them. Now, as he marched up the street, the citizens came out at every door to see him, and could not but be taken with his person and glory, but wondered at his reserve; for as yet he said no more to them by his actions and works than he had by his words or smiles. Poor Mansoul (as in such cases all are apt to do), they interpreted the bearing of Emmanuel to them as did Joseph's brothers, with alarm. (Genesis 45:3) 'For,' they thought, 'if Emmanuel loved us, he would show it by word or action; but none of these things has he done. Therefore Emmanuel hates us. Now, if Emmanuel hates us, Mansoul will be slaughtered and become a dunghill.' They knew that they had transgressed his Father's law, and, against his wishes, they had been in league with Diabolus, his enemy. They knew that Prince Emmanuel knew all this, for they were convinced he was an angel of God knowing everything was done on the earth; and this made them think that their condition was miserable, and that the good Prince would leave them desolate.

'And,' they thought, 'what time is better than now, now that he holds the bridle of Mansoul in his hand?' I took special note of this, that the citizens, in the face of all this, when they saw him marching through the city, could not but cringe, bow, and bend, and were ready to lick the dust of his feet. They also wished a thousand times over that he would become their Prince and Captain, and their Protector. They would talk together of the beauty of his person, and how much greater and glorious he was compared with the great ones of the world. But, poor hearts, as for themselves, their thoughts would go from one extreme to another. Yes; through all these opinions backwards and forwards, Mansoul became like a ball rolling before a whirlwind. (Isaiah 17:13; 22:18)

Now, when he had control of the castle gates, he commanded Diabolus to appear and surrender himself into his hands. But, oh! how loathe was the beast to appear! How he hated it! How he shrank back! How he cringed! Yet out he came to the Prince. Then Emmanuel ordered Diabolus to be bound fast in chains, the better to reserve him for the judgement that awaited him. (1 Peter 2:4; Jude 6) But Diabolus stood up to beg Emmanuel



not to send him into the deep, but allow him to leave Mansoul in peace.

When Emmanuel had taken him and bound him in chains, he led him into the market place, and there, before Mansoul, he stripped him of his armour of which he had boasted so much. This was one of the acts of triumph of Emmanuel over his enemy; and all the while that the giant was being stripped, the trumpets of the golden Prince rang out; and the captains also shouted, and the soldiers sang for joy.

Then Mansoul was called to witness the beginning of Emmanuel's triumph over him in whom they greatly trusted, and of whom they had boasted so much in the days when he flattered them.

Having stripped Diabolus naked before the eyes of Mansoul, and in front of the commanders of the Prince, next, he ordered Diabolus to be bound in his chains to his chariot wheels. Then leaving some of his forces, such as Captain Boanerges and Captain Conviction, to guard the castle-gates, that resistance might be offered on his behalf should the followers of Diabolus make an attempt to re-take the city, he rode in triumph with him through the entire city of Mansoul, and so out at the gate called Eye-gate to the valley where his camp lay.

You cannot imagine, unless you had been there, as to what a shout went up in Emmanuel's camp when they saw the tyrant bound by the hand of their noble Prince, and tied to his chariot wheels! And they cried, 'He has led captivity captive, he has spoiled principalities and powers. (Ephesians 4:8) Diabolus is subject to the power of his sword, and made the object of all derision.'

Those who rode independently, and came down to see the battle, shouted with such a great voice (Luke 15:7, 10), and sang with such melodious notes, that they caused those who lived in the highest spheres to open their windows, put out their heads, and look down to see the cause of all this glory.

The citizens, as many as saw this, felt as if they were between earth and heaven. True, they could not tell how it would come out for them; but everything was done in such an excellent manner, and I cannot tell you how, but something in the management of affairs seemed to cast a smile towards the city so that their eyes, their heads, their hearts, and their minds, and all that they had, were transfixed while they observed Emmanuel's triumph.

So, when the brave Prince had finished this part of his triumph over Diabolus his enemy, he exposed him to contempt and shame, having banned him from Mansoul. Then away went Diabolus from Emmanuel, out of the midst of his camp, to a parched place in a salt land, seeking rest, but finding none.

## CHAPTER 6

Now, both Captain Boanerges and Captain Conviction were men of tremendous presence. Their faces were like the faces of lions (1 Chronicles 12:8) and their words like the roaring of the sea. (Isaiah 5:29-30) They were still quartered in Mr. Conscience's house (which I mentioned earlier). When the celebrated and mighty Prince had finished his triumph over Diabolus, the citizens had more leisure to view the actions of these noble captains. But the captains carried themselves with such terror and dread in all they did (and you may be sure that they had private instructions to do so), that they kept the city in continual heart-ache, and caused (by their dread) the future well-being of Mansoul to hang in the balance. So for some considerable time the citizens knew neither rest nor ease nor peace nor hope.

The Prince was not yet living in the city of Mansoul but in his royal pavilion in the camp, and in the midst of his Father's forces. So, at a convenient time, he sent special orders to Captain Boanerges to summon the whole population of Mansoul to the castle-yard, and then and there, before them, take Lord Understanding, Mr. Conscience, and the notable Lord Willbewill, and put all three in prison with a strong guard over them until his pleasure concerning them was made known.

These orders, when the captains put them into effect, brought additional fear to the city of Mansoul; for now, to their way of thinking, their former anxieties concerning the ruin of Mansoul seemed to be confirmed. They knew what death they would die, and how long they would be dying. This was what most troubled their heads and hearts. Yes; they were afraid that Emmanuel would send them all into the deep, the place Prince Diabolus was afraid of, for they knew that they deserved it. Also, to die by the sword in full view of the city, and to be openly disgraced at the hand of so good and holy a Prince, that too troubled them very much.

The city was also greatly alarmed concerning the fate of the men who were in prison, for they had been their support and guide; and they believed that if those men were executed, it would be the beginning of the ruin of the city of Mansoul. Therefore, what did they do but, together with the men in prison, draw up a petition to the Prince, and sent it to Emmanuel by the hand of Mr. Would-Live. So he went, and came to the Prince's quarters and presented the petition, the contents of which were as follows:

'Great and wonderful Potentate, victor over Diabolus and conqueror of the city of Mansoul, we, the miserable inhabitants of that most woeful corporation, humbly beg that we may find favour in your sight, and not be remembered for our former transgressions, nor yet the sins of the officers of our city. But spare us according to the greatness of your mercy, and let us not die but live in your sight. So shall we be your servants; and, if you think fit, we shall gather our food from under your table. Amen.'

So the petitioner went, as I said, with his petition to the Prince; and the Prince took it with his hand, but sent him away in silence. This still pained the city of Mansoul; but considering that now they must either petition or die, for they had no other choice, they consulted again, and sent another petition. This petition was much the same as the first.

But when the petition was drawn up, through whom should they send it? This was their next question; for they could not send it by the first messenger, for they thought that the Prince had been offended by something in his manner. So they tried to make Captain Conviction their messenger. But he said that he dared not petition Emmanuel on behalf of traitors, nor be an advocate for rebels of the Prince. 'Yet', said he, 'our Prince is good; so

send it by the hand of one of your citizens, providing he goes with a rope round his head, and pleads nothing but mercy.'

Well, they were so fearful that they delayed as long as they could; indeed, longer than was good for them. But fearing at last how dangerous it was to delay any more, they thought, with much anguish of mind, to send their petition through Mr. Desires-Awake; so they sent for him. Now, he dwelt in a very poor dwelling in Mansoul, and he came at his neighbours' request. So they told him what they had done, and what they desired to do, concerning a petition, and that they wanted him to go quickly to the Prince.

Then Mr. Desires-Awake said, 'Why should I not do the best I can to save so famous a city as Mansoul from its deserved destruction?' Then they put the petition in his hand, and instructed him how he should address himself to the Prince, and wished him ten thousand God-speeds. So up he came to the Prince's pavilion like the first messenger and asked to speak with his Majesty. So word was carried to Emmanuel, and the Prince came out to the man. When Mr. Desires-Awake saw the Prince, he fell flat on his face to the ground, and cried out, 'Oh that Mansoul might live before you!' And with that he presented the petition. When the Prince had read it, he turned aside for a while and wept; but restraining himself, he turned back to the man who all this time lay crying at his feet, and said to him, 'Go along to your place, and I will consider your request.'

Now, you may think that the citizens of Mansoul who had sent him out of guilt and fear, thinking that their petition might be rejected, could not but look with many a long glance, and with a strange feeling in the heart, to see what would become of their petition. At last, they saw their messenger returning. So, when he arrived, they asked him how he did, what Emmanuel had said, and what had become of the petition. But he told them that he would be silent till he came to the prison of the Lord Mayor, Lord Willbewill, and Mr. Recorder.

So he went on towards the prison-house where these men of Mansoul lay bound. And, oh, what a crowd flocked after him to hear what the messenger might say! So, when he came and showed himself at the gate of the prison, the Lord Mayor himself went as white as a sheet. The Recorder also shook. But they asked, 'Come, good sir, what did the great Prince say to you?' Then Mr. Desires-Awake replied, 'When I came to my Lord's pavilion, I called, and he came out. So I fell at his feet, and delivered the petition to him; for the greatness of his person, and the glory of his face, would not allow me to stand on my legs. Now, as he received the petition, I cried, 'Oh that Mansoul might live before you!' So, when he had looked at the petition for a while, he turned round and said to this servant, 'Go along to your place again, and I will consider your requests.' The messenger added, 'The Prince, to whom you sent me, is so full of beauty and glory that whoever sees him must both love and fear him. On my part, I could do no less; but I still do not know what the end of these things will be.'

At this answer, they were all amazed, both those in prison and those who followed the messenger to hear the news. They had no idea what construction to put on the Prince's words. Now, when the prison was cleared of the crowds, the prisoners began to comment among themselves about Emmanuel's words. The Lord Mayor said that the answer was not too bad; but Willbewill said that it meant evil; and the Recorder, that it was a death sentence. Now, those who were left, and stood behind, and so could not hear very well what the prisoners were saying, some of them caught hold of one bit of a sentence, and some of another. Some took hold of what the messenger said, and some of the prisoners' opinions; so that no one could form a firm judgement of these things. You cannot imagine what state the people were in, and what a confusion there was in Mansoul now!

Presently, those who were in earshot flew about the city, one crying one thing, and

another the opposite; and both were sure that they told the truth, for what they heard, they said, they heard with their own ears, and so could not be mistaken. One would say, 'We will all be killed.' Another said, 'We will all be saved.' A third said that the Prince could not be bothered with Mansoul. A fourth, that the prisoners would be suddenly put to death. And, as I said, every one insisted that he told his tale correctly, and that all others except his own were wrong. Therefore, there followed in Mansoul one upset after another; nor could any one know on what to rest the sole of his foot, for one would go by now and, as he went, if he heard his neighbour tell his tale, he would be sure to tell the opposite, and both would insist that they told the truth. Indeed, some of them believed the story that the Prince intended to put Mansoul to the sword. It was now getting dark, leaving poor Mansoul sadly perplexed all that night till the morning.

But, as far as I could make out according to the best information I could gather, all this hubbub came from the words of the Recorder when he told them that, in his judgement, the Prince's answer was a messenger of death. It was this that fired the city, and started the terror that began in Mansoul; for Mansoul in former days used to regard Mr. Recorder as a prophet, and his judgement equal to the best of orators. So Mansoul became a terror to herself.

And now they began to feel the full effects of stubborn rebellion and unlawful resistance against their Prince. I say, they now began to feel the full effects of guilt and fear that now swallowed them up. And who was more involved in the one but those who were deep in the other; that is to say, the officers of the city of Mansoul?

To be brief, when the terror had burnt itself out in the city, and the prisoners had recovered themselves a little, they took heart, and considered another petition to the Prince for life again. So they drew up a third petition whose contents were as follows:

'Prince Emmanuel the Great, Lord of all worlds and Master of mercy, we, your poor, wretched, miserable, dying city of Mansoul, confess to your great and glorious Majesty that we have sinned against your Father and you, and are no more worthy to be called your Mansoul, (Luke 15:18-19) but rather to be cast into the pit! If you slay us, we deserve it. If you condemn us to the deep, we can only say that you are righteous. We cannot complain at whatever you decide, or whatever means you use to carry out your sentence. But, oh! let mercy reign, and let it be extended to us! Oh! let mercy take hold of us! Free us from our transgressions, and we will sing of your mercy and your judgement. Amen.'

This petition, once drawn up, was designed to be sent to the Prince like the first. But who would take it? — that was the question. Some said, 'Let the one who went before do it.' Others thought that it was not a good idea because he had fared no better

Now, there was an old man in the city whose name was Mr. Good-Deed, a man whose nature did not match his name. Now, some were for sending him; but the Recorder was by no means sure. 'For', said he, 'we are now pleading for mercy. So sending our petition by a man of this name would seem to threaten the petition itself. Should we make Mr. Good-Deed our messenger when our petition cries for mercy? Besides', said the old gentleman, 'what if the Prince, as he receives the petition, asks him his name? And as nobody knows it, he replies 'Old Good-Deed', what do you think Emmanuel will say to this? 'Yes! Is old Good-Deed still alive in Mansoul? Then let old Good-Deed save you from your distress.' And if he says this, I am sure we are lost; nor can a thousand old Good-Deeds save Mansoul.'

After the Recorder had stated his reasons why old Good-Deed should not go with this petition to Emmanuel, the rest of the prisoners and officers of Mansoul agreed; so old

Good-Deed was set aside, and they decided to send Mr. Desires-Awake again. So they sent for him and asked him if he would go a second time with their petition to the Prince, and he readily agreed. They bid him that in no way, by word or action, should he give offence to the Prince; 'for', they said, 'in doing so, for all we can tell, you may bring Mansoul to utter destruction.'

Now, when Mr. Desires-Awake saw that he must go on this errand, he pleaded that they would allow Mr. Wet-Eyes to go with him. Now this Mr. Wet-Eyes was a near neighbour of Mr. Desires-Awake, a poor man, a man of a broken spirit, yet one who would speak well to a petition. So they allowed him to go with him. This is how they addressed themselves to the business: Mr. Desires-Awake put a rope on his head, and Mr. Wet-Eyes went with his hands wringing together. Thus they arrived at the Prince's pavilion.

Now, when they presented their petition for the third time, they were not without thoughts that, by coming often, they might be a burden to the Prince. Therefore, when they came to the door of his pavilion, the first thing they did was to offer an apology for themselves, and for their coming to trouble Emmanuel so often. They said that they did not come here today because they wanted to be troublesome, or that they were pleased to hear themselves talk, but because necessity drove them to his Majesty. They could, they said, have no rest day or night because of their transgressions against Shaddai and against Emmanuel, his Son. They also thought that some misbehaviour on the part of Mr. Desires-Awake the last time might have offended his Highness, and so cause him to be turned away empty-handed from so merciful a Prince, and without a hearing. So, when they had made this apology, Mr. Desires-Awake cast himself flat on the ground, as he did before, at the feet of the mighty Prince, saying, 'Oh that Mansoul might live before you!' And that is how he delivered his petition.

The Prince, then, having read their petition, turned aside as he had before, and coming back to the place where the petitioner lay on the ground, he demanded what his name was, and what reputation he had in Mansoul, and why he, above all the rest in Mansoul, should be sent to him on such an errand.

Then said the man to the Prince, 'Let not my Lord be angry; and why ask after the name of such a dead dog as I? Pass by, I pray, and take no notice of who I am, because there is, as you know very well, so great a difference between me and you. Why the citizens chose to send me on this errand to my Lord is best known to themselves; but it could not be because they thought that I had favour with my Lord. On my part, I little love myself; so who, then, would be in love with me? Yet I want to live, and also my fellow-citizens. Yet both they and myself are guilty of great transgressions, and that is why they have sent me, and I come in their name to beg my Lord for mercy. Let it please you, therefore, to incline to mercy; but do not ask the names of your servants.'

Then asked the Prince, 'Who is the one who is your companion in so weighty a matter?' So Mr. Desires-Awake told Emmanuel that he was a poor neighbour of his, and one of his greatest friends. 'And his name', he replied, 'may it please your most excellent Majesty, is Wet-Eyes, of the city of Mansoul. I know that there are many of that name who have no reputation; but I hope it will not offend my Lord that I have brought my poor neighbour with me.'

Then Mr. Wet-Eyes fell flat on his face to the ground, and made this apology for his coming with his neighbour to his Lord:

'My Lord', said he, 'what I am I do not know myself, nor whether my name is assumed 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, unfortunately, often produce hypocrites. My mother also called me by this name from the cradle; but whether because of the softness of my brain or because of the softness of my heart I cannot tell. I see dirt in my own tears, and filth at the bottom of my prayers. But I pray you' (and all the while the gentleman wept), 'that you would not hold our transgressions against us, nor take offence at the unfitness of your servants, but mercifully pass by the sin of Mansoul, and no longer refrain from the glorifying of your grace.'

At his bidding, they rose, and both stood trembling before him as he spoke to them in this way:

'The city of Mansoul has grievously rebelled against my Father, in that they rejected him from being their King, and chose for themselves as captain a liar, a murderer, and a renegade slave. This Diabolus, your pretended prince, once so highly regarded by you, stirred up rebellion against my Father and me, even in our palace and highest court, thinking to become a prince and king. But being discovered and apprehended, and, for his wickedness, bound in chains and sent to the pit with those who followed him, he presented himself to you, and you received him.

'Now this is, and for a long time has been, a high affront to my Father. Therefore, my Father sent to you a powerful army to reduce you to obedience. But you know how these men, their captains, and their counsels, were despised by you, and what they received at your hand. You rebelled against them; you shut your gates against them; you bid them do battle; you fought them, and fought for Diabolus against them. So they sent to my Father for more men, and I, with my men, came to subdue you. But as you treated the servants, so you treated their Lord. You stood up in a hostile way 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 to me for mercy so long as you had hope that you might prevail against me? But now I have taken the city, you cry out. Why did you not cry before, when the white flag of mercy, the red flag of justice, and the black flag that threatened your execution, were flown to bring you to your senses? Now I have conquered your Diabolus, you come to me for favours. Why did you not help me against the mighty rebel? Yet I will consider your petition, and will answer it so as to be bring me glory.

'Go, tell Captain Boanerges and Captain Conviction to bring the prisoners out to me in the camp tomorrow, and say to Captain Judgement and Captain Execution, 'Remain in the castle, and take good care that you keep everything quiet in Mansoul until you hear further from me.'

And with that he turned away from them and went into his royal pavilion again.

So the petitioners, having received this answer from the Prince, returned, as at the first, to their friends again. But they had not gone far when thoughts stirred in their in their minds that no mercy as yet was intended by the Prince to Mansoul. So they went to the place where the prisoners lay bound; but these thoughts about what would become of Mansoul had such a strong influence over them that, by the time they had returned to those who had sent them, they could hardly deliver their message.

But when they came at length to the gates of the city (the citizens waiting anxiously for their return), many came out to know what answer was given to their petition. Then they cried out to those they had sent, 'What news from the Prince? What did Emmanuel say?' 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 crowd at their heels. Now, when they had come to the gates of the prison, they related the first part of Emmanuel's speech to

the prisoners, which was how he had reflected on their disloyalty to his Father and himself, and how they had chosen and worked with Diabolus, had fought for him, listened to him, and been ruled by him; and had despised his Father and his army.

This made the prisoners go pale; but the messengers went on, 'He, the Prince, said, moreover, that he would consider your petition, and give such answer as would bring him glory.' And as these words were spoken, Mr. Wet-Eyes gave out a great sigh. At this, they all became downhearted, and could not tell what to say. Fear also possessed them in a marvellous manner, and death seemed to stare them in the face. Now, there was in the company a notable, sharp-witted fellow, a poor man, and his name was old Inquisitive. This man asked the petitioners if they had told every word of what Emmanuel had said. And they answered, 'Truly, no.' Then said Inquisitive, 'I thought so. Now, what else did he say to you?' Then they paused awhile; but at last they brought out all, saying, 'The Prince told us to tell Captain Boanerges and Captain Conviction to bring the prisoners down to him to-morrow; and that Captain Judgement and Captain Execution should take charge of the castle and city till they heard further from him.' They also said that when the Prince had commanded them to do this, he immediately turned his back on them and went into his royal pavilion.

But, oh! After this speech, and specially the last sentence, that the prisoners must go out to the Prince in the camp, they went to pieces! Therefore, with one voice, they set up a cry that reached to the heavens. This done, each of the three prepared himself to die (and the Recorder said to them, 'This was just as I feared'); for they believed that tomorrow, when the sun went down, they would be tumbled out of the world. The whole city believed the same that, in their own time, they too would all drink of the same cup. Therefore the city of Mansoul spent that night in mourning, and in sackcloth and ashes. The prisoners also, when the time came for them to appear before the Prince, dressed themselves in mourning clothes with ropes on their heads.

The whole city of Mansoul also showed herself on the wall, all dressed up in mourning clothes, that if, perhaps, the Prince at the sight of them might be moved with compassion. But, oh! how the busy-bodies in the city of Mansoul went about their business! They ran here and there through the streets of the city, crying out as they ran, one in one way, and another in quite the opposite, to the utter distraction of Mansoul.

Well, the time came for the prisoners to go down to the camp and appear before the Prince. And this is how they went: Captain Boanerges went with a guard in front of them, and Captain Conviction came behind. The prisoners went down bound in chains in their midst. So, I say, the prisoners went in their midst, and the guard went with flying colours behind and in front; but the prisoners went with drooping spirits.

Or, in particularly, the prisoners went down in deep mourning, putting ropes on themselves. As they went, they smote themselves on the breast, but dare not lift their eyes to heaven. (Luke 18:13) This is how they went out of the gate of Mansoul till they came into the midst of the Prince's army where the sight and glory of it all greatly increased their unhappiness. Nor could they now longer restrain themselves, but cried out, 'Unhappy men! Wretched men of Mansoul!' The noise of their chains mixing with the sorrowful notes and cries of the prisoners, made a sad lament.

So, when they came to the door of the Prince's pavilion, they threw themselves down on the floor. Then one of the attendants went in and told his Lord that the prisoners had arrived. The Prince then ascended a throne of state and sent for the prisoners, who, when they came in, trembled before him, and covered their faces in shame. Now, as they drew near the place where he sat, they cast themselves down before him. The Prince said to Captain Boanerges, 'Make the prisoners stand on their feet.'

Then they stood trembling before him, and he asked, 'Are you not the men who were once the servants of Shaddai?' And they replied, 'Yes, Lord; yes.' Then the Prince asked again, 'Are you the men who allowed yourselves to be corrupted and defiled by that abominable Diabolus?' And they replied, 'We more than allowed it, Lord; for we chose it of our own accord.' The Prince asked further, 'Would you have been content if your slavery had continued under his tyranny as long as you lived?' Then said the prisoners, 'Yes, Lord; yes. For his ways were pleasing to the flesh, and we became aliens to a better life.' Then said he, 'When I came up against this city of Mansoul, did you wish strongly that I might not have the victory over you?' They replied, 'Yes, Lord; yes.'

Then asked the Prince, 'And what punishment do you think you deserve at my hand for these and other of your great sins?' And they said, 'Both death and the deep, Lord; for we deserve no less.' He asked them again if they had anything to say for themselves, and why the sentence that they confessed they deserved should not be passed on them? And they replied, 'We can say nothing, Lord. You are just, for we have sinned.' Then said the Prince, 'And why are those ropes on your heads?' (Proverbs 5:22) The prisoners answered, 'These ropes are to bind us as we go to the place of execution, if mercy is not pleasing in your sight.' So he asked further if all the men in the city of Mansoul confessed as they did? And they replied, 'All the citizens, Lord, except the followers of Diabolus who came into our city when the tyrant got possession of us. We cannot answer for them.'

Then the Prince ordered a herald to be called, and that in the midst and throughout the camp of Emmanuel he should proclaim with the sound of the trumpet that the Prince, the Son of Shaddai, had, in his Father's name, and for his Father's glory, gained a complete conquest and victory over Mansoul; and that the prisoners should follow him, and say 'Amen'. So this was done as he ordered. And presently, the music that was in the upper region sounded in reply, and the captains who were in the camp shouted, and the soldiers sang songs of triumph to the Prince. Their colours waved in the wind, and great joy was everywhere, except in the hearts of the men of Mansoul.

Then the Prince called for the prisoners to come and stand before him; and they came and stood trembling. And he said to them, 'The sins, trespasses, and iniquities that you, with the whole city of Mansoul, have, from time to time, committed against my Father and me, I have power and commandment from my Father to forgive the city of Mansoul, and forgive you accordingly.' And having said this, he gave them, written in parchment and sealed with seven seals, a large and general pardon, commanding the Lord Mayor, Lord Willbewill, and Mr. Recorder, to proclaim and cause it to be proclaimed tomorrow before sunrise, throughout the whole city of Mansoul.

Moreover, the Prince stripped the prisoners of their mourning clothes, and gave them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. (Isaiah 61:3)

Then he gave to each of the three jewels of gold and precious stones, and took away their ropes, and put chains of gold around their necks, and ear-rings in their ears. Now, when the prisoners heard the gracious words of Prince Emmanuel, and saw all that was done to them, they almost fainted away; for the grace, the benefit, the pardon, was sudden, glorious, and so enormous that they were not able to stand it without staggering. Yes; Lord Willbewill fainted outright; but the Prince stepped up to him, put his everlasting arms under him, embraced him, kissed him, and bid him be of good cheer, for all would be done according to his word. He also kissed, embraced, and smiled on the other two who were Willbewill's companions, saying, 'Take these as further tokens of my love, favour, and compassion to you; and I charge you, Mr. Recorder, to tell the city of Mansoul what you have heard and seen.'



Then their chains were broken in pieces before their eyes and cast into the air, and their steps were enlarged under them. Then they fell down at the feet of the Prince and kissed his feet, wetting them with their tears. Also, they cried out with a mighty voice, saying, 'Blessed be the glory of the Lord from this place.' (Ezekiel 3:12) Then they were told to rise up and go into the city, and tell Mansoul what the Prince had done. He ordered also that one with a pipe and tabor should go and play before them all the way to the city. Thus was fulfilled what they never expected, and they were made to possess what they never dreamed of.

The Prince also called for the noble Captain Credence, and ordered him and some of his officers to march before the noble men of Mansoul with colours flying into the city. He also gave to Captain Credence an order that about the time the Recorder read the general pardon in the city of Mansoul, at that very time he should, with colours flying, march in at Eye-gate with ten thousand at his feet; and that he should go on until he came to the high street of the city, up to the castle gates, and himself take possession of it until his Lord arrived. He ordered, also, that he should tell Captain Judgement and Captain Execution to leave the stronghold for him, and withdraw from Mansoul, and return to the camp with speed.

And now at last the city of Mansoul was set free from the terror of the first four captains and their men.

## CHAPTER 7

I told you earlier how the prisoners were treated by the noble Prince Emmanuel, how they acted towards him, and how he sent them away to their home with pipe and drum playing before them. And now you must think that those of the city who had all the while waited to hear of their death, were exercised with nothing but sadness of mind, and with thoughts that pricked like thorns. Nor were their thoughts settled on any one thing; for, like the wind, they were blown here and there. Yes; their hearts were like a balance that had been set with a trembling hand.

At last, as they peered carefully over the wall of Mansoul, they thought they saw some people returning to the city; and thought to themselves, 'Who are they? Who are they?' At last, they made out that they were the prisoners; but you can imagine how surprised their hearts were with wonder, especially when they saw how they were dressed, and with what honour they were returning home. They had gone to the camp in black, but now they were returning to the city in white; they had gone to the camp in ropes, but now they were returning in chains of gold; they had gone to the camp with their feet in fetters, but now they were returning with firm steps; they had gone to the camp looking for death, but now they were returning with assurance of life; they had gone to the camp with heavy hearts, but now they were returning with pipe and drum playing before them.

As soon as they arrived at the Eye-gate, the poor and fearful city of Mansoul ventured to give a shout; and such a shout as made the captains in the Prince's army leap for joy at its sound. Alas! poor hearts! Who could blame them? For their dead friends were alive again; for to them it was like life from the dead to see the old ones of the city of Mansoul shine with such splendour. They had looked for nothing but the axe and the executioner's block; but they saw gladness, comfort and consolation, and with such music attending them that was sufficient to make a sick man well. (Isaiah 33:24)

When they came up, they greeted one another with, 'Welcome, welcome! and blessed be the one who has spared you!' They added, 'We see it went well with you; but how will it be with the city of Mansoul? Will it go well with the city of Mansoul?' Then the Recorder and the Lord Mayor answered, 'Oh! good news! good news! good news of good things and of great joy to poor Mansoul!' Then they gave another shout that made the earth ring again. After this, they inquired specially how things had gone in the camp, and what message they had received from Emmanuel for the city. So they told them all that had happened to them at the camp, and everything the Prince had done for them. This made Mansoul wonder at the wisdom and grace of Prince Emmanuel. Then they told them what they had received from his hand for the whole city of Mansoul, and the Recorder delivered up it with these words: '**PARDON, PARDON, PARDON** for Mansoul! And this shall Mansoul know tomorrow!' Then he ordered all Mansoul to be summoned to meet together in the market-place tomorrow, there to hear their general pardon read out.

Who could imagine what a change, what an alteration, this made in the life of the city of Mansoul! No one in Mansoul could sleep that night for joy; in every house there was joy and music, singing and making merry. Telling and hearing of Mansoul's happiness was then all that Mansoul could do; and this was the theme of their song:

'Oh! more of this at the rising of the sun! More of this tomorrow! Who thought yesterday that this day would be such a day for us? And who thought, when they saw our prisoners go down in irons that they would return in chains of gold? Yes; those who judged themselves as they went to be judged by their judge, were acquitted by his mouth, not because they were innocent, but because of the Prince's mercy, and sent home with pipe and drum. Now, is this usual with princes? Do they often show such favour to traitors? No;

this is peculiar only to Shaddai, and to Emmanuel, his Son!

Now, morning came; so the Lord Mayor, Lord Willbewill, and Mr. Recorder came down to the market place at the time that the Prince had appointed to meet the citizens. And when they arrived, they came in their clothing and in that glory with which the Prince invested them the day before; and the street was lit up with their glory. So the Mayor, Recorder, and Lord Willbewill came down to Mouth-gate, which was at the lower end of the market-place, because in the old times that was the place where they used to read out public announcements. To this place, then, they came in their robes, with drums beaten before them. Now, the eagerness of the people to know all about this matter was great.

Then the Recorder stood up, and, first beckoning with his hand for silence, he read out with a loud voice the pardon. But when he came to these words: 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, pardoning iniquity, transgressions, and sins, and to them all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven ...' (Exodus 34:6; Mark 3:28) they could not restrain themselves from jumping for joy. For, you must know, there was included in the document every man's name in Mansoul; also the seals of the pardon made a brave show.

When the Recorder finished his reading of the pardon, the citizens ran up to the walls of the city, and leaped and skipped on them for joy, and bowed themselves seven times with their faces towards Emmanuel's pavilion, and shouted out aloud for joy, saying, 'Let Emmanuel live for ever!' Then the young men in Mansoul were ordered to ring the bells for joy. So the bells rang, and the people sang, and music was heard in every house in Mansoul.

When the Prince sent home the three prisoners of Mansoul with joy, and pipe and drum, he ordered his captains, with all the field officers and soldiers in his army, to be ready when, in the morning, the Recorder read the pardon in Mansoul, to await his further pleasure. So the morning, as I said, having arrived, just as the Recorder finished reading the pardon, Emmanuel ordered all the trumpets in the camp to sound, and all the colours to be displayed, half of them on Mount Gracious, and half of them on Mount Justice. He also ordered all the captains to show themselves in all their finery, and the soldiers to shout for joy. Nor was Captain Credence in the castle silent on such a day; but he, from the top of the stronghold, showed himself with a flourish of trumpets to Mansoul and to the Prince's camp.

So I have shown you the manner and means Emmanuel took to recover the city of Mansoul from the hand and power of the tyrant Diabolus.

When the Prince had completed this outward ceremony of joy, he again ordered his captains and soldiers to show to Mansoul some feats of war. So they presently prepared themselves for this display. And, oh! with what agility, nimbleness, dexterity, and bravery these military men displayed their skills in feats of war to the spectators in the city of Mansoul!

They marched, they counter-marched; they opened to the right and left; they divided and sub-divided; they closed, they wheeled, they made good their front and rear with their right and left flanks, and twenty things more, with great skill, and then stood at ease, stealing the hearts of Mansoul as they looked on. But add to this the handling of their arms and the management of their weapons of war. All this amazed the heart of Mansoul, and me.

When the demonstration was over, the whole city of Mansoul came out as one man to the Prince in the camp to thank him and praise him for his abundant favour, and to plead that

it would please his grace to come into Mansoul with his men and there take up their quarters for ever. And this they did in a most humble manner, bowing themselves seven times to the ground before him. Then he said, 'All peace be with you.' So the city came near, and touched with the hand the top of his golden sceptre (Esther 5:2); and they said, 'Oh that Prince Emmanuel, with his captains and men of war, would remain in Mansoul for ever; and that his battering-rams and slings might be lodged here for the use and service of the Prince, and for the help and strength of Mansoul. For,' they said, 'we have room for you, we have room for your men, we also have room for your weapons of war, and a place to store your carriages. Do it, Emmanuel, and be the King and Captain in Mansoul for ever. Yes; govern according to all the desire of your heart, and appoint governors and princes from your captains and men of war, and we will be your servants, and your laws shall be our laws.'

They prayed his Majesty to consider this: 'for', they said, 'if, after all this grace you have bestowed on us, your miserable city of Mansoul, you withdraw from us, you and your captains, the city of Mansoul will die. Yes;' they continued, 'our blessed Emmanuel, if you depart from us now, after doing us so much good, and shown us so much mercy, what will follow is that our joy will be as if it had never been, and our enemies will come upon us a second time with more rage than at the first! Therefore, we beseech you, desire of our eyes and the strength and life of our poor city, accept this proposal that we now set before our Lord, and come and dwell in the midst of us, and let us be your people. Besides, Lord, we do not know if there are still followers of Diabolus lurking in the city of Mansoul, who will betray us when you leave us into the hand of Diabolus again. And who knows what designs and plots have been hatched among them about these things already! We would hate to fall into his horrible hands again. So let it please you to accept our palace for your place of residence, and of the houses of the best men in our city for the reception of your soldiers and their belongings.'

Then said the Prince, 'If I come into your city, will you allow me to do further what is in my heart against my enemies and yours? Yes; will you help me in such an undertaking?'

They replied, 'We never know what we will do. We did not think once that we would have proved such traitors to Shaddai as we have. What, then, shall we say to our Lord? Let him put no trust in his saints. Let the Prince dwell in our castle and make our city a garrison. Let him set his noble captains and his warlike soldiers over us; yes, let him conquer us with his love, and overcome us with his grace, and then surely he will be with us, and help us, as he did the morning our pardon was read to us. We will obey him as our Lord, and his ways, and fall in with his word against the mighty.'

'One more word, and your servants have done, and we will trouble our Lord no more. We do not know the depth of your wisdom, our Prince. Who could have thought, who is ruled by reason, that so much sweet we now enjoy could have come out of the bitter trials which came first! But, Lord, let light go before, and let love come after. Yes, take us by the hand, and lead us by your counsel, and let this remain always with us, that all things shall be for the best for your servants (Romans 8:28); and come into our Mansoul, and do whatever you please. Or, Lord, come to our Mansoul; do what you will, so you may be able to keep us from sinning, and make us of service to your Majesty.'

Then the Prince said to the city of Mansoul, 'Go, return to your homes in peace. I am willing to comply with your desires. I will remove my royal pavilion, I will draw up my forces before Eye-gate to-morrow, and will march forward into the city of Mansoul. I will take possession of your castle in Mansoul, and will set my soldiers over you. Yes, I will do things in Mansoul that cannot be paralleled in any nation, country, or kingdom under heaven.'

Then the men of Mansoul gave a shout, and returned to their homes in peace. They also related to their families and friends all the good things that Emmanuel had promised to Mansoul. 'And tomorrow', they said, 'he will march into our city and take up his dwelling, he and his men, in Mansoul.'

Out went the inhabitants of the city of Mansoul with haste to the green trees and to the meadows, to gather boughs and flowers with which to cover the streets when their Prince, the Son of Shaddai, came. They also made garlands and other fine displays to show how joyful they were, and should be, to receive their Emmanuel into Mansoul. Yes; they covered the street from Eye-gate to the castle-gate, the place where the Prince would come. They also prepared for his coming what music the city of Mansoul would offer, that they might play before him to the palace.

So, at the time appointed, he approached Mansoul, and the gates were thrown open for him. There the ancients and elders of Mansoul met him to greet him with a thousand welcomes. Then he entered Mansoul, he and all his servants. The elders of Mansoul danced before him till he came to the castle gates. And this was the manner of his going up there: he wore his golden armour, he rode in his royal chariot, the trumpets sounded about him, the colours were displayed, ten thousands went up at his feet, and the elders of Mansoul danced before him. And now the walls of the famous city of Mansoul were filled with the tramp of her inhabitants who went up to view the approach of the blessed Prince and his royal army. Also, the casements, windows, balconies, and tops of the houses, were all filled with people of every sort, to see how their city was to be filled with good things.

Now, when he had come into the city, as far as the Recorder's house, he ordered someone to go to Captain Credence to ask whether the castle of Mansoul was ready to entertain his royal presence, for the preparation of that was left to that very captain (Acts 15:9), and word was brought that it was ready. Then Captain Credence was ordered to come forth with his power to meet the Prince; and he did so, and conducted him into the castle. (Ephesians 3:17) This done, the Prince stayed the night in the castle with his mighty captains and men of war, to the joy of the city of Mansoul.

Now, the next duty of the citizens was to quarter the captains and soldiers of the Prince's army. And their duty was not in receiving them, but how to fill their homes with them; for everyone in Mansoul now had such a respect for Emmanuel and his men that nothing grieved them more than the thought that they were not large enough, every one of them, to receive the whole army of the Prince. Yes; they counted it their glorious privilege to wait on them, and, in those days, run at their bidding like lackeys. At last, they decided the following:

1. That Captain Innocence would take up his quarters at Mr. Reason's.
2. That Captain Patience would take up his quarters at Mr. Mind's. This Mr. Mind was formerly Lord Willbewill's clerk at the time of the late rebellion.
3. It was ordered that Captain Charity would take up his quarters at Mr. Affection's house.
4. That Captain Good-Hope would take up his quarters at the Lord Mayor's. Now, concerning the house of the Recorder, because his house was next to the castle, it was ordered by the Prince that, if need be, the alarm should be given to Mansoul from there. It was, as I say, desired by him that Captain Boanerges and Captain Conviction would take up their quarters with him, they and all their men.

5. As for Captain Judgement and Captain Execution, Lord Willbewill took them and their men into his house because he was to rule under the Prince for the good of the city of Mansoul (Romans 6:19; Ephesians 3:17), just as he had before under the tyrant Diabolus for the harm and damage of the city.

6. And throughout the rest of the city were quartered Emmanuel's forces; but Captain Credence, with his men, remained in the castle. So the Prince, his captains and his soldiers, were lodged in the city of Mansoul.

Now, the ancients and elders of the city of Mansoul never thought they could have enough of Prince Emmanuel; his person, his actions, his words and behaviour, were so pleasing, so fetching, so desirable to them. So they prayed him that though the castle of Mansoul was his place of residence (and they wanted him to stay for ever), they would like him often to visit the streets, houses, and people of Mansoul. 'For,' they said, 'dread Sovereign, your presence, your looks, your smiles, your words, are the very life and strength and sinews of the city of Mansoul.'

Besides this, they longed, without difficulty or interruption, to have uninterrupted access to him (so for that very purpose he ordered the doors to remain open), that they might see there his manner of life, the fortifications of the place, and the royal mansion house of the Prince.

When he spoke, they all stopped talking and listened carefully; and wherever he walked, it was their delight to imitate him in his ways.

Now, on one occasion Emmanuel ordered a festival for the city of Mansoul; and upon the great day the citizens came to the castle to partake of his banquet. And he feasted them with all manner of exotic food — food that did not grow in the fields of Mansoul nor in all the whole kingdom of Universe; it was food that came from his Father's court. And so dish after dish was set before them, and they were all commanded to eat freely. But still, when a fresh dish was set before them, they would say to each other in a whisper, 'What is it?' (Exodus 16:15), for they did not know what to call it. They also drank of the water that became wine, and were very merry with him. There was music all the while at the table; and they ate angels' food, and had honey out of the rock. (Psalm 78:24-25) So Mansoul ate the food that was special at court; yes, they ate it to the full.

I must not forget to tell you that at their table there were musicians, not of the country, nor even of the city of Mansoul; they were past masters of the songs that were sung at the court of Shaddai.

Now, after the feast was over, Emmanuel entertained the city of Mansoul with some curious riddles, of secrets drawn up by his Father's secretary concerning the skill and wisdom of Shaddai. Of their like there is nothing in any kingdom. These riddles were about King Shaddai himself, and Emmanuel his Son, and his wars and actions in Mansoul.

Emmanuel also explained to them some of those riddles himself; but, oh! how they were enlightened! They saw what they had never seen before; they could not have thought that such rarities were couched in so few and such ordinary words. I told you before what these riddles were about; and as they were explained, the people saw what they meant. Yes; they gathered that the things themselves were a kind of portrait, and that of Emmanuel himself; for when they compared the scheme where the riddles were written down, and looked into the face of the Prince, things looked so like the one as the other that Mansoul could not refrain from saying, 'This is the lamb! this is the sacrifice! this is the rock! this is the red cow! this is the door! and this is the way!' and a great many other

things as well.

And thus he dismissed the city of Mansoul. But can you imagine how the people of the corporation were taken with this entertainment? Oh! they were transported with joy, they were drowned with wonder, as they saw and understood and considered what their Emmanuel did to entertain them, and what mysteries he opened up to them. And when they were at home, and in the quiet of their rooms, they could not but sing of him and of his actions. Yes; so taken up were the citizens with their Prince that they would sing of him even in their sleep.

Now, it was in the mind of Prince Emmanuel to re-model the city of Mansoul, and to put it into such a condition that it would be most pleasing to him, and fit in with the profit and security of the now flourishing city of Mansoul. He made provision against rebellion at home and invasion from abroad; such love had he for the famous city of Mansoul.

Therefore, he first ordered that the great slings which had been brought from his Father's court at the commencement of the war against Mansoul should be mounted, some on the battlements of the castle, some on the towers; for there were now towers in the city of Mansoul, towers newly-built by Emmanuel since he had arrived here. There was also an instrument, invented by Emmanuel, that could throw stones from the castle of Mansoul out at Mouth-gate; an instrument that could not be resisted, nor would miss its mark. Therefore, for the wonderful exploits that it did when used, it went without a name; and it was committed to the care of the brave captain, Captain Credence, in case of war.

This done, Emmanuel called Lord Willbewill to him, and strictly ordered him to take care of the gates, the walls, and the towers in Mansoul. The Prince also gave the militia into his hand, and a special charge to withstand all rebellions and disorders that might appear in Mansoul against the peace of our Lord the King, and the peace and tranquillity of the city of Mansoul. He also ordered him that, if he found any of the old followers of Diabolus lurking in any corner of the famous city of Mansoul, he should immediately arrest them, and commit them to safe custody that proceedings be brought against them under the law.

Then he called to him Lord Understanding, who was the old Lord Mayor, and who was put out of office when Diabolus took over the city, and restored him to his former office again, and it became his office for his lifetime. He bid him also to build himself a palace near Eye-gate; and that he should build it like a tower of defence. He bid him also read the Revelation of Mysteries all the days of his life, that he might know how to perform his office aright.

He also made Mr. Knowledge the Recorder, not out of contempt for old Mr. Conscience, who had been Recorder before, but because it was in his princely mind to confer upon Mr. Conscience other employment, which, he told the old gentleman, he would make known to him later.

Then he ordered the image of Diabolus to be taken down from the place where it was set up, and destroy it utterly, beating it into powder and casting it to the wind outside the city wall; and the image of Shaddai, his Father, was to be set up again, with his own, on the castle gates. It should be more fairly drawn than ever, in that both he and his Father had come to Mansoul with more grace and mercy than ever before. (Revelation 22:4) He also ordered his name to be fairly engraved on the front of the city, and that it should be done in letters of fine gold for the honour of the city of Mansoul.

After this was done, Emmanuel issued a warrant for the arrest of those three great followers of Diabolus, namely, the two late Lord Mayors — Mr. Incredulity and Mr. Lusting,

and Mr. Forget-Good, the Recorder. Besides these, there were some whom Diabolus had made burgesses and aldermen in Mansoul. They were committed to prison at the hand of the now valiant and right noble, the brave Lord Willbewill.

And these were their names: Alderman Atheism, Alderman Hard-Heart, and Alderman False-Peace. The burgesses were: Mr. No-Truth, Mr. Pitiless, Mr. Haughty, and others like them. These were committed to close custody, and the gaoler's name was Mr. True-Man. This True-Man was one of those whom Emmanuel brought with him from his Father's court when he first made war on Diabolus in the city of Mansoul.

After this, the Prince ordered the three strongholds built in Mansoul on the orders of Diabolus to be demolished, and completely pulled down; of which strongholds and their names, with their captains and governors, I told you about a little earlier. But this took a long time because of the largeness of their construction, and because the stones, the timber, the iron, and all the debris were to be carried out of the city.

When this was done, the Prince ordered the Lord Mayor and aldermen of Mansoul to call a court of justice for the trial and execution of the followers of Diabolus in the corporation now under the charge of Mr. True-Man, the gaoler.



## CHAPTER 8

Now, when the time came, and the court was seated, an order was sent to Mr. True-Man, the gaoler, to bring the prisoners to the bar. The prisoners were then brought in, bound and chained together as was the custom of the city of Mansoul. So, when they were presented before the Lord Mayor, the Recorder, and the rest of the honourable bench, the jury was first sworn in, and then the witnesses. The names of the jury were: Mr. Belief, Mr. True-Heart, Mr. Upright, Mr. Hate-Bad, Mr. Love-God, Mr. See-Truth, Mr. Heavenly-Mind, Mr. Moderate, Mr. Thankful, Mr. Good-Work, Mr. Zeal-For-God, and Mr. Humble.

The names of the witnesses were: Mr. Know-All, Mr. Tell-True, Mr. Hate-Lies; together with Lord Willbewill and his man, if needed.

So the prisoners stood before the bar. Then Mr. Do-Right, the City-Clerk, called out, 'Put Atheism on the stand, gaoler.' So he was brought to the bar. Then the Clerk said, 'Atheism, hold up your hand. You are here charged under the name of Atheism (a stranger to the city of Mansoul), and that you harmfully and foolishly taught and maintained that there is no God, and so there is no need for religion. This you affirmed against the being, honour, and glory of the King, and against the peace and safety of the city of Mansoul. What do you say? Are you guilty of this charge, or not guilty?' Atheism replied, 'Not guilty.'

Next, the court Crier said, 'Call Mr. Know-All, Mr. Tell-True, and Mr. Hate-Lies into the court. So they were called, and they made their appearance.'

Then the Clerk said, 'You, the witnesses for the King, look at the prisoner at the bar. Do you know him?'

Then Mr. Know-All replied, 'Yes, my Lord, we know him. His name is Atheism; and he has been a great pest in the miserable city of Mansoul for many years.'

The Clerk asked, 'Are you sure you know him?'

'Know him!' answered Know-All. 'Yes, my Lord; I have been in his company far too often to be ignorant of him now. He is a follower of Diabolus, a true son of another follower of Diabolus. I knew his grandfather and his father.'

The Clerk continued, 'Well said. He stands here charged under the name of Atheism, and he is charged that he maintained and taught that there is no God, and there is no need for any religion. What do you, the King's witnesses, say to this? Is he guilty, or not guilty?'

Know-All replied, 'My Lord, I and he were once in Villains' Lane together, and at that time he spoke warmly of different opinions. And then and there I heard him say that, for his part, he believed that there was no God. 'But', said he, 'I can profess to believe in God, and be very religious, depending on the company I keep.'

The Clerk asked, 'Are you sure that you heard him say that?'

Know-All replied, 'On my oath, I heard him say that.'

Then the Clerk said, 'Mr. Tell-True, what can you tell the King's Judges about the prisoner at the bar?'

Tell-True replied, 'My Lord, I used to be a great friend of his, for which I now repent, and I often heard him say, and with great force, that he believed there was neither God, nor angel, nor spirit.'

The Clerk asked, 'Where did you hear him say this?'

Tell-True replied, 'In Blackmouth Lane and in Blasphemers' Row, and in many other places as well.'

The Clerk asked, 'Have you much knowledge of him?'

Tell-True replied, 'I know him to be a follower of Diabolus, and the son of a follower of Diabolus, and a horrible man who denies God. His father's name was Never-be-Good, and he had more children than this Atheism. I have no more to add.'

Then the Clerk called out, 'Mr. Hate-Lies, look at the prisoner at the bar. Do you know him?'

To which Hate-Lies replied, 'My Lord, this Atheism is one of the vilest wretches I ever met, or had to do with in my life. I heard him say that there is no God. I often heard him say that there is no world to come, no sin, and no punishment to come. Moreover, I heard him say that it was as good to go to a whore-house as to go and hear a sermon.'

The Clerk asked, 'Where did you hear him say these things?'

Hate-Lies replied, 'In Drunkards' Row, just at Rascal-Lane's End, at the house of Mr. Impiety.'

Then the Clerk ordered the gaoler to put Atheism down, and called Mr. Lusting to the bar. He said to him, 'Mr. Lusting, you are here charged under the name of Lusting (a stranger to the city of Mansoul), and that you devilishly and treacherously taught, by act and filthy words, that it is lawful and profitable for a man to give way to his lustful desires; and that you, on your part, said that you never will deny yourself any sinful delight as long as your name is Lusting. How do you say to this? Are you guilty of this charge, or not guilty?'

Then Mr. Lusting replied, 'My Lord, I am a man of noble birth, and am used to the pleasures and pastimes of the great. I am not used to being questioned for my actions, but was left to follow my will as if it were law. And it seems strange to me that I should be called today into question for what almost all do either secretly or openly, things they love and approve.'

The Clerk replied, 'Sir, we are concerned not with your noble standing (though the higher, the better you should have been); but we are concerned, and so are you now, about a charge raised against you. How do you say? Are you guilty, or not guilty?' Lusting replied, 'Not guilty.'

The Clerk then said, 'Crier, call the witnesses to stand up and give their evidence.'

'Gentlemen', said the Crier, 'you who are witnesses for the King, come in and give your evidence for our Lord the King against the prisoner at the bar.'

'Come, Mr. Know-All', said the Clerk; 'look at the prisoner at the bar. Do you know him?'

'Yes, my Lord', replied Know-All; 'I know him.'

'What is his name?' asked the Clerk.

'His name is Lusting', replied Know-All. 'He is the son of Beastly, and his mother bore him in Flesh Street. She was one of the daughters of Evil-Desire. I know the whole family of them.'

'Well said', continued the Clerk. 'You have all heard the charge. What do you say concerning it? Is he guilty of the things charged against him, or not?'

'My Lord', replied Know-All, 'he was, as he said, a great man indeed, and greater than a thousand-fold in wickedness than by pedigree!'

'But what do you know of his particular actions, and especially with reference to his indictment?' asked the Clerk.

'I know him to be a swearer, a liar, and a Sabbath-breaker', replied Know-All. 'I know him to be a fornicator and an unclean person. I know him to be guilty of many evils. He has been, to my knowledge, a very dirty man.'

'But where did he commit his wickedness', asked the Clerk; 'in some private corner, or more openly and shamelessly?'

'All over the city, my Lord', replied Know-All.

Then the Clerk said, 'Come, Mr. Tell-True; what have you to say for our Lord the King against the prisoner at the bar?'

'My Lord', replied Tell-True, 'all that the first witness has said I know to be true, and a great deal more beside.'

'Mr. Lusting', asked the Clerk, 'do you hear what these gentlemen are saying?'

Lusting replied, 'I was ever of the opinion that the happiest life a man could live on earth is to keep himself back from nothing that he desires in the world. Nor have I ever been false to this view of mine, but have lived in the love of my desires all my days. Nor was I ever so rude, having found such sweetness in them myself, as to keep myself from commending them to others.'

Then the Court said, 'There is enough evidence from his own mouth to lay him open to a charge of guilty. So, put him down, gaoler, and put up Mr. Incredulity before the bar.'

Incredulity was brought to the stand.'

'Mr. Incredulity', said the Clerk, 'you are here charged under the name of Incredulity (a stranger to the city of Mansoul), and that you criminally and wickedly, and when you were an officer in the city of Mansoul, defied the captains of the great King Shaddai when they came and demanded possession of Mansoul. Indeed, you defied the name, army, and cause of the King, and, like Diabolus your captain, you incited and encouraged the city of Mansoul to defy and resist the said army of the King. What do you say to this indictment? Are you guilty, or not guilty?'

'I do not know Shaddai', said Incredulity. 'I love my old prince. I thought it my duty to be true to my trust, and do what I could to possess the minds of the men of Mansoul and make them resist strangers and foreigners, and fight against them fiercely. Nor will I change my opinion for fear of trouble, though at present you are in power.'

Then said the Court, 'The man, as you see, is hopeless. He maintains his villainies by defiant words, and his rebellion with impudent confidence. Therefore, take him down, gaoler, and bring Mr. Forget-Good to the stand.'

Forget-Good was brought to the bar.

'Mr. Forget-Good', said the Clerk, you are here charged under the name of Forget-Good (a stranger to the city of Mansoul), and that you, when all the affairs of the city of Mansoul were in your keeping, did not do your best for the citizens of Mansoul having fallen in with the tyrant Diabolus against Shaddai the King, against his captains and all his army, to the dishonour of Shaddai, the breach of his law, and the endangering of the destruction of the famous city of Mansoul. What do you say to this indictment? Are you guilty or not guilty?'

'Gentlemen', said Forget-Good, 'and at this time my judges; as to the indictment which accuses me of several crimes before you, please attribute my forgetfulness to my age, and not to my wilfulness; to the craziness of my brain, and not to the carelessness of my mind. I hope by your charity to be excused from great punishment, though I am guilty.'

'Forget-Good', said the Court, 'Forget-Good, your forgetfulness of good was not due to your frailty, but on purpose, in that you hated to retain virtuous things in your mind. What was bad you kept to, but whatever was good you could not bear to think about. Your age and your pretended craziness is designed to blind the Court, and to cloak your villainy. But let us hear what the witnesses have to say for the King against the prisoner at the bar. Is he guilty of this indictment, or not guilty?'

'My Lord', said Hate-Lies, 'I have heard this Forget-Good say that he could never bear to think of goodness, not even for a quarter of an hour.'

'Where did you hear him say that?' asked the Clerk.

'In All-Base Lane, at a house next door to the sign of the Conscience seared with a hot iron', replied Hate-Lies.

'Mr. Know-All', asked the Clerk, 'what can you say for our Lord the King against the prisoner at the bar?'

'My Lord, I know this man well', said Know-All. 'He is a follower of Diabolus, and the son of a follower of Diabolus. His father's name is Love-Nothing; and I have often heard him say that he counted the very thought of goodness the most burdensome thing in the world.'

'Where did you heard him say these words?' asked the Clerk.

'In Flesh Lane, right opposite the church', replied Know-All.

'Come', said the Clerk, 'Mr. Tell-True, give us your evidence concerning the prisoner at the bar, and the matter for which he stands here, as you see, indicted by this honourable Court.'

My Lord, continued Tell-True, 'I have heard him often say that he would rather think of the vilest thing than what is contained in the Holy Scriptures.'

'Where did you hear him say such grievous words?' asked the Clerk.

'Where?' asked Tell-True. 'In a great many places, particularly in Nauseous Street, in the house of Shameless; and in Filth Lane, at the sign of the Reprobate, next door to the

Descent into the Pit.

'Gentlemen, you have heard the indictment, his plea, and the testimony of the witnesses', said the Court. Gaoler, bring Mr. Hard-Heart to the stand.'

He was brought to the bar.

'Mr. Hard-Heart', said the Clerk, 'you are here charged under the name of Hard-Heart (a stranger to the city of Mansoul), and that you most desperately and wickedly filled the city of Mansoul with impenitence and stubbornness, and kept them from remorse and sorrow for their evils all the time of their apostasy, in rebellion against the blessed King Shaddai. What do you say to this charge? Are you guilty or not guilty?'

'My Lord', replied Hard-Heart, 'I never knew what remorse or sorrow meant in all my life. I am untouchable. I care for no man; nor can I be pierced with men's griefs. Their groans never touch my heart. To whomever I do mischief, and whoever I wrong, to me it is music when it causes others to mourn.'

'You can see that the man is a true follower of Diabolus, for he has convicted himself', said the Court. Send him away, gaoler, and put up Mr. False-Peace on the stand.

False-Peace was brought to the bar.

'Mr. False-Peace, you are here charged under the name of False-Peace (a stranger to the city of Mansoul)', said the Clerk, 'and that you most wickedly and satanically brought, held, and kept the city of Mansoul, both in her apostasy and in her hellish rebellion, bringing a false, groundless, and dangerous peace, and damnable security, to the dishonour of the King, the transgression of his law, and the great harm of the city of Mansoul. What do you say? Are you guilty of this charge, or not guilty?'

'Gentlemen', replied False-Peace, and you men appointed to be my judges, I acknowledge that my name is Mr. Peace; but that my name is False-Peace I utterly deny. If it pleases your honours, send for anyone who knows me intimately, or for the midwife who delivered my mother of me, or for the gossips that were at my christening, they will — any or all of them — prove that my name is not False-Peace, but Peace. So I cannot plead to this indictment, inasmuch as my name is stated incorrectly. And as is my true name, so is my condition. I was always a man who loved to live a quiet life, and what I loved myself, I thought others might love also. So, when I saw any of my neighbours with a disturbed mind, I tried to help them in any way I could; and many instances of this good nature of mine I could give; such as:

**1.** When, at the beginning, our city of Mansoul began to decline in the ways of Shaddai, some of the citizens began to have disturbing thoughts about themselves for what they had done. But I, as one who was troubled to see them disturbed, quickly sought out a way to restore their peace of mind again.'

**2.** When the ways of the old world, and of Sodom, were in fashion, if anything happened to harm those who were for the customs of the present times, I tried to quieten them, and caused them to act without violence.

**3.** To come nearer home, when the war began between Shaddai and Diabolus, if, at any time, I saw any of the city of Mansoul afraid of destruction, I often used, by some way, device, invention, or anything else, to try to bring them peace again. So, since I was always a man of so virtuous a nature — as some say, a peacemaker — and if a peacemaker, let me, gentlemen, be accounted by you, who have a great name for justice and equity in Mansoul, a man who does not deserve this inhuman treatment, but

give me my liberty, and also licence to seek damages from those who are my accusers.'

Then said the Clerk, 'Crier, make a proclamation.'

'Hear this!', said the Crier, 'Forasmuch as the prisoner at the bar has denied that his name is different from the name mentioned in the indictment, the Court requires that if there is anyone in this place who can give information to the Court of the original name of the prisoner, let him stand up and give his evidence; for the prisoner protests his innocence.'

Then two men entered the court, and asked leave to say what they knew concerning the prisoner at the bar. The name of one was Search-Truth, and the name of the other Vouch-Truth. So the Court asked these men if they knew the prisoner, and what could they say concerning him, 'for he stands', said they, 'upon his own evidence.'

'My Lord, I ...' began Mr. Search-Truth.

'Hold!' said the Court. 'Let him take the oath.'

Then they swore him in. And so he continued, 'My Lord, I have known this man since he was a child, and can affirm that his name is False-Peace. I know his father; his name was Flatter. His mother, before she was married, was called by the name of Sooth-Up. And these two, when they came together, were not long without this son; and when he was born, they called his name False-Peace. I was his play-fellow, only I was a bit older than he; and when his mother used to call him home from play, she used to say, 'False-Peace, False-Peace, come home quickly, or I'll fetch you.' Yes; I knew him when he was a baby; and though I was then but little, yet I remember that when his mother sat at the door with him, or played with him in her arms, she would call him, twenty times over, 'My little False-Peace! My pretty False-Peace!' and, 'Oh, my sweet rogue, False-Peace!' and again, 'Oh, my little bird, False-Peace!' and 'How I love my child!' The gossips also know it was so, though he has had the barefaced cheek to deny it in open court.

Then Mr. Vouch-Truth was called to say what he knew of him. So they swore him in.

Then said Mr. Vouch-Truth, 'My Lord, all that the previous witness has said is true. His name is False-Peace, the son of his father Flatter and Sooth-Up his mother; and in former times I saw him angry with those who called him anything else but False-Peace, for he would say that they were all mocking him with another nickname. But this was in the time when Mr. False-Peace was a great man, and when the followers of Diabolus were the brave men of Mansoul.'

'Gentlemen', said the Court, 'you have heard what these two men have sworn against the prisoner at the bar. Now, Mr. False-Peace, as for you, you have denied your name is False-Peace, yet you see that these honest men have sworn that that is your name. As for your plea that you are not guilty of the matter cited in your indictment, and that you are not charged for evil-doing because you are a man of peace, or a peacemaker among your neighbours, you wickedly and satanically brought, kept, and held the city of Mansoul in a state of apostasy, and in its rebellion against its King, in a false, lying, and damnable peace, contrary to the law of Shaddai, leading to the danger of the destruction of the then miserable city of Mansoul. All that you have pleaded for yourself is over your name. But here, you see, we have witnesses to prove that you are the man. As for the peace you so much boasted about among your neighbours, know that this peace was not a companion of truth and holiness, but was with this foundation, that it was founded upon a lie, and is both deceitful and damnable, as the great Shaddai said. Your plea, therefore, has not answered the indictment you are charged with, but rather it makes it worse for you. But you will have justice. Let us call the witnesses who are here to testify as to matter of fact,

and see what they have to say for our Lord the King against the prisoner at the bar.’  
‘Mr. Know-All’, said the Clerk, ‘what do you say for our Lord the King against the prisoner at the bar?’

‘My Lord’, replied Know-All, ‘this man, to my knowledge, made it his business over a long period to keep the city of Mansoul in a state of sinful quietness in the midst of all her evil desires, filthiness, and turmoil, and said, even in my hearing, ‘Come, come, let us flee from all trouble, however it comes, and let us look for a quiet and peaceable life, even though it needs a good foundation.’

‘Come’, invited the Clerk, ‘Mr. Hate-Lies, what have you to say?’

‘My Lord’, replied Hate-Lies, ‘I have heard him say that peace, even in the way of unrighteousness, is better than trouble with truth.’

The Clerk asked, ‘Where did you hear him say that?’

‘I heard him say it in Folly Yard, at the house of Mr. Simple, next door to the sign of the Self-Deceiver. Yes; he said this to my knowledge twenty times in that place.’

The Clerk immediately said, ‘We may spare any further witnesses. This evidence is clear and full. Take him down, gaoler, and bring Mr. No-Truth to the stand.’

‘Mr. No-Truth, you are here charged under the name of No-Truth (a stranger to the city of Mansoul), and that you have always, to the dishonour of Shaddai, and the endangering of the utter ruin of the famous city of Mansoul, set out to deface, and utterly spoil, all remainders of the law and the image of Shaddai that were in Mansoul after her deep apostasy from her King to Diabolus, the envious tyrant. What do you say? Are you guilty of this charge, or not guilty?’ No-Truth replied, ‘No. Not guilty, my Lord.’

Then the witnesses were called, and Mr. Know-All first gave evidence against him.

He said, ‘My Lord, this man was at the pulling down of the image of Shaddai. Indeed, this is one who did it with his own hands. I myself stood by and saw him do it; and he did it on the orders of Diabolus. Yes; this Mr. No-Truth did more than that; he also set up the horned image of the beast Diabolus in the same place. He also is the one who, at the bidding of Diabolus, rent and tore, and caused to be destroyed, all that he could of the remainders of the law of the King, whatever he could lay his hands on in Mansoul.’

‘Who saw him do this, besides your?’ asked the Clerk.

‘I did, my Lord’, replied Hate-Lies, ‘and so did many more beside; for this was not done by stealth, or in a corner, but in full view of all. Yes; he chose to do it publicly, for he was delighted to do it.’

‘Mr. No-Truth’, said the Clerk, ‘how could you have the cheek to plead not guilty, when you were so evidently the doer of all this wickedness?’

‘No, Sir; I thought I should say something. As my name is, so I speak. I have found this an advantage before now, and did not know that by not speaking the truth I might have reaped the same benefit now.’

‘Take him down, gaoler’, ordered the Clerk, ‘and bring Mr. Pitiless to the stand. Mr. Pitiless, you are here charged under the name of Pitiless (a stranger to the city of Mansoul), and that you most treacherously and wickedly shut the way to all compassion,

and would not allow poor Mansoul to relieve her own misery when she fell away from her rightful King, but at all times turned her mind away from those thoughts that had in them a tendency to bring her to repentance. What do you say to this charge? Guilty, or not guilty?’

‘Not guilty of lack of pity. All I did was to cheer them up according to my name, for my name is not Pitiless, but Cheer-Up; and I could not bear to see Mansoul down in the dumps.’

‘How can you say that!’ remarked the Clerk. Do you deny your name is not Pitiless but Cheer-Up? Call for the witnesses. What do you say, witnesses to this plea?’

‘My Lord’, replied Know-All, ‘his name is Pitiless. So he signed himself in all papers of concern in which he had a hand. But these followers of Diabolus love to counterfeit their names. Mr. Covetousness goes by the name of Good-Husbandry, or the like; Mr. Pride can, when needed, call himself Mr. Neat, Mr. Handsome, or something like it; and so do all the rest of them.’

‘Mr. Tell-True, what do you say?’

‘His name is Pitiless, my Lord. I have known him from a child, and he has indeed done all that wickedness of which he stands charged in the indictment. But there is a company of them who have no idea of the danger of damnation, so they tell all those who have serious thoughts that this state should be shunned by them.’

‘Bring Mr. Haughty to the stand, gaoler’, ordered the Clerk. Mr. Haughty, you are here charged under the name of Haughty (a stranger to the city of Mansoul), and that you most treacherously and devilishly taught the city of Mansoul to resist proudly the summons that was sent them by the captains of King Shaddai. You also taught the city of Mansoul to speak with contempt of their great King Shaddai, and, moreover, encouraged, both by word and example, Mansoul to take up arms against the King and his Son Emmanuel. How do you say? Are you guilty of this charge, or not guilty?’

‘Gentlemen’, replied Haughty, ‘I have always been a man of courage and valour, and did not, when under the darkest clouds, sneak or hang down my head like a bulrush. Nor did it at all please me at any time to see men defer to those who opposed them, even when their foes seemed to have ten times the advantage. I did not consider who was my foe, nor the cause in which I was engaged. It was enough for me to carry it off bravely, fight like a man, and come off the victor.’

‘Mr. Haughty’, said the Court, you are not here charged with the fact that you were a valiant man, nor for your courage and strength in times of distress, but that you made use of this your pretended valour to draw the city of Mansoul into acts of rebellion both against the great King and Emmanuel his Son. This is the crime with which you are charged in the indictment.’

But he gave no answer to that.

Now, when the Court had so far proceeded against the prisoners at the bar, they called for a verdict from the jury, to whom they addressed themselves in these words:

‘Gentlemen of the jury, you have been here and seen these men. You have heard the charges laid against them, their pleas, and what the witnesses have testified against them. Now, what remains is this: that you withdraw to some private place where, without hindrance, you may consider your verdict in truth and justice. You ought to bring in a



verdict for the King against them; so bring it in accordingly.'

Then the jury — Mr. Belief, Mr. True-Heart, Mr. Upright, Mr. Hate-Bad, Mr. Love-God, Mr. See-Truth, Mr. Heavenly-Mind, Mr. Moderate, Mr. Thankful, Mr. Humble, Mr. Good-Work, and Mr. Zeal-For-God — withdrew to consider their verdict. Now, when they were shut up, they discussed among themselves how to bring in their verdict.

Mr. Belief (for he was the foreman) began. 'Gentlemen', he said, 'concerning these men, the prisoners at the bar, as for me, I believe that they all deserve to die.' 'Very true', said Mr. True-Heart; 'I am wholly of your opinion.' 'Oh, what a mercy is it', said Mr. Hate-Bad, 'that such villains as these have been arrested!' 'Yes! Yes!' said Mr. Love-God. 'This is one of the most joyful days I have ever seen in my life.' Then said Mr. See-Truth, 'I know that if we judge them worthy of death, our verdict will stand before Shaddai himself.' 'Nor do I at all question it', said Mr. Heavenly-Mind. Moreover, he added, 'When all such beasts as these are cast out of Mansoul, what a good city it will be!' 'Then', said Mr. Moderate, 'it is not my custom to pass judgement rashly; but for these men, their crimes are so notorious, and the witness against them so strong, that any one would be wilfully blind who says the prisoners do not deserve to die.' 'Blessed be God', said Mr. Thankful, 'that the traitors are in safe custody!' 'And I join with you in this upon my bare knees', said Mr. Humble. 'I am glad also', said Mr. Good-Work. Then that warm man, and true-hearted, Mr. Zeal-for-God, said, 'Cut them off; they have been a plague, and have sought the destruction of Mansoul.'

So, all being agreed in their verdict, they returned immediately to court.

'Gentlemen of the jury', said the Clerk, 'answer to your names: Mr. Belief, one; Mr. True-Heart, two; Mr. Upright, three; Mr. Hate-Bad, four; Mr. Love-God, five; Mr. See-Truth, six; Mr. Heavenly-Mind, seven; Mr. Moderate, eight; Mr. Thankful, nine; Mr. Humble, ten; Mr. Good-Work, eleven; and Mr. Zeal-For-God, twelve. Good men and true, stand together with your verdict. Are you all agreed?'

'Yes, my Lord' answered the Jury.

'Who will speak for you?'

'Our foreman.'

'You, the gentlemen of the jury, having been called by our Lord the King to serve here in a matter of life and death, have heard the trials of each of these men, the prisoners at the bar. What do you say? Are they guilty of those crimes for which they stand here indicted, or are they not guilty?'

'Guilty, my Lord', replied the Jury.

'Look to your prisoners, gaoler', ordered the Clerk.

This was done in the morning, and in the afternoon they each received a sentence of death according to the law.

The gaoler, when he received such a charge, put them all in the inner prison, to keep them there till the day of execution, which was to be the next day in the morning.

But now as it turned out one of the prisoners, Incredulity by name, in the time between the sentence and the execution, escaped from prison, and got away from the city of Mansoul, and lay lurking in such places and dens as he could, until he again had an opportunity to do the city of Mansoul some harm in return for how they had been treated.

## CHAPTER 9

Now, when Mr. True-Man the gaoler saw that he had lost one of his prisoners, he took it hard because that prisoner was, so to speak, the very worst of the crew. So, first of all, he went and told the Lord Mayor, Mr. Recorder, and Lord Willbewill, what had happened, and to receive from them an order to search for him throughout the city of Mansoul. So an order was made out and a search was made, but no such man could now be found in all the city of Mansoul.

All that could be gathered was, that he had lurked a while on the outskirts of the city, and here and there one or two had a glimpse of him as he made his escape from Mansoul. One or two also agreed that they saw him outside the city going quickly over the plain. Now, when he had gone, it was affirmed by Mr. Did-See that he ranged over all the dry places till he met up with Diabolus his friend; and where should they meet? Just near Hell-Gate Hill. And oh! what a sad story the old gentleman told Diabolus about the alterations Emmanuel was making in Mansoul!

Such as how Mansoul had, after some delay, received a general pardon at the hand of Emmanuel, and they had invited him into the city and given him the castle for his possession. He said, moreover, that they had welcomed his soldiers into the city, delighted to quarter most of them in their own homes. They also entertained him with timbrel, song, and dance. 'But what', said Incredulity, 'hurts me the most, is that he has pulled down, father, your image, and set up his own; pulled down your officers, and set up his own. Yes; and Willbewill, that rebel who, one would have thought would never have turned against us, is now in as great favour with Emmanuel as he was with you.

But besides all this, this Willbewill has received a special commission from his master to search for, arrest, and put to death all your followers that he finds in Mansoul. Yes; and this Willbewill has already taken and committed to prison eight of my Lord's most trusted friends in Mansoul. Indeed, my Lord, I speak it with grief, they have all been arrested, condemned, and, without doubt before now been executed in Mansoul. I told my Lord there were eight, for I was the ninth who would certainly have drunk of the same cup but that through skill I, as you see, escaped from them.'

When Diabolus heard this sad tale, he yelled and snuffed up the wind like a dragon, and made the sky look dark with his roaring. He also swore that he would try to be revenged on Mansoul for this. So they, both he and his old friend Incredulity, entered into a long consultation to decide how they might get back the city of Mansoul.

Now, before this time, the day dawned in which the prisoners in Mansoul were to be executed. (Romans 6:12-14; 8:13) So they were brought to the cross near Mansoul in a most solemn manner; for the Prince said that this should be done by the hand of the city of Mansoul, 'that I may see', said he, 'how obedient my redeemed Mansoul is in keeping my word and my commandments (Galatians 5:24); and that I may bless Mansoul in the doing of this deed. Proof of sincerity pleases me well. Let Mansoul therefore first lay their hands on these followers of Diabolus to destroy them.'

So the city of Mansoul executed them according to the word of their Prince. But when the prisoners were brought to the cross to die, you could hardly believe what trouble Mansoul had in putting them to death; for the men, knowing that they must die, and each of them having an unwavering hostility in their hearts towards Mansoul, what did they do? They took courage at the cross and resisted the men of the city of Mansoul. So the men of

Mansoul were forced to cry for help to the captains and men of war. Now, the great Shaddai had a Secretary in the city, and he too was a great lover of the men of Mansoul. He was at the place of execution also; so on hearing the men of Mansoul cry out against the struggling and unruliness of the prisoners, rose up from his place and came and laid his hands on the men of Mansoul. So they crucified the followers of Diabolus who had been a plague, a grief, and an offence to the city of Mansoul. (Romans 8:13)

Now, when this good work was over, the Prince came down to see, to visit, and to speak comfortably to the men of Mansoul, and to strengthen their hands in such work. And he said to them that, by this act of theirs, he had proved them and found them to be lovers of his person, observers of his laws, and so had respect for his honour. He said, moreover (to show them that by this they would not be losers, nor their city weakened by the loss of them), that he would appoint them another captain, one of themselves; and that this captain would be the ruler of a thousand for the good and benefit of the now flourishing city of Mansoul.

So he called one to him whose name was Waiting, and bid him, 'Go quickly to the castle gate, and ask there for Mr. Experience who waits on that noble captain, Captain Credence, and tell him to come here to me.' So the messenger who waited on good Prince Emmanuel went and did as he was ordered. Now, the young gentleman was waiting to see the captain train and muster his men in the castle yard. Then Mr. Waiting said to him, 'Sir, the Prince wants you to come down to his highness immediately.' So he brought him to Emmanuel, and he came and bowed low before him. Now the men of the city knew Mr. Experience well, for he was born and bred in Mansoul. They also knew him to be a man of good conduct, of valour, and a person wise in matters. He was also a handsome man, well-spoken, and very successful in all he did.

Therefore the hearts of the citizens were transported with joy when they saw that the Prince himself was so taken with Mr. Experience that he appointed him captain over a band of men.

So, with one consent they bowed the knee before Emmanuel, and with a shout said, 'Let Emmanuel live for ever!' Then the Prince said to the young gentleman whose name was Mr. Experience, 'I have thought it good to confer on you a place of trust and honour in this my city of Mansoul.' Then the young man bowed his head and worshipped. 'It is', said Emmanuel, 'that you should be a captain, captain over a thousand men in my beloved city of Mansoul.' Then said the captain, 'Let the King live!' So the Prince gave out orders immediately to the King's Secretary that he should draw up for Mr. Experience a commission to make him a captain over a thousand men. 'And let it be brought to me', said he, 'that I may set my seal to it.' So it was done as he ordered. The commission was drawn up, brought to Emmanuel, and he set his seal to it. Then, by the hand of Mr. Waiting, he sent it away to the captain.

Now, as soon as the new captain had received his commission, he sounded his trumpet for volunteers, and young men came to him quickly. Yes; the greatest and chief men in the city sent their sons to be enlisted under his command. Thus Captain Experience came under the command of Emmanuel for the good of the city of Mansoul. He had as his lieutenant Mr. Skilful, and for his cavalry officer Mr. Memory. His fellow-officers I need not mention. His colours were white for the city of Mansoul; and his escutcheon was a dead lion and a dead bear. (1 Samuel 17:36-37) So the Prince returned to his royal palace again.

Now, when he had returned home, the elders of the city of Mansoul, namely, the Lord Mayor, the Recorder, and Lord Willbewill, went to congratulate him, to thank him especially for the love, care and tender compassion he had shown to his ever obliged city

of Mansoul. So, after a while, with some sweet fellowship between them, the citizens returned to their place again having solemnly ended their ceremony.

Emmanuel, at this time, also appointed a day when he would renew their charter; yes, when he would renew and enlarge it, removing several of its faults, that Mansoul's yoke might be made easier. (Matthew 11:28-30) And this he did without any plea from them, just out of his own goodness and noble mind. When he had sent for and seen their old one, he set it aside, saying, 'Now what decays and grows old is ready to vanish away.' (Hebrews 8:13) He added, 'The city of Mansoul shall have another charter, a better one, a new one, one more steady and firm by far.' An extract of his speech is as follows:

'Emmanuel, Prince of Peace, and a great lover of the city of Mansoul, in the name of my Father, and of my own kindness, give, grant, and bequeath to my beloved city of Mansoul,

**'First,** free, full, and everlasting forgiveness of all wrongs, injuries, and offences done by them against my Father, me, their neighbours, or themselves. (Hebrews 8:12; 1 John 1:9)

**'Second,** I give them the holy law and my testament, with all that is contained in it, for their everlasting comfort and consolation. (John 17:8, 14; 2 Corinthians 7:1)

**'Third,** I also give them a part of the very same grace and goodness that dwells in my Father's heart and mine. (2 Peter 1:4)

**'Fourth,** I give, grant, and bestow on them freely the world and what it contains, for their good; and they shall exercise power over it, as is consistent with the honour of my Father, my glory, and their comfort. Yes; I grant them the benefits of life and death, and of things present and things to come. This privilege no other city, town, or corporation, shall have, except my Mansoul alone. (1 Corinthians 3:21-22)

**'Fifth,** I give and grant them leave to have free access to me in my palace at all times — to my palace above or below — there to make known their needs to me (Hebrews 10:19-20); and I give them a solemn promise that I will hear and redress all their grievances. (Matthew 7:7)

**'Sixth,** I give, grant to, and invest the city of Mansoul with full power and authority to seek out, take, enslave, and destroy all followers of Diabolus who are found at any time lurking in or near the city of Mansoul.

**'Seventh,** I further grant my beloved city of Mansoul authority not to give any foreigner or stranger, or their offspring, freedom in the blessed city of Mansoul, nor to share in her excellent privileges. But that all grants, privileges, and immunities that I bestow on the famous city of Mansoul shall be only for those of the old natives and true inhabitants of the city: to them only, I say, and to their rightful offspring after them. (Ephesians 4:22; Colossians 3:5-9)

'But all followers of Diabolus of whatever sort, birth, country, or kingdom, shall be excluded.'

So when the city of Mansoul had received from the hand of Emmanuel their gracious charter (2 Corinthians 3:3; Jeremiah 31:33; Hebrews 8:10), which is itself infinitely longer than this short extract set before you, they carried it out to be read in the market-place, and there Mr. Recorder read it out in the presence of all the people. This being done, it was brought to the castle gates, and there finely engraved on its doors in letters of gold

that the city of Mansoul, with all her citizens, might always have it in view, or might go to the place where they could see what a great freedom their Prince had bestowed on them, that their joy might be increased, and their love renewed for their great and good Emmanuel.

What joy, what comfort, what consolation, do you think, now possessed the hearts of the men of Mansoul! The bells rang, the minstrels played, the people danced, the captains shouted, the colours waved in the wind, and the silver trumpets sounded. And the followers of Diabolus were glad to hide their heads, for they looked as if they had been dead a long time.

This over, the Prince sent again for the elders of the city of Mansoul and discussed with them concerning a ministry that he intended to begin among them; such a ministry that would reveal to them, and instruct them in, their present and future state. 'For', said he, 'unless you have teachers and guides, of yourselves you will know nothing, and, if you do not know, you will not be able to do the will of my Father.' (Jeremiah 10:23; 1 Corinthians 2:14)

When the elders of Mansoul brought this news to the people, the whole city came running together (for it pleased them well, for whatever the Prince did now, pleased the people), and with one consent they implored his Majesty to immediately establish such a ministry among them that would teach them both law and judgement, statute and commandment; that they might be taught all good and wholesome things. So he told them that he would grant them their wish and appoint two among them; one from his Father's court, and one who was a native of Mansoul.

'The one who is from the court', said he, 'is a Person of no less quality and dignity than my Father and I. He is the Lord Chief Secretary of my Father's house; for he is, and always has been, the chief scribe of all my Father's laws, a Person very well-skilled in all mysteries, and knowledge of mysteries concerning my Father, or, indeed myself. He is one with us in nature, and also loves, is faithful to, and has on his heart, the eternal concerns of the city of Mansoul. (2 Peter 1:21; 1 Corinthians 2:10; John 1:1; 1 John 5:7)

'And this is the one, continued the Prince, 'who will be your chief teacher; for it is he, and he alone, who can teach you clearly in all high and supernatural things. (1 Thessalonians 1:5-6) He, and he alone, knows the ways and methods of my Father at court, nor can anyone else reveal the heart of my Father at all times, in all things, upon all occasions, towards Mansoul; for as no one knows the things of a man but that spirit of a man which is in him, so the things of my Father no one knows unless it is through the high and mighty Secretary. (1 Corinthians 2:10-11) Nor can anyone, except he, tell Mansoul how and what they shall do to keep themselves in the love of my Father. He also can bring lost things to your remembrance, and tell you of things to come. (John 14:26; 16:13; 1 John 2:27) This Teacher, therefore, must have pre-eminence both in your affections and in judgement, above your other teacher. His personal dignity, the excellence of his teaching, and the great wisdom he has to help you draw up petitions to my Father for help, must oblige you to love him, fear him, and to take care that you do not grieve him. (Romans 8:26; Jude verse 20; Ephesians 6:18; Revelation 2:7, 11, 17, 29; Ephesians 4:30)

'This Person can put life and vigour into all that he says. Yes; he can also put it in your hearts. (Acts 21:10-11) This Person can make seers of you, and make you tell what will happen in the future. By this Person, you must frame all your petitions to my Father and me. And without first obtaining his advice and counsel (Isaiah 63:10), let nothing come into the city or castle of Mansoul which may disgust and grieve this noble Person.

'Take care, I say, that you do not grieve this Minister; for if you do, he will fight against you. And should he once be moved to set himself against you in battle-array, he will

distress you more than twelve legions from my Father's court making war on you.

'But, as I said, if you listen to him, and love him; if you devote yourselves to his teaching, and seek to have fellowship with him (2 Corinthians 13:14), you will find him ten times better than the whole world. Yes; he will shed abroad the love of my Father in your hearts, (Romans 5:5) and Mansoul will be the wisest and happiest of all people.'

Then the Prince called to him the old gentleman who was once the Recorder of Mansoul, Mr. Conscience by name. This is what he told him: that, as he was well-skilled in the law and government of the city of Mansoul, and was also well-spoken, and could deliver faithfully to them his Master's will in all earthly and domestic matters, he would also make him a minister for the delightful city of Mansoul in all laws, statutes, and judgements of the famous city of Mansoul. 'And', added the Prince, 'confine yourself to the teaching of moral issues, and to civil and natural duties. But you must not attempt to presume to be a revealer of those high and supernatural mysteries that are kept close in the bosom of Shaddai my Father. For no one knows these things, nor can any reveal them except my Father's Secretary.

'You are a native of the city of Mansoul, but the Lord Secretary is a native of my Father's court. As you have knowledge of the laws and customs of the corporation, so he of the things and will of my Father.

'So, Mr. Conscience, although I have appointed you a minister and a preacher to the city of Mansoul, yet as to the things which the Lord Secretary knows, and will teach this people, there you must be his scholar and a learner, even as the rest of Mansoul is.

'You must, therefore, go to him for information and knowledge of all high and supernatural things (Job 32:8); for although there is a spirit in man, this Person's inspiration will give him understanding. Mr. Recorder, keep low and keep humble, and remember that the followers of Diabolus who did not keep their first charge, but left their own estate, are now prisoners in the pit. Therefore, be content with your station.

'I make you my Father's vice-regent on earth in the things which I have stated. Receive authority to teach them to Mansoul; yes, and to impose them with whips and punishments if they are not willing to listen to your commandments.

'And, Mr. Recorder, because you are old, and through hardship made feeble, I give you permission to go whenever you wish to my fountain, my conduit, and there drink freely of the blood of my grapes; for my conduit is always running with wine. (Hebrews 9:14) In doing this, you will drive from your heart and mind all dark, gross, and harmful moods. It will also enlighten your eyes and strengthen your memory to receive and retain all that the King's most noble Secretary teaches.'

When the Prince had installed Mr. Recorder (for so he used to be) into the place and office of a minister to Mansoul, and the man had thankfully accepted, then Emmanuel addressed himself in a special speech to the citizens themselves.

'Consider', said the Prince to Mansoul, 'my love and care towards you. I have added to everything else this mercy, to appoint you preachers; the most noble Secretary to teach you in all high and sublime mysteries; and this gentleman', pointing to Mr. Conscience, 'to teach you all things human and domestic, for that is his work. He is not, by what I have said, forbidden from telling Mansoul anything he has heard and received from the Lord High Secretary; only that he does not attempt to presume to pretend to be a revealer of those high mysteries himself. For the breaking open of them, and the revealing of them to Mansoul, lies only in the power, authority, and skill of the Lord High Secretary himself. He

may speak of them, and so may the rest of the city of Mansoul; yes, and may, when it is opportune, urge them on each other for the benefit of the whole. These things, therefore, you must obey and do, for it is for your life, and the lengthening of your days.

‘And one more thing I have to say to my beloved Mr. Recorder and to all the city of Mansoul: you must not be content to dwell on anything you are taught concerning this city, for I am going to give you another Mansoul, when this one is worn out. But for this life, you must wholly depend on the teaching of the great Teacher. Yes; Mr. Recorder himself must not look for life from what he himself reveals. His dependence for that must be founded in the teaching of the other Preacher. Let Mr. Recorder also take care that he does not receive any teaching, or point of teaching, that is not communicated to him by his superior Teacher, nor from the area of his own knowledge.’

Now, after the Prince had settled things in the famous city of Mansoul, he proceeded to give to the elders of the corporation a necessary caution, which was, how they should behave towards the high and noble captains that he had sent from his Father’s court, or brought with him to the famous city of Mansoul.

‘These captains’, said he, ‘love the city of Mansoul, and they are choice men, picked out of an abundance, suitable men who have faithfully served in the wars of Shaddai against the followers of Diabolus for the preservation of the city of Mansoul. I charge you, therefore’, said he, ‘Inhabitants of the now flourishing city of Mansoul, that you do not behave in any unseemly manner to my captains or their men; since, as I said, they are picked and choice men — men chosen out of many for the good of the city of Mansoul. I say, I command you, do not act unseemly towards them: for though they have the hearts and faces of lions whenever they set out to engage and fight with the King’s foes and the enemies of the city of Mansoul, yet a little discouragement from the city of Mansoul will depress and cast down their faces, weakening them, and taking away their courage. Do not, therefore, my beloved ones, behave unkindly to my valiant captains and courageous men of war, but love them, nourish them, care for them, and take them to your hearts; and they will not only fight for you, but cause to flee from you all those followers of Diabolus who seek your utter downfall.

‘If, therefore, any of them should at any time fall sick or become weak, and so not be able to perform that office of love which, with all their hearts, they are willing to do (and will always do when well and healthy), do not slight them, or despise them, but rather strengthen and encourage them, though weak and ready to die; for they are your defence and your guard, your wall, your gates, your locks, and your bars. (Hebrews 12:12; Isaiah 35:3; Revelation 3:2; 1 Thessalonians 5:14) And although, when they are weak, they can do little, they need to be helped by you, than that you should expect great things from them. Yet, when well, you know what exploits, what feats and warlike achievements they are able to do, and will perform for you.

‘Besides, if they are weak, the city of Mansoul cannot be strong; if they are strong, then Mansoul cannot be weak. Your safety lies in their health, and in your care of them. Remember, also, that if they fall sick, they will have caught that disease from the city of Mansoul itself.

‘These things I have said to you because I love your welfare and your honour. Take care, therefore, my Mansoul, to be punctual in all the things that I have set in your charge, and that not only as a city corporate, and to your officers and guards and chief guides, but to you, a people whose well-being depends on your observance of the orders and commands of your Lord.

'Next, my Mansoul, I must warn you concerning the present reformation among you; so listen carefully to me. You will know soon enough that there are still followers of Diabolus remaining in the city of Mansoul who are powerful and unwavering in their opposition, and who, while I am with you, and even more so when I am away from you, are studying, plotting, contriving, inventing, and uniting to attempt to bring you down into a state far worse than that of the Egyptian bondage. They have vowed their friendship to Diabolus; so look about you. They used to lodge with their prince in the castle (Mark 7:21-22) when Incredulity was Lord Mayor of this city; but since my coming, they lie in wait on the outside of the city and in her walls, and have made for themselves dens and caves and holes and strongholds. Therefore, Mansoul, your work in this will be so much more difficult and hard; that is, to take, mortify, and put them to death according to the will of my Father. (Romans 7:18) Nor can you rid yourselves of them unless you pull down the walls of your city, a course of action I am by no means willing you should take. You ask me, 'What shall we do then?' Why; be diligent, and quit you like men. Look for their holes; find out their haunts; assault them, and make no peace with them. Wherever they are, and whatever terms of peace they offer you, hate them, and all will be well between you and me. And that you may distinguish them from those who are native to Mansoul, I give you this brief list of the names of the chief of them. They are the following: Lord Fornication, Lord Adultery, Lord Murder, Lord Anger, Lord Evil-Desire, Lord Deceit, Lord Evil-Eye, Mr. Drunkenness, Mr. Revelling, Mr. Idolatry, Mr. Witchcraft, Mr. Discord, Mr. Strife, Mr. Wrath, Mr. Treason, and Mr. Heresy. These are some of the leaders, Mansoul, of those who seek to overthrow you for ever. These, I say, lurk in Mansoul; but look well into the law of your King, and there you will find their appearance and some other of their characteristics by which they may surely be known.

'These, my Mansoul (and I would glad if you knew it), if they are allowed to run free about the city as they desire, will quickly, like vipers, poison your lives; yes, poison your captains, cut the sinews of your soldiers, break the bars and bolts of your gates, and turn your now most flourishing Mansoul into a barren and desolate wilderness and a ruinous heap. So, to pluck up courage and arrest these villains wherever you find them, I give to you, my Lord Mayor, Lord Willbewill and Mr. Recorder, and all the inhabitants of the city of Mansoul, full power and commission to seek out, arrest, and put to death on the cross, all followers of Diabolus whenever and wherever you find them lurking inside and outside the walls of the city of Mansoul.

'I told you before that I had set a commission among you; not that you have only these with you, for my first four captains who came against their master Diabolus who was then in Mansoul, can, and if required, not only privately inform, but publicly preach to the corporation both good and wholesome teaching; and they will lead you in the way. Yes; they will set up a weekly, indeed, if needs be, a daily lecture, Mansoul, and will instruct you in such profitable lessons that, if attended to, will do you good in the end. And take good care that you do not spare the men you have orders to take and crucify.

'Now, as I have given you the vagrants and renegades by name, so I will tell you this, that some of them will creep in among you to beguile you, and appear to be very hot on religion. And, if you do not watch out, they will do you a mischief which you cannot imagine at present.

'These, as I said, will show themselves to you in another disguise than those we have described. Therefore, Mansoul, watch out and be sober, and do not allow yourself to be betrayed.'



## CHAPTER 10

As the Prince was reconstructing the city of Mansoul, he instructed the citizens in the things they needed to know. Then he chose another day for them to assemble together when he would bestow another badge of honour on the city of Mansoul — a badge that would distinguish them from all the other nations, families, and tongues that dwelt in the kingdom of Universe. Now, not long after that, the Prince and his people met in the King's palace where Emmanuel made a short speech to them and did for them as he had promised.

'My Mansoul', he said, 'what I am now about to do is to declare to the world that you are mine, and to mark you out clearly in your own eyes from all false traitors that might creep in among you.'

Then he ordered those who waited on him to go and bring out of his treasury the white and glistening robes 'that I', he said, 'have provided and stored up for my Mansoul.' So the white garments were fetched from his treasury and laid out before the eyes of his people. Moreover, they were allowed to go and take them and put them on, 'according', he said, 'to your size and height.' So the people were dressed in white, in fine linen, bright and clean. (Revelation 19:8)

Then the Prince said to them, 'This, O Mansoul, is my livery, which is the badge by which my own are known from the servants of others. Yes; it is what I give to all who are mine, and without which no one is permitted to see my face. Wear them, therefore, for my sake, who gave them to you; for by them, the world will know that you are mine.'

But now, can you imagine how Mansoul shone? She was as fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners. (Song of Solomon 6:4, 10)

The Prince added further, 'No prince, potentate, or mighty one of Universe provides this livery but me. See, then, as I said before, by it, you will be known as mine.'

'And now', he continued, 'I have given you my livery, let me also give you an order concerning it; and be sure that you make good my words:

**'First.** Wear it every day, lest you should at times appear to others as if you did not belong to me.

**'Second.** Always keep it white; for if it becomes soiled, it brings dishonour on me. (Ecclesiastes 9:8)

**'Third.** Keep it off the ground, and do not let it drag in the dust and dirt.

**'Fourth.** Take care not to lose it, lest you walk naked, and they see your shame. (Revelation 3:2)

**'Fifth.** If you get it dirty and defiled, which I am doubtful you will do, and prince Diabolus is glad when you do, be quick to do what is written in my law, that you may stand and not fall before me and before my throne. (Luke 21:36) Also, this is the way to ensure that I will never leave you nor forsake you while here, and that you will dwell in this city of Mansoul for ever.' (Revelation 7:15-17)

And now Mansoul and her citizens became like a signet ring on Emmanuel's right hand.

Where was there a city, a town, a corporation, to be compared with Mansoul? Here was a city redeemed out of the hand, and from the power, of Diabolus; a city which King Shaddai loved, and for which he sent Emmanuel to wrest from the prince of the infernal cave. Yes; here was a city that Emmanuel loved to dwell in and chose for his royal habitation; a city that he fortified for himself, and made strong by the force of his army. What else can I say? Mansoul now had a most excellent Prince, golden captains, men of war, weapons proved, and garments as white as snow. Nor are these benefits to be counted as slight, but great. Did the city of Mansoul esteem them so, and make use of them for that purpose for which they were bestowed upon her?

When the Prince had finished his work on the city, to show that he greatly delighted in the work of his hands and took pleasure in the good he had brought to the famous and flourishing city of Mansoul, he ordered them to fly his standard on the battlements of the castle. And then:

**First.** He paid them frequent visits. Not a day passed now but the elders of Mansoul came to him in his palace, or he went to them. (2 Corinthians 6:16) Now they walked and talked together of all the great things he had done, and promised to do later, for the city of Mansoul. This he would often speak about to the Lord Mayor, Lord Willbewill, and the honest humble preacher, Mr. Conscience, and Mr. Recorder. But oh, how graciously, how lovingly, how courteously and tenderly this blessed Prince now thought of the city of Mansoul! In all the streets, gardens, orchards, and other places where he visited, you could be sure that the poor had his blessing and benediction. Yes; he would kiss them, and if they were ill, he would lay his hands on them, and make them well. The captains, also, he would daily, indeed, sometimes hourly, encourage with his presence and comfortable words. For you must know that a smile from him would put more vigour, more life and more courage into them than anything else under heaven.

The Prince would also feast with them (1 Corinthians 5:8), and be with them continually. Hardly a week passed but a banquet was arranged. You may remember earlier on that we made mention of one feast that they had together. But now, feasting was commonplace. Every day with Mansoul was a feast-day. Nor, when they returned to their homes, did he send them empty away. Either they must have a ring, a gold chain, a bracelet, a white stone, or something else. So dear was Mansoul to him now; so lovely was Mansoul in his eyes.

**Second.** When the elders and citizens did not come to him, he would send them plenty of provisions: meat that came from the court, wine and bread prepared for his Father's table; yes, such delicacies he would send to them, and they so covered their tables that whoever saw it confessed that the like was not seen in any kingdom.

**Third.** If Mansoul did not visit him as often as he desired, he would walk out to them, knock at their doors, and demand entrance, that fellowship might be maintained between them and him. When they heard him knock, they would open to him, as happened often when they were at home, thus renewing his former love, and confirming it too with some new tokens and signs of his continual favour. (Revelation 3:20; Song of Solomon 5:2)

And was it not now an amazing sight, that in that very place where once Diabolus lived and entertained his followers, to the almost utter destruction of Mansoul, the Prince of princes was sitting eating and drinking with the citizens, while all his mighty captains, men of war, trumpeters, with the singing-men and singing-women from his Father, stood round about waiting on them! How Mansoul's cup was running over! How her conduits ran with sweet wine! How she now ate the finest of the wheat, and drank milk and honey out of the rock! How she said, 'How great is his goodness! For since I found favour in his eyes, how honourably treated I have been!'

The blessèd Prince also appointed a new officer in the city, and a splendid person he was, whose name was Mr. God's-Peace. (Colossians 3:15) This man was set over Lord Willbewill, the Lord Mayor, Mr. Recorder, the second preacher, Mr. Mind, and over all the natives of the city of Mansoul. He himself was not a native of Mansoul, but came with Prince Emmanuel from the court. He was a great acquaintance of Captain Credence and Captain Good-Hope (Romans 15:13); some say they were of the same family, and I am of that opinion too. This man, as I said, was made governor of the city, especially over the castle, and Captain Credence was there to help him. And I noticed that so long as all things went on in Mansoul as this sweet-natured gentleman desired, the city was in a most happy condition.

Now, there were no arguments, no rebukes, no interference, and no wrong-doing in all the city of Mansoul. Everyone in Mansoul was going about his own business. The nobility, the officers, the soldiers, and everyone else, kept their place. And as for the women and children of the city, they followed their employment joyfully, working and singing, working and singing, from morning till night. So throughout the city of Mansoul, nothing was to be found but harmony, quietness, joy, and health. And this lasted all that summer.

But there was a man in the city of Mansoul whose name was Mr. Carnal-Security. This man, after all the mercy shown to this corporation, brought the city of Mansoul into great and grievous slavery and bondage. A brief account of him and of his doings are as follows:

When Diabolus first took possession of the city of Mansoul, he brought with him a great number of his followers, men after his own heart. Now, among these, there was one whose name was Mr. Self-Conceit, and a notable lively man he was like anyone those days who lived in the city of Mansoul. Diabolus, perceiving this man to be active and bold, sent him on many desperate tasks, which he managed well, and pleased his Lord more than anyone else who came with him from the dens.

Therefore, finding him so suitable for his purpose, Diabolus promoted him, and set him next to the great Lord Willbewill of whom we have written so much before. Now, Lord Willbewill being in those days very well-pleased with him and with his achievements, gave him his daughter Lady Fear-Nothing as wife. Now, of Lady Fear-Nothing, this Mr. Self-Conceit had a son, this gentleman, Mr. Carnal-Security. Therefore, there being then in Mansoul a strange kind of mixture, it was hard in some cases to find out who were natives and who were not, for Mr. Carnal-Security sprang from Lord Willbewill on his mother's side, though his father was a follower of Diabolus by nature.

Well, this Carnal-Security took after his father and mother. He was self-conceited, fearing nothing. He was also a very busy man. Nothing of news, nothing of doctrine, nothing of alteration or talk of alteration, could at any time be afoot in Mansoul, but you could be sure that Mr. Carnal-Security would be at the head or tail of it. But, to be sure, he avoided those he considered to be the weakest, and stood always with those, in his mind, who were the strongest.

Now, when Shaddai the Mighty, and Emmanuel his Son, made war on Mansoul to take it, this Mr. Carnal-Security was in they city, and was a great stirrer of the people, encouraging them in their rebellion, making sure that they hardened themselves in their resistance to the King's forces. But when he saw that the city of Mansoul had been taken and converted to the use of the glorious Prince Emmanuel, and when he also saw what became of Diabolus, and how he was uprooted and made to quit the castle in the greatest contempt and scorn, and that the city of Mansoul was well-lined with captains, engines of war, and soldiers, and also provisions, what did he do? He craftily changed sides. And as he had served Diabolus against the good Prince, so he pretended to serve the Prince

against his foes.

And having in time obtained some slight knowledge of Emmanuel's actions, being bold, he ventured into the company of the citizens and attempted to chat to them. Now, he knew that the power and strength of the city of Mansoul was great, and that it would be pleasing to the people if he praised her might and their glory. So he told his tale about the power and strength of Mansoul, and affirmed that it was impregnable — sometimes praising their captains, and their slings, and their rams; then praising their fortifications and strongholds; and lastly, the assurances they received from their Prince that Mansoul would be happy for ever. But when he saw that some of the citizens were well-pleased with his conversation, he made it his business to walk from street to street, house to house, and man to man, bringing Mansoul to dance to his pipe and to grow almost as secure in this world as he was.

So, from talking they went on to feasting, and from feasting to sporting, and so to other matters. Now Emmanuel was still in the city of Mansoul, and he wisely observed their doings. The Lord Mayor, Lord Willbewill, and Mr. Recorder were also taken with the words of this prattling gentle man who was a follower of Diabolus, forgetting that their Prince had warned them to take care that they were not taken in by any diabolonian trick.

In addition, he also told them that the security of the now flourishing city of Mansoul did not so much lie in her present fortifications and force, as in her great efforts to please Emmanuel who dwelt within her castle. The teaching of Emmanuel was, that the city of Mansoul should take heed not to forget his Father's love and his; also, that they should make great efforts to continue to keep themselves in this love. Now this was not the way to do it, to fall in love with one of the followers of Diabolus, and with such a one as Mr. Carnal-Security, and be led up and down by the nose by him. They should have listened to their Prince, feared their Prince, loved their Prince, and stoned this rogue to death, and taken care to walk in the ways of their Prince; for then their peace would have been like a river, and their righteousness like the waves of the sea.

Now when Emmanuel saw that through the mischief of Mr. Carnal-Security the hearts of the people of Mansoul became cold in their love for him:

First of all, he complained about them, and took up their state with the Secretary, saying, 'Oh that my people had listened to me and walked in my ways! I would have fed them with the finest of the wheat; and with honey out of the rock I would have sustained them. (Psalm 81:16) 'After this', he said in his heart, 'I will return to the court, and go to my place, till Mansoul considers her ways and acknowledges her offence.' And he did so. The reason for his going away from them because Mansoul had grown cold towards him, is evident in these particulars:

1. They left off visiting him, and did not come to his royal palace as they used to.
2. They did not take any notice of the fact that he did not come to visit them.
3. The love-feasts that the Prince provided for them were still celebrated, yet they neglected to come to them, nor were delighted with them anymore.
4. They no longer asked him for advice, but became headstrong and confident in themselves, concluding that now they were strong and invincible, and that Mansoul was secure and beyond all reach of the foe, her state was unalterable forever.

Now, as I said, Emmanuel, seeing that by the craftiness of Mr. Carnal-Security the city of Mansoul no longer depended on him and on his Father, and trusted in what had been

provided for them, he first of all complained of their state, then used means to make them see that the way they were going was dangerous. He sent his Lord High Secretary to them to forbid them such ways; but twice when he came to them, he found them having dinner in Mr. Carnal-Security's dining room. Seeing also that they were not open to reason in these matters for their good, he was grieved, and went his way. When he told Emmanuel, the Prince was grieved also, and so made arrangements to return to his Father's court.

Now, the way he withdrew, as I was saying before, was like this:

1. Even while he was yet with them in Mansoul, he kept himself to himself, and became less seen than formerly.
2. When he was in company, his speech was not so pleasant and friendly as formerly.
3. Nor did he, as in times past, send to Mansoul from his table those dainty bits which he used to do.
4. Nor when they came to visit him, as now and then they would, would he be so easily approachable as they found him to be in times past. They might now knock once, even twice, but he would seem not at all to take much notice of them; whereas formerly at the sound of their feet he would be up and running, meeting them half-way and taking them to his bosom.

Emmanuel thought by so acting he would make them return to him. But, alas! they did not consider, not seek his ways. They took no notice, neither were they touched by these things, nor with the remembrance of former favours. So what he did was to privately withdraw himself, first from his palace, then to the gate of the city, and so away from Mansoul, till they acknowledged their offence and earnestly sought his face. Mr. God's-Peace also resigned, and would for the present act no longer in the city of Mansoul.

Thus they walked contrary to him, and he, by way of retaliation, walked contrary to them. But, alas! by this time they were so hardened in their ways (Jeremiah 2:32), and had so drunk of the teaching of Mr. Carnal-Security, that the departing of their Prince did not concern them, nor was he remembered by them when he had gone, and so, consequently, his absence was not missed.

Now, there was a day when this old gentleman, Mr. Carnal-Security, again make a feast for the city of Mansoul; and there was at that time in the city one Mr. Godly-Fear, one now set to one side though formerly much in demand. This man, old Carnal-Security had a mind, if possible, to deceive, corrupt and abuse, as he did the rest. So he now invited him to the feast with his neighbours. When the day arrived, the feast was prepared, and he appeared with the rest of the guests. Sitting around the table, they ate and drank, and were merry, except this one man; for Mr. Godly-Fear sat like a stranger, and neither ate nor was merry. When Mr. Carnal-Security saw that, he addressed himself to him in a speech:

'Mr. Godly-Fear, are you not well? You seem to be ill in body or mind, or both. I have a cordial of Mr. Forget-Good's making, which, Sir, if you drink, I hope it may make you feel better, and make you more fit for us feasting companions.'

To which the good old gentleman discreetly replied, 'Sir, I thank you for your courtesy and kindness; but for your cordial I have no use. But here is a word to the natives of Mansoul: You, the elders and chief of Mansoul, to me it is strange to see you so merry and

carefree, when the city of Mansoul is in such a bad way.'

Then Mr. Carnal-Security replied, 'You need sleep, good Sir, without a doubt. If you please, lie down and take a nap. In the meantime, we will be merry.'

Then said the good man as follows: 'Sir, if you were not lacking in an honest heart, you would not be carrying on as you do.'

Then Mr. Carnal-Security asked, 'Why?'

And Godly-Fear replied, No; please do not interrupt. It is true that the city of Mansoul was strong, and, with one proviso, impregnable. But you, the citizens, have weakened it, and it now lies open to its foes. Nor is it a time to flatter, or be silent. It is you, Mr. Carnal-Security, who have artfully stripped Mansoul, and driven her glory from her. You have pulled down her towers; you have broken down her gates; you have broken her locks and bars.

'And now, let me explain myself. From the time that the Lords of Mansoul, and you, Sir, grew so great, from that time the Strength of Mansoul has been offended, and now he has risen up and gone. If any should question the truth of my words, I will answer him with this, and similar questions: 'Where is Prince Emmanuel? When did a man or woman in Mansoul last see him? When did you hear from him, or taste any of his dainties? Here you are feasting with this diabolonian monster, but he is not your Prince. I say, therefore, though enemies without could not make a prey of you even with a little guard, since you have sinned against your Prince, your enemies within have been too cunning for you.'

Then said Mr. Carnal-Security, 'Shame on you! Shame on you! Mr. Godly-Fear. Shame on you! Will you never shake off your fear? Are you afraid of being blasted by a sparrow? Who has hurt you? Look, I am on your side; only you are for doubting and I am for being confident. Besides, is this a time for sadness? A feast is made for fun; why, then, to your shame and our trouble, do you break out in such passionate and melancholy language when you should be eating and drinking and making merry?'

Then said Mr. Godly-Fear again, 'I may well be sad, for Emmanuel has gone from Mansoul. I say again, he has gone, and you, sir, are the man who has driven him away. Yes; he has gone without so much as telling the nobles of Mansoul. And if that is not a sign of his anger, I know nothing about the methods of godliness.'

'And now, my Lords and gentlemen — for my speech is still directed to you — your gradual decline from him provoked him to gradually depart from you, which he has done over a period of time so that you might take notice, and be renewed by humbling yourselves. But when he saw that no one took any notice of these fearsome beginnings of his anger and judgement, he departed from this place; and this I saw with my own eyes. Therefore, now, while you boast, your strength has gone; you are like the man who lost his locks which used to wave about his shoulders. (Judges 16:16-62) You may, with this Lord of your feast, shake yourselves, and believe that you can do as in former times; but since without your true Prince, you can do nothing, and he has gone from you, turn your feast into a sigh, and your mirth into lamentation.'

Then the second preacher, old Mr. Conscience by name, he who was once the Recorder of Mansoul, being convicted at what was said, began to second it thus:

'Indeed, my brethren', he affirmed, 'I do not doubt that what Mr. Godly-Fear tells us is true. On my part, I have not seen my Prince a long time. I cannot even remember the day; nor can I answer Mr. Godly-Fear's questions. I am afraid there is something wrong with

Mansoul.'

To which Godly-Fear replied, Indeed, I know that you will not find him in Mansoul for he has departed and is gone. Yes; and gone because of the faults of the elders, for they rewarded his grace with their insufferable unkindness.

Then the second preacher looked as if he would fall down dead at the table. Also, all those present, except the man of the house, began to look pale and ashen. But recovering a little, and agreeing that Mr. Godly-Fear was right, they began to discuss what was best to be done (Mr. Carnal-Security withdrew to his private room, for he disliked such rubbishy sentiments), both to the man of the house for drawing them into evil, and also how to restore Emmanuel's love.

And, with that, a saying of their Prince came firmly into their minds, when he told them what to do with false prophets who would come and delude the city of Mansoul. So they took hold of Mr. Carnal-Security (concluding that he was a false prophet), and burned his house down; for he also was a follower of Diabolus by nature.

So when this was over, they began speedily to look for Emmanuel their Prince; and they sought him, but they could not find him. (Song of Solomon 4:6) Then they were sure of the truth of what Mr. Godly-Fear had said, and began to criticise themselves for their vile and ungodly deeds; for they were certain now that it was through them that their Prince had departed.

Then they agreed, and went to the Lord Secretary (the one whom they had refused to hear, the one whom they had grieved with their deeds), to ask him what they should do, for he was a seer and could tell where Emmanuel was, and how they might send a petition to him. But the Lord Secretary refused to discuss the matter, nor would admit them to his royal place of abode, nor come out to them to show them his face. (Isaiah 63:10; Ephesians 4:30; 1 Thessalonians 5:19)

And what a day dark and gloomy, a day of clouds and thick darkness, lay over Mansoul! Now, they saw how foolish they had been, and began to see what harm the company and prattle of Mr. Carnal-Security had done, and what desperate damage his swaggering words had brought to poor Mansoul. But what further harm it was likely to bring them they did not know. Now, Mr. Godly-Fear began again to be held in high repute among the men of the city; indeed, they were ready to look on him as a prophet.

## CHAPTER 11

Well, when the Sabbath-day came, they went to hear their second preacher. But oh, how he thundered and lightened all day! His text was from the prophet Jonah — **‘Those who regard worthless idols forsake their own Mercy.’** (Jonah 2:8) There was such power and authority in that sermon, and such sorrow seen on the faces of the people that day, the like had seldom been heard or seen! When the sermon was over, the people were scarcely able to go to their homes or back to their employment the week following; they were so smitten by the sermon (Hosea 5:13), and also so sick because of the sermon, that they hardly knew what they were doing.

The preacher not only showed to Mansoul her sin, but he trembled at the sense of his own, crying out as he preached to them, ‘Unhappy man that I am; that I should do such a wicked a thing! That I, a preacher appointed by the Prince to teach Mansoul his law, should live so senselessly and stupidly here, and be one of the first found in transgression! This transgression fell within my scope; for I should have cried out against wickedness, but I let Mansoul wallow in it until it had driven Emmanuel away!’ With these words, he also charged all the Lords and nobility of Mansoul, to the point of distraction. (Psalm 88)

About this time, there appeared a severe sickness in the city of Mansoul, and most of the citizens fell seriously ill. Yes; the captains also, and the men of war, were brought down by it, and for a long time too. If there had been an invasion, nothing could have been done either by the citizens or the army. Oh, how many pale faces, weak hands, feeble knees, and staggering people could now be seen walking the streets of Mansoul! Here were groans, there sighs, and yonder were those who were ready to faint. (Hebrews 12:12-13; Revelation 3:2; Isaiah 3:24)

The garments which Emmanuel had given them were in a sorry state; some split, some torn, and all in a nasty condition. Some also hung so loosely on them that it seemed the next bush they passed would pluck them off.

After some time spent in this sad and dismal condition, the second preacher called for a day of fasting to humble themselves for acting so wickedly against the great Shaddai and his Son. He desired Captain Boanerges to preach. So he consented; and that very day he took as his text — **‘Cut it down; why does it use up the ground?’** (Luke 13:7) And a very brisk sermon he made of it. **First**, he explained the circumstance that led to these words; namely, because the fig tree was barren. **Secondly**, he showed what was meant by these words; namely, repentance or utter destruction. **Thirdly**, he showed by whose authority the cutting down was ordered; that is, by Shaddai himself. **Fourthly**, and lastly, he showed the reasons for the sentence, and then concluded his sermon. But he was very much to the point in his application, inasmuch as he made poor Mansoul tremble. For this sermon, as well as the previous one, greatly affected the hearts of the citizens of Mansoul. Indeed, it greatly helped to keep alert those who had been touched by the preaching that went before. So now, throughout the whole city, there was little or nothing to be heard or seen but sorrow and mourning and grief.

Now then, after the sermon, they got together to decide what was best to be done. ‘But’, said the second preacher, ‘I will do nothing on my own without consulting my neighbour Mr. Godly-Fear. For if he understood beforehand more of the mind of our Prince than us, I do not know but that he may do so now, even while we are turning back to virtue.’

So they called and sent for Mr. Godly-Fear, who suddenly appeared. Then they asked him



for his opinion about what they ought to do. Then the old gentleman remarked, 'It is my opinion that this city of Mansoul should, in the day of her distress, draw up and send a humble petition to their offended Prince Emmanuel, that he, by grace and favour, should again turn to you, and not remain angry for ever.'

When the citizens heard this speech, with one consent they agreed with this advice; so presently they drew up their request. Next, they needed someone to take it. At last, they all agreed to send it by the Lord Mayor. So he accepted the task and prepared himself for the journey, and went to the court of Shaddai where Emmanuel, the Prince of Mansoul, was living. But the gate was shut, and a strict watch kept on it so that the petitioner was forced to stand outside for a long time. (Lamentations 3:8, 44) Then he asked that someone would go in to the Prince and tell him who stood at the gate, and what his business was. So someone went and told Shaddai, and Emmanuel his Son, that the Lord Mayor of the city of Mansoul stood at the gate of the King's court desiring to be admitted into the presence of the Prince, the King's Son. He also stated what was to be the Lord Mayor's errand, both to the King and his Son Emmanuel. But the Prince would not come down nor allow the gate to be opened, but sent an answer to this effect: 'They have turned their back on me, and not their face. But in the time of their trouble they will say, Arise, and save us.' (Jeremiah 2:27) But could they not now go to Mr. Carnal-Security, to whom they went when they turned away from me, and make him their leader, their Lord, and their protector in their time of trouble? Why now should they trouble me, since in their prosperity they went astray?'

This answer made the Lord Mayor's face fall; it troubled him, it perplexed him, it cut him to the heart. (Lamentation 4:7-8) And now he began to see what it meant to be familiar with the followers of Diabolus, such as Mr. Carnal-Security was. When he saw that, as yet, there was little help coming either for himself or his friends in Mansoul from the court, he beat his breast, and returned weeping all the way to the lamentable city of Mansoul.

Well, when he came within sight of the city, the elders and leaders of the people of Mansoul went out to the gate to meet him and salute him, and to know how he did at court. But he told them his tale so sadly that they all cried out and mourned and wept. So they threw ashes and dust on their heads, and put sackcloth on their backs, and went crying through the city of Mansoul. When the rest of the citizens saw this, they all mourned and wept. This became a day of rebuke and trouble and anguish to the city of Mansoul, and also one of deep distress.

After some time, when they had somewhat recovered themselves, they came together to decide again what they should do; and they asked the advice, as they had before, of that revered Mr. Godly-Fear, who told them that there was no better way than to do as they had done before, nor should they be discouraged at the rebuff they had received at court. Yes; even though several of their petitions should be met with nothing but silence or rebuke, 'For', he said, 'it is the way of the wise Shaddai to make men wait and exercise patience, and it should become them to be willing to wait on his leisure.'

Then they took courage, and sent again, and again, and again, and again; for not a day or an hour passed over Mansoul's head, in which a man might not have been seen on the road or at some riding post, sounding the horn from Mansoul to the court of King Shaddai; and carrying letters of petition begging the Prince to return to Mansoul. The road, I say, was now full of messengers, going and coming, and meeting one another; some from the court, and some from Mansoul. And this was the work of the miserable city of Mansoul all that long, and sharp, and cold, and tedious winter.

Now, if you have not forgotten, you may remember that I told you that after Emmanuel had taken Mansoul — indeed, after he had re-modelled the city — there remained lurking

in various places in the city many of the old followers of Diabolus, who either came with the tyrant when he invaded and took the city, or where, by reason of unlawful mixed marriages, they were there by birth and breeding and upbringing. And their holes, dens, and lurking places were in or under or near the wall of the city. Some of their names were Lord Fornication, Lord Adultery, Lord Murder, Lord Anger, Lord Lasciviousness, Lord Deceit, Lord Evil-Eye, Lord Blasphemy, and that horrible villain, the old and dangerous Lord Covetousness. These, as I told you, with many more, still lived in the city of Mansoul even after Emmanuel had driven their prince Diabolus out of the castle.

Concerning these, the good Prince gave a commission to Lord Willbewill and others, yes, to the whole city of Mansoul, to seek, secure, and destroy any or all they could lay their hands on, for they were followers of Diabolus by nature, enemies of the Prince, and intent on seeking to ruin the blessed city of Mansoul. But the city of Mansoul did not pursue this warrant, and neglected to arrest and secure and destroy these followers of Diabolus. So what do these villains do but, gradually take courage to put out their heads and show themselves to the inhabitants of the city. Yes; and as I was told, some of the men of Mansoul grew too familiar with them to the sorrow of the corporation, as you will hear in due time and place.

Well, when the diabolonian Lords who were left saw that Mansoul had, through sinning, offended Emmanuel their Prince, and that he had withdrawn and gone away, what did they do? They plotted the ruin of the city of Mansoul. So, they met together at the stronghold of Mr. Mischief who was also a follower of Diabolus, and there they plotted how to deliver Mansoul into the hands of Diabolus again. Now, some advised one way, and some another, each according to his liking. At last, Lord Lasciviousness proposed whether it might not be for the best for some of those who were the followers of Diabolus in Mansoul to offer themselves as servants to some of the natives of the city; 'for', he said, 'if they do, and Mansoul accepts them, they will make it easier for Diabolus our Lord, and us, to take the city of Mansoul than otherwise it might be.'

But then there stood up Lord Murder, saying, 'This may not be done at this time; for Mansoul is now in a kind of rage because through our friend Mr. Carnal-Security she has already been ensnared, and made to offend her Prince. How can she reconcile herself to her Lord again but by the hands of these men? Besides, we know that they have a commission to take and slay us wherever they find us. Let us therefore be as wise as foxes; for when we are dead, we can do them no harm; but while we live, we may.' Thus, when they had tossed the matter back and forth, they jointly agreed that a letter should be sent speedily to Diabolus in their name, in which the state of the city of Mansoul should be described to him, and how much it is under the displeasure of their Prince. 'We may also', said some, 'tell him our intentions, and ask him his advice in this matter.'

So a letter was drawn up, the contents of which were these:

'To our great Lord, prince Diabolus, dwelling below in the infernal cave.

'Great father and mighty prince Diabolus, we, your true followers still remaining in the rebellious city of Mansoul, having received our being from you, and our nourishment at your hands, cannot, with content and quiet, endure to behold, as we do this day, how you are condemned, disgraced, and reproached among the inhabitants of this city; nor is your long absence at all delightful to us because it is greatly to our detriment.

'The reason for our writing to our Lord is that we are not altogether without hope that this city may become your dwelling place again; for it has greatly fallen away from its Prince Emmanuel; and he has decamped and departed from them. Yes; and though

they send, and send, and send, and send after him to return to them, yet they cannot prevail, nor get a good word from him.

‘There has also been of late, and still is, a very great sickness and fainting among them, not only among the poorer sort of the city, but among the Lords, captains, and chief nobles of the place (we only who are diabolonian by nature remain well, vigorous, and strong), so that through their great transgression on the one hand, and their dangerous sickness on the other, we judge that they lie wide open to your hand and power. If, therefore, it stands with your marvellous cunning, and with the cunning of the rest of the princes with you, to come and make an attempt on Mansoul again, send us word, and we, to our utmost power, will be ready to deliver it into your hands. Or, if what we have said shall not, by our fatherhood, be thought the best thing to do, send us your mind in a few words and we are all ready to follow your counsel, even risk our lives, and whatever else we have.

‘Given under our hands the day and date written above, after a close consultation at the house of Mr. Mischief who is still alive and has his place in our desirable city of Mansoul.’

When Mr. Profane (for he was the carrier) came with this letter to Hell-Gate Hill, he knocked at the bronze gates for entrance. Then Cerberus, the porter, the keeper of that gate, opened to Mr. Profane who was given the letter that had been brought from the followers of Diabolus in Mansoul. So he carried it in, and presented it to Diabolus his Lord, and said, ‘Greetings, my Lord, from Mansoul, from our trusted friends in Mansoul.’

Then there came together from all places of the deep, Beelzebub, Lucifer, Apollyon, with the rest of the rabble there, to hear the news from Mansoul. So the letter was opened, and read, and Cerberus stood by. When the letter was read and the contents known in all corners of the den, an order was given that, without delay or hindrance, the dead man’s bell should be rung for joy. So the bell was rung, and the princes rejoiced that Mansoul was so near ruin again. Now, the clapper of the bell rang out, ‘The city of Mansoul is coming to dwell with us. Make room for the city of Mansoul.’ This bell was rung because they hoped they would have Mansoul again soon.

Now, when they had performed this horrible ceremony, they got together again to see what answer they should send to their friends in Mansoul. Some advised one thing, and some another; but at length, because the business required haste, they left the whole business to prince Diabolus, judging him the most proper Lord of the place. So he drew up a letter as he felt fit in answer to what Mr. Profane had brought, and sent it to his followers who dwelt in Mansoul by the same hand that had brought their letter to him; and these were its contents:

‘To our offspring, my high and mighty followers who still dwell in the city of Mansoul, Diabolus, the great prince of Mansoul, wishes you a prosperous conclusion to those many brave enterprises, conspiracies, and designs, that you, because of your love and respect to our honour, have in your hearts attempt to put into action against Mansoul.

‘Beloved children and disciples, Lord Fornication, Lord Adultery, and the rest, we have here, in our desolate den, received, to our great joy and happiness, your welcome letter by the hand of our trusted Mr. Profane; and to show how acceptable your news was, we rang out our bell for gladness, for we rejoiced as much as we could when we saw that we still have friends in Mansoul who, for our honour, desire the ruination of the city of Mansoul. We also rejoiced to hear that they have fallen into a degenerate condition, and that they have offended their Prince, who has left them. Their sickness also pleases us, as does your health and strength. Glad also

are we, right horribly beloved, to get this city into our clutches again. Nor will we be sparing in spending our wit, our cunning, our craft, and our hellish inventions in bringing to a desired conclusion this your brave beginning.

‘And take this for your comfort (our birth and our offspring), that should we again surprise her and take her, 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, if ever we get hold of it again, that after that, we will be cast out any more; for we will come with more strength, and so hold it faster than we did at first. Besides, it is the law of that Prince they now own that, if we get them a second time, they will be ours for ever. (Matthew 12:43-45)

‘So, our trusted followers, you pry into, and endeavour to spy out the weakness of the city of Mansoul. We want you to try to weaken them more and more. Send us word also of the means by which you think we had best attempt to recapture the city; namely, whether by persuading them to live a vain and loose life; or, whether by tempting them to doubt and despair; or, whether by blowing up the city with the gunpowder of pride and self-conceit. You brave followers, and true sons of the pit, always be ready to make a most hideous assault within, when we are ready to storm it without! Now speed you in your project, and we in our desires, to the utmost power of our gates, which is the desire of your great Diabolus, Mansoul’s enemy, and him who trembles when he thinks of the judgement to come. All the blessings of the pit be upon you, as we close our letter.

‘Written at the pit’s mouth, by the joint consent of all the princes of darkness, to be sent to the force and power that we have yet remaining in Mansoul, by the hand of Mr. Profane, by me, Diabolus.’

This project was no sooner proposed but was as quickly accepted, and eager were all followers of Diabolus now to engage in so great an enterprise. But it was not thought right that all should do it; so they pitched upon two or three, namely, Lord Covetousness, Lord Lasciviousness, and Lord Anger. Lord Covetousness called himself by the name of Prudent-Thrifty; Lord Lasciviousness called himself by the name of Harmless-Mirth; and Lord Anger called himself by the name of Good-Zeal.

On a certain market-day, there came into the market-place three lusty fellows clothed in sheep’s wool, which was also, in a way, as white as the white robes of the men of Mansoul. Now the men could speak the language of Mansoul well. So when they came into the market-place, and offered their services to the citizens, they were quickly taken up; for they asked little in the way of wages, and promised to do their masters great service.

Mr. Mind hired Prudent-Thrifty, and Mr. Godly-Fear hired Good-Zeal. True, this fellow Harmless-Mirth seemed not too strong, and could not easily get a master as the others did. The city of Mansoul was now in Lent; but after a while, because Lent was almost finished, Lord Willbewill hired Harmless-Mirth to be both his man-in-waiting and his lackey: and so they all got masters.

These villains, now having got this far into the houses of the men of Mansoul, quickly began to make great mischief there; for, being filthy-minded, proud, and sly, they quickly corrupted the families where they were. Indeed, they tainted their masters first, especially this Prudent-Thrifty and the one called Harmless-Mirth. True, he went under the mask of Good-Zeal, but he was soon disliked by his master who quickly found out that he was a scoundrel. When the fellow found out, he made good his escape from the house or I have no doubt that his master would have hanged him.

Well, when these scoundrels had furthered their design, and had corrupted as much of the city as they could, next, they considered at what time their prince Diabolus from without, and themselves from within, the city, should make an attempt to seize Mansoul. They all agreed on this, that a market-day would be best for that work. And why? For at that time the citizens would be about their business; and always take this for a rule: When people are busiest in the world, they least fear a surprise. 'We then', they concluded, 'will be able with the least suspicion to gather our strength for the work of our friends and Lords. Yes; and on such a day when we proceed with our plan, if we come unstuck, we may find it easy to hide ourselves in the crowd and so escape.

These things being so far agreed, they wrote another letter to Diabolus, and sent it by the hand of Mr. Profane. Its contents ran as follows:

'The Lords of Looseness send to the great and high Diabolus from our dens, caves, holes, and strongholds, in and near the wall of the city of Mansoul, our greetings.

'Our great Lord, and the nourisher of our lives, Diabolus — how glad we were when we heard of your fatherhood's readiness to comply with us, and help forward our plan in our attempt to ruin Mansoul. No one knows of our plan except those like us who set themselves against all appearance of good, when and where we find it. (Romans 7:22; Galatians 5:17)

'Concerning the encouragement that your greatness is pleased to give us to continue to devise, contrive, and study the utter desolation of Mansoul, know right well that it cannot but be pleasing and profitable to us to see our enemies, who seek our lives, die at our feet, or fly before us. Therefore, we are still trying, and that to the best of our ability, to make this work easy to your Lordships, and to us.

'First, we considered that most hellishly cunning, compacted, threefold project that was proposed by you to us in your last letter, and have decided, that to blow them up with the gunpowder of pride would be good, and to do it by tempting them to be loose and vain is a good plan. Yet to bring them into the gulf of despair, we have decided, is the best plan of all. Now we, who are at your beck and call, have thought of two ways to do this. First of all, we, on our part, will make them as vile as we can, and then you with us, at an appointed, will be ready to fall upon them with the utmost force. And of all the nations that are ready for your signal, we think that an army of Doubters would be the most likely to attack and overcome the city of Mansoul. That is how we will overcome these enemies when the pit will open its mouth for them, and desperation will cast them down into it. We have also, to bring this about, sent three of our trusted diabolonian agents among them. They have disguised themselves, and have changed their names. Their true names are Covetousness, Lasciviousness, and Anger. The name of Covetousness has been changed to Prudent-Thrifty; and Mr. Mind has hired him, and has almost become as bad as his servant. Lasciviousness has changed his name to Harmless-Mirth, and he has a situation as Lord Willbewill's lackey; and he has made his master very careless. Anger has changed his name to Good-Zeal, and was engaged by Mr. Godly-Fear. But the peevish old gentleman threw pepper up his nose and turned our friend out of his house. Indeed, he has informed us since that, if he had not run away from him, his old master would have hanged him for his labour.

'Now these three have greatly helped in forwarding our work and plan in Mansoul; for despite the anger and quarrelsome temper of the old gentleman last mentioned, the other two are doing well, and are likely to bring their work to completion before long.

'Our next project is, that you come to the city on a market-day; and that when they are absorbed in their business that will be the best time for you to make an assault on them. They will also, at such a time, be less able to defend themselves against you in the prosecution of our plan. And we your trusted (and we are sure, your beloved) ones will, when you make your furious assault from outside the city, be ready to support the attack from inside the city. So, no doubt, we will be successful in putting Mansoul to utter confusion, and swallowing them up before they can collect their wits. If your serpentine heads, most subtle dragon and our highly esteemed Lords, can think of a better way than this, let us quickly know your minds.

'To the monsters of the infernal cave, from the house of Mr. Mischief in Mansoul, by the hand of Mr. Profane.'

## CHAPTER 12

Now, all the time the raging renegades and hellish followers of Diabolus were plotting the downfall of the city of Mansoul, she was in a sad and woeful state; partly, because she had so grievously offended Shaddai and his Son, and partly because her enemies had gathered strength as she declined. Also, although they had sent many petitions to Prince Emmanuel and his Father Shaddai for their pardon and favour, they had not received up till then one smile, but on the contrary, through the craft and subtlety of the domestic followers of Diabolus, their cloud grew blacker and blacker, and their Emmanuel stood further and further off.

Sickness was still raging in Mansoul, both among the captains and the inhabitants of the city; and only their enemies were lively and strong and likely to become the head while Mansoul became the tail.

By this time, the letter last mentioned, written by the followers of Diabolus who still lurked in the city of Mansoul, was brought to Diabolus in the black den by the hand of Mr. Profane. He carried the letter to Hell-Gate Hill as he had before, and conveyed it by Cerberus to his Lord.

When Cerberus and Mr. Profane met, Cerberus was hungry for news; and they fell into a discussion about Mansoul, and about the plan against her.

'Ah! old friend', said Cerberus, 'have you come to Hell-Gate Hill again? By St. Mary, I am glad to see you!'

'Yes, my Lord', replied Profane, 'I have come again about the concerns of the city of Mansoul.'

'Pray, tell me what condition that city of Mansoul is in at present?' asked Cerberus.

'I believe in a fair condition for us, my Lord', replied Profane, 'and for my Lords, the Lords of this place; for they have greatly declined as to godliness, and that is as well as our heart could wish. Their Lord is greatly put out by them, and that pleases us greatly. We already have a finger in their dish, for our friends are in their bosoms, and all we lack is to be masters of the place. Besides, our trusted friends in Mansoul are daily plotting to betray her to the Lords of this place; and a sickness rages bitterly among them. All these things we hope will prevail at the last.'

Then said the dog of Hell-Gate, 'There is no time like this for attacking them. I wish to follow the enterprise closely and soon hear of its success. Yes; I wish it for the sake of the poor followers of Diabolus who live in continual fear of their lives in that treacherous city of Mansoul.'

'The plan is almost complete', said Profane. 'The Lords in Mansoul who are true followers are at it day and night, and the Lords of Mansoul flutter like silly doves, losing heart in their state, and thinking that ruin lies at hand. Besides, you may — indeed you must — think, all things considered, that there are many reasons why Diabolus should make what haste he can.'

'You have told it as it is; I am glad things are as they are' said Cerberus. 'Go in, my brave Profane, to my Lords. They will give as a welcome as good a lively dance as the whole of this kingdom can afford. I have sent your letter in already.'

Then Mr. Profane went into the den and Lord Diabolus met him, and greeted him with, 'Welcome, my trusted servant! I have been made glad by your letter.' The rest of the Lords of the pit also gave him greetings. Then Profane, after bowing to them all, said, 'Let Mansoul be given to my Lord Diabolus, and let him be her king for ever.' And with that, the hollow belly and yawning pit of hell gave so loud and hideous a groan (for such is the music of that place) that it made the mountains round about totter as if they would fall in pieces.

Now, after they had read and considered the letter, they decided what answer to return; and the first to speak up was Lucifer.

Then he said, 'The first project of the followers of Diabolus in Mansoul is likely to strike lucky, and to stand; namely, that they will, by all ways and means, make Mansoul yet more vile and filthy. There is no way to destroy a soul like that. Our old friend Balaam went this way and prospered many years ago (Numbers 30:16; Revelation 2:14); let this therefore be a proverb for us, and to the followers of Diabolus a general rule in all ages. For nothing can make this fail except grace, in which I hope this city has no share. Now, whether to fall on them on a market-day, because of their business dealings, that is under debate. And there is another reason why this point should be debated first because upon this turns the whole of what we shall attempt. If we do not time our business well, the whole project may fail. Our friends in Mansoul say that a market-day is best; for then will Mansoul be busiest and have the least idea of a surprise attack. But what if they should double their guards on those days (as reason should teach them to do)? And what if they should keep up a watch on those days? Yes; what if their men should carry arms on those days? Then, my Lords, you may be disappointed in your attempt and bring our friends in the city into danger and utter ruin.'

Then said the great Beelzebub, 'There is something in what my Lord has said; but his conjecture may, or may not, come to pass. Nor has my Lord described when we should stand down; for I know that what he said was only to provoke a warm debate. Therefore, we must understand, if we can, whether the city of Mansoul has such sense and knowledge of her decayed state, and of the plot we have set in hand against her, as to cause her to set a watch and guard on her gates, and to double them on market-days. But if, after inquiry is made, it is found that they are asleep, then any day will do, but a market-day is best. That is my judgement of the case.'

Then Diabolus asked, 'How shall we know this?' And someone said, 'Ask Mr. Profane.' So Profane was called in, and asked the question, and this is the answer he made:

'My Lords, so far as I can gather, this is the present condition of the city of Mansoul. They have declined in their faith and love. Emmanuel, their Prince, has shown them his back. They send often by petition to fetch him back, but he is slow to answer their request, nor is there much reformation among them.'

'I am glad that they are backward in reformation', said Diabolus, 'but I am afraid of their petitioning. However, their looseness of life is a sign that there is not much heart in what they do, and without the heart things are of little worth. But go on, my masters; I will divert you, my Lords, no longer.'

Then said Beelzebub, 'If this is the case with Mansoul, as Mr. Profane has described it, it will not matter which day we attack it; neither their prayers, nor their power, will do them much good.'

When Beelzebub had finished his speech, Apollyon began his. 'My opinion', said he,



'concerning this matter is, that we go on fairly and softly, not doing things in a hurry. Let our friends in Mansoul go on polluting and defiling by seeking to draw her into yet more sin (for there is nothing like sin to destroy Mansoul). If this is done, and it takes effect, Mansoul will leave off her watch, her petitions, or anything else that leads to her security and safety; for she will forget her Emmanuel. She will not desire his company, and when she gets to that point, her Prince will not come to her in haste. Our trusted friend, Mr. Carnal-Security, with one of his tricks, drove him out of the city; so why not Lord Covetousness and Lord Lasciviousness in what they do keep him out of the city? And this I will tell you (not because you do not know it), that two or three followers of Diabolus, if entertained and befriended by the city of Mansoul, will do more to keep Emmanuel from them, and make the city of Mansoul your own, than an army of a legion sent out from us to withstand him.

'So let this first project that our friends in Mansoul have set in motion be strongly and diligently carried on with all cunning and craft imaginable. And let them send continually, under one disguise or another, more and more of their men to toy with the people of Mansoul. Then, perhaps, we shall not need to make war upon them; or, if that is a necessity, the more sinful they become, the more unable they will be to resist us, and then the more easily we will overcome them. Besides, suppose (and here is the worst that can be supposed) that Emmanuel should return to them, will not the same means, or the like, drive him from them once more? Yes; may he not, by their lapse into sin again, be driven from them for ever, as he was at first for a season? And if this should happen, then away go with him his rams, his slings, his captains, his soldiers, leaving Mansoul naked and bare. Yes; will not this city, when she sees herself utterly forsaken by her Prince, of her own accord, open her gates again to you and make you king as in the days of old? But this must be done in time; a few days will not bring about so great a work as this.'

As soon as Apollyon had finished speaking, Diabolus began to express his own malice, and to plead his own cause. He said, 'My Lords, and powers of the cave, my true and trusted friends, I have with much impatience, as becomes me, given ear to your long and tedious speeches. But my furious appetite, and empty stomach so longs to re-possess my famous city of Mansoul that whatever comes out, I can wait no longer to see the outcome of these lingering projects. I must, and that without further delay, seek by all means I can to fill my insatiable void with the souls and bodies of the city of Mansoul. Therefore, lend me your heads, your hearts, and your help, now I am going to recover my city of Mansoul.'

When the Lords and princes of the pit saw the flaming desire that was in Diabolus to devour the miserable city of Mansoul, they refrained from raising any more objections but consented to lend him what strength they could, though if Apollyon's advice had been taken, they would far more have fearfully distressed the city of Mansoul. But, I say, they were willing to lend him what strength they could not knowing what need they might have of him when they should engage for themselves. Therefore, they fell to discussing the next item, namely, what soldiers they were, and also how many Diabolus should go with to take the city of Mansoul. After some debate, it was concluded, as the followers of Diabolus had suggested in their letter, that none were more fit for an expedition than an army of Doubters. They decided, then, to send against Mansoul an army of sturdy Doubters. The number thought suitable to be employed in that service was between twenty and thirty thousand. So the result of that great council of the high and mighty Lords was this: Diabolus should even now, out of hand, beat his drum for recruits in the land of Doubting which was not far from the place called Hell-Gate Hill, against the miserable city of Mansoul. It was also concluded that these Lords themselves should help him in the war, and that they should lead his men. So they drew up a letter to send back to the followers of Diabolus who were lurking in Mansoul, and who were waiting for the return of Mr. Profane. This letter told them what method and actions they had approved. The

contents were as follows:

'From the dark and horrible dungeon of hell, Diabolus, with all the society of the princes of darkness, sends to our trusted ones in and around the walls of the city of Mansoul now impatiently waiting for our most devilish answer to their venomous and most poisonous plan against the city of Mansoul.

'Our native ones, in whom from day to day we boast, and in whose actions we greatly delight all the year long, we received your welcome and highly esteemed letter by the hand of our trusted and greatly beloved, the old gentleman, Mr. Profane, and give you to understand that when we opened it and read its contents — you remember our yawning, hollow-bellied place where we are — well, it made so hideous and yelling noise for joy that the mountains that stand round about Hell-Gate Hill were nearly shaken to pieces at the its sound.

'We could also do no less than admire your faithfulness to us, with the greatness of that subtlety that has now shown itself to be in your heads to serve us against the city of Mansoul. For you have invented for us so excellent a method to proceed against that rebellious people, a more effective plan could not be thought of by all the clever wits of hell. The proposals, therefore, which now at last you have sent us, since we saw them, we have done little else but highly approve and admire them.

'No; we shall, to encourage you in the profundity of your craft, let you know that, at a full assembly and conclave of our princes and principalities of this place, your project was discussed and tossed from one side of our cave to the other by their mightinesses; but a better, and as was by themselves judged, a more fit and proper way by all their wits, could not be invented to surprise, take, and make our own, the rebellious city of Mansoul.

'Therefore, in summary, all that was said that varied from what you wrote in your letter fell to the ground, and your advice only was accepted by Diabolus, the prince. Yes; his gaping throat and yawning stomach were set on fire to put your plan into execution.

'We, therefore, give you to understand that our brave, furious, and unmerciful Diabolus is raising, for your relief, and the ruin of the rebellious city of Mansoul, more than twenty thousand Doubters to come against the people. They are all brave and sturdy men, and men who of old have been accustomed to war and who can well endure the drum. I say, he is doing this work of his with all possible speed; for his heart and spirit is in it. We desire, therefore, that, as you have stuck to us, and given us both advice and encouragement thus far, you will prosecute our design; nor will you lose, but be gainers by it. Yes; we intend to make you the Lords of Mansoul.

'One thing more may not by any means be omitted, that is, that those with us desire that every one of you who are in Mansoul would still use all your power, cunning, and skill, with delusive persuasions, to draw the city of Mansoul into more sin and wickedness, that sin may be completed and bring forth death.(James 1:14-15)

'Thus it is concluded by us that the more vile, sinful, and corrupted the city of Mansoul is, the more backward will be their Emmanuel to come to their aid, either by presence or other relief. Yes; the more sinful, the more weak, and so the more unable will they be to offer any resistance when we make our attack on them to swallow them up. Yes; that will cause their mighty Shaddai himself to cast them out from under his protection; yes, and send his captains and soldiers home with their slings and rams, leaving them naked and bare. And then the city of Mansoul will be

open to us of its own accord, and fall like a fig into the mouth of the eater. (Nahum 3:12) Yes; to be sure that we, with a great deal of ease, will come to her and overcome her.

‘As to the time of our coming to Mansoul, we, as yet, have not fully made up our minds about that, though at present some of us think as you do, that a market-day, or a market-day at night, would certainly be the best time. However, be ready, and when you hear our roaring drums without (1 Peter 5:8), be as busy to cause the most horrible confusion within. So Mansoul shall certainly be distressed on all sides, and not know which way to look for help. Lord Lucifer, Lord Beelzebub, Lord Apollyon, and Lord Legion, with the rest, greet you, as also does Lord Diabolus; and we wish you, with all that you do, the very self-same fruit and success as we ourselves at present enjoy for ours.

‘From our dreadful confines in the most fearful pit, we salute you, and so do the many legions here with us, wishing you may be as hellishly prosperous as we desire to be ourselves. By the letter-carrier, Mr. Profane.’

Then Mr. Profane prepared himself for his return to Mansoul with his errand from the horrible pit to the followers of Diabolus who dwelt in that city. So he came up the stairs from the depths to the mouth of the cave where Cerberus was. Now, when Cerberus saw him, he asked how matters went below, and about and against the city of Mansoul.

‘Things go as well as we can expect’, replied Profane. ‘The letter I carried here was highly approved and well-liked by all my Lords, and I am returning to tell our fellow followers so. I have an answer to it here in my breast that I am sure will make the masters who sent me glad; for its contents are to encourage them to pursue their plan to the utmost, and to be ready also to fall on them within when they see my Lord Diabolus besieging the city of Mansoul from without.’

‘But does he intend to go against them himself?’ asked Cerberus.

‘Does he? Yes!’ replied Profane. ‘And he will take along with him more than twenty thousand, all sturdy Doubters and men of war, picked men from the land of Doubting, to serve him in the expedition.’

Then Cerberus was glad, and said, ‘And are there such brave preparations in hand against the miserable city of Mansoul? Would that I might be put at the head of a thousand of them that I might also show my valour against the famous city of Mansoul!’

‘Your wish may come to pass’, said Profane. ‘You look like one who has strength enough, and my Lord will have with him those who are valiant and brave. But my business requires haste.’

‘Yes; so it does’, replied Cerberus. ‘Speed to the city of Mansoul with all the deepest mischiefs that this place can afford you. And when you come to the house of Mr. Mischief, the place where the followers of Diabolus meet to plot, tell them that Cerberus offered them his service, and that if he may, he will come up with the army against the famous city of Mansoul.’

‘That I will do’, said Profane. ‘And I know that my Lords who are there will be glad to hear it and to see you also.’

So after a few more compliments of the same kind, Mr. Profane took his leave of his friend Cerberus; and Cerberus again, with a thousand of their pit-wishes, bade him all

speed to his masters. When he heard this, he bowed, and began to gather up his heels to run.

Then he returned, and went and came to Mansoul; and going, as before, to the house of Mr. Mischief, he found the followers of Diabolus assembled, and awaiting his return. Now, when he arrived, and presented himself, he also delivered to them his letter, and added his compliment to them in this way: 'My Lords, from the confines of the pit, the high and mighty principalities and powers of the den greet you here, the true followers of Diabolus of the city of Mansoul. Wishing you always the most proper of their benedictions for the great service, high attempts, and brave achievements that you have displayed, for the restoring to our prince Diabolus the famous city of Mansoul.'

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

True, the city of Mansoul was somewhat sensible of her sin, but the followers of Diabolus were working on the inside. She cried, but Emmanuel was gone, and her pleas had not fetched him back so far. Besides, she did not know whether, ever or never, he would return to his Mansoul again; nor did she know the power and energy of the enemy, nor how forward they were in putting into execution that plot of hell they had devised against her.

They did, indeed, still send petition after petition to the Prince, but he answered them all with silence. They were neglecting reformation, and that was how Diabolus would have it; for he knew that if they regarded iniquity in their heart their King would not hear their prayers.

They grew weaker and weaker, and were like something rolling in the whirlwind. They cried to their King for help, yet at the same time received the followers of Diabolus into their bosoms. What was the King to do with them? Yes; there seemed now to be a mixture in the city of diabolonians and mansoulions walking the streets together. Yes; they looked for peace; for they thought that, since the sickness had been so severe in Mansoul, it was in vain to grapple with new enemies. Besides, the weakness of Mansoul was the strength of their enemies; and the sins of Mansoul an advantage to the followers of Diabolus. The foes of Mansoul also began to promise themselves the city as a possession. There was no great difference now between mansoulions and diabolonians; both seemed to be the masters of Mansoul. Yes; the followers of Diabolus increased and grew, but the city of Mansoul declined greatly. There were more than eleven thousand men, women, and children, who died by the sickness in Mansoul.

Now, as Shaddai would have it, there was a man whose name was Mr. Spywell, a great lover of the people of Mansoul. It was his custom to go listening up and down in Mansoul to see and hear if, at any time, any mischief was being hatched against it or not. He was always a zealous man, fearing that some harm would come to her either from the followers of Diabolus within, or some power without. Now, once upon a time, it so happened that as Mr. Spywell was listening here and there, he came to a place in Mansoul called Vile Hill where the followers of Diabolus used to meet. On hearing a muttering (you must know that it was during the night), he quietly drew near to listen. Neither had he stood long under the house-end (for there was a house standing there), than he heard someone confidently affirm that it would not be long before Diabolus would come into possession of Mansoul again, and that the followers of Diabolus intended to put all mansoulions to the sword, and kill and destroy the King's captains, and drive all his soldiers out of the city. He said, moreover, that he knew there were over twenty-thousand fighting men prepared by Diabolus to accomplish this aim, and that it would not be many

months before they all saw it.

When Mr. Spywell heard this story, he was quickly convinced it was true; so he went speedily to the Lord Mayor's house, and there acquainted him with the facts. The Lord Mayor sent for the second preacher and told him what had happened. The preacher soon gave the alarm to the city, for he was now the chief preacher in Mansoul, taking the place of the Lord Secretary who was out of sorts. And this was the way the second preacher raised the alarm in the city. That same hour, he caused the lecture-bell to be rung so that the people should come together. He then gave them a short exhortation on watchfulness, making Mr. Spywell's news his chief argument. 'For', said he, 'a horrible plot has been hatched against Mansoul, even to massacre us all in a day. Neither is this story to be passed over, for Mr. Spywell is the source of it.'

Mr. Spywell was always a lover of Mansoul, a sober and careful man, no tattler, nor a raiser of false reports, but one who loves to look into the very bottom of matters, and talks nothing of news unless supported by very solid evidence. I will call him and you shall hear him yourselves.'

So he called him, and he came and told his tale precisely, and affirmed its truth based on ample grounds. This had the effect that Mansoul soon fell under the conviction that he was speaking the truth. The preacher also backed him up, saying, 'Sirs, it is not unreasonable for us to believe it, for we have provoked Shaddai to anger and have sinned Emmanuel out of the city. We have had too much to do with the followers of Diabolus, and have forsaken our former mercies. It should not surprise us, then, if the enemy both within and without should plot and plan our ruin. And what better time than this to do it? The sickness is now raging in the city, and we have been weakened by it. Many a good man is dead, and the followers of Diabolus have lately grown stronger and stronger.'

'Besides', said the second preacher, 'I have received from this good truth-teller one further clue: that he understood from those he overheard that several letters have recently passed between the furies and the followers of Diabolus ordering our destruction.' When Mansoul heard all this, and not being able to dispute it, she lifted up her voice and wept. Mr. Spywell also, in the presence of the citizens, confirmed all that their second preacher had said. Therefore, they now began again to bewail their folly and to double their petitions to Shaddai and his Son. They also broke the news to the captains, high commanders, and men of war in the city of Mansoul, begging them to use means to be strong, and to take good courage; and that they should prepare their equipment and make themselves ready to give Diabolus battle by night and by day should he come, as they were informed he would, to besiege the city of Mansoul.

When the captains heard this, being true lovers of the city of Mansoul, what did they do but, like so many Samsons, they shook themselves, and came together to consult and decide how to defeat those bold and hellish plans on the stocks by Diabolus and his friends against the now sickly, weakened, and much impoverished city of Mansoul. They agreed on the following:

1. That the gates of Mansoul should be kept shut and made secure with bars and locks (1 Corinthians 16:13), and that all persons coming in and going out should be very strictly examined by the captains of the guards, 'to the end', they said, 'that those who are the managers of the plot amongst us might be caught; and we will also find out who are the plotters among us for our ruin.' (Lamentations 3:40)
2. The next thing was, that a strict search should be made for all kind of diabolonians throughout the length and breadth of Mansoul; and that every house should be searched from top to bottom with a view to further apprehending those

who have a hand in the plot. (Hebrews 12:15-16)

**3.** It was also decided that wherever or with whoever any of the followers of Diabolus were found, even those in the city of Mansoul that had given them house and shelter, should, to their shame, be made a warning to others, and be forced to do penance in a public place.

**4.** It was also decided by the famous city of Mansoul that a public fast and a day of humiliation should be observed throughout the whole city, when their Prince should be justified, and they should abase themselves for their transgressions against him and against Shaddai his Father. (Joel 1:14; 2:15-16) It was further resolved that all such in Mansoul who did not on that day endeavour to keep the fast, and to humble themselves for their sins, but were found going about their daily employment, or found wandering up and down the streets, should be taken to be a follower of Diabolus, and should suffer as those followers for their wicked deeds.

**5.** It was further concluded that with what speed and with what warmth of mind they could muster, that they would renew their humiliation for sin and their petitions to Shaddai for help. They also decided to send news to the court of all that Mr. Spywell had told them.

**6.** It was also determined on behalf of the city of Mansoul to thank Mr. Spywell for his diligent seeking of the welfare of their city; and further, that forasmuch as he was naturally inclined to seek their good, and also to undermine their foes, they gave him the commission of scoutmaster-general for the good of the city of Mansoul.

When the citizens, with their captains, had finished their deliberations, they did as they said: they shut their gates and began strict searches for the followers of Diabolus. Anyone with whom they had associated, they required penance in a public place. They kept their fast, and renewed their petitions to their Prince. Mr. Spywell accepted his commission and the trust that Mansoul put in his hands with great conscience and faithfulness; for he gave himself completely to his task, and not only within the city, but he went outside to spy as well.

## CHAPTER 13

Not many days after, Spywell prepared for a journey, and went towards Hell-Gate Hill into the country where the Doubters were. There he heard of all that was spoken about in Mansoul, and he also saw that Diabolus was almost ready to march. So he came back with speed, and, calling the captains and elders of Mansoul together, told them where he had been, what he had heard, and what he had seen. Particularly, he told them that Diabolus was almost ready to march, and that he had made old Mr. Incredulity, who once broke out of prison in Mansoul, the general of his army; that his army consisted entirely of Doubters, and that their number was over twenty-thousand. Moreover, he told them that Diabolus intended to bring with him the chief princes of the infernal pit and that he would make them captains over his Doubters. He told them also that it was certainly true that several from the black den would ride with Diabolus to reduce the city of Mansoul to obedience to Diabolus their prince.

He also added that he understood that the reason why old Incredulity had been made general of the whole army of the Doubters, among whom he had been, was because there was none truer than he to the tyrant, and because he had an unwavering malice towards the welfare of the city of Mansoul. 'Besides', said he, 'he remembers the insults that Mansoul offered him, and is resolved to be avenged on them. But the black princes will be the high commanders. Only Incredulity will be over them all because (and I almost forgot) he can more easily move among those with whom he has dealings, and shrewdly lay siege to the city of Mansoul, more than any of the princes.'

Now, when the captains of Mansoul, with the elders of the city, heard the news that Mr. Spywell had brought back, they thought it desirable, without further delay, to put into execution the laws their Prince had made for them against the followers of Diabolus, and given as commands in order to overcome them. So a careful and painstaking search was made in all the houses in Mansoul for all manner of diabolonians. Now, in the house of Mr. Mind, and in the house of the great Lord Willbewill, two of them were found. In Mr. Mind's house, Lord Covetousness was discovered; but he had changed his name to Prudent-Thrifty. In Lord Willbewill's house, Lasciviousness was found; but he had changed his name to Harmless-Mirth. These two the captains and elders of the city of Mansoul took into custody and handed over to Mr. True-Man the gaoler; and this man treated them so severely, and clapped them so securely in irons, that in time both fell into a very deep fever and died in prison. Their masters, according to the agreement with the captains and elders, were brought out to do penance in a public place, to their shame, and as a warning to the rest of the city of Mansoul.

Now, this was how penance was done in those days. Persons offending, admitting the evil they had done, were prompted to make an open confession of their sins, and promise a strict improvement in their lives.

After this, the captains and elders of Mansoul sought out yet more of the enemy wherever they lurked, whether in dens, caves, holes, vaults, or wherever else they might find, in or near the wall of the city of Mansoul. But although their footsteps could be clearly seen, and whose track and smell led to their strongholds, even to the mouths of their caves and dens, yet they could not take them, hold them, and enforce justice on them because their ways were so devious, and their strongholds so fortified, and they were very quick to find sanctuary there.

Mansoul now had so strict a hand in ruling over the followers of Diabolus who were left that they were glad to shrink back into their corners. The time was when they walked

openly in the daytime; but now they were forced to act secretly during the night. The time was when the citizens of Mansoul were treated as friends; but now they counted them as deadly enemies. This excellent change came about as a result of Mr. Spynwell's intelligence on behalf of the famous city of Mansoul.

By this time, Diabolus had finished raising his army which he intended to bring with him for the ruin of Mansoul, and had set over them captains and other field officers, whatever suited his furious stomach best. He himself was the foremost Lord, Incredulity was general of his army, and their chief captains I will name later. But now for their officers, colours, and escutcheons:

1. Their first captain was Captain Rage who was captain over the Election Doubters. His were the red colours; his standard-bearer was Mr. Destructive, and his escutcheon was the great red dragon. (Revelation 12:3-4, 13-17)
2. The second captain was Captain Fury who was captain over the Vocation Doubters. His standard-bearer was Mr. Darkness, and his colours were very pale. His escutcheon was the fiery flying serpent. (Numbers 21:6)
3. The third captain was Captain Damnation who was captain over the Grace Doubters. His were the red colours; Mr. No-Life bore them, and his escutcheon was the black den. (Matthew 22:13; Revelation 9:1)
4. The fourth captain was Captain Insatiable who was captain over the Faith Doubters. His were the red colours; Mr. Devourer bore them, and his escutcheon was the yawning jaws. (Proverbs 27:20)
5. The fifth captain was Captain Brimstone who was captain over the Perseverance Doubters. His also were the red colours; Mr. Burning bore them, and his escutcheon was the blue and stinking flame. (Revelation 14:11)
6. The sixth captain was Captain Torment who was captain over the Resurrection Doubters. His colours were also very pale; Mr. Gnaw was his standard-bearer, and his escutcheon was the black worm. (Mark 9:44, 46, 48)
7. The seventh captain was Captain No-Ease who was captain over the Salvation Doubters. His were the red colours; Mr. Restless bore them, and his escutcheon was the ghastly picture of death. (Revelation 6:8; 14:11)
8. The eighth captain was Captain Sepulchre who was captain over the Glory Doubters. His also were the pale colours; Mr. Corruption was his standard-bearer, and his escutcheon was a skull and dead men's bones. (Jeremiah 5:16)
9. The ninth captain was Captain Past-Hope who was captain of those who are called the Happiness Doubters. His standard-bearer was Mr. Despair; his also were the red colours, and his escutcheon was a hot iron and a hard heart. (1 Timothy 4:2; Romans 2:5)

These were his captains, these were their forces, these were their standards, these were their colours, and these were their escutcheons.

Now, over these, the great Diabolus appointed superior captains, and they were seven in number, namely: Lord Beelzebub, Lord Lucifer, Lord Legion, Lord Apollyon, Lord Python, Lord Cerberus and Lord Belial. These seven he set over the captains, and Incredulity was Lord-General, and Diabolus king. The captains were appointed to be captains of



hundreds, and some of them captains of more. And thus was the army of Incredulity complete.

So they set out from Hell-Gate Hill, for that was their rendezvous. From there, they came with a straight course in their march towards the city of Mansoul. Now, as was hinted before, the city had, as Shaddai would have it, received intelligence from the mouth of Mr. Spywell concerning their coming. Therefore, they set a strong watch at the gates, and also doubled their guards. They also mounted their slings in good places where they could easily throw out their great stones to the annoyance of the raging enemy.

Nor could those followers of Diabolus who were in the city do much damage, for Mansoul was now awake. But, alas! poor people, they were very frightened at the first appearance of their foes, and at their laying siege to the city, especially when they heard the roaring of their drum. (1 Peter 5:8) This, to tell you the truth, was really horrible to hear; it frightened everybody for seven miles around, if they were awake to hear it. The streaming of their colours was also terrible and chilling to behold.

When Diabolus come up against the city, the first thing he did was to made his approach to Ear-gate where he began a furious assault, supposing, as it seems, that his friends in Mansoul were ready to do their work within. But that had been taken care of beforehand by the vigilance of the captains. So, missing the help he expected from them, and finding his army harassed by the stones from the slings (for I will say this for the captains, that considering the weakness they still felt from the long sickness that had annoyed the city of Mansoul, they behaved gallantly) he was forced to retreat a little from Mansoul, and to entrench himself and his men in the field, out of range of the slings of the city.

Now, having entrenched himself, he set up four mounts against the city: the first he called Mount Diabolus, setting his own name to it, all the more to frighten the city of Mansoul. The other three he named as follows: Mount Alecto, Mount Megara, and Mount Tisiphone; for these were the names of the dreadful Furies of hell. Thus he began to play his game with Mansoul and to treat her like a lion with its prey, to make it yield before his terror. But, as I said, the captains and soldiers resisted so bravely, and caused so much havoc with their stones, that, even against his grain, they made him beat a retreat. At this, Mansoul began to take courage.

Now, on Mount Diabolus, which was raised on the north side of the city, the tyrant set up his standard, and a horrible thing it was too; for he had made it by devilish art into an escutcheon, a flaming fire fearful to behold, and a picture of Mansoul burning in it.

When Diabolus had done this, he commanded his drummer to approach the walls of the city of Mansoul every night and beat for a parley. The command was given at night, for in the day-time they were annoyed with the slings; for the tyrant said that he had a mind to parley with the now trembling city of Mansoul. He ordered the drums to be beaten every night that, through weariness, they might at last (for they were unwilling as yet) be forced to give in.

So this drummer did as ordered. He arose and beat his drum. But during the drumming, if one looked toward the city of Mansoul, he would see this: 'Behold, darkness and sorrow; and the light is darkened by the clouds.' (Isaiah 5:30) No noise was ever heard on earth more terrible, except the voice of Shaddai when he speaks. And how Mansoul trembled! She now looked for nothing but be swallowed up soon.

When this drummer had beaten for a parley, he made this speech to Mansoul:

'My master has bid me tell you that if you submit willingly, you will receive the good of the

earth; but if you are stubborn, he is resolved to take you by force.'

But by the time the fugitive had finished beating his drum, the people of Mansoul had taken themselves to the captains who were in the castle, so there was no one left to give this drummer an answer. So he proceeded no further that night, but returned again to his master in the camp.

When Diabolus saw that his drumming was not going to force Mansoul to do his will, the next night he sent his drummer without his drum to let the citizens know that he wanted to parley with them. But when all was said and done, his parley was considered to be a summons to the city to give herself up: so they gave him neither heed nor hearing, for they remembered what it cost them before to hear a few words from him.

The next night he sent again, and then, who should be his messenger to Mansoul but the terrible Captain Sepulchre! So Captain Sepulchre came up to the walls of Mansoul and directed this speech to the city:

'Inhabitants of the rebellious city of Mansoul! I summon you in the name of Prince Diabolus, that, without any more ado you open the gates of your city and invite the great Lord to come in. But if you still rebel, when we have taken the city by force, we will swallow you up as the grave. Therefore, if you listen to my summons, say so, and if not, then let me know.

'The reason for this my summons', he continued, 'is, that my Lord is your undoubted prince and Lord, as you yourselves once admitted. Nor will the attack on my Lord, when Emmanuel dealt so dishonourably with him, prevail with him to lose his right, and to restrain himself from attempting to recover his own. Consider well, Mansoul; will you show thyself peaceable, or not? If you give yourself up quietly, then our old friendship will be renewed; but if you continue to refuse and rebel, then expect nothing but fire and the sword.'

When the sorrowful city of Mansoul heard this summoner and his summons, they felt even more downhearted, but made no reply to the captain at all; so away he went as he had come.

But, after some discussion among themselves, together with some of their captains, they applied themselves afresh to the Lord Secretary for help and advice from him; for this Lord Secretary was their chief preacher (as I said earlier on), only now he was out of sorts. From him, they begged favour in these three things:

1. That he would look favourably on them, and not keep himself to himself as formerly. Also, that he would be prevailed upon to give them a hearing, when they would make known to him their miserable condition. But to this he told them as before, 'that as yet he was out of sorts, and therefore could not do as he had done formerly.'

2. The second thing they asked, was that he would be pleased to give them some advice about their pressing and important affairs, for Diabolus had come and besieged the city with no less than twenty-thousand Doubters. They said, moreover, that both he and his captains were cruel men, and that they were afraid of them. But to this he replied, 'You must look to the law of the Prince, and see there what is laid down for you to do.'

3. Then they desired that his highness would help them to frame a petition to Shaddai, and to Emmanuel his Son, and that he would set his own hand to it as a

token that he was one with them in it; 'for, my Lord', they said, 'many a petition have we sent, but we can get no peaceful answer. But now, surely, one with your hand on it will bring good to Mansoul.'

But all the answer he gave to this was, that they had offended their Emmanuel, and had also grieved himself, and that therefore they must as yet fall back on their own devices. This answer of the Lord Secretary fell like a millstone on them; yes, it crushed them so much that they could not tell what to do next. (Lamentations 1:2) Yet they dare not comply with the summons of Diabolus, nor with the demands of his captain. So then, here was Mansoul between two straits when the enemy came upon her. Her foes were ready to swallow her up, and her friends refused to help her.

Then up stood the Lord Mayor whose name was Lord Understanding, and he began to look for some comfort in the apparently bitter replies of the Lord Secretary. This is what he said:

'**First**', said he, 'this unavoidably follows upon the saying of my Lord that we must yet suffer for our sins. **Secondly**, the words sound as if we will be saved from our enemies at the last, and that, after a few more sorrows, Emmanuel will come to our aid.'

Now the Lord Mayor was quite right to interpret the Secretary's words in this way, for the Secretary was more than a prophet, and all his words contained a deep meaning. So the citizens were allowed to examine them and expound them in their best interest.

So they took their leave of my Lord, and returned and came to the captains to whom they told the words of the Lord High Secretary. When they heard it, they were all of the same opinion as the Lord Mayor himself. The captains, therefore, began to take some courage from them, and to prepare to make some brave attempt on the camp of the enemy and destroy all the diabolonians with the roving Doubters whom the tyrant had brought with him to destroy the poor city of Mansoul.

So they all went immediately to their places — the captains to theirs, the Lord Mayor to his, the second preacher to his, and Lord Willbewill to his. The captains were longing to go to war for their Prince, for they delighted in warlike achievements. The next day, therefore, they came together for a discussion; and after their consultation, they decided to answer the captain of Diabolus with slings. And so they did that at the rising of the sun the next day; for Diabolus had ventured to come near again; but the sling-stones were to him and his army like hornets. For just as there was nothing to the city of Mansoul so terrible as the roaring of Diabolus' drum, so there was nothing to Diabolus so terrible as the well-aimed stones from Emmanuel's slings. Therefore, Diabolus was forced to beat another retreat, yet further away from the famous city of Mansoul. (Zechariah 9:15) Then the Lord Mayor of Mansoul ordered the bells to be rung, and thanks sent to the Lord High Secretary by the mouth of the second preacher; for by his words the captains and elders of Mansoul had been strengthened against Diabolus.'

When Diabolus saw that his captains and soldiers, high lords and nobles, were frightened and beaten down by the stones that came from the golden slings of the Prince of the city of Mansoul, he thought to himself, 'I will try to catch them by flattery; I will try to catch them in my net.'

Therefore, after a while, he came down again to the wall, not now with his drum, nor with Captain Sepulchre, but with honeyed lips. He seemed to be a very sweet-mouthed, peaceable prince, being in a good humour, not desiring to be avenged on Mansoul for injuries done him by them; but the welfare, the good, the benefit of the city and people were his only concern. So, after he had called for an audience from the citizens, he

proceeded in his speech as follows:

'Desire of my heart, the famous city of Mansoul! How many nights have I watched, and how many weary steps have I taken, if perhaps I might do you some good! Far be it from me to desire to make war on you! If only you would willingly and quietly give yourselves up to me! (Revelation 12:10) You know that you were mine of old. Remember also, that as long as you enjoyed me as your Lord, and I enjoyed you as my subjects, you wanted for nothing of all the delights of the earth, that I, your Lord and prince, could obtain for you, or could devise to make you satisfied and happy. (Matthew 4:8-9; Luke 4:6-7) Consider this, you never had so many hard, dark, troublesome, and heart-rending hours while you were mine as you have had since you rebelled against me; nor will you ever have peace again until you and I become one as before. But, embrace me again and I will grant, yes, enlarge, your old charter with an abundance of privileges. Your licence and liberty shall be to take, hold, enjoy, and make your own, all that is pleasant from the east to the west. Nor shall any of those bad things in which you have offended me, ever be held against you by me so long as the sun and moon endure. Nor shall any of those dear friends of mine that now, for fear of you, lie lurking in dens, and holes, and caves in Mansoul, harm you any more. Yes; they will be your servants, and will minister to you of their substance, or whatever comes to hand. I need speak no more; you know them, and once delighted in their company. Why, then, should we be at odds? Let us renew our old friendship again.

'Bear with your friend. I take the liberty at this time to speak freely to you. The love that I have for you presses me to do it, as also the zeal of my heart for my friends with you. Trouble me no further, nor yourselves, to further fears and frights. I will have you, whether by peace or war. Nor do you flatter yourselves with the power and force of your captains, or that your Emmanuel will come shortly to your aid; for such strength will bring you no pleasure.

'I come against you with a brave and valiant army, and all the chief princes of the den are at the head of it. Besides, my captains are swifter than eagles, stronger than lions, and more greedy of prey than are the evening wolves. What is Og of Bashan? What is Goliath of Gath? And what are a hundred, compared with the least of my captains? How, then, can Mansoul think that she can escape my hand and force?'

Diabolus, having ended his flattering, docile, deceitful, and lying speech to the famous city of Mansoul, the Lord Mayor replied as follows:

'Diabolus, prince of darkness and master of all deceit; your lying flatteries we have experienced before, and have tasted too deeply of that destructive cup already. Should we listen to you again, and break the commandments of our great Shaddai? To join in union with you would mean that our Prince would reject us and cast us off for ever. And, being cast off by him, will not the place that he has prepared for you be a place of rest for us? Besides, you who are empty and void of all truth, we are ready to die by your hand than to fall in with your flattering and lying deceits.'

When the tyrant saw that there was little to be gained by parleying with the Lord Mayor, he fell into a hellish rage, and resolved again that, with his army of Doubters, he would launch another attack on the city of Mansoul.

So he called for his drummer, who beat for his men (and while he was beating, Mansoul was shaking) to be in readiness to give battle to the city. Then Diabolus drew near with his army, and positioned his men. Captain Cruel and Captain Torment, these he drew up and placed against Feel-gate, and ordered them to stay there for the duration of the war. He

also ordered that, if need be, Captain No-Ease should come to their relief. At Nose-gate he placed Captain Brimstone and Captain Sepulchre, and bid them look well to their charge on that side of the city of Mansoul. But at Eye-gate he stationed that grim-faced one, Captain Past-Hope; and there also he set up his terrible standard.

Now Captain Insatiable, he was to look after the carriages of Diabolus, and was also ordered to take into custody any persons or things that should at any time be taken as prey from the enemy.

Now the inhabitants of Mansoul kept Mouth-gate as a sally-port, which they kept strong because it was through this gate that the citizens sent their petitions to Emmanuel their Prince. This also was the gate from the top of which the captains deployed their slings against the enemy; for that gate stood above the rest. So the placing of them there, and letting fly from that place, did great harm against the tyrant's army. Therefore, for these reasons, and others, Diabolus sought, if possible, to stop up Mouth-gate with earthworks.

## CHAPTER 14

Now, as Diabolus was busy preparing to launch his attack on the city of Mansoul, the captains and soldiers in the city were just as busy making their preparations. They mounted their slings, set up their banners, sounded their trumpets, and made their arrangements for causing the greatest annoyance to the enemy, and give the greatest advantage to Mansoul. Their soldiers were given orders to be ready for war at the sound of the trumpet.

Lord Willbewill took charge of watching for rebels within, and to do what he could to capture them if they were discovered outside. He shut them up and stifled them in their caves, dens, and holes in the city-wall of Mansoul. And, to speak the truth, ever since he did his penance for his sin, he showed as much honesty and bravery of spirit as any in Mansoul; for he took one Jolly, and his brother Hearty, the two sons of his servant Harmless-Mirth (for to that day, although the father was in prison, the sons were given a place in the house of my Lord), I repeat, he took hold of them, and with his own hands put them on the cross. And this was the reason why he hanged them: after their father was put into the hands of Mr. True-Man the gaoler, his sons began to play pranks, and be too familiar with the daughters of their Lord. Gossip concerning their over-familiarity was brought to his Lordship's ear.

Now, his Lordship, being unwilling to put anyone to death without due consideration, did not suddenly fall on them but set a watch and spied on them to see if these things were true. Of these things he was soon informed, for his two servants whose names were Find-Out and Tell-All caught them behaving badly more than once or twice, and went and told their Lord. So when Lord Willbewill had sufficient grounds for believing that the things were true, he took the two young followers of Diabolus (for such they were, their father being a diabolonian born and bred), and brought them to Eye-gate where he raised a very high cross right in front of Diabolus and his army. And there he hanged the young villains in defiance of Captain Past-Hope and the horrible standard of the tyrant.

Now this Christian act of the brave Lord Willbewill greatly affected Captain Past-Hope, discouraged the army of Diabolus, put fear into the diabolonian renegades in Mansoul, and put strength and courage into the captains who belonged to Emmanuel the Prince. Those outside gathered through this action of my Lord that Mansoul was resolved to fight, and that the followers of Diabolus inside the city were not able to do the things that their master had hoped. Nor was this the only proof of the brave Lord Willbewill's faithfulness to the city or of his loyalty to his Prince, as shall see later.

Now, the children of Prudent-Thrifty who lived with Mr. Mind (for Thrift left the children with Mr. Mind when he was committed to prison, were called Gripe and Rake-All, whom he had by Mr. Mind's illegitimate daughter whose name was Mrs. Hold-fast-Bad). Now, I say, when these children saw how Lord Willbewill had dealt with those who lived with him, what did they do lest they should drink of the same cup, but tried to make good their escape. But Mr. Mind, having an inkling of it, took them and bound them in his house till morning (for this was done during the night); and remembering that by the law of Mansoul, all followers of Diabolus were to die (and to be sure they took after their father, and some say after their mother's side also), what did he do but took them and put them in chains, and carried them to the self-same place where my Lord hanged the other two earlier; and there he hanged them.

The citizens also took great courage from this act of Mr. Mind, and did what they could to

arrest more of these diabolonian troublers of Mansoul. But, at that time, the others lay so quietly that they could not be found; so they set a strict watch for them that kept every one in his place.

I told you a little while before, that Diabolus and his army were somewhat taken aback at the sight of what Lord Willbewill did in hanging up those two young diabolonians; but his discouragement quickly turned to furious madness and rage against the city of Mansoul, and sharpened his resolve to fight her. So the citizens and captains within, with their hopes and expectations heightened, believed at last that the day would be theirs; so they feared them the less. Their second preacher, too, preached a sermon about it; and he took for his text, 'Gad, a troop shall tramp upon him, but he shall triumph at last.' (Genesis 49:19) From this, he showed that, although Mansoul should be sorely put to the test at first, the victory would most certainly be hers at the last.

Then Diabolus ordered his drummer to beat a charge against the city; and the captains in the city sounded a charge against them, but they had no drum, only trumpets of silver; so they used those to sound against them. Then those who were from the camp of Diabolus came down to the city to take it, and the captains in the castle, with the slingers at Mouth-gate, fired at them fast. And now there was nothing heard in the camp of Diabolus but horrible rage and blasphemy; but in the city good words, prayer, and the singing of psalms. The enemy replied with horrible curses and the terrible boom of their drum. But the city replied with the slapping of their slings, and the melodious noise of their trumpets. Altogether, the fight lasted for several days, only now and then they had a small break when the citizens refreshed themselves and the captains prepared themselves for another attack.

The captains of Emmanuel wore silver armour, and the soldiers in something that was shot-proof. The soldiers of Diabolus wore iron which was made to withstand Emmanuel's sling-shot. In the city, some were hurt and some were severely wounded. Now, the worst of it was, a surgeon was scarce in Mansoul for Emmanuel, at present, was absent. However, with the leaves of a tree (Revelation 22:2; Psalm 38:5) the wounded were kept from dying; yet their wounds did not improve, and some did not smelt good. Of the citizens, these were the casualties, namely: Lord Reason who was wounded in the head; another was the brave Lord Mayor who was wounded in the eye; another was Mr. Mind who received his wound near the stomach. The honest second preacher also received a shot not far off his heart. But none of these wounds were mortal. Many of the common people also were not only wounded but killed outright.

Now, in the camp of Diabolus, a considerable number were slain or wounded: namely, Captain Rage who was wounded, and so was Captain Cruel. Captain Damnation was made to retreat and entrench himself farther off from Mansoul. The standard of Diabolus was cut down, and his standard-bearer, Captain Much-Hurt had his brains knocked out with a sling-stone, to the great grief and shame of his prince Diabolus.

Many of the Doubters were slain outright, though enough of them were left alive to make Mansoul shake and totter. Now the victory that day that was won by Mansoul put great heart into the citizens and captains, and covered Diabolus' camp with a cloud making them more furious. So, the next day, Mansoul rested and ordered the bells to be rung; the trumpets also sounded out with joy, and the captains shouted round the city.

Lord Willbewill was not idle, but did notable service against the domestic followers of Diabolus who were in the city by keeping them in awe as he lighted on one whose name was Mr. Anything. This fellow, of whom mention was made before, was the one, you remember, who brought the three fellows to Diabolus whom the followers of Diabolus took out of Captain Boanerges' company, and persuaded them to enlist under the tyrant to

fight against the army of Shaddai. Lord Willbewill also found a notable diabolonian whose name was Loose-Foot. This man was a scout for the vagrants in Mansoul who used to carry news from Mansoul to the camp, and from the camp to the enemy in Mansoul. Both these men my Lord sent away for safekeeping to Mr. True-Man the gaoler, with the order that they should be kept in irons; for he intended to have them crucified when it would be best for the city, and for the discouragement of the camp of the enemy

The Lord Mayor, though he could not act as well as formerly because of the wound he had received recently, gave out orders to all who were the natives of Mansoul to look to their watch and stand on their guard, and, as occasion offered, prove themselves like men.

Mr. Conscience the preacher, he also did his best to keep all his good documents alive in the minds and hearts of the people of Mansoul.

Well, some while later, the captains and brave ones of the city of Mansoul agreed and decided on a time to sally forth on the camp of Diabolus, but this must be done during the night; and there was the folly of Mansoul (for night is always the best time for the enemy, but worst for Mansoul to fight), yet they would do it because their courage was so high. Their last victory was also still fresh in their minds.

So the appointed night came, and the Prince's brave captains drew lots as to who should lead the charge in this new and desperate expedition against Diabolus, and against his army; and the lot fell on Captain Credence, Captain Experience, and Captain Good-Hope, to lead this lost cause. (This Captain Experience was appointed by the Prince himself when he was residing in the city of Mansoul.) So, as I said, they sallied forth on the army that lay in siege against them. And their plan was to engage with the main body of their enemy.

Now, Diabolus and his men, being expertly accustomed to night-work, raised the alarm, and were as ready to give battle, as if they had sent them word of their coming. Therefore, they went to battle, and blows were offered thick and fast on every side; the hell drum also was beaten most furiously, while the trumpets of the Prince sounded most sweetly. And thus battle was joined; and Captain Insatiable looked for the enemy's carriages, and waited to take some prey.

The Prince's captains fought bravely, beyond what indeed could be expected. They wounded many, and made the whole army of Diabolus retreat. I cannot tell how, but brave Captain Credence, Captain Good-Hope, and Captain Experience were in hot pursuit, cutting down and following hard after the enemy in the rear. Then Captain Credence stumbled and fell, and was greatly hurt, so that he could not rise till Captain Experience came to his aid, putting both men in disorder. The captain was so full of pain that he could not restrain himself from crying out. At this, the other two captains fainted, supposing that Captain Credence had received a mortal wound. Their men also became disordered and had no heart to fight on.

Now, Diabolus being very observant, though at this time he was not at his best, saw that his pursuers had called a halt. What does he do, but, taking it for granted that the captains were either wounded or dead, he made at first a stand, then faced about, and so came upon the Prince's army with as much of his fury as hell could provide. And it was his luck to come across the three captains, Captain Credence, Captain Good-Hope, and Captain Experience, cutting and wounding and piercing them so badly that, what with discouragement and the wounds they had received, and also from loss of blood, they were hardly able, though they were the three best hands in Mansoul, to get back safely to their stronghold again.



Now, when the body of the Prince's army saw how these three captains did so badly, they thought it best to make as safe a retreat as they could and return to the sally-port. And this brought the present action to an end. But Diabolus was so flushed with the night's work that he promised himself, in a few days, an easy and complete conquest of the city of Mansoul. So, on the next day, he came up to the gate with great boldness and demanded an entrance, and that they should deliver themselves up to his government. The followers of Diabolus', also, who were within, livened up, as we shall show later.

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

And with that, Willbewill stood up and said: 'Diabolus, you master of the den and enemy to all that is good! We poor inhabitants of the city of Mansoul are too well-acquainted with your rule and government, and the end of those things that for certain will follow our submitting to you. Therefore, while we were without knowledge, we allowed you to take us (like the bird that did not notice the snare and fell into the hands of the trapper), yet since we have been turned from darkness to light, we have also been turned from the power of Satan to God. And because of your deceit, and the deceit of the followers of Diabolus within, we have sustained great loss, and plunged ourselves into great perplexity; so we will never give ourselves up, lay down our arms, and yield to such a horrible tyrant as you. We will not! We would rather die in this place than give in to you. Besides, we have hopes that in due time deliverance will come to us from court, and so we continue our war against you.'

This brave speech of Lord Willbewill, with that of the Lord Mayor, somewhat blunted the boldness of Diabolus, though it increased the fury of his rage. It also strengthened the citizens and captains; indeed, it was like a plaster for brave Captain Credence's wound; for you must know that such a brave speech was timely (when the captains of the city, with their men of war, had come home routed, and when the enemy had taken courage and boldness at the success they had in drawing up to the walls and demanding entrance, as they did), and was also beneficial.

Lord Willbewill also played the man within; for while the captains and soldiers were on the field of battle, he was up in arms in the city, and whenever he found a follower of Diabolus, he was made to feel the weight of his heavy hand, and also the edge of his penetrating sword. Many of the followers of Diabolus were wounded by him, such as Lord Argue, Lord Brisk, Lord Pragmatic, and Lord Murmur. Several others of the meaner sort he severely maimed, though I cannot tell of anyone that he slew outright. The reason why Lord Willbewill was so strict was because the captains had gone out to fight the enemy in the field. 'For now', thought the followers of Diabolus within, 'is the time to stir ourselves and make an uproar in the city.'

What did they do, then, was to become a veritable hurricane in Mansoul, as if nothing but whirlwind and tempest existed there. Therefore, as I said, he took the opportunity to fall in among them with his men, cutting and slashing with courage; at which the diabolonians, with all haste, dispersed themselves back into their strongholds, and my Lord to his place as before.

This brave act of my Lord seemed to put right the wrong done by Diabolus to the captains, and also let them know that Mansoul would not be given up for the loss of a victory or two. Therefore, the wings of the tyrant were clipped again by his boasting — I mean in comparison with what he would have done to the diabolonians if they had brought the city to the same plight as the captains'.

Well, Diabolus decided to make another attempt on Mansoul: 'For', thought he, 'since I beat them once, I can beat them twice.' So he ordered his men to be ready at such an hour of the night to make a fresh assault on the city. He told them to specially use all their force against Feel-gate, and attempt to break into the city through it. The watchword he gave to his officers and soldiers was **Hell-fire**. 'And', said he, 'when we break in on them, as I hope we shall, either with some or with all our forces, let those who break in look to it that they do not forget the word. And let nothing be heard in the city of Mansoul but, **Hell-fire! Hell-fire! Hell-fire!**' The drummer was also to beat without ceasing, and the standard-bearers were to display their colours; the soldiers, too, were to show as much courage as they could, and to see that they acted manfully their part against the city.

That night, when everything was made ready for the tyrant, they suddenly launched their attack on Feel-gate. After he had struggled for a while there, he threw the gate wide open: for the truth is, that the gate was rather weak, and so easy to break open. When Diabolus had thus far made his attempt, he placed his captains (namely, Torment and No-Ease) there. He attempted to press forward, but the Prince's captains came down on him and made his entrance more difficult than he wished. And, to speak the truth, they offered what resistance they could; but with three of their best and most valiant captains wounded, and by their wounds incapable of doing the city the service they desired (and all the rest having more than their hands full with the Doubters, and their captains engaging Diabolus' soldiers), they were overpowered, and could they keep them out of the city. Therefore, the Prince's men and their captains retreated to the castle, which was the stronghold of the city; and this they did, partly for their own security, partly for the security of the city, and partly, or rather chiefly, to preserve for Emmanuel the prerogative-royal of Mansoul; and this was signified by the castle of Mansoul.

The captains, therefore, having fled into the castle, the enemy, without too much resistance, possessed the rest of the city, and spreading themselves as they went into every corner, they cried out as they marched, according to the order of the tyrant, '**Hell-fire! Hell-fire! Hell-fire!**' so that nothing for a while throughout the city of Mansoul could be heard but the awful sound of '**Hell-fire!**', together with the roaring of Diabolus' drum.

And now the clouds hung black over Mansoul, and ruin seemed to stare them in the face. Diabolus quartered his soldiers in the houses of the inhabitants of the city of Mansoul. Even the second preacher's house was as full of those outlandish Doubters as it could hold, and so was the Lord Mayor's, and Lord Willbewill's also. Yes; where there was a corner, a cottage, a barn, or a pigsty, was it now not full of these vermin? They turned the men of the city out of their houses, and lay in their beds and sat at their tables. Ah, poor Mansoul! Now you feel the fruits of sin, and what venom there was in the flattering words of Mr. Carnal-Security!

The Doubters made great havoc of whatever they laid their hands on; even setting fire to the city in several places. Many young children were dashed in pieces by them; and those that were yet unborn were destroyed in their mother's wombs. For you must think that it could not be otherwise; for what conscience, what pity, what compassion could you expect at the hands of outlandish Doubters? Many women in Mansoul, both young and old, were raped and brutalised, so that they fainted, miscarried, and many of them died and lay at the head of every street and in all by-place of the city.

And now Mansoul seemed to be nothing but a den of dragons, an emblem of hell, and a place of total darkness. Mansoul became almost like a barren wilderness; nothing but nettles, briars, thorns, and stinking weeds seemed to cover the face of Mansoul. I told you before how these diabolonian Doubters turned the men of Mansoul out of their beds, and now I will add, that they wounded them, mauled them, yes, and almost brained many of

them to death. 'Many', did I say? Yes; most, if not all of them. Mr. Conscience was wounded so badly, that his wounds festered, and he could get no rest day nor night, but lay as if continually on the rack. Except that Shaddai rules over all things, they would certainly have slain him outright. Mr. Lord Mayor they abused so badly that they almost put his eyes out; and had not Lord Willbewill got into the castle, they intended to chop him in pieces for they considered him to be one of the very worst in Mansoul against Diabolus and his crew. And, indeed, he had shown himself to be a man, and more of his exploits you will hear afterwards.

Now, you might have walked for days in Mansoul, and scarcely have seen anyone in the city who looked like a religious man. Oh, the fearful state of Mansoul now! Every corner was swarming with outlandish Doubters: red-coats and black-coats walked the city in clusters, filling all the houses with hideous noises, vain songs, lying stories, and blasphemous language against Shaddai and his Son. Also, those followers of Diabolus who lurked in the walls and dens and holes in the city of Mansoul came out and showed themselves. Yes; they walked openly in company with the Doubters who were in Mansoul. Yes; they had more boldness now to walk the streets, to haunt the houses, and to show themselves abroad, than had any of the honest inhabitants of the now woeful city of Mansoul.

But Diabolus and his outlandish men were not at peace in Mansoul; for they were not entertained there like the captains and soldiers of Emmanuel, The citizens browbeat them as much as they could; nor did they partake of all the necessities of Mansoul; only what they seized against the citizens' will. The citizens hid the rest from them, and what they could not conceal, they handed over with bad grace. They, poor hearts, had rather have had the quietness of their rooms than their company; but they were at present their captives, and their captives, for the present, they were forced to remain. But, I say, they resisted them as much as they could, and showed them all the dislike that they could muster. (Romans 7)

From the castle, the Captains engaged the Doubters in continual play with their slings, to the injury and dismay of the enemy. True, Diabolus made a great many attempts to break open the gates of the castle, but Mr. Godly-Fear was made the door-keeper, and he was a man of great courage, conduct, and valour. As long as life lasted within him, he would not give up the work, and all the attempts of Diabolus against him proved fruitless. I have often wished that that man had the whole rule of the city of Mansoul.

Well, this was the condition of the city of Mansoul for about 2½ years. The body of the city was a theatre of war, the people of the city were driven into holes, and the glory of Mansoul was lying in the dust. What rest, then, could there be for the inhabitants, what peace could Mansoul have, and what sun could shine on it? If the enemy had besieged them so long, it would have been enough to have famished them. But now, they were within, and the city was their tent, their trench, and fortress against the castle that was in the city. The city was against the city, and served as a defence for the enemies of her strength and life. I say, they made use of the forts and city-holds to secure themselves, taking spoil and threatening to demolish the castle — this was terrible! And this was now the unhappy state of the city of Mansoul.

## CHAPTER 15

As I told you, the city of Mansoul continued in this sad and sorrowful condition for a long time, and when there was no answer to the petitions she presented to her Prince, the inhabitants of the city, namely, the elders and chiefs of Mansoul, gathered together, and, after spending some time in lamenting their miserable state and the fearful judgement that had come on them, they agreed to draw up yet another petition and send it away to

Emmanuel for relief. But Mr. Godly-Fear stood up and said that he knew that his Lord the Prince would never receive a petition on these matters from anyone, unless the Lord Secretary's hand was on it; 'and this,' he added, 'is the reason why you have been refused so far.' Then they decided to draw up one, and get the Lord Secretary to set his hand to it. But Mr. Godly-Fear replied that he also knew that the Lord Secretary would not give his hand to any petition that he himself had not helped in composing and drawing up. 'And besides,' he continued, 'the Prince knows my Lord Secretary's hand from every else's in the world; so he cannot be deceived by any forgery whatsoever. Therefore, my advice to you is, go to my Lord and implore him to help you.' (Now the Secretary was not living in the castle, where all the captains and men-at-arms were.)

So they heartily thanked Mr. Godly-Fear, took his advice, and did as he told them. They went and came to my Lord, and made known the cause of their coming to him: namely, that since Mansoul was in such a deplorable condition, would his Highness be pleased to undertake to draw up a petition for them to Emmanuel, the Son of the mighty Shaddai, and to their King, his Father, by him?

Then said the Secretary, 'What petition is it that you want me draw up for you?' And they said, 'Our Lord knows best the condition of the city of Mansoul, and how we have backslidden and fallen away from the Prince. You also know who has come to wage war against us, and how Mansoul is now in a state of war. My Lord knows, also, how badly our men, women, and children have suffered at their hands; and how our home-bred diabolonians are now walking the streets with more boldness than the citizens of Mansoul. Let our Lord, therefore, according to the wisdom of God that is in him, draw up a petition for his poor servants to our Prince Emmanuel.'

'Well,' said the Lord Secretary, 'I will draw up a petition for you, and will also give my hand to it.' Then they enquired, 'But when shall we call for it at the hands of our Lord?' But he answered, 'You must be present when it is written; yes, you must put your wishes down in it. True, the hand and pen is mine, but the ink and paper must be yours; else how can you say it is your petition? Nor do I need to draw up a petition for myself because I have not offended.'

He also added the following: 'No petition goes from me in my name to the Prince, and then to his Father through him, unless the people who are mainly concerned in it give themselves heart and soul to the matter, for that must be stated as well.'

So they warmly agreed with the judgement of the Lord, and a petition was speedily drawn up for them. But now, who would carry it? That was next to be determined. The Secretary advised them to send Captain Credence with it for he was a well-spoken man. So they called for him, and proposed to him the business. 'Well,' said the captain, 'I gladly accept your proposal; and though I am lame, I will perform this business for you with as much speed and energy as I can.'

The contents of the petition were as follows:

'Our Lord, and Sovereign Prince Emmanuel, the powerful, the long-suffering Prince! Grace is poured into your lips, and to you belong mercy and forgiveness though we have rebelled against you. We, who are no more worthy to be called your Mansoul, nor fit to partake of your blessing, beseech your, and your Father with you, to cast away our transgressions. (Isaiah 38:17) We confess that you have the right to cast us away because of them; but do not do this for your name's sake. Rather, let our Lord take the opportunity to be compassionate to us in our miserable condition. We are compassed on every side, Lord. Our backsliding reproves us. The followers of Diabolus within our city frighten us; and the army of the angel of the bottomless pit

distresses us. Your grace can be our salvation, and where can we go but to you, Lord!

'Furthermore, gracious Prince, we have weakened our captains, and they have become sick, and, of late, some of them have been badly beaten in the field by the power and force of the tyrant. Yes; even some of our captains, in whose valour we used to put most of our confidence, are like wounded men. Besides, Lord, our enemies are lively and strong; and they boast great things about themselves, and threaten to divide us up among themselves as booty. They have fallen upon us, Lord, with many thousands of Doubters, and we do not know what to do next; they are all grim-looking and unmerciful, and they show defiance to us and to you.

'Our wisdom is gone, our power is gone, because you departed from us. Nothing is ours but our sin and shame and confusion of face because of our sin. Take pity on us, Lord, take pity upon us, your miserable city of Mansoul, and save us out of the hands of our enemies. Amen.'

This petition, as I said earlier, was handled by the Lord Secretary, and carried to court by the brave and most valiant Captain Credence. Now, he carried it out at Mouth-gate (for that, as I said, was the sally-port of the city), and brought it to Emmanuel. How he got out, I do not know; but for certain he did, and in such a way that it reached the ears of Diabolus. Thus I conclude that the tyrant knew about it for he reproached the city of Mansoul, saying, 'You rebellious and stubborn-hearted Mansoul! I will make you leave off petitioning. Do your still petition? I will stop you.' Indeed, he also knew who the messenger was who was carrying the petition to the Prince, and it made him both fear and rage.

Therefore, he commanded his drum to be beaten again, a thing that Mansoul could not bear to hear. But when Diabolus had his drum beaten, Mansoul had to bear the noise. Well, the drum was beaten, and the diabolonians gathered together.

Then said Diabolus, 'You brave diabolonians, know what treachery is being hatched against us in the rebellious city of Mansoul; for although the city is in our possession, as you see, these miserable citizens of Mansoul have attempted to dare, and have been so stupid as to send to the court to Emmanuel for help. This I give you to understand, that you may know how to treat the wretched city of Mansoul. Therefore, my trusted diabolonians, I command you to distress this city of Mansoul even more, and trouble it with your wiles. Rape their women, deflower their virgins, slay their children, brain their ancients, fire their city, and do whatever mischief you can. Let this be the reward of Mansoul from me for her desperate rebellion against me.'

This, you see, was the order; but something stepped in between that and its execution, for as yet there was nothing more than rage.

Moreover, when Diabolus had given this order, he went his way up to the castle gates and demanded that, on pain of death, the gates should be opened to him, and that entrance should be given him and his men. To whom Mr. Godly-Fear replied (for he was in charge of that gate), that the gate would not be opened to him, or to the men who followed him. He added that Mansoul, when she had suffered a while, would be made perfect, strong, and settled.

Then said Diabolus, 'Deliver up to me those who have petitioned against me, especially Captain Credence, who carried it to your Prince. Deliver that traitor into my hands and I will leave the city.'

Then up started a diabolonian whose name was Mr. Fooling who said, 'What my Lord offers you is fair. It is better for you that one man perish, than that your whole Mansoul should perish.' (John 11:50)

But Mr. Godly-Fear gave this reply: 'How long will Mansoul be kept out of the dungeon, for she has given up her faith in Diabolus? Better to lose the city than lose Captain Credence; for if one is gone, the other must follow.' But to that, Mr. Fooling said nothing.

Then the Lord Mayor replied, 'Devouring tyrant, be it known to you that we will listen to none of your words. We are resolved to resist you as long as a captain, a man, a sling, and a stone to throw at you, is found in the city of Mansoul.'

Diabolus answered, 'Do you hope, do you wait, do you look for help and deliverance? You have sent to Emmanuel, but your wickedness sticks too close to your skirts to let innocent prayers come from your lips. Do you expect to prevail and prosper in you plan? You will fail in your wish, and you will fail in your attempt; for it is not only I, but your Emmanuel who is against you. Yes; it is he who sent me against you to subdue you. For what, then, do you hope? Or by what means will you escape?'

Then said the Lord Mayor, 'We have sinned indeed. But that is no help to you, for our Emmanuel himself said this, and with great faithfulness — 'And the one who comes to me I will by no means way cast out.' (John 6:37) He also told us, our enemy, that 'every sin and blasphemy will be forgiven men'. (Matthew 12:31) Therefore, we dare not to despair, but look for, wait for, and hope for, deliverance still.'

Now, by this time Captain Credence had returned from the court from Emmanuel to the castle of Mansoul, and he returned to them with a packet. So the Lord Mayor, hearing that Captain Credence had come, left the noise of the roaring of the tyrant, and left him yelling at the wall of the city, or against the gates of the castle. So he came up to the captain's lodgings, and, saluting him, asked him how he was, and what was the best news at court. But when he asked Captain Credence that, water came into his eyes. Then the captain said, 'Cheer up, my Lord, for all will be well in time.' And with that he produced his packet and set it to one side. But the Lord Mayor, and the rest of the captains, took that as sign of good news. Now, as a time of grace had come, he sent for all the captains and elders of the city who were here and there in their lodgings in the castle and on their watch, to let them know that Captain Credence had returned from the court, and that he had something special to say to them. So they all came up to him and greeted him, and asked him about his journey, and what was the best news at the court. And he answered them as he had done the Lord Mayor before, that all would be well at last. Now, when the captain had finished greeting them, he opened his packet and drew out several notes for those he had sent for.

The first note was for the Lord Mayor, in which it was intimated that Prince Emmanuel had taken it well that the Lord Mayor had been so faithful and true in his office, and to the great responsibilities that lay upon him for the city and people of Mansoul. Also, he bid him know that he took it well that he had been so bold for his Prince Emmanuel, and had engaged so faithfully in his cause against Diabolus. He also mentioned, at the close of his letter, that he would shortly receive his reward.

The second note that came out was for the noble Lord Willbewill in which it was intimated that his Prince Emmanuel well understood how valiant and courageous he had been for the honour of his Lord, now in his absence, and when his name was derided by Diabolus. There was mention also that his Prince had taken it well that he had been so true to the city of Mansoul in his keeping of so strict a watch, and so strict a rein, on the neck of the followers of Diabolus who were still lurking in their various holes in the famous city of Mansoul. He mentioned, also, how he understood that my Lord had, with his own hand,

executed some of the chief rebels there, to the great discouragement of the enemy, and as a good example to the whole city of Mansoul; and that shortly, his Lordship would have his reward.

The third note that came out was for the second preacher, in which it was intimated that his Prince took it well concerning him that he had honestly and faithfully performed his office and executed the trust committed to him by his Lord, while he exhorted, rebuked, and forewarned Mansoul according to the laws of the city. He mentioned, also, that he took it well that by his hand he had called the people to fasting, and to sackcloth and ashes, when Mansoul was under revolt. Also, that he had called for the help of Captain Boanerges to assist him in so weighty a work; and that shortly he also would receive his reward.

The fourth note that came out was for Mr. Godly-Fear in which it was intimated that his Lordship observed that he was the first man in Mansoul to detect that Mr. Carnal-Security was the only one who, through subtlety and cunning, had obtained for Diabolus a defection and decline of goodness in the blessed city of Mansoul. Moreover, his Lord gave him to understand that he still remembered his tears and mourning for the state of Mansoul. It was also stated in the same note that his Lord took notice of the fact that he detected this Mr. Carnal-Security at his own table, among his own guests, and in his own house, and in the midst of his rejoicing, while he was seeking to perfect his evil intent against the city of Mansoul.

Emmanuel also took note that this reverend gentleman, Mr. Godly-Fear, stood bravely at the gates of the castle, against all the threats and attempts of the tyrant; and that he had helped the citizens to draw up their petition to their Prince so that he might accept it and give them an answer of peace; and that therefore he should shortly receive his reward.

After all this, there was still one more note which was directed to the whole city of Mansoul in which it was intimated that their Lord took notice of their frequent sending of petitions to him; and that they should see more of the fruits of their labours in times to come. Their Prince also told them that he took it well that their heart and mind, at last, were now fixed on him and his ways, though Diabolus had made great inroads upon them; and that neither flatteries on the one hand, nor hardships on the other, would make them yield to serve his cruel designs. There was also inserted at the bottom of this note, that his Lordship had left the city of Mansoul in the hands of the Lord Secretary, and under the conduct of Captain Credence, saying, 'Take care that you yield yourselves to their government; and in due time you will receive your reward.'

So, after the brave Captain Credence had delivered his notes to those to whom they were addressed, he retired to the Lord Secretary's lodgings, and there spent his time in discussion with him; for those two were very great friends, and knew more how things would go with Mansoul than any of the citizens. The Lord Secretary also loved Captain Credence dearly; yes, many a good dish was sent him from my Lord's table. Also, he looked cheerful when the rest of Mansoul lay under a cloud. So, after they had finished their discussion, the captain took himself off to his room to rest.

But not long afterwards, my Lord sent for the captain again; so the captain came to him, and they greeted one another in the usual way. Then the captain said to the Lord Secretary, 'What has my Lord to say to his servant?' The Lord Secretary took him aside, and after a sign or two of his continuing favour, said, 'I have made you the Lord's lieutenant over all the forces in Mansoul; so that, from now on, all in Mansoul will obey your commands; and you will lead in and lead out Mansoul. You will manage, according to your position, the war for your Prince, and for the city of Mansoul, against the force and power of Diabolus. And all the rest of the captains will act according to your orders.'

## CHAPTER 16

Now, the citizens began to notice what a great reputation in Mansoul the captain had, both in the court and with the Lord Secretary; for no one could go as quickly as he when sent, nor bring back such good news from Emmanuel. Therefore, being sorry that they had not made greater use of him in their time of distress, they sent their second preacher to the Lord Secretary to ask him if everything might be put under the government, care, custody, and conduct of Captain Credence.

So their preacher went on his errand and received this answer from the mouth of his Lord: that Captain Credence should be the great leader of all the King's army, against the King's enemies, and also for the welfare of Mansoul. So he bowed to the ground and thanked his Lordship, and returned and told his news to the citizens. But all this was done in great secrecy because the enemy were still strong in the city. But let us return to our story again.

When Diabolus saw himself boldly defied by the Lord Mayor, and noticed the bravery of Mr. Godly-Fear, he fell into a rage, and quickly called a council of war to seek revenge on Mansoul. So all the princes of the pit came together, and old Incredulity at the head of them, with all the captains of his army. So they considered what might be done. Now, the purpose of the council that day was to decide how to take the castle because they could not consider themselves masters of the city as long as it was still in the hands of their enemies.

So one said one thing, and another said another; but when they could not agree on a decision, Apollyon, the president of the council, stood up, and said:

'My brotherhood. I have two things to propose to you. The first is this: let us go out of the city into the plain again, for our presence here does us no good and the castle is still in the hands of our enemies. Nor is it possible to take it as long as so many brave captains are in it, and as long as this bold fellow Godly-Fear is the keeper of its gates. Now, when we have withdrawn into the plain, they, of their own accord, will be glad to feel a little easier. And it may be, of their own accord, they will again go astray, and that will give them a bigger blow than we can possibly give them. Now, if that should fail, our going out of the city may draw out the captains after us; and you know what happened to them when we fought them in the field last time. Besides, if we succeed in drawing them out into the field, we will lay an ambush behind the city so that, when they come out, we will rush in and take possession of the castle.'

But Beelzebub stood up, and replied, 'It is not possible to draw them all out of the castle. Some, you may be sure, will stay behind to secure it. Therefore, it will be a vain attempt unless we are sure they all come out.' He concluded that something else needed to be done. And the most likely means that the greatest of their heads could think of was what Apollyon had already advised; namely, to get the citizens to sin again. 'For', said he, 'it is not our being in the city, nor in the field, nor our fighting, nor our killing of their men, that will make us masters of Mansoul. As long as just one in the city is able to lift up his finger against us, Emmanuel will take their side. And if he takes their side, we know what time of day it will be with us.'

'Therefore, for my part', he went on, 'there is, in my judgement, no way to bring them into bondage to us except by making them sin. (2 Peter 2:18-21) Had we', he continued, 'left



all our Doubters at home, we would have done as well as we have now, unless we can made them the masters and governors of the castle; for Doubters at a distance are like objections met with counter-arguments. Indeed, unless we get them into the stronghold, and make them possess it, the day will never be ours. Let us, therefore, withdraw to the plain (not expecting that the captains in Mansoul follow us). But, as I said, let us do this, and before we do, let us get word again to our trusted diabolonians still in their strongholds in Mansoul, and set them to work to betray the city to us.

For they indeed must do it or it will be left undone for ever.' By these sayings of Beelzebub (for I think it was he who gave this advice), the whole gathering was forced to accept his opinion, namely, that the way to get the castle was to make the city sin again. Then they fell to imagining by what means they might do it.

Then Lucifer stood up and said:

'The counsel of Beelzebub is good. Now, the way to bring this to pass, in my opinion, is this: let us withdraw our forces from the city of Mansoul; let us do this, and let us terrify them no more either with summons, or threats, or with the noise of our drum, or anything else. Only let us lie in the field at a distance and disregard them; for frights, I see, only awaken them and make them stand to their arms. I have another strategy in my head. You know that Mansoul is a market-city, and a city that delights in commerce. What if some of our diabolonians dress up as far-country men, and go and bring to the market of Mansoul some of our wares to sell. And what matter the price of their wares, though it be but for half the cost? Now, let those who trade in their market be clever and true to us, and I will guarantee this plan will work. There are two men whose names spring to mind already, who I think will be good at this work, and they are Mr. Penny-Wise-Pound-Foolish, and Mr. Get-In-The-County-And-Lose-In-The-Country; nor is this man with the long name at all inferior to the other. What if we join to them Mr. Sweet-World and Mr. Present-Good? They are men who are civil and cunning, but our true friends and helpers. Let these, with many more, take up this business for us, and let Mansoul grow rich; for this is the way to gain them. Remember how we prevailed in Laodicea (Revelation 3:17), and how many at present do we hold in this snare? Now, when they begin to grow rich, they will forget their misery; and if we do not frighten them, they may fall asleep, and so neglect their city watch, their castle watch, as well as their watch at the gates.

'Yes; may we not, by this means, so fill Mansoul with abundance, that she will be forced to make their castle a warehouse, instead of a strong garrison fortified against us, and a place for men of war. Thus, if we get our goods and commodities into there, I reckon that the castle is more than half ours. Besides, if we arrange for it to be filled with all kind of wares, then, if we launched a sudden attack on them, it would be hard for the captains to take shelter in it. Have you heard of the parable: 'The deceitfulness of riches choke the word'? (Luke 8:14; 21:3-36) and again, 'When the heart is over-charged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and the cares of this life', harm comes upon them unawares?

'Furthermore, my Lords', said he, 'you know very well that it is not easy for a people to have our things in abundance without some of our diabolonians acting as servants in their houses and storerooms. Where is a citizen of Mansoul full of this world without his servants such as Mr. Profuse, or Mr. Prodigality, or some other of our diabolonian gang, like Mr. Voluptuous, Mr. Pragmatic, Mr. Ostentation, and the like? Now these could take the castle of Mansoul, or blow it up, or make it unfit as a garrison for Emmanuel; and any of these will do it. Yes; these, for all I know, can do it for us quicker than an army of twenty-thousand men. Therefore, as I began, my advice is, that we quietly withdraw ourselves, not offering any further force, or

making forceful attempts on the castle, at least for the time being; and let us set afoot our new project, and let us see if that will not make them destroy themselves.'

This advice was very popular with them all, and was counted as a very masterpiece of hell, namely, to choke Mansoul with the things of this world, and to fill her heart with such good things. But see how events coincide! Just as this Diabolonian council was breaking up, Captain Credence received a letter from Emmanuel, the contents of which were as follows: that on the third day, he would meet him in the field in the plains around Mansoul. 'Meet me in the field?' said the captain. 'What does my Lord mean by that? I do not know what he mean when he says 'Meet me in the field.' So he took the note in his hand and brought it to the Lord Secretary to ask his thoughts on the matter; for my Lord was a seer in all matters concerning the King, and also for the good and comfort of the city of Mansoul. So he brought my Lord the note, and asked his opinion of it. 'For my part', said Captain Credence, 'I do not understand its meaning.' So my Lord took it and read it; and, after a little while, he said, 'The diabolonians have had a big discussion about Mansoul today; they have, I say, this day been discussing the utter ruin of the city. And the result of their discussion is to treat Mansoul in such a way that it will surely make her destroy herself. And, to this end, they are making ready for their own departure from the city, intending to go back to the field again, and there stay still until they see whether their project will take or not. But be ready with the men of your Lord (for on the third day they will be in the plain), to fall on the diabolonians; for the Prince will by that time be in the field. Yes; by then it will be the break of day, at sunrise, or before, and you will lead a mighty force against them. So he will go before them, and you will be behind them; and between you both, their army will be destroyed.'

When Captain Credence heard this, away he went to the rest of the captains and told them of a note he had received from the hand of Emmanuel. 'And', said he, 'what was difficult to understand, my Lord the Lord Secretary has explained to me.' He told them also what he himself and they must do to answer the mind of their Lord. Then the captains were very glad; and Captain Credence ordered all the King's trumpeters to ascend to the battlements of the castle, and there, in the hearing of Diabolus and of the whole city of Mansoul, play the best music that their hearts could manage. The trumpeters, then, did as they were ordered. They went up to the top of the castle, and so they began to sound. Then Diabolus was startled, and said, 'What can be the meaning of this? They are neither sounding out 'Boot-and-saddle', nor 'Horse-and-away', nor a charge. What do these madmen think they are doing that they should sound so merry and glad?' Then one of them answered him, 'This is for joy that their Prince Emmanuel is coming again to relieve the city of Mansoul, and that he is at the head of an army, and relief is near.'

The men of Mansoul were also greatly concerned at the melodious charm of the trumpets. They said — yes, they answered one another — 'This can mean no harm to us; surely this can mean no harm to us.' Then said the followers of Diabolus, 'What is to be done for the best?' which was answered, 'It is best to quit the city'. Another said, 'You may leave to pursue your last counsel, and in so doing, you will be better able to give the enemy battle should an army from without come upon us.' So, on the second day, they withdrew from Mansoul and remained in the plain, setting out their camp in front of Eye-gate in whatever intimidating way they could. The reason why they could not stay in the city (besides the reasons that were debated in their late meeting) was because they were not in possession of the stronghold, and 'because', they said, 'we will find it easier to fight, and also to flee, if need be, when we camp in the open plain.'

Besides, the city would be a pit for them rather than a place of defence when the Prince came up and enclosed them in the city. Therefore, they took themselves off to the field that they might be out of reach of the slings, by which they were much harassed all the

time they were in the city.

Well, the time came for the captains to fall on the diabolonians, and they prepared themselves for action eagerly; for Captain Credence had told the captains over-night that they would meet their Prince in the field the next day. This, therefore, made them very anxious to engage the enemy; for the saying 'You will meet the Prince in the field tomorrow' was like oil on a flaming fire. For a long time they had been separated, so they had a strong desire to get on with the work. As I said, the hour came. Captain Credence, with the rest of the men of war, marched out their forces before it was day through the sally-port of the city. And as all was ready, Captain Credence went up to the head of the army and gave to the rest of the captains the word, which, to their under-officers and soldiers, was, '**The sword of the Prince Emmanuel, and the shield of Captain Credence**', which is, in the language of Mansoul, 'The word of God and faith!' Then the captains fell to, and began to front and flank and rear Diabolus' camp.

Now, they had left Captain Experience in the city because he was still ill from the wounds the diabolonians had given him in the last fight. But when he saw that the captains were hard at it, what does he do, but, call for his crutches with haste, get up, and away he goes to the battle, saying, 'How can I lie here when my brothers are fighting, and when Emmanuel, the Prince, shows himself in the field to his servants?' But when the enemy saw a man coming with his crutches, they were daunted all the more; 'for', they thought, 'what spirit has possessed these men of Mansoul to come and fight us on their crutches?' Well, the captains, as I said, fell to, and bravely wielded their weapons, all the time crying out and shouting as they laid on blows, '**The sword of the Prince Emmanuel, and the shield of Captain Credence!**'

Now, when Diabolus saw that the captains had come out, and how valiantly they surrounded his men, he concluded that, for the present, there was nothing to be expected from them but blows from their 'two-edged sword.' (Hebrews 4:12)

So he fell on the Prince's army with all his deadly force; and so the battle was joined. Now, whom did Diabolus first meet in the fight but Captain Credence on the one hand, and Lord Willbewill on the other! Now, Willbewill's blows were like the blows of a giant, for that man had a strong arm. And he concentrated on the Election Doubters, for they were the lifeguard of Diabolus, and kept them occupied a long while, cutting and battering shrewdly. Now, when Captain Credence saw my Lord thus engaged, bravely, from another direction, he fell on the same company also, so to bring them to great disorder. Captain Good-Hope engaged the Vocation Doubters, and they were strong men; but the captain was a valiant man. Captain Experience sent him some aid; so he made the Vocation Doubters retreat. The rest of the armies were hotly engaged in battle on every side, and the Diabolonians fought fiercely.

Then the Lord Secretary ordered the slings from the castle to come into action, and the men to throw stones within a hair's-breadth. But, after a while, those who were ready to flee before the captains of the Prince, begin to rally again, and they came up bravely against the rear of the Prince's army. Therefore, the Prince's army began to weaken; but, remembering that they would see the face of their Prince by and by, they took courage, and a very fierce battle was fought. Then the captains shouted out, '**The sword of Prince Emmanuel, and the shield of Captain Credence!**' and, with that, Diabolus fell back, thinking that more aid was on the way. But no Emmanuel appeared as yet. Moreover, the battle hung in the balance, and they both retreated a little. Now, during the respite, Captain Credence bravely encouraged his men to stand by; and Diabolus did the same as well as he could. But Captain Credence made a brave speech to his soldiers, the contents were as follows:

'Gentlemen soldiers, and my brothers in this enterprise, it rejoices my heart very much to see in the field for our Prince this day so brave and valiant an army, and such faithful lovers of Mansoul. You have shown yourselves to be men of truth and courage against the forces of Diabolus; so that, for all their boasting, they have not yet much reason to boast of their gains. Now, take to yourselves your usual courage, and show yourselves men even this once; for in a few minutes after the next engagement, this time, you will see your Prince in the field; for we must make this second assault on this tyrant Diabolus, and then Emmanuel will come.'

No sooner had the captain made this speech to his soldiers than Mr. Speedy came post-haste to the captain from the Prince to tell him that Emmanuel was near. This news, when the captain received it, he communicated to the other field-officers, and they to their soldiers and men of war. Therefore, like men risen from the dead, the captains and their men arose, faced the enemy, and cried out as before, '**The sword of Prince Emmanuel, and the shield of Captain Credence!**'

The diabolonians also stirred themselves and resisted as well as they could; but in this last engagement the diabolonians lost their courage, and many of the Doubters fell down dead on the ground. Now, when they had been in the heat of battle about an hour or more, Captain Credence lifted up his eyes, and, behold, Emmanuel came, with colours flying, trumpets sounding, and the feet of his men scarce touching the ground. They hastened with speed towards the captains who were engaged in battle. Then Credence gave back with his men to the city, giving Diabolus the field. So Emmanuel fell on him on the one side so that the enemy was between both forces. Then they fell to it afresh; and in no time, Emmanuel and Captain Credence met, still trampling down the slain as they came.

Now, when the captains saw that the Prince had come, and that he had fallen on the diabolonians on the other side, and that Captain Credence and his Highness had them between them, they shouted (so loud that the ground shook again), saying, '**The sword of Emmanuel, and the shield of Captain Credence!**' Now, when Diabolus saw that he and his forces were so hard-pressed by the Prince and his princely army, what does he do, and the Lords of the pit with him, but make his escape, and desert their army, and leave them to fall by the hand of Emmanuel and his noble Captain Credence. So they all fell slain before them by the hand the Prince and his royal army. There was not left so much as one Doubter alive; they all lay spread out on the ground as dead men as one would spread dung on the earth.

When the battle was over, all things came to order in the camp. Then the captains and elders of Mansoul came together to greet Emmanuel while still on the field of battle, and welcomed him with a thousand welcomes, for he had come to the borders of Mansoul again. So he smiled on them and said, 'Peace be with you.' Then they prepared to go into the city again. They went up to Mansoul, they, the Prince, and all the new forces he had brought with him to the war. Also, all the gates of the city were opened for his reception, so glad were they of his blessed return. And this was the manner and order of his coming again into the city of Mansoul:

**First**, as I said, all the gates of the city were opened; yes, the gates of the castle also. The elders of the city of Mansoul stationed themselves at the gates of the city to greet him at his entrance; and so they did; for, as he drew near, and approached the gates, they said, 'Lift up your heads, you gates! And be lifted up, you everlasting doors! And the King of glory shall come in.' And they answered, 'Who is this King of glory?' to which they replied, 'The Lord strong and mighty; the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, you gates! And lift them up, you everlasting doors!' (Psalm 24:7-9)

**Secondly**, it was ordered by the authorities of Mansoul that all the way from the city gates to the castle his blessed Majesty should be entertained with song by those who had the best skill in music in all the city of Mansoul. Then the elders, and the rest of the men of Mansoul, answered one another as Emmanuel came into the city, till he came to the castle gates, with songs and the sound of trumpets, saying, 'They have seen your goings, God; even the goings of my God, my King, in the sanctuary.' So the singers went before, the players on instruments followed after, and among them were the maidens playing on their timbrels. (Psalm 68:25)

**Thirdly**, then the captains (for I would say a word about them), in their turn, waited on the Prince as he entered the gates of Mansoul. Captain Credence went before, and Captain Good-Hope came with him; Captain Charity came behind with other of his companions, and Captain Patience followed last of all. And the rest of the captains, some on the right, and some on the left, accompanied Emmanuel into Mansoul. And all the while, the colours were displayed, the trumpets sounded, and there was continual cheering from the soldiers. The Prince himself rode into the city in his armour which was all of beaten gold, and in his chariot — the pillars of which were of silver, the bottom of gold, the coverings of purple, and its centre covered with love for the daughters of the city of Mansoul.

**Fourthly**, when the Prince came to the entrance of Mansoul, he found all the streets covered with lilies and flowers, specially decked with boughs and branches from the green trees that stood round about the city. Every door was filled with people who had decorated the front of their house with a specially beautiful display to entertain him as he passed by. As Emmanuel passed by, they welcomed him with shouts and acclamations of joy, saying, 'Blessed be the Prince who comes in the name of his Father Shaddai!'

**Fifthly**, at the castle gates, the elders of Mansoul, namely, the Lord Mayor, Lord Willbewill, the second preacher, Mr. Knowledge, and Mr. Mind, with others of the nobility, greeted Emmanuel again. They bowed before him, they kissed the dust of his feet, they thanked, they blessed, and they praised his Highness for not taking advantage of them for their sins, but rather having pity on them in their misery, and returning them with mercies, and building up their Mansoul for ever. Thus he went up straight away to the castle; for that was the royal palace and the place where his Highness was to dwell. The castle had already been prepared for him by the presence of the Lord Secretary and the work of Captain Credence. So he entered in.

**Sixthly**, then the common people of the city of Mansoul came to him in the castle to mourn and weep and to bewail their wickedness, by which they had forced him out of the city. So they, when they came in, bowed themselves to the ground seven times. They also wept, weeping aloud and asking for forgiveness of the Prince, and praying that he would again, as of old, confirm his love for Mansoul.

To which the great Prince replied, 'Do not weep, but go your way, eat gladly, and drink deeply, and send portions to those for whom nothing has been prepared; for the joy of your Lord is your strength. (Nehemiah 8:10) I return to Mansoul with mercies, and my name shall be set up, exalted, and magnified by it.' He also took these inhabitants and kissed them, and laid them in his bosom.

Moreover, he gave to the elders of Mansoul, and to each city officer, a chain of gold and a signet ring. He also sent to their wives earrings and jewels and bracelets, and other things. He also bestowed on the true-born children of Mansoul many precious things.

When Emmanuel, the Prince had done all these things for the famous city of Mansoul, he said to them first of all, 'Wash your clothes, then put on your ornaments, and come to me into the castle of Mansoul.' (Ecclesiastes 9:8; Zechariah 13:1; Revelation 7:14-15) So they

went to the fountain that was open for Judah and Jerusalem to wash in; and there they washed, and there they made their 'garments white', and came again to the Prince in the castle, and they stood before him.

And now there was music and dancing throughout the whole city of Mansoul because their Prince had again granted them his presence and the light of his countenance. The bells also rang, and the sun shone comfortably on them for a long time.

The city of Mansoul now sought more thoroughly to seek the destruction and ruin of all the remaining diabolonians who lived in the walls, and the dens they had, in the city of Mansoul; for there were many this day who had escaped with life and limb from the hand of their oppressors in the famous city of Mansoul.

But my Lord Willbewill had a greater terror of them now than ever he had before, forasmuch as his heart was fully intent on seeking them out and planning how to pursue them to death. He hunted them night and day, and severely distressed them, as we will see later.

After things were put in order in the famous city of Mansoul, strict orders were given by the blessed Prince Emmanuel that the citizens should, without further delay, appoint some to go out to the plain to bury the dead that were there — the dead which fell by the sword of Emmanuel and by the shield of Captain Credence — lest the odour and bad smell coming off them might infect the air and annoy the famous city of Mansoul. There was another reason for this order, namely, that, as much as it lay with Mansoul, they should cut off the name and existence and remembrance of all their enemies from the thought of the famous city of Mansoul and its inhabitants.

## CHAPTER 17

Orders came from the Lord Mayor, that wise and trusted friend of the city of Mansoul that everyone should go about this necessary business; and Mr. Godly-Fear and Mr. Upright were to supervise in the matter of burial. Citizens were put under them to work in the plain and to bury the slain that lay dead there. And this was their work detail: some to dig the graves, some to bury the dead, and some to go to and fro in the plain and round about the borders of Mansoul, to see if any skull or bone or pieces of a bone of a Doubter was still to be found above ground anywhere near the city. If any were to be found, the searchers were ordered to set up a marker nearby as a sign that those who were appointed to bury them might find them and bury them out of sight that the name and memory of a diabolonian Doubter might be blotted out from under heaven; and that the children, and those born in Mansoul later, might not know, if at all possible, what a skull, what a bone, or a piece of a bone of a Doubter was like.

So the buriers, those who were appointed for that task, did as they were ordered. They buried the Doubters, and all the skulls and bones and pieces of bones of Doubters wherever they found them; and so they cleaned up the plains. Now, Mr. God's-Peace took up his commission and acted again as he used to in former days.

Thus they buried in the plain round about Mansoul the Election Doubters, the Vocation Doubters, the Grace Doubters, the Perseverance Doubters, the Resurrection Doubters, the Salvation Doubters, and the Glory Doubters. These had served under Captain Rage, Captain Cruel, Captain Damnation, Captain Insatiable, Captain Brimstone, Captain Torment, Captain No-Ease, Captain Sepulchre, and Captain Past-Hope; and under Diabolus, old Incredulity was their general. The seven heads of their army were also there: Lord Beelzebub, Lord Lucifer, Lord Legion, Lord Apollyon, Lord Python, Lord Cerberus, and Lord Belial. But the princes and the captains, with old Incredulity their general, all of them make their escape, leaving their men to be killed by the power of the Prince's forces, and by the hands of the men of the city of Mansoul. The dead were buried, as I have already said, to the more than great joy of the now famous city of Mansoul.

The buriers also buried with them their arms, which were cruel instruments of death (their weapons were arrows, darts, mauls, firebrands, and the like). They buried also their armour, their colours, their banners, and the standard of Diabolus, and whatever else they could find that smelled of a diabolonian Doubter.

Now, when the tyrant arrived at Hell-Gate Hill with his old friend Incredulity, they immediately descended into the den, and having for a time consoled their fellows in misfortune at the great loss they had sustained against the city of Mansoul, they fell into a passion, and vowed revenge for the loss they had sustained. Therefore, they quickly called a council to decide what else needed to be done against the famous city of Mansoul; for their yawning stomachs could hardly wait to see the result of their Lord Lucifer's and their Lord Apollyon's counsel; for their raging desires consumed them all day long until they were filled with the body and soul and flesh and bones, and with all the delicacies of Mansoul. They therefore decided to make another attempt on the city of Mansoul, and that with an army made up partly of Doubters and partly of Blood-men. Let me tell you more about both of them.

The Doubters got their name from their nature, as well as from the land and kingdom where they were born, Their nature was to put a question mark against every one of the truths of Emmanuel, and their country is called the land of Doubting, a land in the remote north between the land of Darkness and that called the 'valley of the shadow of death'. For though the land of Darkness and 'the valley of the shadow of death' are sometimes thought of as one and the same place, yet they are two, situated close to one another. The land of Doubting lies between them. This is the land in which those who came to help Diabolus ruin the city of Mansoul are native.

The Blood-men are a people that got their name from the hate of their nature, and from the anger they have within them for the city of Mansoul. Their land is near the dog-star, and they are governed by intellectuals. The name of their country is the province of Loath-Good. The furthest parts of it are far distant from the land of Doubting, yet they both lie close to the hill called Hell-Gate Hill. These people always work with the Doubters for they both question the faith and fidelity of the men of the city of Mansoul, and are both alike qualified to serve their prince.

Now, from these two countries, by the beating of his drum, Diabolus raised another army against the city of Mansoul, twenty-five thousand strong. There were ten-thousand Doubters and fifteen-thousand Blood-men, and they were put under several captains for the war; and old Incredulity was again made General of the army.

As for the Doubters, their captains were five of the seven who led the last diabolonian campaign, and these are their names: Captain Beelzebub, Captain Lucifer, Captain Apollyon, Captain Legion, and Captain Cerberus; and some of the captains they had before were promoted to lieutenants, and some ensigns, in the army.

But Diabolus did not count on the fact that in this expedition of his these Doubters would prove his principal men, for their manhood had been tried before, and the men of Mansoul had prevailed. He used them only to make up the numbers, and help at a pinch. But his trust was placed in his Blood-men, for they were all downright villains, and he knew that they had done exploits before.

As for the Blood-men, they were also under command; and the names of their captains were: Captain Cain, Captain Nimrod, Captain Ishmael, Captain Esau, Captain Saul, Captain Absalom, Captain Judas, and Captain Pope.

1. Captain Cain was over two companies, namely, the zealous and the angry Blood-men. (Genesis 4:8) His standard-bearer bore the red colours, and his escutcheon was a murderous club.
2. Captain Nimrod was captain over two bands, namely, the tyrannical and invading Blood-men. His standard-bearer bore the red colours, and his escutcheon was a great bloodhound. (Genesis 10:8-9)
3. Captain Ishmael was captain over two companies, namely, the mocking and scorning Blood-men. His standard-bearer bore the red colours, and his escutcheon was one mocking Abraham's son Isaac. (Genesis 21:9-10)
4. Captain Esau was captain over two companies, namely, the Bloodmen that resented anyone having the blessing; also other Blood-men, for they are forever taking out their personal spite on each other. His standard-bearer bore the red colours, and his escutcheon was of one secretly lurking to murder Jacob. (Genesis 27:41-45)



5. Captain Saul was captain over two companies, namely, the groundlessly jealous and the devilishly furious Blood-men. His standard-bearer bore the red colours, and his escutcheon was three bloody darts cast at innocent David. (1 Samuel 18:10; 19:10; 20:33)

6. Captain Absalom was captain over two companies, namely, over the Blood-men who would kill a father or a friend for the glory of this world. These Blood-men speak well of you till they pierce you with their swords. His standard-bearer bore the red colours, and his escutcheon was a son pursuing his father's blood. (2 Samuel 15 - 17)

7. Captain Judas was over two companies, namely, the Blood-men who would sell a man's life for money, and who would betray their friend with a kiss. His standard-bearer bore the red colours, and his escutcheon was thirty pieces of silver. (Matthew 26:14-16)

8. Captain Pope was captain over one company, but all these spirits were joined in one under him. His standard-bearer bore the red colours, and his escutcheon was the stake, the flame, and a good man in it. (Revelation 13:7-8; Daniel 11:33)

Now, the reason why Diabolus raised another force do quickly after he had been beaten on the field was because he had great confidence in this army of Blood-men. He put a great deal more trust in them than he did in his army of Doubters who had often done him great service in the strengthening of him in his kingdom. But as for these Blood-men, he had proved them often, and their sword seldom returned empty. Besides, he knew that these, like mastiffs, would fasten on anyone - whether father, mother, brother, sister, prince, or governor - and yes, upon the Prince of princes. And what encouraged him the most was that they once forced Emmanuel out of the kingdom of Universe. 'And why', thought he, 'may they not also drive him out of the city of Mansoul?'

So this army of twenty-five thousand strong was led by their general, the great Lord Incredulity, against the city of Mansoul. Now, Mr. Prywell, the scoutmaster-general, went out to spy, and it was he who brought Mansoul news of their coming. So they shut their gates, and put themselves in a posture of defence, against these new diabolonians coming up against the city.

Thus Diabolus brought up his army and besieged the city of Mansoul. The Doubters were positioned near Feel-gate, and the Blood-men near Eye-gate and Ear-gate.

Now, when this army had encamped, Incredulity, in the name of Diabolus, his own name, and in the name of the Blood-men and the rest who were with him, send a summons as hot as a red-hot iron to Mansoul to yield to their demands; threatening, that if they still stood firm against them, they would presently burn down Mansoul with fire. For you must know that, as for the Blood-men, they were not so much concerned that Mansoul should surrender, as that Mansoul should be destroyed and cut off from the land of the living. True, they send to them to surrender; but should they so do, that would not have been enough to quench the thirst of these men. They must have blood, the blood of Mansoul, or they would die; thus living up to their name. (Isaiah 59:7; Jeremiah 22:17) So these Blood-men were kept in reserve for when all the engines of Diabolus proved ineffective as his last and sure card to be played against the city of Mansoul.

Now, when the citizens had received this red-hot summons, it stirred within them thoughts that were both changing and interchanging. But they all agreed, in less than half an hour, to send a summons to the Prince, on the bottom of which they wrote, 'Come and save Mansoul from the men of blood!' (Psalm 59:2)

When Emmanuel took it, and examined it, and considered it, and also took note of the short petition that the men of Mansoul had written at the bottom of it, he called the noble Captain Credence, and bid him go with Captain Patience (Hebrews 6:12-15), and take care of the side of Mansoul which was under siege by the Blood-men. So they went and did as they were ordered. Captain Credence went and took Captain Patience, and they both secured the side of Mansoul that lay under siege by the Blood-men.

Then Emmanuel ordered Captain Good-Hope and Captain Charity and Lord Willbewill to take charge of the other side of the city. 'And I', said the Prince, 'will raise my standard on the battlements of your castle, and you three, watch out for the Doubters.' This done, he again commanded brave Captain Experience to draw up his men in the market-place, and there exercise them every day before the people of the city of Mansoul. Now this siege was long, and many a fierce attempt was made by the enemy, especially those called the Blood-men, on the city of Mansoul; and many a fierce brush some of the citizens had with them, especially Captain Self-Denial, who, I should have told you before, was ordered to take the care of Ear-gate and Eye-gate against the Blood-men. This Captain Self-Denial was a young man, but brave, and a citizen of Mansoul, as Captain Experience was also. And Emmanuel, at his second return to Mansoul, made him captain over a thousand of the mansoulians for the good of the city. This captain, therefore, being a strong man, and a man of great courage, and willing to venture out for the good of the city of Mansoul, now and then sallied out on the Blood-men, giving them many notable alarms, and entering into several brisk skirmishes with them. Some of the enemy were killed; but you must not think that this was done easily, for he met with many brushes himself, and carried several scars in his face; indeed, on other parts of his body as well.

So, after this time in which the faith and hope and love of Mansoul was put to the test, Prince Emmanuel, one day, called his captains and men of war together and divided them into two companies. This done, he ordered them at a set time early in the morning to sally out on the enemy, saying, 'Let half of you fall on the Doubters, and half of you on the Blood-men. Those of you who go after the Doubters, kill and slay them, and put to the sword as many of them as you can lay your hands on; but for you who go out against the Blood-men, do not kill them, but take them alive.'

So, at the set time, early in the morning, the captains went out as they were ordered against the enemy. Captain Good-Hope, Captain Charity, and those who had joined them, like Captain Innocent and Captain Experience, went out against the Doubters; and Captain Credence, and Captain Patience, with Captain Self-Denial, and the rest of their company, went out against the Blood-men.

Now, those who went out against the Doubters drew up into a body before the plain, and marched on to do battle. But the Doubters, remembering their last rally, retreated, not daring to face the shock, but fled from the Prince's men. So they pursued them, and in the pursuit slew many, but they could not catch them all. Now, of those who escaped, some went home; and the rest, in groups of fives, nines, and seventeens, like wanderers, went straggling up and down the country. Wherever they met barbarous people, they fought using many of their diabolonian skills. Nor did these people rise up in arms against them, but allowed themselves to be enslaved by them. They would also, after this, show themselves in companies before the city of Mansoul, but never entered; for whenever Captain Credence, Captain Good-Hope, or Captain Experience showed themselves, they fled.

Those who went out against the Blood-men followed their orders: they did not kill any, but sought to trap them. But the Blood-men, when they saw that Emmanuel was not in the field, concluded that Emmanuel was not in Mansoul. So the Blood-men, seeing what the

captains were doing, and thinking them wild and foolish, despised them rather than feared them. But the captains, pressing on with their business, at last surrounded them. Those who had routed the Doubters came to their aid: so, in short, after a little struggle (for the Blood-men also would like to have made a run for it, only it was now too late; for though they are mischievous and cruel when they are triumphant, yet all Blood-men are chicken-hearted, especially when they come to see themselves as equally matched). So the captains took them, and brought them to the Prince.

Now, when they were taken and brought before the Prince and examined, he found that they came from three different counties, though they all came from the same continent.

1. One part of them came from Blind-Man-Shire, and they acted in ignorance.
2. Another part of them came from Blind-Zeal-Shire, and they always acted superstitiously.
3. The third part of them came from the city of Malice, in the county of Envy, and they always acted out of spite and a hardened heart.

The first of these, namely, those who came from Blind-Man-shire, when they saw where they were, and against whom they had fought, they trembled and cried where they stood before him; and as many as asked for mercy, he touched their lips with his golden sceptre. (1 Timothy 1:13-15; Matthew 5:44; Luke 6:22; John 16:1-2; Acts 9:5-6; Revelation 9:20-21; John 8:40-43)

Those who came from Blind-Zeal-shire did not act as the other did; for they pleaded that they had a right to do what they did because Mansoul was a city whose laws and customs were different from everyone else. Very few of these could be convinced of their evil; but those who did, and asked for mercy, were treated favourably.

Now, those who came from the city of Malice, in the county of Envy, neither wept, nor disputed, nor repented, but stood gnawing their tongues before him in anguish and madness, because they could not have their way with Mansoul. Now, these, with all those of the other two parts, who did not plead for pardon for their faults, he made them sign a confession for what they had done against Mansoul and against her King at the great and general assize that were called by our Lord the King. There, he himself appointed that they should appear before him to represent their country and kingdom in Universe. So they were bound, when called, to answer before our Lord the King for what they had done.

And this is what happened to the second army that was sent by Diabolus to overthrow Mansoul.

## CHAPTER 18

Now, there were three of those who came from the land of Doubting who, after they had wandered the countryside for a while, and seeing that they were not detected, were stupid enough to enter the city knowing that they were diabolonians. I say that they were stupid enough to enter Mansoul. (Three, did I say? I think there were four.) Now, to whose house should these diabolonian Doubters go, but to the house of an old diabolonian in Mansoul called Evil-Questioning, a very great enemy of Mansoul, and a trouble-maker among the diabolonians there. Well, to this Evil-Questioning's house, as I said, these diabolonians came (you may be sure that they had directions how to find their way there), and he made them welcome, pitied their misfortune, and fed them with the best that he had in his house.

Now, after a little friendly discussion, old Evil-Questioning asked the Doubters if they all came from the same city (he knew that they were from one kingdom), and they answered, 'No; nor of one shire either; for I', said one, 'am an Election Doubter.' Another said, 'I am a Vocation Doubter', and the third said, 'I am a Salvation Doubter', and the fourth said he was a Grace Doubter. 'Well', said the old gentleman, 'be of whatever shire you will, I am persuaded that you are good boys. You have the very length of my foot, you are one with my heart, and you are welcome in my house.' So they thanked him, and were glad that they had found themselves a safe place in Mansoul.

Then Evil-Questioning said to them, 'How many of your company came with you to the siege of Mansoul?' And they replied, 'There were ten thousand Doubters in all, for the rest of the army consisted of fifteen thousand Blood-men. These Blood-men', they said, 'border our country; but, poor men! as we hear it, they were all captured by Emmanuel's forces.' 'Ten thousand!' said the old gentleman; 'I promise you, that is a good-sized number. But how was it, since you were so great a number that you turned and ran from your foes?' 'Our general', said they, 'was the first man to make a run for it.' 'Pray', said their landlord, 'who was that cowardly general?' 'He was once the Lord Mayor of Mansoul', said they. 'But do not call him a cowardly general; for no one, whether from the east or the west, has done more service for our prince Diabolus than my Lord Incredulity. But had they caught him, they would certainly have hanged him; and we promise you, hanging is a bad business.' Then said the old gentleman, 'If only we had ten thousand well-armed Doubters in Mansoul, and myself at the head of them! I would see what could be done.' 'Yes', said they, 'that would be great; but wishes, alas! what are they?' And with these thoughts spoken aloud, old Evil-Questioning said, 'Do not speak so loud; you must be quiet and secretive, and take care of yourselves while you are here, or, I assure you, you will be snapped up.' 'Why?' asked the Doubters. 'Why!' said the old gentleman; 'why! because both the Prince and his Lord Secretary, and their captains and soldiers, are all over the city. Yes; the city is as full of them as ever it could hold. And besides, there is one whose name is Willbewill, a most cruel enemy of ours; him the Prince has made keeper of the gates, and has ordered him to seek out all he can who are diabolonians and destroy them. And if he finds you, down you go, as if your heads were made of gold.'

And now, as it happened, one of Lord Willbewill's faithful soldiers, whose name was Mr. Diligence, stood all this while listening under old Evil-Questioning's eaves, and heard all the discussion there was between him and the Doubters he was entertaining under his roof.

This soldier was a man in whom my Lord placed great trust, and loved dearly, both because he was a man of courage, and also a man who was untiring in seeking out the followers of Diabolus to arrest them.

Now, this man, as I told you, heard all the talk between old Evil-Questioning and these diabolonians. So, what does he do, but goes to his Lord and tells him what he had heard. 'And you are sure of that, my trusted friend?' said my Lord. 'Yes, said Diligence, 'that I am; and if your Lordship will be pleased to go with me, you will find it is so.' 'And are they there?' asked my Lord. 'I know Evil-Questioning well, for he and I were close during the time of our apostasy. But I do not know where he lives now.' 'But I do', said his man; 'and, if your Lordship will go, I will lead the way to his den.' 'Go!' said my Lord, 'and I will follow. Come, my Diligence, let us go and find them.'

So my Lord and his man went directly to the house. Now, his man went before to show him the way, and they went till they came right up to old Mr. Evil-Questioning's wall. Then said Diligence, 'Listen! my Lord. Do you know the old gentleman's tongue when you hear it?' 'Yes', said my Lord, 'I know it well enough, but I have not seen him for many a day. This I know; he is cunning. I hope he will not give us the slip.' 'Leave that to me', said his servant Diligence. 'But how shall we find the door?' asked my Lord. 'Leave that to me, as well', said his man. So he took Lord Willbewill, and showed him the way to the door. Then my Lord, without more ado, broke open the door, rushed into the house, and caught all five of them together, even as Diligence his man had told him. So my Lord arrested them, led them away, and committed them into the hand of Mr. True-Man, the gaoler, and ordered them to be put them in prison.

This done, the Lord Mayor was told in the morning what Lord Willbewill had done overnight, and his Lordship greatly rejoiced at the news, not only because Doubters had been arrested, but because old Evil-Questioning was taken; for he had been a source of great trouble to Mansoul, and much affliction to the Lord Mayor himself. He had also been sought for often, but no one had laid a hand on him till now.

Well, the next thing was to make preparations to try the five my Lord had arrested, and were in the hands of Mr. True-Man, the gaoler. So the day was set, the court called, and the prisoners brought to the bar. My Lord Willbewill had the power to have them executed the moment they were arrested, and without more ado; but he thought that at this time it would bring more honour to the Prince, comfort to Mansoul, and discouragement to the enemy, to bring them out for public judgement.

But, I say, Mr. True-Man brought them in chains to the bar, to the city-hall, for that was the place of judgment. So, in short, the jury was sworn, the witnesses called, and the prisoners tried for their lives. The jury was the same that tried Mr. No-Truth, Pitiless, Haughty, and the rest of their crew.

And, first, old Questioning himself was brought to the bar; for he was the receiver, the entertainer, and the comforter of these Doubters who, by nationality, were outlandish men. Then he was ordered to listen to the charge, and was told that he was free to object if he had anything to say for himself. So his indictment was read: the manner and form were as follows:

'Mr. Questioning, you are here indicted under the name of Evil-Questioning, an intruder in the city of Mansoul, for you are a follower of Diabolus by nature, and a hater of Prince Emmanuel, and one who studied how to ruin the city of Mansoul. You are also here indicted for sheltering the King's enemies, which is against the law: for, **1.** you questioned the truth of her doctrine and state; **2.** in desiring ten thousand Doubters to be in her; **3.** in receiving, in entertaining, and encouraging her enemies that came from their army to you.

What do you say to this indictment? Are you guilty, or not guilty?’

‘My Lord’, said he, ‘I do not know the meaning of this indictment as I am not the man accused of it. The man charged before this bench is called by the name of Evil-Questioning, a name I deny is mine, mine being Honest-Inquiry. The one indeed sounds like the other; but, I swear, your Lordships know that between these two there is a wide difference; for I hope that a man, even in the worst of times, and also amongst the worst of men, may make an honest inquiry after things, without running the risk of death.’

Then up spoke Lord Willbewill, for he was one of the witnesses: ‘My Lord, and you the honourable bench and magistrates of the city of Mansoul, you have all heard with your own ears that the prisoner at the bar has denied his name, and so thinks he is free from the charge of the indictment. But I know him to be the man concerned, and that his proper name is Evil-Questioning. I have known him, my Lord, more than thirty years, for he and I (a shame for me to speak it) were great acquaintances when Diabolus, that tyrant, held the reins of government in Mansoul; and I testify that he is a diabolonian by nature, an enemy to our Prince, and a hater of the blessed city of Mansoul. He has, in times of rebellion, been in my house, my Lord, not less than twenty nights altogether, and we used to talk then, for the substance of talk was the same as he and his Doubters have talked about lately. True, I have not seen him many a day. I suppose that the coming of Emmanuel to Mansoul has made him change his lodgings, just as this indictment has driven him to change his name. But this is the man, my Lord.’

Then the Court said to him, ‘Have you any more to say?’

‘Yes’, replied the old gentleman, ‘that I have; for all that as yet has been spoken against me comes from the mouth of one witness; and it is not lawful for the famous city of Mansoul to put any one to death at the mouth of one witness.’

Then up stood Mr. Diligence, who said, ‘My Lord, as I was on my watch on such a night at the head of Bad Street, in this city, I chanced to hear muttering in this gentleman’s house. Then, thought I, what is going on here? So I went up close, but very softly, to the side of the house to listen, thinking, as indeed it fell out, that I might come upon some diabolonian conspiracy. So, as I said, I drew nearer and nearer; and when I was up close to the wall, it did not take long before I saw that there were outlandish men in the house. But I did understand their speech well, for I have been a traveller myself. Now, hearing such language in such a tottering cottage as this old gentleman’s, I put my ear over a hole in the window and heard them talk as follows.

This, old Mr. Questioning asked these doubters what they were, where they came from, and what their business was in these parts. They answered all these questions, and he entertained them. He also asked how many there were of them; and they told him ten thousand men. He then asked them why they had made such a poor assault on Mansoul; and they told him. He then called their general a coward for marching off when he should have stayed to fight for his prince. Further, this old Evil-Questioning wished — and I heard him wish — that ten thousand Doubters were now in Mansoul, and himself at the head of them. He also told them to take care and stay quiet; for if they were taken, they would die, even if they had heads of gold.’

Then the Court said: ‘Mr. Evil-Questioning, here is another witness against you, and his testimony is weighty:

1. He swears that you received these men into your house, and that you fed them there, though you knew that they were diabolonians, and the King’s enemies.

2. He swears that you wished ten thousand of them in Mansoul.

3. He swears that you gave them advice to be quiet and secretive, lest they be taken by the King's servants. All of which shows that you are a diabolonian; but had you been a friend to the King, you would have arrested them yourself.'

Then Evil-Questioning replied, 'To the first of these I answer, that the men who came into my house were strangers, and I took them in. Is it now a crime in Mansoul for a man to entertain strangers? That I also fed them is true; and why should my charity be blamed? As for the reason why I wished ten thousand of them in Mansoul, I never said this to the witnesses, nor to themselves. I might wish them to be taken, and so my wish might mean well to Mansoul, for all anyone yet knows. I also bade them take care they did not fall into the captains' hands; but that might be because I am unwilling for anyone to be slain, and not because I would let the King's enemies escape.'

My Lord Mayor then replied, 'That though it was a virtue to entertain strangers, yet it was treason to entertain the King's enemies. And whatever you have said, not by words but by your actions you have tried to evade and defer the execution of judgment. But could there be no more proved against you but that you are a diabolonian, for that you must die under the law To be a receiver, a nourisher, a countenancer, and a harbourer of others, yes, of outlandish diabolonians, yes, of those who came from afar to cut off and destroy our Mansoul — this cannot be borne.'

Then said Evil-Questioning: 'I see how the game goes. I must die for my name, and for my charity.' And so he held his peace.

Then they called the outlandish Doubters to the bar, and the first of them to be tried was the Election Doubter. So his indictment was read; and because he was an outlandish man, its meaning was explained to him by an interpreter; namely: 'That he was there charged with being an enemy of Emmanuel the Prince, a hater of the city of Mansoul, and an opposer of her most wholesome teaching.'

Then the judge asked him how he wished to plead; but he only said this - that he confessed that he was an Election Doubter, and that that was the religion that he was brought up in. He said, moreover, 'If I must die for my religion, I might as well die a martyr; I couldn't care less.'

The Judge replied: 'To question election is to overthrow a great doctrine of the gospel, namely, the omniscience and power and will of God. To take away the liberty of God with his creation is to stumble the faith of the city of Mansoul, and to make salvation depend on works, and not on grace. It also contradicted the Word, and upset the minds of the citizens of Mansoul. Therefore, by the best of laws, he must die.'

Then the Vocation Doubter was called to the bar; and his indictment was mostly the same as the other, only he was particularly charged with denying the calling of Mansoul.

The judge asked him what he had to say for himself.

So he replied: 'That he never believed there was any such thing as a special and powerful call of God to Mansoul; only the general voice of the Word, nor by that either, else it exhorted them to leave off evil, and to do what is good, and in so doing a promise of happiness is made.'

Then said the judge: 'You are a diabolonian, and have denied a great part of one of the most experimental truths of the Prince of the city of Mansoul; for he called her, and she

heard a most special and powerful call of her Emmanuel, by which she was made alive, awakened, and possessed with heavenly grace to desire to have communion with her Prince, to serve him, and do his will, and to look for her happiness in merely doing his good pleasure. And as for your denial of this good doctrine, you must die.'

Then the Grace Doubter was called, his indictment was read, and he replied as follows: 'That although he was of the land of Doubting, his father was the offspring of a Pharisee, and he lived in good standing among his neighbours, and he taught him to believe, and believe it I do, and will, that Mansoul was never saved freely by grace.'

Then said the judge: 'Why, the law of the Prince is plain!

1. Negatively, it is 'not of works.'

2. Positively, it is 'by grace you are saved.' (Romans 3:24; Ephesians 2:8)

Your religion is based on the works of the flesh; for the works of the law are the works of the flesh. Besides, in saying as you do, you have robbed God of his glory, and given it to a sinful man; you have robbed Christ of his need to undertake his work, and its sufficiency, and have given both of these to the works of the flesh. You have despised the work of the Holy Spirit, and magnified the will of the flesh and of the mind set on keeping the law. You are a diabolonian, the son of a diabolonian; and for your diabolonian principles you must die.'

The Court, then, having gone so far with them, sent out the jury, who straightaway brought in a verdict of guilty. Then up stood the Recorder, who addressed the prisoners: 'You, the prisoners at the bar, you have been here indicted and proved guilty of high crimes against Emmanuel our Prince, and against the welfare of the famous city of Mansoul, crimes for which you must be put to death.'

So they were sentenced to death on the cross. The place assigned them for execution was where Diabolus drew up his last army against Mansoul; except that old Evil-Questioning was hanged at the top of Bad Street, just near his own front door.



## CHAPTER 19

When the city of Mansoul had rid herself of her enemies and the troublers of her peace, a strict order was given out that Lord Willbewill, with Diligence his man, should continue his search for, and do his best to arrest, whatever followers of Diabolus were still alive in Mansoul. The names of several of them were: Mr. Fooling, Mr. Let-Good-Slip, Mr. Slavish-Fear, Mr. No-Love, Mr. Mistrust, Mr. Flesh, and Mr. Sloth. It was also ordered that he should arrest Mr. Evil-Questioning's children which he left behind, and that they should pull his house down. The children that he left behind were these: Mr. Doubt, who was his eldest son; next to him was Legal-Life, Unbelief, Wrong-Thoughts-of-Christ, Carnal-Sense, Live-by-Feelings, and Self-Love. All these he had by one wife, and her name was No-Hope. She was a relative of old Incredulity, for he was her uncle; and when her father, old Dark, was dead, he took her and brought her up, and when she was of marriageable age, he gave her to this old Evil-Questioning as his wife.

Now Lord Willbewill executed his commission, with Diligence his man. He took Fooling in the street, and hanged him in Want-Wit Alley, near his own house. This Fooling was the one who would have had the city of Mansoul deliver up Captain Credence into the hands of Diabolus, provided he then withdrew his force out of the city. He also took Mr. Let-Good-Slip one day as he was busy in the market, and executed him according to law. Now there was an honest poor man in Mansoul, and his name was Mr. Meditation, one of no account in the days of apostasy, but now of repute with the best of the city. This man they decided to prefer. Now Mr. Let-Good-Slip had a great deal of wealth accumulated in Mansoul, and, at Emmanuel's coming, it was given over to the use of the Prince. This was now given to Mr. Meditation to use for the common good, and after him to his son, Mr. Think-Well. This Think-Well he had by Mrs. Piety his wife, who was the daughter of Mr. Recorder.

After this, my Lord arrested Clip-Promise. He was a notorious villain, for by his actions much of the King's coin was clipped; so he was made a public example. He was put up for trial and judged first to be put in the pillory, then to be whipped by all the children and servants in Mansoul, and then to be hanged till he was dead. Some may wonder at the severity of this man's punishment; but those who are honest traders in Mansoul know the great abuse that one clipper of promises in little time may do to the city of Mansoul. And truly my judgment is, that all those who bear his name should be served even as he.

He also arrested Carnal-Sense, and put him in the stronghold; but how it came about I cannot tell, but he broke out of prison and made good his escape. Indeed, the bold villain did not quit the city, but lurked in diabolonian dens during the day, and haunted like a ghost honest men's houses during the night. So a proclamation was read out in the market-place in Mansoul, saying that whoever discovered Carnal-Sense, and arrested him and slew him, would be admitted daily to the Prince's table and be made keeper of the treasure of Mansoul. Many, therefore, tried hard to do this; but take him and slay him they could not, though he was often seen.

But my Lord took Mr. Wrong-Thoughts-of-Christ and put him in prison, where he died of a lingering consumption.

Self-Love was also taken and committed to custody; but he had many supporters in Mansoul, so his judgment was deferred. But at last Mr. Self-Denial stood up and said: 'If

such villains as these are overlooked in Mansoul, I will lay down my commission.' So he picked him out of the crowd, and gave him to his soldiers who brained him. But some in Mansoul complained of this, though none dare speak out because Emmanuel was in city. But this brave act of Captain Self-Denial came to the Prince's ears; so he sent for him, and made him a Lord in Mansoul. Lord Willbewill also earned a high commendation from Emmanuel for what he had done for the city of Mansoul.

Then Lord Self-Denial took courage, and set out in pursuit of the followers of Diabolus, with Lord Willbewill. And they took Live-by-Feeling and Legal-Life, and kept them in jail till they died. But Mr. Unbelief was nimble, and they could never lay hands on him, though they tried to do so often. He, therefore, and some other clever members of the diabolonian tribe, lay low in Mansoul till the time Mansoul left off dwelling any more in the kingdom of Universe. They kept to their dens and holes; and if one of them appeared, or happened to be seen in any of the streets of the city of Mansoul, the whole city would be up in arms after them. Yes; even the very children of Mansoul would shout after them as if after a thief, and wanted to stone them to death.

And now Mansoul enjoyed to some degree peace and quiet. Her Prince resided within her borders; her captains and her soldiers performed their duties; and Mansoul expanded her trade with a country that was afar off. She was also busy with her manufacturing. (Isaiah 33:17; Philippians 3:20; Proverbs 31)

When the city of Mansoul had rid herself of so many of her enemies, and the troublers of her peace, the Prince sent and appointed a day when he would, in the market-place, meet the whole people, and there put them in charge of some further matters, that, if observed, would tend to their further safety and comfort, and to the condemnation and destruction of their home-bred diabolonians. So the day arrived, and the citizens met together; Emmanuel also came down in his chariot, and all his captains attended him in state, on the right hand and on the left. Then a call was made for silence, and, after some mutual protestations of love, the Prince began, and said:

'You, my Mansoul, the beloved of my heart, many and great are the privileges that I have bestowed on you. I have singled you out from all others, and have chosen you for myself, not that you are worthy, but for my own sake. I have also redeemed you, not only from the dread of my Father's law, but from the hand of Diabolus. This I have done because I loved you, and because I set my heart upon you to do you good. So that all things that might hinder your way to the pleasures of Paradise might be taken out of the way, I have laid down for your soul a full satisfaction, and have bought you for myself with a price not of corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but a price of blood, my own blood, which I freely spilt on the ground to make you mine. Thus I reconciled you, my Mansoul, to my Father, and am preparing a place for you in the mansion-houses that are with my Father in the royal city, my Mansoul, where there are things that eye has not seen, nor has entered into the heart of man to conceive.

'Besides, my Mansoul, you see what I have done, and how I took you out of the hands of your enemies when you deeply revolted against my Father, and by whom you were content to be possessed, and also be destroyed. I came to you first by my law, then by my gospel, to awaken you, and show you my glory. And you know what you were like, what you said, what you did, and how many times you rebelled against my Father and me. Yet I did not desert you, as you see this day, but came to you, and have borne with your bad manners, and have waited on you, and, after all, have accepted you, even of my mere grace and favour; and would not allow you to be lost, as you most surely would have been. I also surrounded you, and afflicted you on every side, that I might make you weary of your ways, and bring down your convicted heart to a willingness to accept what is for your good and happiness. And when I had completely conquered you, I turned out to your advantage.

'You see, also, what a company of my Father's host I have brought within your borders: captains and rulers, soldiers and men of war, engines and excellent devices to subdue and bring down your foes. You know what I mean, Mansoul. And they are my servants, and yours too, Mansoul. Yes; my purpose in possessing you by them, and the natural tendency of each of them is to defend, purge, strengthen, and sweeten you for myself, Mansoul, and to make you fit for my Father's presence, blessing, and glory; for you, my Mansoul, were created to be prepared for these things.

'You see, also, my Mansoul, how I passed over your backslidings, and healed you. Indeed, I was angry with you, but I turned aside my anger from you because I loved you still, and my anger and my indignation has ceased in the destruction of your enemies, Mansoul. Nor did your goodness fetch me back to you afterwards. Because of your transgression, I hid my face, and withdrew my presence from you. The way of backsliding was yours, but the way and means of your recovery was mine. I invented the means of your return; it was as if I had made you a hedge and a wall, when you began to turn to things in which I have no delight. It was I who made your sweet bitter, your day night, your smooth way thorny, and also confounded whatever sought your destruction. It was I who set Mr. Godly-Fear to work in Mansoul. It was I who stirred up your conscience and understanding, your will, and your affections, after your great and woeful decay. It was I who put life into you, Mansoul, to seek me that you might find me, and in your finding me, find your own health, happiness, and salvation. It was I who defeated the diabolonians a second time in Mansoul; and it was I who overcame them and destroyed them before your eyes.

'And now, my Mansoul, I return to you in peace, and your transgressions against me are as if they had never been. Nor shall it be with you as in former days, but I will do better for you than at your beginning. For yet a little while, my Mansoul, even after a few more times have gone over your head, I will (but do not be troubled at what I say) take down this famous city of Mansoul, stick and stone, to the ground. And I will carry its stones, and its timbers, and its walls, and its rubble, and its inhabitants, to my own country, even to my Father's kingdom; and I will set it up there in such strength and glory that it never knew in the kingdom where it now is. I will set it up for my Father's habitation; for this was the purpose for which it was at first erected in the kingdom of Universe; and there I will make it a wondrous spectacle, a monument of mercy, and the admirer of its mercy. There, the natives of Mansoul will see all that they have never seen see here. There, they will be equal to those with whom they have been inferior here. And there, my Mansoul, you will have such communion with me, with my Father, and with your Lord Secretary, as is not possible to be enjoyed here, nor ever could be, should you live in Universe for a thousand years.

'And there, my Mansoul, you will be afraid no more of murderers; of diabolonians and their threats. There, there will be no more plots, no conspiracies, nor threats against you, my Mansoul. There, you will hear no more of evil tidings, nor the noise of Diabolus' drum. There, you will see no more diabolonian standard-bearers, nor yet Diabolus' standard. There, no Diabolonian mount will be cast up against you; nor will the diabolonian standard be raised to make you afraid. There, you will not need captains, engines, soldiers, and men of war. There, you will meet with no sorrow, and no grief; even if it possible for any diabolonian to creep into your skirts, burrow in your walls, or be seen again within your borders all the days of eternity. Life there will last longer than here; and yet it will be always sweet and new, nor will any impediment attend it for ever.

'There, Mansoul, you will meet with many of those who have been like you, and who have been partakers of your sorrows; even those I have chosen, and redeemed, and set apart, like you, for my Father's court and royal city. They will all be glad to see you; and you, when you see them, will be glad in your heart to see them.

'There are things, Mansoul, even things of my Father's provision and mine, that have never been seen since the beginning of the world; and they are laid up with my Father, and sealed among his treasures for you, till you come and enjoy them. I told you before that I would remove my Mansoul, and set it up elsewhere. And where I set it, you will find those who love you, and those who rejoice in you now. But how much more, when they see you exalted to honour! My Father will then send them to fetch you home; and their bosoms will be chariots to put you in. And you, my Mansoul, will ride on the wings of the wind. They will come to convey and bring you to that, when your eyes will see more, when you come to your desired haven. (Psalm 107:30)

'And so, my Mansoul, I have shown you what will happen to you later, if you can bear to hear of it, and if you can understand. And now I must tell you what at present must be your duty and practice until I come and fetch you to myself, as is related in the Scriptures of truth.

'First, I charge you, from now on, to keep more white and clean the clothes I gave you before I withdrew from you. Do it, I say, for this will be your wisdom. They are in themselves fine linen, but you must keep them white and clean. This will be your wisdom, your honour, and will greatly add to my glory. When your garments are white, the world will count you mine. Also, when your garments are white, I will be delighted at your ways; for then your going to and fro will be like a flash of lightning. Those who are present will take notice of you; also their eyes will be exceedingly dazzled. Clothe yourself, therefore, according to my bidding, and make, according to my law, straight steps for your feet. Thus shall your King greatly desire your beauty, for he is your Lord; so worship him.

'Now, that you may keep them clean as I told you, I have, as I did before, provided you with an open fountain to wash your garments in. Take care, then, that you wash often in my fountain, and do not go about in soiled garments; for as it is to my dishonour and my disgrace, so it will be to your discomfort, when you go about in filthy garments. Let not my garments, your garments, the garments that I gave you, be defiled or spotted by the world. Always keep your garments white, and let your head lack no ointment.

'My Mansoul, I have often delivered you from the plots and conspiracies of Diabolus; and for all this I ask you nothing, except that you do not render to me evil for my good. Bear in mind my love, and the continuation of my kindness to my beloved Mansoul, so as to provoke you to walk according to the benefit bestowed on you. Of old, the sacrifices were bound with cords to the horns of the altar. (Psalm 118:27) Consider what is said to you, my blessed Mansoul.

'My Mansoul, I have lived, I have died, I live, and will die no more for you. I live, that you may not die. Because I live, you will live also. I reconciled you to my Father by the blood of my Cross; and being reconciled, you will live through me. I will pray for you; I will fight for you; I will yet do you good.

'Nothing can harm you but sin; nothing can grieve me but sin; nothing can defeat you before your enemies but sin. Beware of sin, my Mansoul.

'Now, do you know why I at first, and still do, allow the followers of Diabolus to dwell in your walls, Mansoul? It is to keep you awake, to test your love, to make you watchful, and to cause you to prize my noble captains, their soldiers, and my mercy. It is also that you may be made to remember what a deplorable condition you were once in. I mean when, not some, but all dwelt, not in your walls, but in your castle and in your stronghold, Mansoul.

'My Mansoul, if I slew all of them within, many there are without who would bring you into bondage; for were all these within cut off, those without would find you sleeping. And then, in a moment, they would swallow up my Mansoul. I therefore left them in you, not to do you harm (which they will do, if you listen to them, and serve them), but to do you good, if you watch and fight against them. Know, therefore, that whatever they tempt you to do, my purpose is not to drive you away, but to bring you nearer to my Father, to teach you war, to make petitioning desirable to you, and to make you little in yours own eyes. Listen carefully to this, my Mansoul.

'Show me, then, your love, my Mansoul, and do not let those who are within your walls spoil your affection for him who has redeemed your soul. Yes; let the sight of a diabolonian increase your love for me. I came once, and twice, and thrice, to save you from the poison of those arrows that would have brought you death. Stand for me, your Friend, my Mansoul, against the diabolonians, and I will stand for you before my Father, and all his court. Love me in temptation, and I will love you despite your weaknesses.

'My Mansoul, remember what my captains, my soldiers, and my engines have done for you. They have fought for you, they have suffered with you, they have borne much at your hands to do you good, Mansoul. If you had not had them to help you, Diabolus would certainly have conquered you. Cherish them, therefore, my Mansoul. When you do well, they will be well; when you are ill, they will be ill and sick and weak. Do not make my captains sick, Mansoul; for if they are sick, you cannot be well; if they are weak, you cannot be strong; if they are faint, you cannot be brave and valiant for your King, Mansoul. Nor must you think that you live by sense; you must feed on my Word. You must believe, my Mansoul, when I am away from you, that I still love you, and bear you on my heart for ever.

'Remember, then, my Mansoul, that you are my beloved. As I have taught you to watch, to fight, to pray, and to make war on my foes, so now I command you to believe that my love is constant for you. My Mansoul, how I have set my heart and my love on you! Watch! See, I lay no other burden on you than what you have already. Hold fast till I come.' (Revelation 2:25)

## TO THE READER

'Tis strange to me, that they that love to tell  
Things done of old, yea, and that do excel  
Their equals in historiology,  
Speak not of Mansoul's wars, but let them lie  
Dead, like old fables, or such worthless things,  
That to the reader no advantage brings:  
When men, let them make what they will their own,  
Till they know this, are to themselves unknown.  
Of stories, I well know, there's divers sorts,  
Some foreign, some domestic; and reports

Are thereof made as fancy leads the writers.  
 (By books a man may guess at the inditers.)  
 Some will again of that which never was,  
 Nor will be, feign (and that without a cause)  
 Such matter, raise such mountains, tell such things  
 Of men, of laws, of countries, and of kings;  
 And in their story seem to be so sage,  
 And with such gravity clothe every page,  
 That though their frontispiece says all is vain,  
 Yet to their way disciples they obtain.  
 But, readers, I have somewhat else to do,  
 Than with vain stories thus to trouble you.  
 What here I say, some men do know so well,  
 They can with tears and joy the story tell.  
 The town of Mansoul is well known to many,  
 Nor are her troubles doubted of by any  
 That are acquainted with those histories  
 That Mansoul and her wars anatomise.  
 Then lend thine ear to what I do relate,  
 Touching the town of Mansoul and her state:  
 How she was lost, took captive, made a slave:  
 And how against him set that should her save;  
 Yea, how by hostile ways she did oppose  
 Her Lord, and with his enemy did close.  
 For they are true: he that will them deny  
 Must needs the best of records vilify.  
 For my part, I myself was in the town,  
 Both when 'twas set up, and when pulling down.  
 I saw Diabolus in his possession,  
 And Mansoul also under his oppression.  
 Yea, I was there when she owned him for lord,  
 And to him did submit with one accord.  
 When Mansoul trampled upon things divine,  
 And wallowed in filth as doth a swine;  
 When she betook herself unto her arms,  
 Fought her Emmanuel, despised his charms;  
 Then I was there, and did rejoice to see  
 Diabolus and Mansoul so agree.  
 Let no men, then, count me a fable-maker,  
 Nor make my name or credit a partaker  
 Of their derision: what is here in view,  
 Of mine own knowledge, I dare say is true.  
 I saw the Prince's armed men come down  
 By troops, by thousands, to besiege the town;  
 I saw the captains, heard the trumpets sound,  
 And how his forces covered all the ground.  
 Yea, how they set themselves in battle-'ray,  
 I shall remember to my dying day.  
 I saw the colours waving in the wind,  
 And they within to mischief how combined  
 To ruin Mansoul, and to make away  
 Her *primum mobile* without delay.  
 I saw the mounts cast up against the town,  
 And how the slings were placed to beat it down:  
 I heard the stones fly whizzing by mine ears,

(What longer kept in mind than got in fears?)  
I heard them fall, and saw what work they made,  
And how old Mors did cover with his shade  
The face of Mansoul; and I heard her cry,  
'Woe worth the day, in dying I shall die!'  
I saw the battering-rams, and how they played  
To beat ope Ear-gate: and I was afraid  
Not only Ear-gate, but the very town  
Would by those battering-rams be beaten down.  
I saw the fights, and heard the captains shout,  
And in each battle saw who faced about;  
I saw who wounded were, and who were slain;  
And who, when dead, would come to life again.  
I heard the cries of those that wounded were  
(While others fought like men bereft of fear),  
And while the cry, 'Kill, kill,' was in mine ears,  
The gutters ran, not so with blood as tears.  
Indeed, the captains did not always fight,  
But then they would molest us day and night;  
Their cry, 'Up, fall on, let us take the town,'  
Kept us from sleeping, or from lying down.  
I was there when the gates were broken ope,  
And saw how Mansoul then was stripped of hope;  
I saw the captains march into the town,  
How there they fought, and did their foes cut down.  
I heard the Prince bid Boanerges go  
Up to the castle, and there seize his foe;  
And saw him and his fellows bring him down,  
In chains of great contempt quite through the town.  
I saw Emmanuel, when he possessed  
His town of Mansoul; and how greatly blest  
A town his gallant town of Mansoul was,  
When she received his pardon, loved his laws.  
When the Diabolonians were caught,  
When tried, and when to execution brought,  
Then I was there; yea, I was standing by  
When Mansoul did the rebels crucify.  
I also saw Mansoul clad all in white,  
I heard her Prince call her his heart's delight.  
I saw him put upon her chains of gold,  
And rings, and bracelets, goodly to behold.  
What shall I say? I heard the people's cries,  
And saw the Prince wipe tears from Mansoul's eyes;  
And heard the groans, and saw the joy of many:  
Tell you of all, I neither will, nor can I.  
But by what here I say, you well may see  
That Mansoul's matchless wars no fables be.  
Mansoul, the desire of both princes was:  
One keep his gain would, t'other gain his loss.  
Diabolus would cry, 'The town is mine!'  
Emmanuel would plead a right divine  
Unto his Mansoul: then to blows they go,  
And Mansoul cries, 'These wars will me undo.'  
Mansoul! her wars seemed endless in her eyes;  
She's lost by one, becomes another's prize;

And he again that lost her last would swear,  
'Have her I will, or her in pieces tear.'  
Mansoul! it was the very seat of war;  
Wherefore her troubles greater were by far  
Than only where the noise of war is heard,  
Or where the shaking of a sword is feared;  
Or only where small skirmishes are fought,  
Or where the fancy fighteth with a thought.  
She saw the swords of fighting men made red,  
And heard the cries of those with them wounded:  
Must not her frights, then, be much more by far  
Than theirs that to such doings strangers are?  
Or theirs that hear the beating of a drum,  
But not made fly for fear from house and home?  
Mansoul not only heard the trumpets sound,  
But saw her gallants gasping on the ground:  
Wherefore we must not think that she could rest  
With them, whose greatest earnest is but jest:  
Or where the blustering threatening of great wars  
Do end in parleys, or in wording jars.  
Mansoul! her mighty wars, they did portend  
Her weal or woe, and that world without end:  
Wherefore she must be more concerned than they  
Whose fears begin and end the selfsame day;  
Or where none other harm doth come to him  
That is engaged, but loss of life or limb,  
As all must needs confess that now do dwell  
In Universe, and can this story tell.  
Count me not, then, with them that, to amaze  
The people, set them on the stars to gaze,  
Insinuating with much confidence,  
That each of them is now the residence  
Of some brave creatures: yea, a world they will  
Have in each star, though it be past their skill  
To make it manifest to any man,  
That reason hath, or tell his fingers can.  
But I have too long held thee in the porch,  
And kept thee from the sunshine with a torch.  
Well, now go forward, step within the door,  
And there behold five hundred times much more  
Of all sorts of such inward rarities  
As please the mind will, and will feed the eyes  
With those, which, if a Christian, thou wilt see  
Not small, but things of greatest moment be.  
Nor do thou go to work without my key  
(In mysteries men soon do lose their way);  
And also turn it right, if thou wouldst know  
My riddle, and wouldst with my heifer plough:  
It lies there in the window. Fare thee well,  
My next may be to ring thy passing-bell.



## **AN ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER**

Some say the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is not mine,  
Insinuating as if I would shine  
In name and fame by the worth of another,  
Like some made rich by robbing of their brother.  
Or that so fond I am of being sire,  
I'll father bastards; or, if need require,  
I'll tell a lie in print to get applause.  
I scorn it: John such dirt-heap never was,  
Since God converted him. Let this suffice  
To show why I my 'Pilgrim' patronise.  
It came from mine own heart, so to my head,  
And thence into my fingers trickled;  
Then to my pen, from whence immediately  
On paper I did dribble it daintily.  
Manner and matter, too, was all mine own,  
Nor was it unto any mortal known  
Till I had done it, nor did any then  
By books, by wits, by tongues, or hand, or pen,  
Add five words to it, or wrote half a line  
Thereof: the whole, and every whit, is mine.  
Also for THIS, thine eye is now upon,  
The matter in this manner came from none  
But the same heart, and head, fingers, and pen,  
As did the other. Witness all good men;  
For none in all the world, without a lie,  
Can say that this is mine, excepting I.  
I write not this of my ostentation,  
Nor 'cause I seek of men their commendation;  
I do it to keep them from such surmise,  
As tempt them will my name to scandalise.  
Witness my name, if anagram'd to thee,  
The letters make — 'Nu hony in a B'.

**John Bunyan.**