The Holy War

by John Bunyan

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Title: The Holy War, Made by King Shaddai Upon Diabolus, for the Regaining of the Metropolis of the World; Or, The Losing and Taking Again of the Town of Mansoul

Author: John Bunyan

Release date: January 1, 1996 [eBook #395] Most recently updated: May 29, 2017

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/395

Credits: Transcribed from the 1907 Religious Tract Society edition by David Price

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Transcribed from the 1907 Religious Tract Society edition by David Price, email ccx074@pglaf.org

THE HOLY WAR MADE BY SHADDI UPON DIABOLUS FOR THE REGAINING OF THE METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD OR THE LOSING AND TAKING AGAIN OF THE TOWN OF MANSOUL. BY JOHN BUNYAN

WITH THREE COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS BY VICTOR PROUT [0]

“I have used similitudes.” Hosea xii. 10

Decorative design

London THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY 4 Bouverie Street and 65 St Paul’s Churchyard 1907

PRINTED BY HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD. LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

PREFACE.

In the year 1682 there was published by Dorman Newman, ‘at the King’s Arms in the Poultry,’ and Benjamin Alsop, ‘at the Angel and Bible in the Poultry,’ a volume entitled ‘The Holy War, made by Shaddai upon Diabolus for the regaining of the Metropolis of the World; or the Losing and Taking again of the Town of Mansoul.’ It was the work of John Bunyan, who, sixteen years before, had published the story of his own spiritual struggle under the title of ‘Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners’; and, but four years before, had produced ‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ (Part I). Bunyan had speedily followed the issue of the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ with the ‘Life and Death of Mr. Badman,’ picture of English life and character as he had seen it, grimly faithful to fact. In ‘The Holy War’ Bunyan returned to allegory. As a piece of literature the book is in no way inferior to the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’ If Bunyan had written nothing else, ‘The Holy War’ would have sufficed to establish his claim to a place amongst the masters of English prose. As an appeal to the conscience it is not a whit less effective than the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’; but in the power of seizing and retaining the reader’s attention it is scarcely so successful. Nevertheless Macaulay

held that ‘if there had been no “Pilgrim’s Progress” “The Holy War” would have been the first of religious allegories.’

In working out the details of ‘The Holy War’ Bunyan seems to have kept in mind his own experience. The fortifications of the city, the movements of the opposing forces, the changes in the municipal offices of Mansoul were reproductions of scenes and events that had but recently gone on under Bunyan’s eyes. He adapted them with extraordinary success to the presentation both of the doctrines of grace and of the temptations which attend the Christian life. The characters and the incidents are, in effect, the characters and incidents of every age. It is this which gives to the story of Mansoul its undying freshness, and suits it to the needs of men in all climes. ‘The Holy War’ has been translated into many languages, including some of those with the scantiest of literature. Indeed, as this edition is being prepared for the press, assistance is being rendered by the Religious Tract Society in the printing of ‘The Holy War’ in Kongo.

A. R. BUCKLAND.

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 anatomize. 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 own’d 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, despis’d 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 combin’d 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 play’d To beat open 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 stripp’d 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 possess’d 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 fear’d; 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 trumpet's 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 blust'ring threat'ning of great wars Do end in parlies, 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 concern'd 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.

John Bunyan.

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’ patronize. 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 write 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 scandalize. Witness my name, if anagram’d to thee, The letters make—‘Nu hony in a B.’

John Bunyan.

A RELATION OF THE HOLY WAR.

In my travels, as I walked through many regions and countries, it was my chance to happen into that famous continent of Universe. A very large and spacious country it is: it lieth between the two poles, and just amidst the four points of the heavens. It is a place well watered, and richly adorned with hills and valleys, bravely situate, and for the most part, at least where I was, very fruitful, also well peopled, and a very sweet air.

The people are not all of one complexion, nor yet of one language, mode, or way of religion, but differ as much as, it is said, do the planets themselves. Some are right,

and some are wrong, even as it happeneth to be in lesser regions.

In this country, as I said, it was my lot to travel; and there travel I did, and that so long, even till I learned much of their mother tongue, together with the customs and manners of them among whom I was. And, to speak truth, I was much delighted to see and hear many things which I saw and heard among them; yea, I had, to be sure, even lived and died a native among them, (so was I taken with them and their doings,) had not my master sent for me home to his house, there to do business for him, and to oversee business done.

Now there is in this gallant country of Universe a fair and delicate town, a corporation called Mansoul; a town for its building so curious, for its situation so commodious, for its privileges so advantageous, (I mean with reference to its origin,) that I may say of it, as was said before of the continent in which it is placed, There is not its equal under the whole heaven.

As to the situation of this town, it lieth just between the two worlds; and the first founder and builder of it, so far as by the best and most authentic records I can gather, was one Shaddai; and he built it for his own delight. He made it the mirror and glory of all that he made, even the top-piece, beyond anything else that he did in that country. Yea, so goodly a town was Mansoul when first built, that it is said by some, the gods, at the setting up thereof, came down to see it, and sang for joy. And as he made it goodly to behold, so also mighty to have dominion over all the country round about. Yea, all were commanded to acknowledge Mansoul for their metropolitan, all were enjoined to do homage to it. Aye, the town itself had positive commission and power from her King to demand service of all, and also to subdue any that anyways denied to do it.

There was reared up in the midst of this town a most famous and stately palace; for strength, it might be called a castle; for pleasantness, a paradise; for largeness, a place so copious as to contain all the world. This place the King Shaddai intended

but for himself alone, and not another with him; partly because of his own delights, and partly because he would not that the terror of strangers should be upon the town. This place Shaddai made also a garrison of, but committed the keeping of it only to the men of the town.

The walls of the town were well built, yea, so fast and firm were they knit and compact together, that, had it not been for the townsmen themselves, they could not have been shaken or broken for ever. For here lay the excellent wisdom of him that builded Mansoul, that the walls could never be broken down nor hurt by the most mighty adverse potentate, unless the townsmen gave consent thereto.

This famous town of Mansoul had five gates, in at which to come, out at which to go; and these were made likewise answerable to the walls, to wit, impregnable, and such as could never be opened nor forced but by the will and leave of those within. The names of the gates were these: Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate.

Other things there were that belonged to the town of Mansoul, which if you adjoin to these, will yet give farther demonstration to all, of the glory and strength of the place. It had always a sufficiency of provision within its walls; it had the best, most wholesome, and excellent law that then was extant in the world. There was not a rascal, rogue, or traitorous person then within its walls; they were all true men, and fast joined together; and this, you know, is a great matter. And to all these, it had always (so long as it had the goodness to keep true to Shaddai the King) his countenance, his protection, and it was his delight, etc.

Well, upon a time, there was one Diabolus, a mighty giant, made an assault upon this famous town of Mansoul, to take it, and make it his own habitation. This giant was king of the blacks, and a most raving prince he was. We will, if you please, first discourse of the origin of this Diabolus, and then of his taking of this famous town of Mansoul.

This Diabolus is indeed a great and mighty prince, and yet both poor and beggarly. As to his origin, he was at first one of the servants of King Shaddai, made, and taken, and put by him into most high and mighty place; yea, was put into such principalities as belonged to the best of his territories and dominions. This Diabolus was made ‘son of the morning,’ and a brave place he had of it: it brought him much glory, and gave him much brightness, an income that might have contented his Luciferian heart, had it not been insatiable, and enlarged as hell itself.

Well, he seeing himself thus exalted to greatness and honour, and raging in his mind for higher state and degree, what doth he but begins to think with himself how he might be set up as lord over all, and have the sole power under Shaddai. (Now that did the King reserve for his Son, yea, and had already bestowed it upon him.) Wherefore he first consults with himself what had best to be done; and then breaks his mind to some other of his companions, to the which they also agreed. So, in fine, they came to this issue that they should make an attempt upon the King’s Son to destroy him, that the inheritance might be theirs. Well, to be short, the treason, as I said, was concluded, the time appointed, the word given, the rebels rendezvoused, and the assault attempted. Now the King and his Son being all and always eye, could not but discern all passages in his dominions; and he, having always love for his Son as for himself, could not at what he saw but be greatly provoked and offended: wherefore what does he, but takes them in the very nick and first trip that they made towards their design, convicts them of the treason, horrid rebellion, and conspiracy that they had devised, and now attempted to put into practice, and casts them altogether out of all place of trust, benefit, honour, and preferment. This done, he banishes them the court, turns them down into the horrible pits, as fast bound in chains, never more to expect the least favour from his hands, but to abide the judgment that he had appointed, and that for ever.

Now they being thus cast out of all place of trust, profit, and honour, and also knowing that they had lost their prince’s favour for ever, (being banished his court,

and cast down to the horrible pits,) you may he sure they would now add to their former pride what malice and rage against Shaddai, and against his Son, they could. Wherefore, roving and ranging in much fury from place to place, if, perhaps, they might find something that was the King's, by spoiling of that, to revenge themselves on him; at last they happened into this spacious country of Universe, and steer their course towards the town of Mansoul; and considering that that town was one of the chief works and delights of King Shaddai, what do they but, after counsel taken, make an assault upon that. I say, they knew that Mansoul belonged unto Shaddai; for they were there when he built it and beautified it for himself. So when they had found the place, they shouted horribly for joy, and roared on it as a lion upon the prey, saying, 'Now we have found the prize, and how to be revenged on King Shaddai for what he hath done to us.' So they sat down and called a council of war, and considered with themselves what ways and methods they had best to engage in for the winning to themselves this famous town of Mansoul, and these four things were then propounded to be considered of.

First. Whether they had best all of them to show themselves in this design to the town of Mansoul.

Secondly. Whether they had best to go and sit down against Mansoul in their now ragged and beggarly guise.

Thirdly. Whether they had best show to Mansoul their intentions, and what design they came about, or whether to assault it with words and ways of deceit.

Fourthly. Whether they had not best to some of their companions to give out private orders to take the advantage, if they see one or more of the principal townsmen, to shoot them, if thereby they shall judge their cause and design will the better be promoted.

1. It was answered to the first of these proposals in the negative, to wit, that it would not be best that all should show themselves before the town, because the appearance

of many of them might alarm and frighten the town; whereas a few or but one of them was not so likely to do it. And to enforce this advice to take place it was added further, that if Mansoul was frighted, or did take the alarm, ‘It is impossible,’ said Diabolus (for he spake now), ‘that we should take the town: for that none can enter into it without its own consent. Let, therefore, but few, or but one, assault Mansoul; and in mine opinion,’ said Diabolus, ‘let me be he.’ Wherefore to this they all agreed.

2. And then to the second proposal they came, namely, Whether they had best go and sit down before Mansoul in their now ragged and beggarly guise. To which it was answered also in the negative, By no means; and that because, though the town of Mansoul had been made to know, and to have to do, before now, with things that are invisible, they did never as yet see any of their fellow-creatures in so sad and rascally condition as they; and this was the advice of that fierce Alecto. Then said Apollyon, ‘The advice is pertinent; for even one of us appearing to them as we are now, must needs both beget and multiply such thoughts in them as will both put them into a consternation of spirit, and necessitate them to put themselves upon their guard. And if so,’ said he, ‘then, as my Lord Diabolus said but now, it is in vain for us to think of taking the town.’ Then said that mighty giant Beelzebub, ‘The advice that already is given is safe; for though the men of Mansoul have seen such things as we once were, yet hitherto they did never behold such things as we now are; and it is best, in mine opinion, to come upon them in such a guise as is common to, and most familiar among them.’ To this, when they had consented, the next thing to be considered was, in what shape, hue, or guise Diabolus had best to show himself when he went about to make Mansoul his own. Then one said one thing, and another the contrary. At last Lucifer answered, that, in his opinion, it was best that his lordship should assume the body of some of those creatures that they of the town had dominion over; ‘for,’ quoth he, ‘these are not only familiar to them, but, being under them, they will never imagine that an attempt should by them be made upon

the town; and, to blind all, let him assume the body of one of those beasts that Mansoul deems to be wiser than any of the rest.' This advice was applauded of all: so it was determined that the giant Diabolus should assume the dragon, for that he was in those days as familiar with the town of Mansoul as now is the bird with the boy; for nothing that was in its primitive state was at all amazing to them. Then they proceeded to the third thing, which was:

3. Whether they had best to show their intentions, or the design of his coming, to Mansoul, or no. This also was answered in the negative, because of the weight that was in the former reasons, to wit, for that Mansoul were a strong people, a strong people in a strong town, whose wall and gates were impregnable, (to say nothing of their castle,) nor can they by any means be won but by their own consent. 'Besides,' said Legion, (for he gave answer to this,) 'a discovery of our intentions may make them send to their king for aid; and if that be done, I know quickly what time of day it will be with us. Therefore let us assault them in all pretended fairness, covering our intentions with all manner of lies, flatteries, delusive words; feigning things that never will be, and promising that to them that they shall never find. This is the way to win Mansoul, and to make them of themselves open their gates to us; yea, and to desire us too to come in to them. And the reason why I think that this project will do is, because the people of Mansoul now are, every one, simple and innocent, all honest and true; nor do they as yet know what it is to be assaulted with fraud, guile, and hypocrisy. They are strangers to lying and dissembling lips; wherefore we cannot, if thus we be disguised, by them at all be discerned; our lies shall go for true sayings, and our dissimulations for upright dealings. What we promise them they will in that believe us, especially if, in all our lies and feigned words, we pretend great love to them, and that our design is only their advantage and honour.' Now there was not one bit of a reply against this; this went as current down as doth the water down a steep descent. Wherefore they go to consider of the last proposal, which was:

4. Whether they had not best to give out orders to some of their company to shoot some one or more of the principal of the townsmen, if they judge that their cause may be promoted thereby. This was carried in the affirmative, and the man that was designed by this stratagem to be destroyed was one Mr. Resistance, otherwise called Captain Resistance. And a great man in Mansoul this Captain Resistance was, and a man that the giant Diabolus and his band more feared than they feared the whole town of Mansoul besides. Now who should be the actor to do the murder? That was the next, and they appointed one Tisiphone, a fury of the lake, to do it.

They thus having ended their council of war, rose up, and essayed to do as they had determined; they marched towards Mansoul, but all in a manner invisible, save one, only one; nor did he approach the town in his own likeness, but under the shade and in the body of the dragon.

So they drew up and sat down before Ear-gate, for that was the place of hearing for all without the town, as Eye-gate was the place of perspection. So, as I said, he came up with his train to the gate, and laid his ambuscado for Captain Resistance within bow-shot of the town. This done, the giant ascended up close to the gate, and called to the town of Mansoul for audience. Nor took he any with him but one Ill-pause, who was his orator in all difficult matters. Now, as I said, he being come up to the gate, (as the manner of those times was,) sounded his trumpet for audience; at which the chief of the town of Mansoul, such as my Lord Innocent, my Lord Willbewill, my Lord Mayor, Mr. Recorder, and Captain Resistance, came down to the wall to see who was there, and what was the matter. And my Lord Willbewill, when he had looked over and saw who stood at the gate, demanded what he was, wherefore he was come, and why he roused the town of Mansoul with so unusual a sound.

Diabolus, then, as if he had been a lamb, began his oration, and said: ‘Gentlemen of the famous town of Mansoul, I am, as you may perceive, no far dweller from you, but near, and one that is bound by the king to do you my homage and what service I

can; wherefore, that I may be faithful to myself and to you, I have somewhat of concern to impart unto you. Wherefore, grant me your audience, and hear me patiently. And first, I will assure you, it is not myself, but you—not mine, but your advantage that I seek by what I now do, as will full well be made manifest, by that I have opened my mind unto you. For, gentlemen, I am (to tell you the truth) come to show you how you may obtain great and ample deliverance from a bondage that, unawares to yourselves, you are captivated and enslaved under.' At this the town of Mansoul began to prick up its ears. And 'What is it? Pray what is it?' thought they. And he said, 'I have somewhat to say to you concerning your King, concerning his law, and also touching yourselves. Touching your King, I know he is great and potent; but yet all that he hath said to you is neither true nor yet for your advantage. 1. It is not true, for that wherewith he hath hitherto awed you, shall not come to pass, nor be fulfilled, though you do the thing that he hath forbidden. But if there was danger, what a slavery is it to live always in fear of the greatest of punishments, for doing so small and trivial a thing as eating of a little fruit is. 2. Touching his laws, this I say further, they are both unreasonable, intricate, and intolerable. Unreasonable, as was hinted before; for that the punishment is not proportioned to the offence: there is great difference and disproportion between the life and an apple; yet the one must go for the other by the law of your Shaddai. But it is also intricate, in that he saith, first, you may eat of all; and yet after forbids the eating of one. And then, in the last place, it must needs be intolerable, forasmuch as that fruit which you are forbidden to eat of (if you are forbidden any) is that, and that alone, which is able, by your eating, to minister to you a good as yet unknown by you. This is manifest by the very name of the tree; it is called the "tree of knowledge of good and evil;" and have you that knowledge as yet? No, no; nor can you conceive how good, how pleasant, and how much to be desired to make one wise it is, so long as you stand by your King's commandment. Why should you be holden in ignorance and blindness? Why should you not be enlarged in knowledge and understanding?

And now, O ye inhabitants of the famous town of Mansoul, to speak more particularly to yourselves you are not a free people! You are kept both in bondage and slavery, and that by a grievous threat; no reason being annexed but, “So I will have it; so it shall be.” And is it not grievous to think on, that that very thing which you are forbidden to do might you but do it, would yield you both wisdom and honour? for then your eyes will be opened, and you shall be as gods. Now, since this is thus,’ quoth he, ‘can you be kept by any prince in more slavery and in greater bondage than you are under this day? You are made underlings, and are wrapped up in inconveniences, as I have well made appear. For what bondage greater than to be kept in blindness? Will not reason tell you that it is better to have eyes than to be without them? and so to be at liberty to be better than to be shut up in a dark and stinking cave?’

And just now, while Diabolus was speaking these words to Mansoul, Tisiphone shot at Captain Resistance, where he stood on the gate, and mortally wounded him in the head; so that he, to the amazement of the townsmen, and the encouragement of Diabolus, fell down dead quite over the wall. Now, when Captain Resistance was dead, (and he was the only man of war in the town,) poor Mansoul was wholly left naked of courage, nor had she now any heart to resist. But this was as the devil would have it. Then stood forth he, Mr. Ill-pause, that Diabolus brought with him, who was his orator; and he addressed himself to speak to the town of Mansoul; the tenour of whose speech here follows:—

‘Gentlemen,’ quoth he, ‘it is my master’s happiness that he has this day a quiet and teachable auditory; and it is hoped by us that we shall prevail with you not to cast off good advice. My master has a very great love for you; and although, as he very well knows, that he runs the hazard of the anger of King Shaddai, yet love to you will make him do more than that. Nor doth there need that a word more should be spoken to confirm for truth what he hath said; there is not a word but carries with it self-evidence in its bowels; the very name of the tree may put an end to all

controversy in this matter. I therefore, at this time, shall only add this advice to you, under and by the leave of my lord;' (and with that he made Diabolus a very low congee;) 'consider his words, look on the tree and the promising fruit thereof; remember also that yet you know but little, and that this is the way to know more: and if your reasons be not conquered to accept of such good counsel, you are not the men that I took you to be.'

But when the townsfolk saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eye, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, they did as old Ill-pause advised; they took and did eat thereof. Now this I should have told you before, that even then, when this Ill-pause was making his speech to the townsmen, my Lord Innocency (whether by a shot from the camp of the giant, or from some sinking qualm that suddenly took him, or whether by the stinking breath of that treacherous villain old Ill-pause, for so I am most apt to think) sunk down in the place where he stood, nor could be brought to life again. Thus these two brave men died—brave men, I call them; for they were the beauty and glory of Mansoul, so long as they lived therein; nor did there now remain any more a noble spirit in Mansoul; they all fell down and yielded obedience to Diabolus; and became his slaves and vassals, as you shall hear.

Now these being dead, what do the rest of the townsfolk, but, as men that had found a fool's paradise, they presently, as afore was hinted, fall to prove the truth of the giant's words. And, first, they did as Ill-pause had taught them; they looked, they considered they were taken with the forbidden fruit; they took thereof, and did eat; and having eaten, they became immediately drunken therewith. So they open the gate, both Ear-gate and Eye-gate, and let in Diabolus with all his bands, quite forgetting their good Shaddai, his law, and the judgment that he had annexed, with solemn threatening, to the breach thereof.

Diabolus, having now obtained entrance in at the gates of the town, marches up to

the middle thereof, to make his conquest as sure as he could; and finding, by this time, the affections of the people warmly inclining to him, he, as thinking it was best striking while the iron is hot, made this further deceivable speech unto them, saying, ‘Alas, my poor Mansoul! I have done thee indeed this service, as to promote thee to honour, and to greaten thy liberty; but, alas! alas! poor Mansoul, thou wantest now one to defend thee; for assure thyself that when Shaddai shall hear what is done, he will come; for sorry will he be that thou hast broken his bonds, and cast his cords away from thee. What wilt thou do? Wilt thou, after enlargement, suffer thy privileges to be invaded and taken away, or what wilt resolve with thyself?’

Then they all with one consent said to this bramble, ‘Do thou reign over us.’ So he accepted the motion, and became the king of the town of Mansoul. This being done, the next thing was to give him possession of the castle, and so of the whole strength of the town. Wherefore, into the castle he goes; it was that which Shaddai built in Mansoul for his own delight and pleasure; this now was become a den and hold for the giant Diabolus.

Now, having got possession of this stately palace or castle, what doth he but makes it a garrison for himself, and strengthens and fortifies it with all sorts of provision, against the King Shaddai, or those that should endeavour the regaining of it to him and his obedience again.

This done, but not thinking himself yet secure enough, in the next place he bethinks himself of new modelling the town; and so he does, setting up one, and putting down another at pleasure. Wherefore my Lord Mayor, whose name was my Lord Understanding, and Mr. Recorder, whose name was Mr. Conscience, these he put out of place and power.

As for my Lord Mayor, though he was an understanding man, and one too that had complied with the rest of the town of Mansoul in admitting the giant into the town, yet Diabolus thought not fit to let him abide in his former lustre and glory, because

he was a seeing man. Wherefore he darkened him, not only by taking from him his office and power, but by building a high and strong tower, just between the sun's reflections and the windows of my lord's palace; by which means his house and all, and the whole of his habitation, were made as dark as darkness itself. And thus, being alienated from the light, he became as one that was born blind. To this, his house, my lord was confined as to a prison; nor might he, upon his parole, go farther than within his own bounds. And now, had he had a heart to do for Mansoul, what could he do for it, or wherein could he be profitable to her? So then, so long as Mansoul was under the power and government of Diabolus, (and so long it was under him, as it was obedient to him, which was even until by a war it was rescued out of his hand,) so long my Lord Mayor was rather an impediment in, than an advantage to the famous town of Mansoul.

As for Mr. Recorder, before the town was taken, he was a man well read in the laws of his king, and also a man of courage and faithfulness to speak truth at every occasion; and he had a tongue as bravely hung as he had a head filled with judgment. Now, this man Diabolus could by no means abide, because, though he gave his consent to his coming into the town, yet he could not, by all the wiles, trials, stratagems, and devices that he could use, make him wholly his own. True, he was much degenerated from his former king, and also much pleased with many of the giant's laws and service; but all this would not do, forasmuch as he was not wholly his. He would now and then think upon Shaddai, and have dread of his law upon him, and then he would speak against Diabolus with a voice as great as when a lion roareth. Yea, and would also at certain times, when his fits were upon him, (for you must know that sometimes he had terrible fits,) make the whole town of Mansoul shake with his voice: and therefore the now king of Mansoul could not abide him.

Diabolus, therefore, feared the Recorder more than any that was left alive in the town of Mansoul, because, as I said, his words did shake the whole town; they were

like the rattling thunder, and also like thunder-claps. Since, therefore, the giant could not make him wholly his own, what doth he do but studies all that he could to debauch the old gentleman, and by debauchery to stupefy his mind, and more harden his heart in the ways of vanity. And as he attempted, so he accomplished his design: he debauched the man, and by little and little so drew him into sin and wickedness, that at last he was not only debauched, as at first, and so by consequence defiled, but was almost (at last, I say) past all conscience of sin. And this was the farthest Diabolus could go. Wherefore he bethinks him of another project, and that was, to persuade the men of the town that Mr. Recorder was mad, and so not to be regarded. And for this he urged his fits, and said, ‘If he be himself, why doth he not do thus always? But,’ quoth he, ‘as all mad folks have their fits, and in them their raving language, so hath this old and doating gentleman.’

Thus, by one means or another, he quickly got Mansoul to slight, neglect, and despise whatever Mr. Recorder could say. For, besides what already you have heard, Diabolus had a way to make the old gentleman, when he was merry, unsay and deny what he in his fits had affirmed. And, indeed, this was the next way to make himself ridiculous, and to cause that no man should regard him. Also now he never spake freely for King Shaddai, but also by force and constraint. Besides, he would at one time be hot against that at which, at another, he would hold his peace; so uneven was he now in his doings. Sometimes he would be as if fast asleep, and again sometimes as dead, even then when the whole town of Mansoul was in her career after vanity, and in her dance after the giant’s pipe.

Wherefore, sometimes when Mansoul did use to be frighted with the thundering voice of the Recorder that was, and when they did tell Diabolus of it, he would answer, that what the old gentleman said was neither of love to him nor pity to them, but of a foolish fondness that he had to be prating; and so would hush, still, and put all to quiet again. And that he might leave no argument unurged that might tend to make them secure, he said, and said it often, ‘O Mansoul! consider that,

notwithstanding the old gentleman's rage, and the rattle of his high and thundering words, you hear nothing of Shaddai himself;' when, liar and deceiver that he was, every outcry of Mr. Recorder against the sin of Mansoul was the voice of God in him to them. But he goes on, and says, 'You see that he values not the loss nor rebellion of the town of Mansoul, nor will he trouble himself with calling his town to a reckoning for their giving themselves to me. He knows that though you were his, now you are lawfully mine; so, leaving us one to another, he now hath shaken his hands of us.

'Moreover, O Mansoul!' quoth he, 'consider how I have served you, even to the uttermost of my power; and that with the best that I have, could get, or procure for you in all the world: besides, I dare say that the laws and customs that you now are under, and by which you do homage to me, do yield you more solace and content than did the paradise that at first you possessed. Your liberty also, as yourselves do very well know, has been greatly widened and enlarged by me; whereas I found you a penned-up people. I have not laid any restraint upon you; you have no law, statute, or judgment of mine to fright you; I call none of you to account for your doings, except the madman—you know who I mean; I have granted you to live, each man like a prince in his own, even with as little control from me as I myself have from you.'

And thus would Diabolus hush up and quiet the town of Mansoul, when the Recorder that was, did at times molest them: yea, and with such cursed orations as these, would set the whole town in a rage and fury against the old gentleman. Yea, the rascal crew at some times would be for destroying him. They have often wished, in my hearing, that he had lived a thousand miles off from them: his company, his words, yea, the sight of him, and specially when they remembered how in old times he did use to threaten and condemn them, (for all he was now so debauched,) did terrify and afflict them sore.

But all wishes were vain, for I do not know how, unless by the power of Shaddai, and his wisdom, he was preserved in being amongst them. Besides, his house was as strong as a castle, and stood hard by a stronghold of the town: moreover, if at any time any of the crew or rabble attempted to make him away, he could pull up the sluices, and let in such floods as would drown all round about him.

But to leave Mr. Recorder, and to come to my Lord Willbewill, another of the gentry of the famous town of Mansoul. This Willbewill was as high-born as any man in Mansoul, and was as much, if not more, a freeholder than many of them were; besides, if I remember my tale aright, he had some privileges peculiar to himself in the famous town of Mansoul. Now, together with these, he was a man of great strength, resolution, and courage, nor in his occasion could any turn him away. But I say, whether he was proud of his estate, privileges, strength, or what, (but sure it was through pride of something,) he scorns now to be a slave in Mansoul; and therefore resolves to bear office under Diabolus, that he might (such an one as he was) be a petty ruler and governor in Mansoul. And, headstrong man that he was! thus he began betimes; for this man, when Diabolus did make his oration at Ear-gate, was one of the first that was for consenting to his words, and for accepting his counsel at wholesome, and that was for the opening of the gate, and for letting him into the town; wherefore Diabolus had a kindness for him, and therefore he designed for him a place. And perceiving the valour and stoutness of the man, he coveted to have him for one of his great ones, to act and do in matters of the highest concern.

So he sent for him, and talked with him of that secret matter that lay in his breast, but there needed not much persuasion in the case. For as at first he was willing that Diabolus should be let into the town, so now he was as willing to serve him there. When the tyrant, therefore, perceived the willingness of my lord to serve him, and that his mind stood bending that way, he forthwith made him the captain of the castle, governor of the wall, and keeper of the gates of Mansoul: yea, there was a clause in his commission, that nothing without him should be done in all the town of

Mansoul. So that now, next to Diabolus himself, who but my Lord Willbewill in all the town of Mansoul! nor could anything now be done, but at his will and pleasure, throughout the town of Mansoul. He had also one Mr. Mind for his clerk, a man to speak on every way like his master: for he and his lord were in principle one, and in practice not far asunder. And now was Mansoul brought under to purpose, and made to fulfil the lusts of the will, and of the mind.

But it will not out of my thoughts what a desperate one this Willbewill was when power was put into his hand. First, he flatly denied that he owed any suit or service to his former prince and liege lord. This done, in the next place he took an oath, and swore fidelity to his great master Diabolus, and then, being stated and settled in his places, offices, advancements, and preferments, oh! you cannot think, unless you had seen it, the strange work that this workman made in the town of Mansoul.

First, he maligned Mr. Recorder to death; he would neither endure to see him, nor hear the words of his mouth; he would shut his eyes when he saw him, and stop his ears when he heard him speak. Also he could not endure that so much as a fragment of the law of Shaddai should be anywhere seen in the town. For example, his clerk, Mr. Mind, had some old, rent, and torn parchments of the law of Shaddai in his house, but when Willbewill saw them, he cast them behind his back. True, Mr. Recorder had some of the laws in his study; but my lord could by no means come at them. He also thought and said, that the windows of my old Lord Mayor’s house were always too light for the profit of the town of Mansoul. The light of a candle he could not endure. Now nothing at all pleased Willbewill but what pleased Diabolus his lord.

There was none like him to trumpet about the streets the brave nature, the wise conduct, and great glory of the king Diabolus. He would range and rove throughout all the streets of Mansoul to cry up his illustrious lord, and would make himself even as an abject, among the base and rascal crew, to cry up his valiant prince. And I say,

when and wheresoever he found these vassals, he would even make himself as one of them. In all ill courses he would act without bidding, and do mischief without commandment.

The Lord Willbewill also had a deputy under him, and his name was Mr. Affection, one that was also greatly debauched in his principles, and answerable thereto in his life: he was wholly given to the flesh, and therefore they called him Vile-Affection. Now there was he and one Carnal-Lust, the daughter of Mr. Mind, (like to like,) that fell in love, and made a match, and were married; and, as I take it, they had several children, as Impudent, Blackmouth, and Hate-Reproof. These three were black boys. And besides these they had three daughters, as Scorn-Truth and Slight-God, and the name of the youngest was Revenge. These were all married in the town, and also begot and yielded many bad brats, too many to be here inserted. But to pass by this.

When the giant had thus engarrisoned himself in the town of Mansoul, and had put down and set up whom he thought good, he betakes himself to defacing. Now there was in the market-place in Mansoul, and also upon the gates of the castle, an image of the blessed King Shaddai. This image was so exactly engraven, (and it was engraven in gold,) that it did the most resemble Shaddai himself of anything that then was extant in the world. This he basely commanded to be defaced, and it was as basely done by the hand of Mr. No-Truth. Now you must know that, as Diabolus had commanded, and that by the hand of Mr. No-Truth, the image of Shaddai was defaced, he likewise gave order that the same Mr. No-Truth should set up in its stead the horrid and formidable image of Diabolus, to the great contempt of the former King, and debasing of his town of Mansoul.

Moreover, Diabolus made havoc of all remains of the laws and statutes of Shaddai that could be found in the town of Mansoul; to wit, such as contained either the doctrines of morals, with all civil and natural documents. Also relative severities he sought to extinguish. To be short, there was nothing of the remains of good in

Mansoul which he and Willbewill sought not to destroy; for their design was to turn Mansoul into a brute, and to make it like to the sensual sow, by the hand of Mr. No-Truth.

When he had destroyed what law and good orders he could, then further to effect his design, namely, to alienate Mansoul from Shaddai her King, he commands, and they set up his own vain edicts, statutes, and commandments, in all places of resort or concourse in Mansoul, to wit, such as gave liberty to the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eyes, and the pride of life, which are not of Shaddai, but of the world. He encouraged, countenanced, and promoted lasciviousness, and all ungodliness there. Yea, much more did Diabolus to encourage wickedness in the town of Mansoul; he promised them peace, content, joy, and bliss, in doing his commands, and that they should never be called to an account for their not doing the contrary. And let this serve to give a taste to them that love to hear tell of what is done beyond their knowledge afar off in other countries.

Now Mansoul being wholly at his beck, and brought wholly to his bow, nothing was heard or seen therein but that which tended to set up him.

But now he, having disabled the Lord Mayor and Mr. Recorder from bearing of office in Mansoul, and seeing that the town, before he came to it, was the most ancient of corporations in the world, and fearing, if he did not maintain greatness, they at any time should object that he had done them an injury; therefore, I say, (that they might see that he did not intend to lessen their grandeur, or to take from them any of their advantageous things,) he did choose for them a Lord Mayor and a Recorder himself, and such as contented them at the heart, and such also as pleased him wondrous well.

The name of the Mayor that was of Diabolus' making was the Lord Lustings, a man that had neither eyes nor ears. All that he did, whether as a man or an officer, he did it naturally, as doth the beast. And that which made him yet the more ignoble,

though not to Mansoul, yet to them that beheld and were grieved for its ruin, was, that he never could favour good, but evil.

The Recorder was one whose name was Forget-Good, and a very sorry fellow he was. He could remember nothing but mischief, and to do it with delight. He was naturally prone to do things that were hurtful, even hurtful to the town of Mansoul, and to all the dwellers there. These two, therefore, by their power and practice, examples, and smiles upon evil, did much more grammar and settle the common people in hurtful ways. For who doth not perceive that when those that sit aloft are vile and corrupt themselves, they corrupt the whole region and country where they are?

Besides these, Diabolus made several burgesses and aldermen in Mansoul, such as out of whom the town, when it needed, might choose them officers, governors, and magistrates. And these are the names of the chief of them: Mr. Incredulity, Mr. Haughty, Mr. Swearing, Mr. Whoring, Mr. Hard-Heart, Mr. Pitiless, Mr. Fury, Mr. No-Truth, Mr. Stand-to-Lies, Mr. False-Peace, Mr. Drunkenness, Mr. Cheating, Mr. Atheism—thirteen in all. Mr. Incredulity is the eldest, and Mr. Atheism the youngest of the company.

There was also an election of common councilmen and others, as bailiffs, sergeants, constables, and others; but all of them like to those afore-named, being either fathers, brothers, cousins, or nephews to them, whose names, for brevity’s sake, I omit to mention.

When the giant had thus far proceeded in his work, in the next place, he betook him to build some strongholds in the town, and he built three that seemed to be impregnable. The first he called the Hold of Defiance, because it was made to command the whole town, and to keep it from the knowledge of its ancient King. The second he called Midnight Hold, because it was built on purpose to keep Mansoul from the true knowledge of itself. The third was called Sweet-Sin Hold,

because by that he fortified Mansoul against all desires of good. The first of these holds stood close by Eye-gate, that, as much might be, light might be darkened there; the second was built hard by the old castle, to the end that that might be made more blind, if possible; and the third stood in the market-place.

He that Diabolus made governor over the first of these was one Spite-God, a most blasphemous wretch: he came with the whole rabble of them that came against Mansoul at first, and was himself one of themselves. He that was made the governor of Midnight Hold was one Love-no-Light; he was also of them that came first against the town. And he that was made the governor of the hold called Sweet-Sin Hold was one whose name was Love-Flesh: he was also a very lewd fellow, but not of that country where the other are bound. This fellow could find more sweetness when he stood sucking of a lust than he did in all the paradise of God.

And now Diabolus thought himself safe. He had taken Mansoul, he had engarrisoned himself therein; he had put down 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 vain lies; he had made him new magistrates, and set up new aldermen; he had builded him new holds, and had manned them for himself: and all this he did to make himself secure, in case the good Shaddai, or his Son, should come to make an incursion upon him.

Now you may well think, that long before this time, word, by some one or other, could not but be carried to the good King Shaddai, how his Mansoul, in the continent of Universe, was lost; and that the runagate giant Diabolus, once one of his Majesty’s servants, had, in rebellion against the King, made sure thereof for himself. Yea, tidings were carried and brought to the King thereof, and that to a very circumstance.

At first, how Diabolus came upon Mansoul (they being a simple people and innocent) with craft, subtlety, lies, and guile. Item, that he had treacherously slain

the right noble and valiant captain, their Captain Resistance, as he stood upon the gate with the rest of the townsmen. Item, how my brave Lord Innocent fell down dead (with grief, some say, or with being poisoned with the stinking breath of one Ill-Pause, as say others) at the hearing of his just lord and rightful prince, Shaddai, so abused by the mouth of so filthy a Diabolian as that varlet Ill-Pause was. The messenger further told, that after this Ill-Pause had made a short oration to the townsmen in behalf of Diabolus, his master; the simple town, believing that what was said was true, with one consent did open Ear-gate, the chief gate of the corporation, and did let him, with his crew, into a possession of the famous town of Mansoul. He further showed how Diabolus had served the Lord Mayor and Mr. Recorder, to wit, that he had put them from all place of power and trust. Item, he showed also that my Lord Willbewill was turned a very rebel, and runagate, and that so was one Mr. Mind, his clerk; and that they two did range and revel it all the town over, and teach the wicked ones their ways. He said, moreover, that this Willbewill was put into great trust, and particularly that Diabolus had put into Willbewill's hand all the strong places in Mansoul; and that Mr. Affection was made my Lord Willbewill's deputy in his most rebellious affairs. 'Yea,' said the messenger, 'this monster, Lord Willbewill, has openly disavowed his King Shaddai, and hath horribly given his faith and plighted his troth to Diabolus.'

'Also,' said the messenger, 'besides all this, the new king, or rather rebellious tyrant, over the once famous, but now perishing town of Mansoul, has set up a Lord Mayor and a Recorder of his own. For Mayor, he has set up one Mr. Lustings; and for Recorder, Mr. Forget-Good; two of the vilest of all the town of Mansoul.' This faithful messenger also proceeded, and told what a sort of new burgesses Diabolus had made; also that he had built several strong forts, towers, and strongholds in Mansoul. He told, too, the which I had almost forgot, how Diabolus had put the town of Mansoul into arms, the better to capacitate them, on his behalf, to make resistance against Shaddai their King, should he come to reduce them to their former

obedience.

Now this tidings-teller did not deliver his relation of things in private, but in open court, the King and his Son, high lords, chief captains, and nobles, being all there present to hear. But by that they had heard the whole of the story, it would have amazed one to have seen, had he been there to behold it, what sorrow and grief, and compunction of spirit, there was among all sorts, to think that famous Mansoul was now taken: only the King and his Son foresaw all this long before, yea, and sufficiently provided for the relief of Mansoul, though they told not everybody thereof. Yet because they also would have a share in condoling of the Misery of Mansoul, therefore they also did, and that at a rate of the highest degree, bewail the losing of Mansoul. The King said plainly that it grieved him at the heart, and you may be sure that his Son was not a whit behind him. Thus gave they conviction to all about them that they had love and compassion for the famous town of Mansoul. Well, when the King and his Son were retired into the privy chamber, there they again consulted about what they had designed before, to wit, that as Mansoul should in time be suffered to be lost, so as certainly it should be recovered again; recovered, I say, in such a way, as that both the King and his Son would get themselves eternal fame and glory thereby. Wherefore, after this consult, the Son of Shaddai (a sweet and comely Person, and one that had always great affection for those that were in affliction, but one that had mortal enmity in his heart against Diabolus, because he was designed for it, and because he sought his crown and dignity)—this Son of Shaddai, I say, having stricken hands with his Father and promised that he would be his servant to recover his Mansoul again, stood by his resolution, nor would he repent of the same. The purport of which agreement was this: to wit, that at a certain time, prefixed by both, the King's Son should take a journey into the country of Universe, and there, in a way of justice and equity, by making amends for the follies of Mansoul, he should lay a foundation of perfect deliverance from Diabolus and from his tyranny.

Moreover Emmanuel resolved to make, at a time convenient, a war upon the giant Diabolus, even while he was possessed of the town of Mansoul; and that he would fairly by strength of hand drive him out of his hold, his nest, and take it to himself to be his habitation.

This now being resolved upon, order was given to the Lord Chief Secretary to draw up a fair record of what was determined, and to cause that it should be published in all the corners of the kingdom of Universe. A short breviate of the contents thereof you may, if you please, take here as follows:

‘Let all men know who are concerned, that the Son of Shaddai, the great King, is engaged by covenant to his Father to bring his Mansoul to him again; yea, and to put Mansoul, too, through the power of his matchless love, into a far better and more happy condition than it was in before it was taken by Diabolus.’

These papers, therefore, were published in several places, to the no little molestation of the tyrant Diabolus; ‘for now,’ thought he, ‘I shall be molested, and my habitation will be taken from me.’

But when this matter, I mean this purpose of the King and his Son, did at first take air at court, who can tell how the high lords, chief captains, and noble princes that were there, were taken with the business! First, they whispered it one to another, and after that it began to ring out through the King’s palace, all wondering at the glorious design that between the King and his Son was on foot for the miserable town of Mansoul. Yea, the courtiers could scarce do anything either for the King or kingdom, but they would mix, with the doing thereof, a noise of the love of the King and his Son, that they had for the town of Mansoul.

Nor could these lords, high captains, and princes be content to keep this news at court; yea, before the records thereof were perfected, themselves came down and told it in Universe. At last it came to the ears, as I said, of Diabolus, to his no little discontent; for you must think it would perplex him to hear of such a design against

him. Well, but after a few casts in his mind, he concluded upon these four things.

First, that this news, these good tidings, (if possible,) should be kept from the ears of the town of Mansoul; ‘for,’ said he, ‘if they should once come to the knowledge that Shaddai, their former King, and Emmanuel his Son, are contriving good for the town of Mansoul, what can be expected by me, but that Mansoul will make a revolt from under my hand and government, and return again to him?’

Now, to accomplish this his design, he renews his flattery with my Lord Willbewill, and also gives him strict charge and command, that he should keep watch by day and by night at all the gates of the town, especially Ear-gate and Eye-gate; ‘for I hear of a design,’ quoth he, ‘a design to make us all traitors, and that Mansoul must be reduced to its first bondage again. I hope they are but flying stories,’ quoth he; ‘however, let no such news by any means be let into Mansoul, lest the people be dejected thereat. I think, my lord, it can be no welcome news to you; I am sure it is none to me; and I think that, at this time, it should be all our wisdom and care to nip the head of all such rumours as shall tend to trouble our people. Wherefore I desire, my lord, that you will in this matter do as I say. Let there be strong guards daily kept at every gate of the town. Stop also and examine from whence such come that you perceive do from far come hither to trade, nor let them by any means be admitted into Mansoul, unless you shall plainly perceive that they are favourers of our excellent government. I command, moreover,’ said Diabolus, ‘that there be spies continually walking up and down the town of Mansoul, and let them have power to suppress and destroy any that they shall perceive to be plotting against us, or that shall prate of what by Shaddai and Emmanuel is intended.’

This, therefore, was accordingly done; my Lord Willbewill hearkened to his lord and master, went willingly after the commandment, and, with all the diligence he could, kept any that would from going out abroad, or that sought to bring these tidings to Mansoul, from coming into the town.

Secondly, this done, in the next place, Diabolus, that he might make Mansoul as sure as he could, frames and imposes a new oath and horrible covenant upon the townsfolk:—To wit, that they should never desert him nor his government, nor yet betray him, nor seek to alter his laws; but that they should own, confess, stand by, and acknowledge him for their rightful king, in defiance to any that do or hereafter shall, by any pretence, law, or title whatever, lay claim to the town of Mansoul; thinking, belike, that Shaddai had not power to absolve them from this covenant with death, and agreement with hell. Nor did the silly Mansoul stick or boggle at all at this most monstrous engagement; but, as if it had been a sprat in the mouth of a whale, they swallowed it without any chewing. Were they troubled at all? Nay, they rather bragged and boasted of their so brave fidelity to the tyrant, their pretended king, swearing that they would never be changelings, nor forsake their old lord for a new. Thus did Diabolus tie poor Mansoul fast.

Thirdly. But jealousy, that never thinks itself strong enough, put him, in the next place, upon another exploit, which was, yet more, if possible, to debauch this town of Mansoul. Wherefore he caused, by the hand of one Mr. Filth, an odious, nasty, lascivious piece of beastliness to be drawn up in writing, and to be set upon the castle gates; whereby he granted and gave license to all his true and trusty sons in Mansoul to do whatsoever their lustful appetites prompted them to do; and that no man was to let, hinder, or control them, upon pain of incurring the displeasure of their prince.

Now this he did for these reasons:—

1. That the town of Mansoul might be yet made weaker and weaker, and so more unable, should tidings come that their redemption was designed, to believe, hope, or consent to the truth thereof; for reason says, The bigger the sinner, the less grounds of hopes of mercy.

2. The second reason was, if perhaps Emmanuel, the Son of Shaddai their King, by

seeing the horrible and profane doings of the town of Mansoul, might repent, though entered into a covenant of redeeming them, of pursuing that covenant of their redemption; for he knew that Shaddai was holy, and that his Son Emmanuel was holy; yea, he knew it by woeful experience, for for his iniquity and sin was Diabolus cast from the highest orbs. Wherefore what more rational than for him to conclude that thus, for sin, it might fare with Mansoul? But fearing also lest this knot should break, he bethinks himself of another, to wit:—

Fourthly. To endeavour to possess all hearts in the town of Mansoul that Shaddai was raising an army, to come to overthrow and utterly to destroy this town of Mansoul. And this he did to forestall any tidings that might come to their ears of their deliverance: 'For,' thought he, 'if I first bruit this, the tidings that shall come after will all be swallowed up of this; for what else will Mansoul say, when they shall hear that they must be delivered, but that the true meaning is, Shaddai intends to destroy them? Wherefore he summons the whole town into the market-place, and there, with deceitful tongue, thus he addressed himself unto them:—

'Gentlemen, and my very good friends, you are all, as you know, my legal subjects, and men of the famous town of Mansoul. You know how, from the first day that I have been with you until now, I have behaved myself among you, and what liberty and great privileges you have enjoyed under my government, I hope to your honour and mine, and also to your content and delight. Now, my famous Mansoul, a noise of trouble there is abroad, of trouble to the town of Mansoul; sorry I am thereof for your sakes: for I received but now by the post from my Lord Lucifer, (and he useth to have good intelligence,) that your old King Shaddai is raising an army to come against you, to destroy you root and branch; and this, O Mansoul, is now the cause that at this time I have called you together, namely, to advise what in this juncture is best to be done. For my part, I am but one, and can with ease shift for myself, did I list to seek my own case, and to leave my Mansoul in all the danger; but my heart is so firmly united to you, and so unwilling am I to leave you, that I am willing to

stand and fall with you, to the utmost hazard that shall befall me. What say you, O my Mansoul? Will you now desert your old friend, or do you think of standing by me?'

Then, as one man, with one mouth, they cried out together, 'Let him die the death that will not.'

Then said Diabolus again, 'It is in vain for us to hope for quarter, for this King knows not how to show it. True, perhaps, he, at his first sitting down before us, will talk of and pretend to mercy, that thereby, with the more ease, and less trouble, he may again make himself the master of Mansoul. Whatever, therefore, he shall say, believe not one syllable or tittle of it; for all such language is but to overcome us, and to make us, while we wallow in our blood, the trophies of his merciless victory. My mind is, therefore, that we resolve to the last man to resist him, and not to believe him upon any terms, for in at that door will come our danger. But shall we be flattered out of our lives? I hope you know more of the rudiments of politics than to suffer yourselves so pitifully to be served.

'But suppose he should, if he get us to yield, save some of our lives, or the lives of some of them that are underlings in Mansoul, what help will that be to you that are the chief of the town, especially you whom I have set up and whose greatness has been procured by you through your faithful sticking to me? And suppose, again, that he should give quarter to every one of you, be sure he will bring you into that bondage under which you were captivated before, or a worse, and then what good will your lives do you? Shall you with him live in pleasure as you do now? No, no; you must be bound by laws that will pinch you, and be made to do that which at present is hateful to you. I am for you, if you are for me; and it is better to die valiantly than to live like pitiful slaves. But, I say, the life of a slave will be counted a life too good for Mansoul now. Blood, blood, nothing but blood is in every blast of Shaddai's trumpet against poor Mansoul now. Pray, be concerned; I hear he is

coming. Up, and stand to your arms that now, while you have any leisure, I may learn you some feats of war. Armour for you I have, and by me it is; yea, and it is sufficient for Mansoul from top to toe; nor can you be hurt by what his force can do, if you shall keep it well girt and fastened about you. Come, therefore, to my castle, and welcome, and harness yourselves for the war. There is helmet, breastplate, sword, and shield, and what not, that will make you fight like men.

‘1. My helmet, otherwise called an head-piece, is in hope of doing well at last, what lives soever you live. This is that which they had who said, that they should have peace, though they walked in the wickedness of their heart, to add drunkenness to thirst. A piece of approved armour this is, and whoever has it, and can hold it, so long no arrow, dart, sword, or shield can hurt him. This, therefore, keep on, and thou wilt keep off many a blow, my Mansoul.

‘2. My breastplate is a breastplate of iron. I had it forged in mine own country, and all my soldiers are armed therewith. In plain language, it is a hard heart, a heart as hard as iron, and as much past feeling as a stone; the which if you get and keep, neither mercy shall win you, nor judgment fright you. This therefore, is a piece of armour most necessary for all to put on that hate Shaddai, and that would fight against him under my banner.

‘3. My sword is a tongue that is set on fire of hell, and that can bend itself to speak evil of Shaddai, his Son, his ways, and people. Use this; it has been tried a thousand times twice told. Whoever hath it, keeps it, and makes that use of it as I would have him, can never be conquered by mine enemy.

‘4. My, shield is unbelief, or calling into question the truth of the word, or all the sayings that speak of the judgment that Shaddai has appointed for wicked men. Use this shield; many attempts he has made upon it, and sometimes, it is true, it has been bruised; but they that have writ of the wars of Emmanuel against my servants, have testified that he could do no mighty work there because of their unbelief. Now, to

handle this weapon of mine aright, it is not to believe things because they are true, of what sort or by whomsoever asserted. If he speaks of judgment, care not for it; if he speaks of mercy, care not for it; if he promises, if he swears that he would do to Mansoul, if it turns, no hurt, but good, regard not what is said, question the truth of all, for it is to wield the shield of unbelief aright, and as my servants ought and do; and he that doth otherwise loves me not, nor do I count him but an enemy to me.

‘5. Another part or piece,’ said Diabolus, ‘of mine excellent armour is a dumb and prayerless spirit, a spirit that scorns to cry for mercy: wherefore be you, my Mansoul, sure that you make use of this. What! cry for quarter! Never do that, if you would be mine. I know you are stout men, and am sure that I have clad you with that which is armour of proof. Wherefore, to cry to Shaddai for mercy, let that be far from you. Besides all this, I have a maul, firebrands, arrows, and death, all good hand-weapons, and such as will do execution.’

After he had thus furnished his men with armour and arms, he addressed himself to them in such like words as these: ‘Remember,’ quoth he, ‘that I am your rightful king, and that you have taken an oath and entered into covenant to be true to me and my cause: I say, remember this, and show yourselves stout and valiant men of Mansoul. Remember also the kindness that I have always showed to you, and that without your petition I have granted to you external things; wherefore the privileges, grants, immunities, profits, and honours wherewith I have endowed you do call for, at your hands, returns of loyalty, my lion-like men of Mansoul: and when so fit a time to show it as when another shall seek to take my dominion over you into his own hands? One word more, and I have done. Can we but stand, and overcome this one shock or brunt, I doubt not but in little time all the world will be ours; and when that day comes, my true hearts, I will make you kings, princes, and captains, and what brave days shall we have then!’

Diabolus having thus armed and forearmed his servants and vassals in Mansoul

against their good and lawful King Shaddai, in the next place, he doubleth his guards at the gates of the town, and he takes himself to the castle, which was his stronghold. His vassals also, to show their wills, and supposed (but ignoble) gallantry, exercise themselves in their arms every day, and teach one another feats of war; they also defied their enemies, and sang up the praises of their tyrant; they threatened also what men they would be if ever things should rise so high as a war between Shaddai and their king.

Now all this time the good King, the King Shaddai, was preparing to send an army to recover the town of Mansoul again from under the tyranny of their pretended king Diabolus; but he thought good, at first, not to send them by the hand and conduct of brave Emmanuel his Son, but under the hand of some of his servants, to see first by them the temper of Mansoul, and whether by them they would be won to the obedience of their King. The army consisted of above 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 conduct of four stout generals, each man being a captain of ten thousand men, and these are their names and their ensigns. The name of the first was Boanerges, the name of the second was Captain Conviction, the name of the third was Captain Judgment, and the name of the fourth was Captain Execution. These were the captains that Shaddai sent to regain Mansoul.

These four captains, as was said, the King thought fit, in the first place, to send to Mansoul, to make an attempt upon it; for indeed generally in all his wars he did use to send these four captains in the van, for they were very stout and rough-hewn men, men that were fit to break the ice, and to make their way by dint of sword, and their men were like themselves.

To each of these captains the King gave a banner, that it might be displayed, because of the goodness of his cause, and because of the right that he had to Mansoul.

First, to Captain Boanerges, for he was the chief, to him, I say, were given ten

thousand men. His ensign was Mr. Thunder; he bare the black colours, and his scutcheon was the 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 did bear the pale colours, and his scutcheon was the book of the law wide open, from whence issued a flame of fire.

The third captain was Captain Judgment; to him were given ten thousand men. His ensign's name was Mr. Terror; he bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was a burning fiery furnace.

The fourth captain was Captain Execution; to him were given ten thousand men. His ensign was one Mr. Justice; he also bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was a fruitless tree, with an axe lying at the root thereof.

These four captains, as I said, had every one of them under his command ten thousand men, all of good fidelity to the King, and stout at their military actions.

Well, the captains and their forces, their men and under officers, being had upon a day by Shaddai into the field, and there called all over by their names, were then and there put into such harness as became their degree and that service which now they were going about for their King.

Now, when the King had mustered his forces, (for it is he that mustereth the host to the battle,) he gave unto the captains their several commissions, with charge and commandment in the audience of all the soldiers, that they should take heed faithfully and courageously to do and execute the same. Their commissions were, for the substance of them, the same in form, though, as to name, title, place and degree of the captains, there might be some, but very small variation. And here let me give you an account of the matter and sum contained in their commission.

A Commission from the great Shaddai, King of Mansoul, to his trusty and noble Captain, the Captain Boanerges, for his making War upon the town of Mansoul.

'O, thou Boanerges, one of my stout and thundering captains over one ten thousand

of my valiant and faithful servants, go thou in my name, with this thy force, to the miserable town of Mansoul; and when thou comest thither, offer them first conditions of peace; and command them that, casting off the yoke and tyranny of the wicked Diabolus, they return to me, their rightful Prince and Lord. Command them also that they cleanse themselves from all that is his in the town of Mansoul, and look to thyself, that thou hast good satisfaction touching the truth of their obedience. Thus when thou hast commanded them, (if they in truth submit thereto,) then do thou, to the uttermost of thy power, what in thee lies to set up for me a garrison in the famous town of Mansoul; nor do thou hurt the least native that moveth or breatheth therein, if they will submit themselves to me, but treat thou such as if they were thy friend or brother; for all such I love, and they shall be dear unto me, and tell them that I will take a time to come unto them, and to let them know that I am merciful.

‘But if they shall, notwithstanding thy summons and the producing of thy authority, resist, stand out against thee, and rebel, then do I command thee to make use of all thy cunning, power, might, and force, to bring them under by strength of hand. Farewell.’

Thus you see the sum of their commissions; for, as I said before, for the substance of them, they were the same that the rest of the noble captains had.

Wherefore they, having received each commander his authority at the hand of their King, the day being appointed, and the place of their rendezvous prefixed, each commander appeared in such gallantry as became his cause and calling. So, after a new entertainment from Shaddai, with flying colours they set forward to march towards the famous town of Mansoul. Captain Boanerges led the van, Captain Conviction and Captain Judgment made up the main body, and Captain Execution brought up the rear. They then, having a great way to go, (for the town of Mansoul was far off from the court of Shaddai,) marched through the regions and countries of

many people, not hurting or abusing any, but blessing wherever they came. They also lived upon the King's cost in all the way they went.

Having travelled thus for many days, at last they came within sight of Mansoul; the which when they saw, the captains could for their hearts do no less than for a while bewail the condition of the town; for they quickly saw how that it was prostrate to the will of Diabolus, and to his ways and designs.

Well, to be short, the captains came up before the town, march up to Ear-gate, sit down there (for that was the place of hearing). So, when they had pitched their tents and entrenched themselves, they addressed themselves to make their assault.

Now the townsfolk at first, beholding so gallant a company, so bravely accoutred, and so excellently disciplined, having on their glittering armour, and displaying of their flying colours, could not but come out of their houses and gaze. But the cunning fox Diabolus, fearing that the people, after this sight, should, on a sudden summons, open the gates to the captains, came down with all haste from the castle, and made them retire into the body of the town, who, when he had them there, made this lying and deceivable speech unto them:

'Gentlemen,' quoth he, 'although you are my trusty and well-beloved friends, yet I cannot but a little chide you for your late uncircumspect action, in going out to gaze on that great and mighty force that but yesterday sat down before, and have now entrenched themselves in order to the maintaining of a siege against the famous town of Mansoul. Do you know who they are, whence they come, and what is their purpose in sitting down before the town of Mansoul? They are they of whom I have told you long ago, that they would come to destroy this town, and against whom I have been at the cost to arm you with cap-a-pie for your body, besides great fortifications for your mind. Wherefore, then, did you not rather, even at the first appearance of them, cry out, "Fire the beacons!" and give the whole town an alarm concerning them, that we might all have been in a posture of defence, and been

ready to have received them with the highest acts of defiance? Then had you showed yourselves men to my liking; whereas, by what you have done, you have made me half afraid—I say, half afraid—that when they and we shall come to push a pike, I shall find you want courage to stand it out any longer. Wherefore have I commanded a watch, and that you should double your guards at the gates? Wherefore have I endeavoured to make you as hard as iron, and your hearts as a piece of the nether millstone? Was it, think you, that you might show yourselves women, and that you might go out like a company of innocents to gaze on your mortal foes? Fie, fie! put yourselves into a posture of defence, beat up the drum, gather together in warlike manner, that our foes may know that, before they shall conquer this corporation, there are valiant men in the town of Mansoul.

‘I will leave off now to chide, and will not further rebuke you; but I charge you, that henceforwards you let me see no more such actions. Let not henceforward a man of you, without order first obtained from me, so much as show his head over the wall of the town of Mansoul. You have now heard me; do as I have commanded, and you shall cause me that I dwell securely with you, and that I take care, as for myself, so for your safety and honour also. Farewell.’

Now were the townsmen strangely altered; they were as men stricken with a panic fear; they ran to and fro through the streets of the town of Mansoul, crying out, ‘Help, help! the men that turn the world upside down are come hither also.’ Nor could any of them be quiet after; but still, as men bereft of wit, they cried out, ‘The destroyers of our peace and people are come.’ This went down with Diabolus. ‘Ah,’ quoth he to himself, ‘this I like well: now it is as I would have it; now you show your obedience to your prince. Hold you but here, and then let them take the town if they can.’

Well, before the King’s forces had sat before Mansoul three days, Captain Boanerges commanded his trumpeter to go down to Ear-gate, and there, in the name

of the great Shaddai, to summon Mansoul to give audience to the message that he, in his Master's name, was to them commanded to deliver. So the trumpeter, whose name was Take-heed-what-you-hear, went up, as he was commanded, to Ear-gate, and there sounded his trumpet for a hearing; but there was none that appeared that gave answer or regard, for so had Diabolus commanded. So the trumpeter returned to his captain, and told him what he had done, and also how he had sped; whereat the captain was grieved, but bid the trumpeter go to his tent.

Again Captain Boanerges sendeth his trumpeter to Ear-gate, to sound as before for a hearing; but they again kept close, came not out, nor would they give him an answer, so observant were they of the command of Diabolus their king.

Then the captains and other field officers called a council of war, to consider what further was to be done for the gaining of the town of Mansoul; and, after some close and thorough debate upon the contents of their commissions, they concluded yet to give to the town, by the hand of the fore-named trumpeter, another summons to hear; but if that shall be refused, said they, and that the town shall stand it out still, then they determined, and bid the trumpeter tell them so, that they would endeavour, by what means they could, to compel them by force to the obedience of their King.

So Captain Boanerges commanded his trumpeter to go up to Ear-gate again, and, in the name of the great King Shaddai, to give it a very loud summons to come down without delay to Ear-gate, there to give audience to the King's most noble captains. So the trumpeter went, and did as he was commanded: he went up to Ear-gate, and sounded his trumpet, and gave a third summons to Mansoul. He said, moreover, that if this they should still refuse to do, the captains of his prince would with might come down upon them, and endeavour to reduce them to their obedience by force.

Then stood up my Lord Willbewill, who was the governor of the town, (this Willbewill was that apostate of whom mention was made before,) and the keeper of the gates of Mansoul. He therefore, with big and ruffling words, demanded of the

trumpeter who he was, whence he came, and what was the cause of his making so hideous a noise at the gate, and speaking such insufferable words against the town of Mansoul.

The trumpeter answered, ‘I am servant to the most noble captain, Captain Boanerges, general of the forces of the great King Shaddai, against whom both thyself, with the whole town of Mansoul, have rebelled, and lift up the heel; and my master, the captain, hath a special message to this town, and to thee, as a member thereof; the which if you of Mansoul shall peaceably hear, so; and if not, you must take what follows.’

Then said the Lord Willbewill, ‘I will carry thy words to my lord, and will know what he will say.’

But the trumpeter soon replied, saying. ‘Our message is not to the giant Diabolus, but to the miserable town of Mansoul; nor shall we at all regard what answer by him is made, nor yet by any for him. We are sent to this town to recover it from under his cruel tyranny, and to persuade it to submit, as in former times it did, to the most excellent King Shaddai.’

Then said the Lord Willbewill, ‘I will do your errand to the town.’

The trumpeter then replied, ‘Sir, do not deceive us, lest, in so doing, you deceive yourselves much more.’ He added, moreover, ‘For we are resolved, if in peaceable manner you do not submit yourselves, then to make a war upon you, and to bring you under by force. And of the truth of what I now say, this shall be a sign unto you,—you shall see the black flag, with its hot, burning thunder-bolts, set upon the mount to-morrow, as a token of defiance against your prince, and of our resolutions to reduce you to your Lord and rightful King.’

So the said Lord Willbewill returned from off the wall, and the trumpeter came into the camp. When the trumpeter was come into the camp, the captains and officers of the mighty King Shaddai came together to know if he had obtained a hearing, and

what was the effect of his errand. So the trumpeter told, saying, ‘When I had sounded my trumpet, and had called aloud to the town for a hearing, my Lord Willbewill, the governor of the town, and he that hath charge of the gates, came up when he heard me sound, and, looking over the wall, he asked me what I was, whence I came, and what was the cause of my making this noise. So I told him my errand, and by whose authority I brought it. “Then,” said he, “I will tell it to the governor and to Mansoul;” and then I returned to my lords.’

Then said the brave Boanerges, ‘Let us yet for a while lie still in our trenches, and see what these rebels will do.’

Now when the time drew nigh that audience by Mansoul must be given to the brave Boanerges and his companions, it was commanded 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 town of Mansoul shall hear, to receive it forthwith to mercy; but if not, to force a subjection. So the day being come, the trumpeters sounded, and that throughout the whole camp, that the men of war might be in a readiness for that which then should be the work of the day. But when they that were in the town of Mansoul heard the sound of the trumpets throughout the camp of Shaddai, and thinking no other but that it must be in order to storm the corporation, they at first were put to great consternation of spirit; but after they a little were settled again, they also made what preparation they could for a war, if they did storm; else, to secure themselves.

Well, when the utmost time was come, Boanerges was resolved to hear their answer; wherefore he sent out his trumpeter again to summon Mansoul to a hearing of the message that they had brought from Shaddai.

So he went and sounded, and the townsmen came up, but made Ear-gate as sure as they could. Now when they were come up to the top of the wall, Captain Boanerges desired to see the Lord Mayor; but my Lord Incredulity was then Lord Mayor, for he

came in the room of my Lord Lustings. So Incredulity came up and showed himself over the wall; but when the Captain Boanerges had set his eyes upon him, he cried out aloud, ‘This is not he: where is my Lord Understanding, the ancient Lord Mayor of the town of Mansoul? for to him I would deliver my message.’

Then said the giant (for Diabolus was also come down) to the captain, ‘Mr. Captain, you have by your boldness given to Mansoul at least four summonses to subject herself to your King, by whose authority I know not, nor will I dispute that now. I ask, therefore, what is the reason of all this ado, or what would you be at if you knew yourselves?’

Then Captain Boanerges, whose were the black colours, and whose scutcheon was the three burning thunderbolts, taking no notice of the giant or of his speech, thus addressed himself to the town of Mansoul: ‘Be it known unto you, O unhappy and rebellious Mansoul, that the most gracious King, the great King Shaddai, my Master, hath sent me unto you with commission’ (and so he showed to the town his broad seal) ‘to reduce you to his obedience; and he hath commanded me, in case you yield upon my summons, to carry it to you as if you were my friends or brethren; but he also hath bid, that if, after summons to submit you still stand out and rebel, we should endeavour to take you by force.’

Then stood forth Captain Conviction, and said, (his were the pale colours, and for a scutcheon he had the book of the law wide open, etc.,) ‘Hear, O Mansoul! Thou, O Mansoul, wast once famous for innocency, but now thou art degenerated into lies and deceit. Thou hast heard what my brother, the Captain Boanerges, hath said; and it is your wisdom, and will be your happiness, to stoop to, and accept of conditions of peace and mercy when offered, specially when offered by one against whom thou hast rebelled, and one who is of power to tear thee in pieces, for so is Shaddai, our King; nor, when he is angry, can anything stand before him. If you say you have not sinned, or acted rebellion against our King, the whole of your doings since the day

that you cast off his service (and there was the beginning of your sin) will sufficiently testify against you. What else means your hearkening to the tyrant, and your receiving him for your king? What means else your rejecting of the laws of Shaddai, and your obeying of Diabolus? Yea, what means this your taking up of arms against, and the shutting of your gates upon us, the faithful servants of your King? Be ruled then, and accept of my brother's invitation, and overstand not the time of mercy, but agree with thine adversary quickly. Ah, Mansoul! suffer not thyself to be kept from mercy, and to be run into a thousand miseries, by the flattering wiles of Diabolus. Perhaps that piece of deceit may attempt to make you believe that we seek our own profit in this our service, but know it is obedience to our King, and love to your happiness, that is the cause of this undertaking of ours.

'Again I say to thee, O Mansoul, consider if it be not amazing grace that Shaddai should so humble himself as he doth: now he, by us, reasons with you, in a way of entreaty and sweet persuasions, that you would subject yourselves to him. Has he that need of you that we are sure you have of him? No, no; but he is merciful, and will not that Mansoul should die, but turn to him and live.'

Then stood forth Captain Judgment, whose were the red colours, and for a scutcheon he had the burning fiery furnace, and he said, 'O ye, the inhabitants of the town of Mansoul, that have lived so long in rebellion and acts of treason against the King Shaddai, know that we come not to-day to this place, in this manner, with our message of our own minds, or to revenge our own quarrel; it is the King, my Master, that hath sent us to reduce you to your obedience to him; the which if you refuse in a peaceable way to yield, we have commission to compel you thereto. And never think of yourselves, nor yet suffer the tyrant Diabolus to persuade you to think, that our King, by his power, is not able to bring you down, and to lay you under his feet; for he is the former of all things, and if he touches the mountains, they smoke. Nor will the gate of the King's clemency stand always open; for the day that shall burn like an oven is before him; yea, it hasteth greatly, it slumbereth not.

‘O Mansoul, is it little in thine eyes that our King doth offer thee mercy, and that after so many provocations? Yea, he still holdeth out his golden sceptre to thee, and will not yet suffer his gate to be shut against thee: wilt thou provoke him to do it? If so, consider of what I say; to thee it is opened no more for ever. If thou sayest thou shalt not see him, yet judgment is before him; therefore trust thou in him. Yea, because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with his stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee. Will he esteem thy riches? No, not gold, nor all the forces of strength. He hath prepared his throne for judgment, for he will come with fire, and with his chariots like a whirlwind, to render his anger with fury, and his rebukes with flames of fire. Therefore, O Mansoul, take heed lest, after thou hast fulfilled the judgment of the wicked, justice and judgment should take hold of thee.’

Now while the Captain Judgment was making this oration to the town of Mansoul, it was observed by some that Diabolus trembled; but he proceeded in his parable and said, ‘O thou woful town of Mansoul, wilt thou not yet set open thy gate to receive us, the deputies of thy King, and those that would rejoice to see thee live? Can thine heart endure, or can thy hands be strong, in the day that he shall deal in judgment with thee? I say, canst thou endure to be forced to drink, as one would drink sweet wine, the sea of wrath that our King has prepared for Diabolus and his angels? Consider, betimes consider.’

Then stood forth the fourth captain, the noble Captain Execution, and said, ‘O town of Mansoul, once famous, but now like the fruitless bough, once the delight of the high ones, but now a den for Diabolus, hearken also to me, and to the words that I shall speak to thee in the name of the great Shaddai. Behold, the axe is laid to the root of the trees: every tree, therefore, that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and cast into the fire.

‘Thou, O town of Mansoul, hast hitherto been this fruitless tree; thou bearest nought but thorns and briars. Thy evil fruit bespeaks thee not to be a good tree; thy grapes

are grapes of gall, thy clusters are bitter. Thou hast rebelled against thy King; and, lo! we, the power and force of Shaddai, are the axe that is laid to thy root. What sayest thou? Wilt thou turn? I say again, tell me, before the first blow is given, wilt thou turn? Our axe must first be laid to thy root before it be laid at thy root; it must first be laid to thy root in a way of threatening, before it is laid at thy root by way of execution; and between these two is required thy repentance, and this is all the time that thou hast. What wilt thou do? Wilt thou turn, or shall I smite? If I fetch my blow, Mansoul, down you go; for I have commission to lay my axe at as well as to thy roots, nor will anything but yielding to our King prevent doing of execution. What art thou fit for, O Mansoul, if mercy preventeth not, but to be hewn down, and cast into the fire and burned?

‘O Mansoul, patience and forbearance do not act for ever: a year, or two, or three, they may; but if thou provoke by a three years’ rebellion, (and thou hast already done more than this,) then what follows but, ‘Cut it down’? nay, ‘After that thou shalt cut it down.’ And dost thou think that these are but threatenings, or that our King has not power to execute his words? O Mansoul, thou wilt find that in the words of our King, when they are by sinners made little or light of, there is not only threatening, but burning coals of fire.

‘Thou hast been a cumber-ground long already, and wilt thou continue so still? Thy sin has brought this army to thy walls, and shall it bring it in judgment to do execution into thy town? Thou hast heard what the captains have said, but as yet thou shuttest thy gates. Speak out, Mansoul; wilt thou do so still, or wilt thou accept of conditions of peace?’

These brave speeches of these four noble captains the town of Mansoul refused to hear; yet a sound thereof did beat against Ear-gate, though the force thereof could not break it open. In fine, the town desired a time to prepare their answer to these demands. The captains then told them, that if they would throw out to them one

Ill-Pause that was in the town, that they might reward him according to his works, then they would give them time to consider; but if they would not cast him to them over the wall of Mansoul, then they would give them none; ‘for,’ said they, ‘we know that, so long as Ill-Pause draws breath in Mansoul, all good consideration will be confounded, and nothing but mischief will come thereon.’

Then Diabolus, who was there present, being loath to lose his Ill-Pause, because he was his orator, (and yet be sure he had, could the captains have laid their fingers on him,) was resolved at this instant to give them answer by himself; but then changing his mind, he commanded the then Lord Mayor, the Lord Incredulity, to do it, saying, ‘My lord, do you give these runagates an answer, and speak out, that Mansoul may hear and understand you.’

So Incredulity, at Diabolus’ command, began, and said, ‘Gentlemen, you have here, as we do behold, to the disturbance of our prince and the molestation of the town of Mansoul, camped against it: but from whence you come, we will not know; and what you are, we will not believe. Indeed, you tell us in your terrible speech that you have this authority from Shaddai, but by what right he commands you to do it, of that we shall yet be ignorant.

‘You have also, by the authority aforesaid, summoned this town to desert her lord, and, for protection, to yield up herself to the great Shaddai, your King; flatteringly telling her, that if she will do it, he will pass by and not charge her with her past offences.

‘Further, you have also, to the terror of the town of Mansoul, threatened with great and sore destructions to punish this corporation, if she consents not to do as your wills would have her.

‘Now, captains, from whencesoever you come, and though your designs be ever so right, yet know ye that neither my Lord Diabolus, nor I, his servant, Incredulity, nor yet our brave Mansoul, doth regard either your persons, message, or the King that

you say hath sent you. His power, his greatness, his vengeance, we fear not; nor will we yield at all to your summons.

‘As for the war that you threaten to make upon us, we must therein defend ourselves as well as we can; and know ye, that we are not without wherewithal to bid defiance to you; and, in short, (for I will not be tedious,) I tell you, that we take you to be some vagabond runagate crew, that having shaken off all obedience to your King, have gotten together in tumultuous manner, and are ranging from place to place to see if, through the flatteries you are skilled to make on the one side, and threats wherewith you think to fright on the other, to make some silly town, city, or country, desert their place, and leave it to you; but Mansoul is none of them.

‘To conclude: we dread you not, we fear you not, nor will we obey your summons. Our gates we will shut upon you, our place we will keep you out of. Nor will we long thus suffer you to sit down before us: our people must live in quiet: your appearance doth disturb them. Wherefore arise with bag and baggage, and begone, or we will let fly from the walls against you.’

This oration, made by old Incredulity, was seconded by desperate Willbewill, in words to this effect: ‘Gentlemen, we have heard your demands, and the noise of your threats, and have heard the sound of your summons; but we fear not your force, we regard not your threats, but will still abide as you found us. And we command you, that in three days’ time you cease to appear in these parts, or you shall know what it is once to dare offer to rouse the lion Diabolus when asleep in his town of Mansoul.’

The Recorder, whose name was Forget-Good, he also added as followeth: ‘Gentlemen, my lords, as you see, have with mild and gentle words answered your rough and angry speeches: they have, moreover, in my hearing, given you leave quietly to depart as you came; wherefore, take their kindness and be gone. We might have come out with force upon you, and have caused you to feel the dint of our

swords; but as we love ease and quiet ourselves, so we love not to hurt or molest others.'

Then did the town of Mansoul shout for joy, as if by Diabolus and his crew some great advantage had been gotten of the captains. They also rang the bells, and made merry, and danced upon the walls.

Diabolus also returned to the castle, and the Lord Mayor and Recorder to their place; but the Lord Willbewill took special care that the gates should be secured with double guards, double bolts, and double locks and bars; and that Ear-gate especially might the better be looked to, for that was the gate in at which the King's forces sought most to enter. The Lord Willbewill made one old Mr. Prejudice, an angry and ill-conditioned fellow, captain of the ward at that gate, and put under his power sixty men, called deaf men; men advantageous for that service, forasmuch as they mattered no words of the captains, nor of the soldiers.

Now when the captains saw the answer of the great ones, and that they could not get a hearing from the old natives of the town, and that Mansoul was resolved to give the King's army battle, they prepared themselves to receive them, and to try it out by the power of the arm. And, first, they made their force more formidable against Ear-gate; for they knew that, unless they could penetrate that, no good could be done upon the town. This done, they put the rest of their men in their places; after which, they gave out the word, which was, 'Ye must be born again.' Then they sounded the trumpet; then they in the town made them answer, with shout against shout, charge against charge, and so the battle began. Now they in the town had planted upon the tower over Ear-gate two great guns, the one called High-mind, and the other Heady. Unto these two guns they trusted much; they were cast in the castle by Diabolus' founder, whose name was Mr. Puff-up, and mischievous pieces they were. But so vigilant and watchful, when the captains saw them, were they, that though sometimes their shot would go by their ears with a whiz, yet they did them no harm.

By these two guns the townsfolk made no question but greatly to annoy the camp of Shaddai, and well enough to secure the gate; but they had not much cause to boast of what execution they did, as by what follows will be gathered.

The famous Mansoul had also some other small pieces in it, of the which they made use against the camp of Shaddai.

They from the camp also did as stoutly, and with as much of that as may in truth be called valour, let fly as fast at the town and at Ear-gate; for they saw that, unless they could break open Ear-gate, it would be but in vain to batter the wall. Now the King’s captains had brought with them several slings, and two or three battering-rams; with their slings, therefore, they battered the houses and people of the town, and with their rams they sought to break Ear-gate open.

The camp and the town 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 was over Ear-gate, and at the said gate to make their entrance; but Mansoul stood it out so lustily, through the rage of Diabolus, the valour of the 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 wars, on the King’s side, seemed to be almost quite lost, and the advantage to return to Mansoul. But when the captains saw how it was they made a fair retreat, and entrenched themselves in their winter quarters. Now, in this war, you must needs think there was much loss on both sides, of which be pleased to accept of this brief account following.

The King’s captains, when they marched from the court to come up against Mansoul to war, as they came crossing over the country, they happened to light upon three young fellows that had a mind to go for soldiers: proper men they were, and men of courage and skill, to appearance. Their names were Mr. Tradition, Mr. Human-Wisdom, and Mr. Man’s-Invention. So they came up to the captains, and proffered their service to Shaddai. The captains then told them of their design, and

bid them not to be rash in their offers; but the young men told them they had considered the thing before, and that hearing they were upon their march for such a design, came hither on purpose to meet them, that they might be listed under their excellencies. Then Captain Boanerges, for that they were men of courage, listed them into his company, and so away they went to the war.

Now, when the war was begun, in one of the briskest skirmishes, so it was, that a company of the Lord Willbewill's men sallied out at the sallyport or postern of the town, and fell in upon the rear of Captain Boanerges' men, where these three fellows happened to be; so they took them prisoners, and away they carried them into the town, where they had not lain long in durance, but it began to be noised about the streets of the town what three notable prisoners the Lord Willbewill's men had taken, and brought in prisoners out of the camp of Shaddai. At length tidings thereof were carried to Diabolus to the castle, to wit what my Lord Willbewill's men had done, and whom they had taken prisoners.

Then Diabolus called for Willbewill, to know the certainty of this matter. So he asked him, and he told him. Then did the giant send for the prisoners, and, when they were come, demanded of them who they were, whence they came, and what they did in the camp of Shaddai; and they told him. Then he sent them to ward again. Not many days after, he sent for them to him again, and then asked them if they would be willing to serve him against their former captains. They then told him that they did not so much live by religion as by the fates of fortune; and that since his lordship was willing to entertain them, they should be willing to serve him. Now while things were thus in hand, there was one Captain Anything, a great doer, in the town of Mansoul; and to this Captain Anything did Diabolus send these men, and a note under his hand, to receive them into his company, the contents of which letter were thus:

'Anything, my darling,—The three men that are the bearers of this letter have a

desire to serve me in the war; nor know I better to whose conduct to commit them than to thine. Receive them, therefore, in my name, and, as need shall require, make use of them against Shaddai and his men. Farewell.'

So they came, and he received them; and he made of two of them sergeants; but he made Mr. Man's-Invention his ancient-bearer. But thus much for this, and now to return to the camp.

They of the camp did also some execution upon the town; for they did beat down the roof of the Lord Mayor's house, and so laid him more open than he was before. They had almost, with a sling, slain my Lord Willbewill outright; but he made a shift to recover again. But they made a notable slaughter among the aldermen, for with one only shot they cut off six of them; to wit, Mr. Swearing, Mr. Whoring, Mr. Fury, Mr. Stand-to-Lies, Mr. Drunkenness, and Mr. Cheating.

They also dismounted the two guns that stood upon the tower over Ear-gate, and laid them flat in the dirt. I told you before that the King's noble captains had drawn off to their winter quarters, and had there entrenched themselves and their carriages, so as with the best advantage to their King, and the greatest annoyance to the enemy, they might give seasonable and warm alarms to the town of Mansoul. And this design of them did so hit, that I may say they did almost what they would to the molestation of the corporation. For now could not Mansoul sleep securely as before, nor could they now go to their debaucheries with that quietness as in times past; for they had from the camp of Shaddai such frequent, warm, and terrifying alarms, yea, alarms upon alarms, first at one gate and then at another, and again at all the gates at once, that they were broken as to former peace. Yea, they had their alarms so frequently, and that when the nights were at longest, the weather coldest, and so consequently the season most unseasonable, that that winter was to the town of Mansoul a winter by itself. Sometimes the trumpets would sound, and sometimes the slings would whirl the stones into the town. Sometimes ten thousand of the King's soldiers would be

running round the walls of Mansoul at midnight, shouting and lifting up the voice for the battle. Sometimes, again, some of them in the town would be wounded, and their cry and lamentable voice would be heard, to the great molestation of the now languishing town of Mansoul. Yea, so distressed with those that laid siege against them were they, that, I dare say, Diabolus, their king, had in these days his rest much broken.

In these days, as I was informed, new thoughts, and thoughts that began to run counter one to another, began to possess the minds of the men of the town of Mansoul. Some would say, ‘There is no living thus.’ Others would then reply, ‘This will be over shortly.’ Then would a third stand up and answer, ‘Let us turn to the King Shaddai, and so put an end to these troubles.’ And a fourth would come in with a fear, saying, ‘I doubt he will not receive us.’ The old gentleman, too, the Recorder, that was so before Diabolus took Mansoul, he also began to talk aloud, and his words were now to the town of Mansoul as if they were great claps of thunder. No noise now so terrible to Mansoul as was his, with the noise of the soldiers and shoutings of the captains.

Also things began to grow scarce in Mansoul; now the things that her soul lusted after were departing from her. Upon all her pleasant things there was a blast, and burning instead of beauty. Wrinkles now, and some shows of the shadow of death, were upon the inhabitants of Mansoul. And now, O how glad would Mansoul have been to have enjoyed quietness and satisfaction of mind, though joined with the meanest condition in the world!

The captains also, in the deep of this winter, did send by the mouth of Boanerges’ trumpeter a summons to Mansoul to yield up herself to the King, the great King Shaddai. They sent it once, and twice, and thrice; not knowing but that at some times there might be in Mansoul some willingness to surrender up themselves unto them, might they but have the colour of an invitation to do it under. Yea, so far as I could

gather, the town had been surrendered up to them before now, had it not been for the opposition of old Incredulity, and the fickleness of the thoughts of my Lord Willbewill. Diabolus also began to rave; wherefore Mansoul, as to yielding, was not yet all of one mind; therefore they still lay distressed under these perplexing fears.

I told you but now that they of the King's army had this winter sent three times to Mansoul to submit herself.

The first time the trumpeter went he went with words of peace, telling them that the captains, the noble captains of Shaddai, did pity and bewail the misery of the now perishing town of Mansoul, and were troubled to see them so much to stand in the way of their own deliverance. He said, moreover, that the captains bid him tell them, that if now poor Mansoul would humble herself and turn, her former rebellions and most notorious treasons should by their merciful King be forgiven them, yea, and forgotten too. And having bid them beware that they stood not in their own way, that they opposed not themselves, nor made themselves their own losers, he returned again into the camp.

The second time the trumpeter went, he did treat them a little more roughly; for, after sound of trumpet, he told them that their continuing in their rebellion did but chafe and heat the spirit of the captains, and that they were resolved to make a conquest of Mansoul, or to lay their bones before the town walls.

He went again the third time, and dealt with them yet more roughly; telling them that now, since they had been so horribly profane, he did not know, not certainly know, whether the captains were inclining to mercy or judgment. 'Only,' said he, 'they commanded me to give you a summons to open the gates unto them.' So he returned, and went into the camp.

These three summonses, and especially the last two, did so distress the town that they presently call a consultation, the result of which was this—That my Lord Willbewill should go up to Ear-gate, and there, with sound of trumpet, call to the

captains of the camp for a parley. Well, the Lord Willbewill sounded upon the wall; so the captains came up in their harness, with their ten thousands at their feet. The townsmen 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 such certain terms, articles, and propositions as, with and by the order of their prince, they to them were appointed to propound; to wit, they would agree upon these grounds to be one people with them.

1. If that those of their own company, as the now Lord Mayor and their Mr. Forget-Good, with then brave Lord Willbewill, might, under Shaddai, be still the governors of the town, castle, and gates of Mansoul.

2. Provided that no man that now serveth under their great giant Diabolus be by Shaddai cast out of house, harbour, or the freedom that he hath hitherto enjoyed in the famous town of Mansoul.

3. That it shall be granted them, that they of the town of Mansoul shall enjoy certain of their rights and privileges; to wit, such as have formerly been granted them, and that they have long lived in the enjoyment of, under the reign of their king Diabolus, that now is, and long has been, their only lord and great defender.

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

‘These be our propositions, or conditions of peace; and upon these terms,’ said they, ‘we will submit to your King.’

But when the captains had heard this weak and feeble offer of the town of Mansoul, and their high and bold demands, they made to them again, by their noble captain, the Captain Boanerges, this speech following:

‘O ye inhabitants of the town of Mansoul, when I heard your trumpet sound for a parley with us, I can truly say I was glad; but when you said you were willing to submit yourselves to our King and Lord, then I was yet more glad; but when, by

your silly provisos and foolish cavils, you laid the stumbling-block of your iniquity before your own faces, then was my gladness turned into sorrows, and my hopeful beginnings of your return, into languishing fainting fears.

‘I count that old Ill-Pause, the ancient enemy of Mansoul, did draw up those proposals that now you present us with as terms of an agreement; but they deserve not to be admitted to sound in the ear of any man that pretends to have service for Shaddai. We do therefore jointly, and that with the highest disdain, refuse and reject such things, as the greatest of iniquities.

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

Then cried out old Incredulity, the Lord Mayor, and said, ‘And who, being out of the hands of their enemies, as ye see we are now, will be so foolish as to put the staff out of their own hands into the hands of they know not who? I, for my part, will never yield to so unlimited a proposition. Do we know the manner and temper of their King? It is said by some that he will be angry with his subjects if but the breadth of an hair they chance to step out of the way; and by others, that he requireth of them much more than they can perform. Wherefore, it seems, O Mansoul, to be thy wisdom to take good heed what thou dost in this matter; for if you once yield, you give up yourselves to another, and so you are no more your own. Wherefore, to give up yourselves to an unlimited power, is the greatest folly in the world; for now you indeed may repent, but can never justly complain. But do you indeed know, when you are his, which of you he will kill, and which of you he will save alive; or whether he will not cut off every one of us, and send out of his own country another

new people, and cause them to inhabit this town?'

This speech of the Lord Mayor undid all, and threw flat to the ground their hopes of an accord. Wherefore the captains returned to their trenches, to their tents, and to their men, as they were; and the Mayor to the castle and to his King.

Now Diabolus had waited for his return, for he had heard that they had been at their points. So, when he was come into the chamber of state, Diabolus saluted him with—'Welcome, my lord. How went matters betwixt you to-day?' So the Lord Incredulity, with a low congee, told him the whole of the matter, saying, 'Thus and thus said the captains of Shaddai, and thus and thus said I.' The which when it was told to Diabolus, he was very glad to hear it, and said, 'My Lord Mayor, my faithful Incredulity, I have proved thy fidelity above ten times already, but never yet found thee false. I do promise thee, if we rub over this brunt, to prefer thee to a place of honour, a place far better than to be Lord Mayor of Mansoul. I will make thee my universal deputy, and thou shalt, next to me, have all nations under thy hand; yea, and thou shalt lay bands upon them, that they may not resist thee; nor shall any of our vassals walk more at liberty, but those that shall be content to walk in thy fetters.'

Now came the Lord Mayor out from Diabolus, as if he had obtained a favour indeed. Wherefore to his habitation he goes in great state, and thinks to feed himself well enough with hopes, until the time came that his greatness should be enlarged.

But now, though the Lord Mayor and Diabolus did thus well agree, yet this repulse to the brave captains put Mansoul into a mutiny. For while old Incredulity went into the castle to congratulate his lord with what had passed, the old Lord Mayor, that was so before Diabolus came to the town, to wit, my Lord Understanding, and the old Recorder, Mr. Conscience, getting intelligence of what had passed at Ear-gate, (for you must know that they might not be suffered to be at that debate, lest they should then have mutinied for the captains; but, I say, they got intelligence of what

had passed there, and were much concerned therewith,) wherefore they, getting some of the town together, began to possess them with the reasonableness of the noble captains' demands, and with the bad consequences that would follow upon the speech of old Incredulity, the Lord Mayor; to wit how little reverence he showed therein either to the captains or to their King; also how he implicitly charged them with unfaithfulness and treachery. 'For what less,' quoth they, 'could be made of his words, when he said he would not yield to their proposition; and added, moreover, a supposition that he would destroy us, when before he had sent us word that he would show us mercy!' The multitude, being now possessed with the conviction of the evil that old Incredulity had done, began to run together by companies in all places, and in every corner of the streets of Mansoul; and first they began to mutter, then to talk openly, and after that they run to and fro, and cried as they run, 'Oh the brave captains of Shaddai! would we were under the government of the captains, and of Shaddai their King!' When the Lord Mayor had intelligence that Mansoul was in an uproar, down he comes to appease the people, and thought to have quashed their heat with the bigness and the show of his countenance; but when they saw him, they came running upon him, and had doubtless done him a mischief, had he not betaken himself to house. However, they strongly assaulted the house where he was, to have pulled it down about his ears; but the place was too strong, so they failed of that. So he, taking some courage, addressed himself, out at a window, to the people in this manner:

'Gentlemen, what is the reason that there is here such an uproar to-day?'

Then answered my Lord Understanding, 'It is even because that thou and thy master have carried it not rightly, and as you should, to the captains of Shaddai; for in three things you are faulty. First, in that you would not let Mr. Conscience and myself be at the hearing of your discourse. Secondly, in that you propounded such terms of peace to the captains that by no means could be granted, unless they had intended that their Shaddai should have been only a titular prince, and that Mansoul should

still have had power by law to have lived in all lewdness and vanity before him, and so by consequence Diabolus should still here be king in power, and the other only king in name. Thirdly, for that thou didst thyself, after the captains had showed us upon what conditions they would have received us to mercy, even undo all again with thy unsavoury, unseasonable, and ungodly speech.'

When old Incredulity had heard this speech, he cried out, 'Treason! treason! To your arms! to your arms! O ye, the trusty friends of Diabolus in Mansoul.'

Und.—Sir, you may put upon my words what meaning you please; but I am sure that the captains of such an high lord as theirs is, deserved a better treatment at your hands.

Then said old Incredulity, 'This is but little better. But, Sir,' quoth he, 'what I spake I spake for my prince, for his government, and the quieting of the people, whom by your unlawful actions you have this day set to mutiny against us.'

Then replied the old Recorder, whose name was Mr. Conscience, and said, 'Sir, you ought not thus to retort upon what my Lord Understanding hath said. It is evident enough that he hath spoken the truth, and that you are an enemy to Mansoul. Be convinced, then, of the evil of your saucy and malapert language, and of the grief that you have put the captains to; yea, and of the damages that you have done to Mansoul thereby. Had you accepted of the conditions, the sound of the trumpet and the alarm of war had now ceased about the town of Mansoul; but that dreadful sound abides, and your want of wisdom in your speech has been the cause of it.'

Then said old Incredulity, 'Sir, if I live, I will do your errand to Diabolus, and there you shall have an answer to your words. Meanwhile we will seek the good of the town, and not ask counsel of you.'

Und.—Sir, your prince and you are both foreigners to Mansoul, and not the natives thereof; and who can tell but that, when you have brought us into greater straits, (when you also shall see that yourselves can be safe by no other means than by

flight,) you may leave us and shift for yourselves, or set us on fire, and go away in the smoke, or by the light of our burning, and so leave us in our ruins?

Incred.—Sir, you forget that you are under a governor, and that you ought to demean yourself like a subject; and know ye, when my lord the king shall hear of this day's work, he will give you but little thanks for your labour.

Now while these gentlemen were thus in their chiding words, down come from the walls and gates of the town the Lord Willbewill, Mr. Prejudice, old Ill-Pause, and several of the new-made aldermen and burgesses, and they asked the reason of the hubbub and tumult; and with that every man began to tell his own tale, so that nothing could be heard distinctly. Then was a silence commanded, and the old fox Incredulity began to speak. 'My lord,' quoth he, 'here are a couple of peevish gentlemen, that have, as a fruit of their bad dispositions, and, as I fear, through the advice of one Mr. Discontent, tumultuously gathered this company against me this day, and also attempted to run the town into acts of rebellion against our prince.'

Then stood up all the Diabolonians that were present, and affirmed these things to be true.

Now when they that took part with my Lord Understanding and with Mr. Conscience perceived that they were like to come to the worst, for that force and power was on the other side, they came in for their help and relief; so a great company was on both sides. Then they on Incredulity's side would have had the two old gentlemen presently away to prison; but they on the other side said they should not. Then they began to cry up parties again: the Diabolonians cried up old Incredulity, Forget-Good, the new aldermen, and their great one Diabolus; and the other party, they as fast cried up Shaddai, the captains, his laws, their mercifulness, and applauded their conditions and ways. Thus the bickerment went awhile; at last they passed from words to blows, and now there were knocks on both sides. The good old gentleman, Mr. Conscience, was knocked down twice by one of the

Diabolonians, whose name was Mr. Benumbing; and my Lord Understanding had like to have been slain with an arquebuse, but that he that shot did not take his aim aright. Nor did the other side wholly escape; for there was one Mr. Rashhead, a Diabolonian, that had his brains beaten out by Mr. Mind, the 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 while since, he was made captain of a company of the Diabolonians, to the hurt and damage of the town, yet now they had got him under their feet, and, I'll assure you, he had, by some of the Lord Understanding's party, his crown cracked to boot. Mr. Anything also, he became a brisk man in the broil; but both sides were against him, because he was true to none. Yet he had, for his malapertness, one of his legs broken, and he that did it wished it had been his neck. Much more harm was done on both sides, but this must not be forgotten; it was now a wonder to see my Lord Willbewill so indifferent as he was: he did not seem to take one side more than another, only it was perceived that he smiled to see how old Prejudice was tumbled up and down in the dirt. Also, when Captain Anything came halting up before him, he seemed to take but little notice of him.

Now, when the uproar was over, Diabolus sends for my Lord Understanding and Mr. Conscience, and claps them both up in prison as the ringleaders and managers of this most heavy, riotous rout in Mansoul. So now the town began to be quiet again, and the prisoners were used hardly; yea, he thought to have made them away, but that the present juncture did not serve for that purpose, for that war was in all their gates.

But let us return again to our story. The captains, when they were gone back from the gate, and were come into the camp again, called a council of war, to consult what was further for them to do. Now, some said, 'Let us go up presently, and fall upon the town;' but the greatest part thought rather better it would be to give them another summons to yield; and the reason why they thought this to be best was, because that, so far as could be perceived, the town of Mansoul now was more

inclinable than heretofore. ‘And if,’ said they, ‘while some of them are in a way of inclination, we should by ruggedness give them distaste, we may set them further from closing with our summons than we would be willing they should.’ Wherefore to this advice they agreed, and called a trumpeter, put words into his mouth, set him his time, and bid him God speed. Well, many hours were not expired before the trumpeter addressed himself to his journey. Wherefore, coming up to the wall of the town, he steereth his course to Ear-gate, and there sounded, as he was commanded. They then that were within came out to see what was the matter, and the trumpeter made them this speech following:

‘O hard-hearted and deplorable town of Mansoul, how long wilt thou love thy sinful, sinful simplicity, and, ye fools, delight in your scorning? As yet despise you the offers of peace and deliverance? As yet will ye refuse the golden offers of Shaddai, and trust to the lies and falsehoods of Diabolus? Think you, when Shaddai shall have conquered you, that the remembrance of these your carriages towards him will yield you peace and comfort, or that by ruffling language you can make him afraid as a grasshopper? Doth he entreat you for fear of you? Do you think that you are stronger than he? Look to the heavens, and behold and consider the stars, how high are they? Can you stop the sun from running his course, and hinder the moon from giving her light? Can you count the number of the stars, or stay the bottles of heaven? Can you call for the waters of the sea, and cause them to cover the face of the ground? Can you behold every one that is proud, and abase him, and bind their faces in secret? Yet these are some of the works of our King, in whose name this day we come up unto you, that you may be brought under his authority. In his name, therefore, I summon you again to yield up yourselves to his captains.’

At this summons the Mansoulians seemed to be at a stand, and knew not what answer to make. Wherefore Diabolus forthwith appeared, and took upon him to do it himself; and thus he begins, but turns his speech to them of Mansoul.

‘Gentlemen,’ quoth he, ‘and my faithful subjects, if it is true that this summoner hath said concerning the greatness of their King, by his terror you will always be kept in bondage, and so be made to sneak. Yea, how can you now, though he is at a distance, endure to think of such a mighty one? And if not to think of him while at a distance, how can you endure 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 for your profit, and remember the immunities that I have granted you.

‘Farther, if all be true that this man hath said, how comes it to pass that the subjects of Shaddai are so enslaved in all places where they come? None in the universe so unhappy as they, none so trampled upon as they.

‘Consider, my Mansoul: would thou wert as loath to leave me as I am loath to leave thee. But consider, I say, the ball is yet at thy foot; liberty you have, if you know how to use it; yea, a king you have too, if you can tell how to love and obey him.’

Upon this speech, the town of Mansoul did again harden their hearts yet more against the captains of Shaddai. The thoughts of his greatness did quite quash them, and the thoughts of his holiness sunk them in despair. Wherefore, after a short consult, they (of the Diabolonian party they were) sent back this word by the trumpeter, That, for their parts, they were resolved to stick to their king, but never to yield to Shaddai; so it was but in vain to give them any further summons, for they had rather die upon the place than yield. And now things seemed to be gone quite back, and Mansoul to be out of reach or call, yet the captains who knew what their Lord could do, would not yet be beat out of heart; they therefore sent them another summons, more sharp and severe than the last; but the oftener they were sent to, to reconcile to Shaddai, the further off they were. ‘As they called them, so they went from them—yea, though they called them to the Most High.’

So they ceased that way to deal with them any more, and inclined to think of another

way. The captains, therefore, did gather themselves together, to have free conference among themselves, to know what was yet to be done to gain the town, and to deliver it from the tyranny of Diabolus; and one said after this manner, and another after that. Then stood up the right noble the Captain Conviction, and said, ‘My brethren, mine opinion is this:

‘First, that we continually play our slings into the town, and keep it in a continual alarm, molesting them day and night. By thus doing, we shall stop the growth of their rampant spirit; for a lion may be tamed by continual molestation.

‘Secondly, this done, I advise that, in the next place, we with one consent draw up a petition to our Lord Shaddai, by which, after we have showed our King the condition of Mansoul and of affairs here, and have begged his pardon for our no better success, we will earnestly implore his Majesty’s help, and that he will please to send us more force and power, and some gallant and well-spoken commander to head them, that so his Majesty may not lose the benefit of these his good beginnings, but may complete his conquest upon the town of Mansoul.’

To this speech of the noble Captain Conviction they as one man consented, and agreed that a petition should forthwith be drawn up, and sent by a fit man away to Shaddai with speed. The contents of the petition were thus:—

‘Most gracious and glorious King, the Lord of the best world, and the builder of the town of Mansoul, we have, dread Sovereign, at thy commandment, put our lives in jeopardy, and at thy bidding made a war upon the famous town of Mansoul. When we went up against it, we did, according to our commission, first offer conditions of peace unto it. But they, great King, set light by our counsel, and would none of our reproof. They were for shutting their gates, and for keeping us out of the town. They also mounted their guns, they sallied out upon us, and have done us what damage they could; but we pursued them with alarm upon alarm, requiting them with such retribution as was meet, and have done some execution upon the town.

‘Diabolus, Incredulity, and Willbewill are the great doers against us: now we are in our winter quarters, but so as that we do yet with an high hand molest and distress the town.

‘Once, as we think, had we had but one substantial friend in the town, such as would but have seconded the sound of our summons as they ought, the people might have yielded themselves; but there were none but enemies there, nor any to speak in behalf of our Lord to the town. Wherefore, though we have done as we could, yet Mansoul abides in a state of rebellion against thee.

‘Now, King of kings, let it please thee to pardon the unsuccessfulness of thy servants, who have been no more advantageous in so desirable a work as the conquering of Mansoul is. And send, Lord, as we now desire, more forces to Mansoul, that it may be subdued; and a man to head them, that the town may both love and fear.

‘We do not thus speak because we are willing to relinquish the wars, (for we are for laying of our bones against the place,) but that the town of Mansoul may be won for thy Majesty. We also pray thy Majesty, for expedition in this matter, that, after their conquest, we may be at liberty to be sent about other thy gracious designs. Amen.’

The petition, thus drawn up, was sent away with haste to the King by the hand of that good man, Mr. Love-to-Mansoul.

When this petition was come 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 well, he mended, and also in some things added to the petition himself. So, after he had made such amendments and additions as he thought convenient, with his own hand, he carried it in to the King; to whom, when he had with obeisance delivered it, he put on authority, and spake to it himself.

Now the King, at the sight of the petition, was glad; but how much more, think you, when it was seconded by his Son! It pleased him also to hear that his servants who

camped against Mansoul were so hearty in the work, and so steadfast in their resolves, and that they had already got some ground upon the famous town of Mansoul.

Wherefore the King called to him Emmanuel, his Son, who said, ‘Here am I, my Father.’ Then said the King, ‘Thou knowest, as I do myself, the condition of the town of Mansoul, and what we have purposed, and what thou hast done to redeem it. Come now, therefore, my Son, and prepare thyself for the war, for thou shalt go to my camp at Mansoul. Thou shalt also there prosper and prevail, and conquer the town of Mansoul.’

Then said the King’s Son, ‘Thy law is within my heart: I delight to do thy will. This is the day that I have longed for, and the work that I have waited for all this while. Grant me, therefore, what force thou shalt in thy wisdom think meet; and I will go and will deliver from Diabolus, and from his power, thy perishing town of Mansoul. My heart has been often pained within me for the miserable town of Mansoul; but now it is rejoiced, but now it is glad.’

And with that he leaped over the mountains for joy, saying, ‘I have not, in my heart, thought anything too dear for Mansoul: the day of vengeance is in mine heart for thee, my Mansoul: and glad am I that thou, my Father, hast made me the Captain of their salvation. And I will now begin to plague all those that have been a plague to my town of Mansoul, and will deliver it from their hand.’

When the King’s Son had said thus to his Father, it presently flew like lightning round about at court; yea, it there became the only talk what Emmanuel was to go to do for the famous town of Mansoul. But you cannot think how the courtiers, too, were taken with this design of the Prince; yea, so affected were they with this work, and with the justness of the war, that the highest lord and greatest peer of the kingdom did covet to have commissions under Emmanuel, to go to help to recover again to Shaddai the miserable town of Mansoul.

Then was it concluded that some should go and carry tidings to the camp, that Emmanuel was to come to recover Mansoul, and that he would bring along with him so mighty, so impregnable a force, that he could not be resisted. But, oh! how ready were the high ones at court to run like lackeys to carry these tidings to the camp that was at Mansoul. Now, when the captains perceived that the King would send Emmanuel his Son, and that it also delighted the Son to be sent on this errand by the great Shaddai his Father, they also, to show how they were pleased at the thoughts of his coming gave a shout that made the earth rend at the sound thereof. Yea, the mountains did answer again by echo, and Diabolus himself did totter and shake.

For you must know, that though the town of Mansoul itself was not much, if at all concerned with the project, (for, alas for them! they were wofully besotted, for they chiefly regarded their pleasure and their lusts,) yet Diabolus their governor was; for he had his spies continually abroad, who brought him intelligence of all things, and they told him what was doing at court against him, and that Emmanuel would shortly certainly come with a power to invade him. Nor was there any man at court, nor peer of the kingdom, that Diabolus so feared as he feared this Prince; for, if you remember, I showed you before that Diabolus had felt the weight of his hand already; so that, since it was he that was to come, this made him the more afraid.

Well, you see how I have told you that the King's Son was engaged to come from the court to save Mansoul, and that his Father had made him the Captain of the forces. The time, therefore, of his setting forth being now expired, he addressed himself for his march, and taketh with him, for his power, five noble captains and their forces.

1. The first was that famous captain, the noble Captain Credence. His were the red colours, and Mr. Promise bare them; and for a scutcheon he had the holy lamb and golden shield; and he had ten thousand men at his feet.

2. The second was that famous captain, the Captain Good-Hope. His were the blue

colours; his standard-bearer was Mr. Expectation, and for his scutcheon he had the three golden anchors; and he had ten thousand men at his feet.

3. The third was that valiant captain, the Captain Charity. His standard-bearer was Mr. Pitiful: his were the green colours, and for his scutcheon he had three naked orphans embraced in the bosom; and he had ten thousand men at his feet.

4. The fourth was that gallant commander, the Captain Innocent. His standard-bearer was Mr. Harmless: his were the white colours, and for his scutcheon he had the three golden doves.

5. The fifth was the truly loyal and well-beloved captain, the Captain Patience. His standard-bearer was Mr. Suffer-Long: his were the black colours, and for a scutcheon he had three arrows through the golden heart.

These were Emmanuel’s captains; these their standard-bearers, their colours, and their scutcheons; and these the men under their command. So, as was said, the brave Prince took his march to go to the town of Mansoul. Captain Credence led the van, 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.

But when they set out for their march, oh, how the trumpets sounded, their armour glittered, and how the colours waved in the wind! The Prince’s armour was all of gold, and it shone like the sun in the firmament; the captains’ armour was of proof, and was in appearance like the glittering stars. There were also some from the court that rode reformades for the love that they had to the King Shaddai, and for the happy deliverance of the town of Mansoul.

Emmanuel also, when he had thus set forwards to go to recover the town of Mansoul, took with him, at the commandment of his Father, fifty-four battering-rams, and twelve slings to whirl stones withal. Every one of these was made of pure gold, and these they carried with them, in the heart and body of their army, all along as they went to Mansoul.

So they marched till they came within less than a league of the town; there they lay till the first four captains came thither to acquaint them with matters. Then they took their journey to go to the town of Mansoul, and unto Mansoul they came; but when the old soldiers that were in the camp saw that they had new forces to join with, they again gave such a shout before the walls of the town of Mansoul, that it put Diabolus into another fright. So they sat down before the town, not now as the other four captains did, to wit, against the gates of Mansoul only; but they environed it round on every side, and beset it behind and before; so that now, let Mansoul look which way it will, it saw force and power lie in siege against it. Besides, there were mounts cast up against it. The Mount Gracious was on the one side, and Mount Justice was on the other. Further, there were several small banks and advance-grounds, as Plain-Truth Hill and No-Sin Banks, where many of the slings were placed against the town. Upon Mount Gracious were planted four, and upon Mount Justice were placed as many, and the rest were conveniently placed in several parts round about the town. Five of the best battering-rams, that is, of the biggest of them, were placed upon Mount Hearken, a mount cast up hard by Ear-gate, with intent to break that open.

Now when the men of the town saw the multitude of the soldiers that were come up against the place, and the rams and slings, and the mounts on which they were planted, together with the glittering of the armour and the waving of their colours, they were forced to shift, and shift, and again to shift their thoughts; but they hardly changed for thoughts more stout, but rather for thoughts more faint; for though before they thought themselves sufficiently guarded, yet now they began to think that no man knew what would be their hap or lot.

When the good Prince Emmanuel had thus beleaguered Mansoul, in the first place he hangs out the white flag, which he caused to be set up among the golden slings that were planted upon Mount Gracious. And this he did for two reasons: 1. To give notice to Mansoul that he could and would yet be gracious if they turned to him. 2.

And that he might leave them the more without excuse, should he destroy them, they continuing in their rebellion.

So the white flag, with the three golden doves in it, was hung out for two days together, to give them time and space to consider; but they, as was hinted before, as if they were unconcerned, made no reply to the favourable signal of the Prince.

Then he commanded, and they set the red flag upon that mount called Mount Justice. It was the red flag of Captain Judgment, whose scutcheon was the burning fiery furnace; and this also stood waving before them in the wind for several days together. But look how they carried it under the white flag, when that was hung out, so did they also when the red one was; and yet he took no advantage of them.

Then he commanded again that his servants should hang out the black flag of defiance against them, whose scutcheon was the three burning thunderbolts; but as unconcerned was Mansoul at this as at those that went before. But when the Prince saw that neither mercy nor judgment, nor execution of judgment, would or could come near the heart of Mansoul, he was touched with much compunction, and said, ‘Surely this strange carriage of the town of Mansoul doth rather arise from ignorance of the manner and feats of war, than from a secret defiance of us, and abhorrence of their own lives; or if they know the manner of the war of their own, yet not the rites and ceremonies of the wars in which we are concerned, when I make wars upon mine enemy Diabolus.’

Therefore he sent to the town of Mansoul, to let them know what he meant by those signs and ceremonies of the flag; and also to know of them which of the things they would choose, whether grace and mercy, or judgment and the execution of judgment. All this while they kept their gates shut with locks, bolts, and bars, as fast as they could. Their guards also were doubled, and their watch made as strong as they could. Diabolus also did pluck up what heart he could, to encourage the town to make resistance.

The townsmen also made answer to the Prince's messenger, in substance according to that which follows:—

'Great Sir,—As to what, by your messenger, you have signified to us, whether we will accept of your mercy, or fall by your justice, we are bound by the law and custom of this place, and can give you no positive answer; for it is against the law, government, and the prerogative royal of our king, to make either peace or war without him. But this we will do,—we will petition that our prince will come down to the wall, and there give you such treatment as he shall think fit and profitable for us.'

When the good Prince Emmanuel heard this answer, and saw the slavery and bondage of the people, and how much content they were to abide in the chains of the tyrant Diabolus, it grieved him at the heart; and, indeed, when at any time he perceived that any were contented under the slavery of the giant, he would be affected with it.

But to return again to our purpose. After the town had carried this news to Diabolus, and had told him, moreover, that the Prince, that lay in the leaguer without the wall, waited upon them for an answer, he refused, and huffed as well as he could; but in heart he was afraid.

Then said he, 'I will go down to the gates myself, and give him such an answer as I think fit.' So he went down to Mouth-gate, and there addressed himself to speak to Emmanuel, (but in such language as the town understood not,) the contents whereof were as follows:—

'O thou great Emmanuel, Lord of all the world, I know thee, that thou art the Son of the great Shaddai! Wherefore art thou come to torment me, and to cast me out of my possession? This town of Mansoul, as thou very well knowest, is mine, and that by a twofold right. 1. It is mine by right of conquest; I won it in the open field; and shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive be delivered? 2. This town

of Mansoul is mine also by their subjection. They have opened the gates of their town unto me; they have sworn fidelity to me, and have openly chosen me to be their king; they have also given their castle into my hands; yea, they have put the whole strength of Mansoul under me.

‘Moreover, this town of Mansoul hath disavowed thee, yea, they have cast thy law, thy name, thy image, and all that is thine, behind their back, and have accepted and set up in their room my law, my name, my image, and all that ever is mine. Ask else thy captains, and they will tell thee that Mansoul hath, in answer to all their summonses, shown love and loyalty to me, but always disdain, despite, contempt, and scorn to thee and thine. Now, thou art the Just One and the Holy, and shouldest do no iniquity. Depart, then, I pray thee, therefore, from me, and leave me to my just inheritance peaceably.’

This oration was made in the language of Diabolus himself; for although he can, to every man, speak in their own language, (else he could not tempt them all as he does,) yet he has a language proper to himself, and it is the language of the infernal cave, or black pit.

Wherefore the town of Mansoul (poor hearts!) understood him not; nor did they see how he crouched and cringed while he stood before Emmanuel, their Prince.

Yea, they all this while took him to be one of that power and force that by no means could be resisted. Wherefore, while he was thus entreating that he might have yet his residence there, and that Emmanuel would not take it from him by force, the inhabitants boasted even of his valour, saying, ‘Who is able to make war with him?’

Well, when this pretended king had made an end of what he would say, Emmanuel, the golden Prince, stood up and spake; the contents of whose words follow:—

‘Thou deceiving one,’ said he, ‘I have, in my Father’s name, in mine own name, and on the behalf and for the good of this wretched town of Mansoul, somewhat to say unto thee. Thou pretendest a right, a lawful right, to the deplorable town of Mansoul,

when it is most apparent to all my Father's court that the entrance which thou hast obtained in at the gates of Mansoul was through thy lie and falsehood; thou beliedst my Father, thou beliedst his law, and so deceivedst the people of Mansoul. Thou pretendest that the people have accepted thee for their king, their captain, and right liege lord; but that also was by the exercise of deceit and guile. Now, if lying, wiliness, sinful craft, and all manner of horrible hypocrisy, will go in my Father's court (in which court thou must be tried) for equity and right, then will I confess unto thee that thou hast made a lawful conquest. But, alas! what thief, what tyrant, what devil is there that may not conquer after this sort? But I can make it appear, O Diabolus, that thou, in all thy pretences to a conquest of Mansoul, hast nothing of truth to say. Thinkest thou this to be right, that that didst put the lie upon my Father, and madest him (to Mansoul) the greatest deluder in the world? And what sayest thou to thy perverting knowingly the right purport and intent of the law? Was it good also that thou madest a prey of the innocency and simplicity of the now miserable town of Mansoul? Yea, thou didst overcome Mansoul by promising to them happiness in their transgressions against my Father's law, when thou knewest, and couldest not but know, hadst thou consulted nothing but thine own experience, that that was the way to undo them. Thou hast also thyself, O thou master of enmity, of spite defaced my Father's image in Mansoul, and set up thy own in its place, to the great contempt of my Father, the heightening of thy sin, and to the intolerable damage of the perishing town of Mansoul.

'Thou hast, moreover, (as if all these were but little things with thee,) not only deluded and undone this place, but, by thy lies and fradulent carriage, hast set them against their own deliverance. How hast thou stirred them up against my Father's captains, and made them to fight against those that were sent of him to deliver them from their bondage! All these things, and very many more, thou hast done against thy light, and in contempt of my Father and of his law, yea, and with design to bring under his displeasure for ever the miserable town of Mansoul. I am therefore come

to avenge the wrong that thou hast done to my Father, and to deal with thee for the blasphemies wherewith thou hast made poor Mansoul blaspheme his name. Yea, upon thy head, thou prince of the infernal cave, will I requite it.

‘As for myself, O Diabolus, I am come against thee by lawful power, and to take, by strength of hand, this town of Mansoul out of thy burning fingers; for this town of Mansoul is mine, O Diabolus, and that by undoubted right, as all shall see that will diligently search the most ancient and most authentic records, and I will plead my title to it, to the confusion of thy face.

‘First, for the town of Mansoul, my Father built and did fashion it with his hand. The palace also that is in the midst of that town, he built it for his own delight. This town of Mansoul, therefore, is my Father’s, and that by the best of titles, and he that gainsays the truth of this must lie against his soul.

‘Secondly, O thou master of the lie, this town of Mansoul is mine.

‘1. For that I am my Father’s heir, his firstborn, and the only delight of his heart. I am therefore come up against thee in mine own right, even to recover mine own inheritance out of thine hand.

‘2. But further, as I have a right and title to Mansoul by being my Father’s heir, so I have also by my Father’s donation. His it was, and he gave it me; nor have I at any time offended my Father, that he should take it from me, and give it to thee. Nor have I been forced, by playing the bankrupt, to sell or set to sale to thee my beloved town of Mansoul. Mansoul is my desire, my delight, and the joy of my heart. But,

‘3. Mansoul is mine by right of purchase. I have bought it, O Diabolus, I have bought it to myself. Now, since it was my Father’s and mine, as I was his heir, and since also I have made it mine by virtue of a great purchase, it followeth that, by all lawful right, the town of Mansoul is mine, and that thou art an usurper, a tyrant, and traitor, in thy holding possession thereof. Now, the cause of my purchasing of it was this: Mansoul had trespassed against my Father; now my Father had said, that in the

day that they broke his law they should die. Now, it is more possible for heaven and earth to pass away than for my Father to break his word. Wherefore when Mansoul had sinned indeed by hearkening to thy lie, I put in and 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 did accept thereof. So, when the time appointed was come, I gave body for body, soul for soul, life for life, blood for blood, and so redeemed my beloved Mansoul.

'4. Nor did I do this by halves: my Father's law and justice, that were both concerned in the threatening upon transgression, are both now satisfied, and very well content that Mansoul should be delivered.

'5. Nor am I come out this day against thee, but by commandment of my Father; it was he that said unto me, "Go down and deliver Mansoul."

'Wherefore be it known unto thee, O thou fountain of deceit, and be it also known to the foolish town of Mansoul, that I am not come against thee this day without my Father.

'And now,' said the golden-headed Prince, 'I have a word to the town of Mansoul.' But so soon as mention was made that he had a word to speak to the besotted town of Mansoul, the gates were double-guarded, and all men commanded not to give him audience. So he proceeded and said, 'O unhappy town of Mansoul, I cannot but be touched with pity and compassion for thee. Thou hast accepted of Diabolus for thy king, and art become a nurse and minister of Diabolonians against thy sovereign Lord. Thy gates thou hast opened to him, but hast shut them fast against me; thou hast given him an hearing, but hast stopped thine ears at my cry. He brought to thee thy destruction, and thou didst receive both him and it: I am come to thee bringing salvation, but thou regardest me not. Besides, thou hast, as with sacrilegious hands, taken thyself, with all that was mine in thee, and hast given all to my foe, and to the greatest enemy my Father has. You have bowed and subjected yourselves to him,

you have vowed and sworn yourselves to be his. Poor Mansoul! what shall I do unto thee? Shall I save thee?—shall I destroy thee? What shall I do unto thee? Shall I fall upon thee, and grind thee to powder, or make thee a monument of the richest grace? What shall I do unto thee? Hearken, therefore, thou town of Mansoul, hearken to my word, and thou shalt live. I am merciful, Mansoul, and thou shalt find me so: shut me not out of thy gates.

‘O Mansoul, neither is my commission nor inclination at all to do thee hurt. Why fliest thou so fast from thy friend, and stickest so close to thine enemy? Indeed, I would have thee, because it becomes thee to be sorry for thy sin, but do not despair of life; this great force is not to hurt thee, but to deliver thee from thy bondage, and to reduce thee to thy obedience.

‘My commission, indeed, is to make a war upon Diabolus thy king, and upon all Diabolonians with him; for he is the strong man armed that keeps the house, and I will have him out: his spoils I must divide, his armour I must take from him, his hold I must cast him out of, and must make it a habitation for myself. And this, O Mansoul, shall Diabolus know when he shall be made to follow me in chains, and when Mansoul shall rejoice to see it so.

‘I could, would I now put forth my might, cause that forthwith he should leave you and depart; but I have it in my heart so to deal with him, as that the justice of the war that I shall make upon him may be seen and acknowledged by all. He hath taken Mansoul by fraud, and keeps it by violence and deceit, and I will make him bare and naked in the eyes of all observers.

‘All my words are true. I am mighty to save, and will deliver my Mansoul out of his hand.’

This speech was intended chiefly for Mansoul, but Mansoul would not have the hearing of it. They shut up Ear-gate, they barricaded it up, they kept it locked and bolted, they set a guard thereat, and commanded that no Mansoulonian should go

out to him, nor that any from the camp should be admitted into the town. All this they did, so horribly had Diabolus enchanted them to do, and seek to do for him, against their rightful Lord and Prince; wherefore no man, nor voice, nor sound of man that belonged to the glorious host, was to come into the town.

So when Emmanuel saw that Mansoul was thus involved in sin, he calls his army together, (since now also his words were despised,) and gave out a commandment throughout all his host to be ready against the time appointed. Now, forasmuch as there was no way lawfully to take the town of Mansoul but to get in by the gates, and at Ear-gate as the chief, therefore he commanded his captains and commanders to bring their rams, their slings and their men, and place them at Eye-gate and Ear-gate, in order to his taking the town.

When Emmanuel had put all things in a readiness to give Diabolus battle, he sent again to know of the town of Mansoul, if in peaceable manner they would yield themselves, or whether they were yet resolved to put him to try the utmost extremity? They then, together with Diabolus their king, called a council of war, and resolved upon certain propositions that should be offered to Emmanuel, if he will accept thereof, so they agreed; and then the next was, who should be sent on this errand. Now, there was in the town of Mansoul an old man, a Diabolonian, and his name was Mr. Loth-to-stoop, a stiff man in his way, and a great doer for Diabolus; him, therefore, they sent, and put into his mouth what he should say. So he went and came to the camp to Emmanuel, and when he was come, a time was appointed to give him audience. So at the time he came, and after a Diabolonian ceremony or two, he thus began and said, ‘Great sir, that it may be known unto all men how good-natured a prince my master is, he has sent me to tell your lordship that he is very willing, rather than go to war, to deliver up into your hands one half of the town of Mansoul. I am therefore to know if your Mightiness will accept of this proposition.’

Then said Emmanuel, ‘The whole is mine by gift and purchase, wherefore I will never lose one half.’

Then said Mr. Loth-to-stoop, ‘Sir, my master hath said that he will be content that you shall be the nominal and titular Lord of all, if he may possess but a part.’

Then Emmanuel answered, ‘The whole is mine really, not in name and word only; wherefore I will be the sole lord and possessor of all, or of none at all, of Mansoul.’

Then Mr. Loth-to-stoop said again, ‘Sir, behold the condescension of my master! He says, that he will be content, if he may but have assigned to him some place in Mansoul as a place to live privately in, and you shall be Lord of all the rest.’

Then said the golden Prince, ‘All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and of all that he giveth me I will lose nothing—no, not a hoof nor a hair. I will not, therefore, grant him, no, not the least corner of Mansoul to dwell in; I will have all to myself.’

Then Loth-to-stoop said again, ‘But, sir, suppose that my Lord should resign the whole town to you, only with this proviso, that he sometimes, when he comes into this country, may, for old acquaintance’ sake, be entertained as a wayfaring man for two days, or ten days or a month, or so. May not this small matter be granted?’

Then said Emmanuel, ‘No. He came as a wayfaring man to David, nor did he stay long with him, and yet it had like to have cost David his soul. I will not consent that he ever should have any harbour more there.’

Then said Mr. Loth-to-stoop, ‘Sir, you seem to be very hard. Suppose my master should yield to all that your lordship hath said, provided that his friends and kindred in Mansoul may have liberty to trade in the town, and to enjoy their present dwellings. May not that be granted, sir?’

Then said Emmanuel, ‘No; that is contrary to my Father’s will; for all, and all manner of Diabolonians that now are, or that at any time shall be found in Mansoul, shall not only lose their lands and liberties, but also their lives.’

Then said Mr. Loth-to-stoop again, ‘But, sir, may not my master and great lord, by letters, by passengers, by accidental opportunities, and the like, maintain, if he shall deliver up all unto thee, some kind of old friendship with Mansoul?’

Emmanuel answered, ‘No, by no means; forasmuch as any such fellowship, friendship, intimacy, or acquaintance, in what way, sort, or mode soever maintained, will tend to the corrupting of Mansoul, the alienating of their affections from me, and the endangering of their peace with my Father.’

Mr. Loth-to-stoop yet added further, saying, ‘But, great sir, since my master hath many friends, and those that are dear to him, in Mansoul, may he not, if he shall depart from them, even of his bounty and good-nature, bestow upon them, as he sees fit, some tokens of his love and kindness that he had for them, to the end that Mansoul, when he is gone, may look upon such tokens of kindness once received from their old friend, and remember him who was once their king, and the merry times that they sometimes enjoyed one with another, while he and they lived in peace together?’

Then said Emmanuel, ‘No; for if Mansoul come to be mine, I shall not admit of nor consent that there should be the least scrap, shred, or dust of Diabolus left behind, as tokens of gifts bestowed upon any in Mansoul, thereby to call to remembrance the horrible communion that was betwixt them and him.’

‘Well, sir,’ said Mr. Loth-to-stoop, ‘I have one thing more to propound, and then I am got to the end of my commission. Suppose that, when my master is gone from Mansoul, any that shall yet live in the town should have such business of high concerns to do, that if they be neglected the party shall be undone; and suppose, sir, that nobody can help in that case so well as my master and lord, may not now my master be sent for upon so urgent an occasion as this? Or if he may not be admitted into the town, may not he and the person concerned meet in some of the villages near Mansoul, and there lay their heads together, and there consult of matters?’

This was the last of those ensnaring propositions that Mr. Loth-to-stoop had to propound to Emmanuel on behalf of his master Diabolus; but Emmanuel would not grant it; for he said, ‘There can be no case, or thing, or matter fall out in Mansoul, when thy master shall be gone, that may not be solved by my Father; besides, it will be a great disparagement to my Father’s wisdom and skill to admit any from Mansoul to go out to Diabolus for advice, when they are bid before, in everything, by prayer and supplication to let their requests be made known to my Father. Further, this, should it be granted, would be to grant that a door should be set open for Diabolus, and the Diabolonians in Mansoul, to hatch, and plot, and bring to pass treasonable designs, to the grief of my Father and me, and to the utter destruction of Mansoul.’

When Mr. Loth-to-stoop had heard this answer, he took his leave of Emmanuel, and departed, saying that he would carry word to his master concerning this whole affair. So he departed, and came to Diabolus to Mansoul, and told him the whole of the matter, and how Emmanuel would not admit, no, not by any means, that he, when he was once gone out, should for ever have anything more to do either in, or with any that are of the town of Mansoul. When Mansoul and Diabolus had heard this relation of things, they with one consent concluded to use their best endeavour to keep Emmanuel out of Mansoul, and sent old Ill-Pause, of whom you have heard before, to tell the Prince and his captains so. So the old gentleman came up to the top of Ear-gate, and called to the camp for a hearing, who when they gave audience, he said, ‘I have in commandment from my high lord to bid you tell it to 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 having Mansoul in his hand, unless he can take it by force.’ So some went and told to Emmanuel what old Ill-Pause, a Diabolonian in Mansoul, had said. Then said the Prince, ‘I must try the power of my sword, for I will not (for all the rebellions and repulses that Mansoul has made against me) raise my siege and depart, but will assuredly take my Mansoul, and

deliver it from the hand of her enemy.' And with that he gave out a commandment that Captain Boanerges, Captain Conviction, Captain Judgment, and Captain Execution should forthwith march up to Ear-gate with trumpets sounding, colours flying, and with shouting for the battle. Also he would that Captain Credence should join himself with them. Emmanuel, moreover, gave order that Captain Good-Hope and Captain Charity should draw themselves up before Eye-gate. He bid also that the rest of his captains and their men should place themselves for the best of their advantage against the enemy round about the town; and all was done as he had commanded.

Then he bid that the word should be given forth, and the word was at that time, 'Emmanuel.' Then was an alarm sounded, and the battering-rams were played, and the slings did whirl stones into the town amain, and thus the battle began. Now Diabolus himself did manage the townsmen in the war, and that at every gate; wherefore their resistance was the more forcible, hellish, and offensive to Emmanuel. Thus was the good Prince engaged and entertained by Diabolus and Mansoul for several days together; and a sight worth seeing it was to behold how the captains of Shaddai behaved themselves in this war.

And first for Captain Boanerges, (not to under-value the rest,) he made three most fierce assaults, one after another, upon Ear-gate, to the shaking of the posts thereof. Captain Conviction, he also made up as fast with Boanerges as possibly he could, and both discerning that the gate began to yield, they commanded that the rams should still be played against it. Now, Captain Conviction, going up very near to the gate, was with great force driven back, and received three wounds in the mouth. And those that rode reformades, they went about to encourage the captains.

For the valour of the two captains, made mention of before, the Prince sent for them to his pavilion, and commanded that a while they should rest themselves, and that with somewhat they should be refreshed. Care also was taken for 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 yet be of good courage.

Nor did Captain Good-Hope nor Captain Charity come behind in this most desperate fight, for they so well did behave themselves at Eye-gate, that they had almost broken it quite open. These also had a reward from their Prince, as also had the rest of the captains, because they did valiantly round about the town.

In this engagement several of the officers of Diabolus were slain, and some of the townsmen wounded. For the officers, there was one Captain Boasting slain. This Boasting thought that nobody could have shaken the posts of Ear-gate, nor have shaken the heart of Diabolus. Next to him there was one Captain Secure slain: this Secure used to say that the blind and lame in Mansoul were able to keep the gates of the town against Emmanuel's army. This Captain Secure did Captain Conviction cleave down the head with a two-handed sword, when he received himself three wounds in his mouth.

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

There was, moreover, one Mr. Feeling; but he was no captain, but a great stickler to encourage Mansoul to rebellion. He received a wound in the eye by the hand of one of Boanerges' soldiers, and had by the captain himself been slain, but that he made a sudden retreat.

But I never saw Willbewill so daunted in all my life; he was not able to do as he was wont, and some say that he also received a wound in the leg, and that some of the men in the Prince's army have certainly seen him limp as he afterwards walked on the wall.

I shall not give you a particular account of the names of the soldiers that were slain

in the town, for many were maimed, and wounded, and slain; for when they saw that the posts of Ear-gate did shake, and Eye-gate was well-nigh broken quite open, and also that their captains were slain, this took away the hearts of many of the Diabolonians; they fell also by the force of the shot that were sent by the golden slings into the midst of the town of Mansoul.

Of the townsmen, there was one Love-no-Good; he was a townsman, but a Diabolonian; he also received his mortal wound in Mansoul, but he died not very soon.

Mr. Ill-Pause also, who was the man that came along with Diabolus when at first he attempted the taking of Mansoul, he also received a grievous wound in the head; some say that his brain-pan was cracked. This I have taken notice of, that he was never after this able to do that mischief to Mansoul as he had done in times past. Also old Prejudice and Mr. Anything fled.

Now, when the battle was over, the Prince commanded that yet once more the white flag should be set upon Mount Gracious in sight of the town of Mansoul, to show that yet Emmanuel had grace for the wretched town of Mansoul.

When Diabolus saw the white flag hung out again, and knowing that it was not for him, but Mansoul, he cast in his mind to play another prank, to wit, to see if Emmanuel would raise his siege and begone, upon promise of reformation. So he comes down to the gate one evening, a good while after the sun was gone down, and calls to speak with Emmanuel, who presently came down to the gate, and Diabolus saith unto him:

‘Forasmuch as thou makest it appear by thy white flag that thou art wholly given to peace and quiet, I thought meet to acquaint thee that we are ready to accept thereof upon terms which thou mayest admit.

‘I know that thou art given to devotion, and that holiness pleaseth thee; yea, that thy great end in making a war upon Mansoul is, that it may be a holy habitation. Well,

draw off thy forces from the town, and I will bend Mansoul to thy bow.

‘First, I will lay down all acts of hostility against thee, and will be willing to become thy deputy, and will, as I have formerly been against thee, now serve thee in the town of Mansoul. And more particularly,

‘1. I will persuade Mansoul to receive thee for their Lord; and I know that they will do it the sooner when they shall understand that I am thy deputy.

‘2. I will show them wherein they have erred, and that transgression stands in the way to life.

‘3. I will show them the holy law unto which they must conform, even that which they have broken.

‘4. I will press upon them the necessity of a reformation according to thy law.

‘5. And, moreover, that none of these things may fail, I myself, at my own proper cost and charge, will set up and maintain a sufficient ministry, besides lectures, in Mansoul.

‘6. Thou shalt receive, as a token of our subjection to thee, year by year, what thou shalt think fit to lay and levy upon us in token of our subjection to thee.’

Then said Emmanuel to him, ‘O full of deceit, how movable are thy ways! How often hast thou changed and rechanged, if so be thou mightest still keep possession of my Mansoul, though, as has been plainly declared before, I am the right heir thereof! Often hast thou made thy proposals already, nor is this last a whit better than they. And failing to deceive when thou showedst thyself in thy black, thou hast now transformed thyself into an angel of light, and wouldst, to deceive, be now as a minister of righteousness.

‘But know thou, O Diabolus, that nothing must be regarded that thou canst propound, for nothing is done by thee but to deceive. Thou neither hast conscience to God, nor love to the town of Mansoul; whence, then, should these thy sayings

arise but from sinful craft and deceit? He that can of list and will propound what he pleases, and that wherewith he may destroy them that believe him, is to be abandoned, with all that he shall say. But if righteousness be such a beauty-spot in thine eyes now, how is it that wickedness was so closely stuck to by thee before? But this is by-the-bye.

‘Thou talkest now of a reformation in Mansoul, and that thou thyself, if I will please, wilt be at the head of that reformation; all the while knowing that the greatest proficiency that man can make in the law, and the righteousness thereof, will amount to no more, for the taking away of the curse from Mansoul, than just nothing at all; for a law being broken by Mansoul, that had before, upon a supposition of the breach thereof, a curse pronounced against him for it of God, can never, by his obeying of the law, deliver himself therefrom (to say nothing of what a reformation is like to be set up in Mansoul when the devil is become corrector of vice). Thou knowest that all that thou hast now said in this matter is nothing but guile and deceit; and is, as it was the first, so is it the last card that thou hast to play. Many there be that do soon discern thee when thou showest them thy cloven foot; but in thy white, thy light, and in thy transformation, thou art seen but of a few. But thou shalt not do thus with my Mansoul, O Diabolus; for I do still love my Mansoul.

‘Besides, I am not come to put Mansoul upon works to live thereby; should I do so, I should be like unto thee: but I am come that by me, and by what I have and shall do for Mansoul, they may to my Father be reconciled, though by their sin they have provoked him to anger, and though by the law they cannot obtain mercy.

‘Thou talkest of subjecting of this town to good, when none desireth it at thy hands. I am sent by my Father to possess it myself, and to guide it by the skilfulness of my hands into such a conformity to him as shall be pleasing in his sight. I will therefore possess it myself; I will dispossess and cast thee out; I will set up mine own standard in the midst of them; I will also govern them by new laws, new officers, new

motives, and new ways; yea, I will pull down this town, and build it again; and it shall be as though it had not been, and it shall then be the glory of the whole universe.'

When Diabolus heard this, and perceived that he was discovered in all his deceits, he was confounded, and utterly put to a nonplus; but having in himself the fountain of iniquity, rage, and malice against both Shaddai and his Son, and the beloved town of Mansoul, what doth he but strengthen himself what he could to give fresh battle to the noble Prince Emmanuel? So, then, now we must have another fight before the town of Mansoul is taken. Come up, then, to the mountains, you that love to see military actions, and behold by both sides how the fatal blow is given, while one seeks to hold, and the other seeks to make himself master of the famous town of Mansoul.

Diabolus, therefore, having withdrawn himself from the wall to his force that was in the heart of the town of Mansoul, Emmanuel also returned to the camp; and both of them, after their divers ways, put themselves into a posture fit to give battle one to another.

Diabolus, as filled with despair of retaining in his hands the famous town of Mansoul, resolved to do what mischief he could (if, indeed, he could do any) to the army of the Prince and to the famous town of Mansoul; for, alas! it was not the happiness of the silly town of Mansoul that was designed by Diabolus, but the utter ruin and overthrow thereof, as now is enough in view. Wherefore, he commands his officers that they should then, when they see that they could hold the town no longer, do it what harm and mischief they could, rendering and tearing men, women, and children. 'For,' said he, 'we had better quite demolish the place, and leave it like a ruinous heap, than so leave it that it may be an habitation for Emmanuel.'

Emmanuel again, knowing that the next battle would issue in his being made master of the place, gave out a royal commandment to all his officers, high captains, and

men of war, to be sure to show themselves men of war against Diabolus and all Diabolonians; but favourable, merciful, and meek to the old inhabitants of Mansoul. ‘Bend, therefore,’ said the noble Prince, ‘the hottest front of the battle against Diabolus and his men.’

So the day being come, the command was given, and the Prince’s men did bravely stand to their arms, and did, as before, bend their main force against Ear-gate and Eye-gate. The word was then, ‘Mansoul is won!’ so they made their assault upon the town. Diabolus also, as fast as he could, with the main of his power, made resistance 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 the bars and bolts wherewith it was used to be fast shut up against the Prince, were broken into a thousand pieces. Then did the Prince’s trumpets sound, the captains shout, the town shake, and Diabolus retreat to his hold. Well, when the Prince’s forces had broken open the gate, himself came up and did set his throne in it; also he set his standard thereby, upon a mount that before by his men was cast up to place the mighty slings thereon. The mount was called Mount Hear-well. There, therefore, the Prince abode, to wit, hard by the going in at the gate. He commanded also that the golden slings should yet be played upon the town, especially against the castle, because for shelter thither was Diabolus retreated. Now, from Ear-gate the street was straight even to the house of Mr. Recorder that so was before Diabolus took the town; and hard by his house stood the castle, which Diabolus for a long time had made his irksome den. The captains, therefore, did quickly clear that street by the use of their slings, so that way was made up to the heart of the town. Then did the Prince command that Captain Boanerges, Captain Conviction, and Captain Judgment, should forthwith march up the town to the old gentleman’s gate. Then did the captains in the most warlike manner enter into the town of Mansoul, and marching in with flying colours, they came up to the

Recorder's house, and that was almost as strong as was the castle. Battering-rams they took also with them, to plant against the castle gates. When they were come to the house of Mr. Conscience, they knocked, and demanded entrance. Now, the old gentleman, not knowing as yet fully their design, kept his gates shut all the time of this fight. Wherefore Boanerges demanded entrance at his gates; and no man making answer, he gave it one stroke with the head of a ram, and this made the old gentleman shake, and his house to tremble and totter. Then came Mr. Recorder down to the gates, and, as he could, with quivering lips he asked who was there? Boanerges answered, 'We are the captains and commanders of the great Shaddai and of the blessed Emmanuel, his Son, and we demand possession of your house for the use of our noble Prince.' And with that the battering-ram gave the gate another shake. This made the old gentleman tremble the more, yet durst he not but open the gate: then the King's forces marched in, namely, the three brave captains mentioned before. Now, the Recorder's house was a place of much convenience for Emmanuel, not only because it was near to the castle and strong, but also because it was large, and fronted the castle, the den where now Diabolus was, for he was now afraid to come out of his hold. As for Mr. Recorder, the captains carried it very reservedly to him; as yet he knew nothing of the great designs of Emmanuel, so that he did not know what judgment to make, nor what would be the end of such thundering beginnings. It was also presently noised in the town how the Recorder's house was possessed, his rooms taken up, and his palace made the seat of the war; and no sooner was it noised abroad, but they took the alarm as warmly, and gave it out to others of his friends, and you know, as a snowball loses nothing by rolling, so in little time the whole town was possessed that they must expect nothing from the Prince but destruction; and the ground of the business was this, the Recorder was afraid, the Recorder trembled, and the captains carried it strangely to the Recorder. So many came to see, but when they with their own eyes did behold the captains in the palace, and their battering-rams ever playing at the castle gates to beat them

down, they were riveted in their fears, and it made them all in amaze. And, as I said, the man of the house would increase all this; for whoever came to him, or discoursed with him, nothing would he talk of, tell them, or hear, but that death and destruction now attended Mansoul.

‘For,’ quoth the old gentleman, ‘you are all of you sensible that we all have been traitors to that once despised, but now famously victorious and glorious Prince Emmanuel; for he now, as you see, doth not only lie in close siege about us, but hath forced his entrance in at our gates. Moreover, Diabolus flees before him; and he hath, as you behold, made of my house a garrison against the castle where he is. I, for my part, have transgressed greatly, and he that is clean, it is well for him. But I say I have transgressed greatly in keeping silence when I should have spoken, and in perverting justice when I should have executed the same. True, I have suffered something at the hand of Diabolus for taking part with the laws of King Shaddai; but that, alas! what will that do? Will that make compensation for the rebellions and treasons that I have done, and have suffered without gainsaying to be committed in the town of Mansoul? Oh! I tremble to think what will be the end of this so dreadful and so ireful a beginning!’

Now, while these brave captains were thus busy in the house of the old Recorder, Captain Execution was as busy in other parts of the town, in securing the back streets and the walls. He also hunted the Lord Willbewill sorely; he suffered him not to rest in any corner; he pursued him so hard that he drove his men from him, and made him glad to thrust his head into a hole. Also this mighty warrior did cut three of the Lord Willbewill’s officers down to the ground: one was old Mr. Prejudice, he that had his crown cracked in the mutiny. This man was made by Lord Willbewill keeper of the Ear-gate, and fell by the hand of Captain Execution. There was also one Mr. Backward-to-all-but-naught, and he also was one of Lord Willbewill’s officers, and was the captain of the two guns that once were mounted on the top of Ear-gate; he also was cut down to the ground by the hands of Captain Execution.

Besides these two there was another, a third, and his name was Captain Treacherous; a vile man this was, but one that Willbewill did put a great deal of confidence in; but him also did this Captain Execution cut down to the ground with the rest.

He also made a very great slaughter among my Lord Willbewill's soldiers, killing many that were stout and sturdy, and wounding many that for Diabolus were nimble and active. But all these were Diabolonians; there was not a man, a native of Mansoul, hurt.

Other feats of war were also likewise performed by other of the captains, as at Eye-gate, where Captain Good-Hope and Captain Charity had a charge, was great execution done; for the Captain Good-Hope, with his own hands, slew one Captain Blindfold, the keeper of that gate. This Blindfold was captain of a thousand men, and they were they that fought with mauls; he also pursued his men, slew many, and wounded more, and made the rest hide their heads in corners.

There was also at that gate Mr. Ill-Pause, of whom you have heard before. He was an old man, and had a beard that reached down to his girdle: the same was he that was orator to Diabolus: he did much mischief in the town of Mansoul, and fell by the hand of Captain Good-Hope.

What shall I say? The Diabolonians in these days lay dead in every corner, though too many yet were alive in Mansoul.

Now, the old Recorder and my Lord Understanding, with some others of the chief of the town, to wit, such as knew they must stand and fall with the famous town of Mansoul, came together upon a day, and after consultation had, did jointly agree to draw up a petition, and to send it to Emmanuel, now while he sat in the gate of Mansoul. So they drew up their petition to Emmanuel, the contents whereof were these: That they, the old inhabitants of the now deplorable town of Mansoul, confessed their sin, and were sorry that they had offended his princely Majesty, and prayed that he would spare their lives.

Unto this petition he gave no answer at all, and that did trouble them yet so much the more. Now, all this while the captains that were in the Recorder's house were playing with the battering-rams at the gates of the castle, to beat them down. So after some time, labour, and travail, the gate of the castle that was called Impregnable was beaten open, and broken into several splinters, and so a way made to go up to the hold in which Diabolus had hid himself. Then were tidings sent down to Ear-gate, for Emmanuel still abode there, to let him know that a way was made in at the gates of the castle of Mansoul. But, oh! how the trumpets at the tidings sounded throughout the Prince's camp, for that now the war was so near an end, and Mansoul itself of being set free.

Then the Prince arose from the place where he was, and took with him such of his men of war as were fittest for that expedition, and marched up the street of Mansoul to the old Recorder's house.

Now, the Prince himself was clad all in armour of gold, and so he marched up the town with his standard borne before him; but he kept his countenance much reserved all the way as he went, so that the people could not tell how to gather to themselves love or hatred by his looks. Now, as he marched up the street, the townsfolk came out at every door to see, and could not but be taken with his person and the glory thereof, but wondered at the reservedness of his countenance; for as yet he spake more to them by his actions and works than he did by words or smiles. But also poor Mansoul, (as in such cases all are apt to do,) they interpreted the carriage of Emmanuel to them as did Joseph's brethren his to them, even all the quite contrary way. 'For,' thought they, 'if Emmanuel loved us, he would show it to us by word of carriage; but none of these he doth, therefore Emmanuel hates us. Now, if Emmanuel hates us, then Mansoul shall be slain, then Mansoul shall become a dunghill.' They knew that they had transgressed his Father's law, and that against him they had been in with Diabolus, his enemy. They also knew that the Prince Emmanuel knew all this; for they were convinced that he was an angel of God, to

know all things that are done in the earth; and this made them think that their condition was miserable, and that the good Prince would make them desolate.

‘And,’ thought they, ‘what time so fit to do this in as now, when he has the bridle of Mansoul in his hand?’ And this I took special notice of, that the inhabitants, notwithstanding all this, could not—no, they could not, when they see him march through the town, but cringe, bow, 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 would become their protection. They would also one to another talk of the comeliness of his person, and how much for glory and valour he outstripped the great ones of the world. But, poor hearts, as to themselves, their thoughts would chance, and go upon all manner of extremes. Yea, through the working of them backward and forward, Mansoul became as a ball tossed, and as a rolling thing before the whirlwind.

Now, when he was come to the castle gates, he commanded Diabolus to appear, and to surrender himself into his hands. But, oh! how loath was the beast to appear! how he stuck at it! how he shrank! how he cringed! yet out he came to the Prince. Then Emmanuel commanded, and they took Diabolus and bound him fast in chains, the better to reserve him to the judgment that he had appointed for him. But Diabolus stood up to entreat for himself that Emmanuel would not send him into the deep, but suffer him to depart out of Mansoul in peace.

When Emmanuel had taken him and bound him in chains, he led him into the marketplace, and there, before Mansoul, stripped him of his armour in which he boasted so much before. This now was one of the acts of triumph of Emmanuel over his enemy; and all the while that the giant was stripping, the trumpets of the golden Prince did sound amain; the captains also shouted, and the soldiers did sing for joy.

Then was Mansoul called upon to behold the beginning of Emmanuel’s triumph over him in whom they so much had trusted, and of whom they so much had boasted

in the days when he flattered them.

Thus having made Diabolus naked in the eyes of Mansoul, and before the commanders of the Prince, in the next place, he commands that Diabolus should be bound with chains to his chariot wheels. Then leaving some of his forces, to wit, Captain Boanerges and Captain Conviction, as a guard for the castle-gates, that resistance might be made on his behalf, (if any that heretofore followed Diabolus should make an attempt to possess it,) he did ride in triumph over him quite through the town of Mansoul, and so out at and before the gate called Eye-gate, to the plain where his camp did lie.

But you cannot think, unless you had been there, as I was, what a shout there was 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 said, 'He hath led captivity captive, he hath spoiled principalities and powers. Diabolus is subjected to the power of his sword, and made the object of all derision.'

Those also that rode reformades, and that came down to see the battle, they shouted with that greatness of voice, and sung with such melodious notes, that they caused them that dwell in the highest orbs to open their windows, put out their heads, and look to see the cause of that glory.

The townsmen also, so many of them as saw this sight, were, as it were, while they looked, betwixt the earth and the heavens. True, they could not tell what would be the issue of things as to them; but all things were done in such excellent methods, and I cannot tell how, but things in the management of them seemed to cast a smile towards the town, so that their eyes, their heads, their hearts, and their minds, and all that they had, were taken and held while they observed Emmanuel's order.

So, when the brave Prince had finished this part of his triumph over Diabolus his foe, he turned him up in the midst of his contempt and shame, having given him a

charge no more to be a possessor of Mansoul. Then went he from Emmanuel, and out of the midst of his camp, to inherit the parched places in a salt land, seeking rest, but finding none.

Now, Captain Boanerges and Captain Conviction were, both of them, men of very great majesty; their faces were like the faces of lions, and their words like the roaring of the sea; and they still quartered in Mr. Conscience's house, of whom mention was made before. When, therefore, the high and mighty Prince had thus far finished his triumph over Diabolus, the townsmen had more leisure to view and to behold the actions of these noble captains. But the captains carried it with that terror and dread in all that they did, (and you may be sure that they had private instructions so to do,) that they kept the town under continual heart-aching, and caused (in their apprehension) the well-being of Mansoul for the future to hang in doubt before them, so that for some considerable time they neither knew what rest, or ease, or peace, or hope meant.

Nor did the Prince himself as yet abide in the town of Mansoul, but in his royal pavilion in the camp, and in the midst of his Father's forces. So, at a time convenient, he sent special orders to Captain Boanerges to summons Mansoul, the whole of the townsmen, into the castle-yard, and then and there, before their faces, to take my Lord Understanding, Mr. Conscience, and that notable one, the Lord Willbewill, and put them all three in ward, and that they should set a strong guard upon them there, until his pleasure concerning them was further known: the which orders, when the captains had put them in execution, made no small addition to the fears of the town of Mansoul; for now, to their thinking, were their former fears of the ruin of Mansoul confirmed. Now, what death they should die, and how long they should be in dying, was that which most perplexed their heads and hearts; yea, they were afraid that Emmanuel would command them all into the deep, the place that the prince Diabolus was afraid of, for they knew that they had deserved it. Also to die by the sword in the face of the town, and in the open way of disgrace, from the

hand of so good and so holy a prince, that, too, troubled them sore. The town was also greatly troubled for the men that were committed to ward, for that they were their stay and their guide, and for that they believed that, if those men were cut off, their execution would be but the beginning of the ruin of the town of Mansoul. Wherefore, what do they, 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 sum of which was this:

'Great and wonderful Potentate, victor over Diabolus, and conqueror of the town of Mansoul, We, the miserable inhabitants of that most woful corporation, do humbly beg that we may find favour in thy sight, and remember not against us former transgressions, nor yet the sins of the chief of our town: but spare us according to the greatness of thy mercy, and let us not die, but live in thy sight. So shall we be willing to be thy servants, and, if thou shalt think fit, to gather our meat under thy table. Amen.'

So the petitioner went, as was said, with his petition to the Prince; and the Prince took it at his hand, but sent him away with silence. This still afflicted the town of Mansoul; but yet, considering that now they must either petition or die, for now they could not do anything else, therefore they consulted again, and sent another petition; and this petition was much after the form and method of the former.

But when the petition was drawn up, By whom should they send it? was the next question; for they would not send this by him by whom they sent the first, for they thought that the Prince had taken some offence at the manner of his deportment before him: so they attempted to make Captain Conviction their messenger with it; but he said that he neither durst nor would petition Emmanuel for traitors, nor be to the Prince an advocate for rebels. 'Yet withal,' said he, 'our Prince is good, and you may adventure to send it by the hand of one of your town, provided he went with a rope about his head, and pleaded nothing but mercy.'

Well, they made, through fear, their delays as long as they could, and longer than delays were good; but fearing at last the dangerousness of them, they thought, but with many a fainting in their minds, to send their petition by Mr. Desires-awake; so they sent for Mr. Desires-awake. Now he dwelt in a very mean cottage in Mansoul, and he came at his neighbour's request. So they told him what they had done, and what they would do, concerning petitioning, and that they did desire of him that he would go therewith to the Prince.

Then said Mr. Desires-awake, 'Why should not I do the best I can to save so famous a town as Mansoul from deserved destruction?' They therefore delivered the petition to him, and told him how he must address himself to the Prince, and wished him ten thousand good speeds. So he comes to the Prince's pavilion, as the first, 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 with his face to the ground, and cried out, 'Oh that Mansoul might live before thee!' and with that he presented the petition; the which when the Prince had read, he turned away for a while and wept; but refraining himself, he turned again to the man, who all this while lay crying at his feet, as at the first, and said to him, 'Go thy way to thy place, and I will consider of thy requests.'

Now, you may think that they of Mansoul that had sent him, what with guilt, and what with fear lest their petition should be rejected, could not but look with many a long look, and that, too, with strange workings of heart, to see what would become of their petition. At last they saw their messenger coming back. So, when he was come, they asked him how he fared, what Emmanuel said, and what was become of the petition. But he told them that he would be silent till he came to the prison to my Lord Mayor, my Lord Willbewill, and Mr. Recorder. So he went forwards towards the prison-house, where the men of Mansoul lay bound. But, oh! what a multitude flocked after, to hear what the messenger said. So, when he was come, and had shown himself at the gate of the prison, my Lord Mayor himself looked as white as a

clout; the Recorder also did quake. But they asked and said, ‘Come, good sir, what did the great Prince say to you?’ Then said Mr. Desires-awake, ‘When I came to my Lord’s pavilion, I called, and he came forth. So I fell prostrate at his feet, and delivered to him my petition; for the greatness of his person, and the glory of his countenance, would not suffer me to stand upon my legs. Now, as he received the petition, I cried, “Oh that Mansoul might live before thee!” So, when for a while he had looked thereon, he turned him about, and said to his servant, “Go thy way to thy place again, and I will consider of thy requests.”’ The messenger added, moreover, and said, ‘The Prince to whom you sent me is such a one for beauty and glory, that whoso sees him must both love and fear him. I, for my part, can do no less; but I know not what will be the end of these things.’

At this answer they were all at a stand, both they in prison, and they that followed the messenger thither to hear the news; nor knew they what, or what manner of interpretation to put upon what the Prince had said. Now, when the prison was cleared of the throng, the prisoners among themselves began to comment upon Emmanuel’s words. My Lord Mayor said, that the answer did not look with a rugged face; but Willbewill said that it betokened evil; and the Recorder, that it was a messenger of death. Now, they that were left, and that stood behind, and so could not so well hear what the prisoners said, some of them catched hold of one piece of a sentence, and some on a bit of another; some took hold of what the messenger said, and some of the prisoners’ judgment thereon; so none had the right understanding of things. But you cannot imagine what work these people made, and what a confusion there was in Mansoul now.

For presently they that had heard what was said flew about the town, one crying one thing, and another the quite contrary; and both were sure enough they told true; for they did hear, they said, with their ears what was said, and therefore could not be deceived. One would say, ‘We must all be killed;’ another would say, ‘We must all be saved;’ and a third would say that the Prince would not be concerned with

Mansoul; and a fourth, that the prisoners must be suddenly put to death. And, as I said, every one stood to it that he told his tale the rightest, and that all others but he were out. Wherefore Mansoul had now molestation upon molestation, nor could any man 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, to be sure he would tell the quite contrary, and both would stand in it that he told the truth. Nay, some of them had got this story by the end, that the Prince did intend to put Mansoul to the sword. And now it began to be dark, wherefore poor Mansoul was in sad perplexity all that night until the morning.

But, so far as I could gather by the best information that I could get, all this hubbub came through the words that the Recorder said when he told them that, in his judgment, the Prince's answer was a messenger of death. It was this that fired the town, and that began the fright in Mansoul; for Mansoul in former times did use to count that Mr. Recorder was a seer, and that his sentence was equal to the best of orators; and thus was Mansoul a terror to itself.

And now did they begin to feel what were the effects of stubborn rebellion, and unlawful resistance against their Prince. I say, they now began to feel the effects thereof by guilt and fear, that now had swallowed them up; and who more involved in the one but they that were most in the other, to wit, the chief of the town of Mansoul?

To be brief: when the fame of the fright was out of the town, and the prisoners had a little recovered themselves, they take to themselves some heart, and think to petition the Prince for life again. So they did draw up a third petition, the contents whereof were these:—

'Prince Emmanuel the Great, Lord of all worlds, and Master of mercy, we, thy poor, wretched, miserable, dying town of Mansoul, do confess unto thy great and glorious Majesty that we have sinned against thy Father and thee, and are no more worthy to

be called thy Mansoul, but rather to be cast into the pit. If thou wilt slay us, we have deserved it. If thou wilt condemn us to the deep, we cannot but say thou art righteous. We cannot complain whatever thou dost, or however thou carriest it towards us. But, oh! let mercy reign, and let it be extended to us! Oh! let mercy take hold upon us, and free us from our transgressions, and we will sing of thy mercy and of thy judgment. Amen.'

This petition, when drawn up, was designed to be sent to the Prince as the first. But who should carry it?—that was the question. Some said, 'Let him do it that went with the first,' but others thought not good to do that, and that because he sped no better. Now, there was an old man in the town, and his name was Mr. Good-Deed; a man that bare only the name, but had nothing of the nature of the thing. Now, some were for sending him; but the Recorder was by no means for that. 'For,' said he, 'we now stand in need of, and are pleading for mercy: wherefore, to send our petition by a man of this name, will seem to cross the petition itself. Should we make Mr. Good-Deed our messenger, when our petition cries for mercy?

'Besides,' quoth the old gentleman, 'should the Prince now, as he receives the petition, ask him, and say, "What is thy name?" as nobody knows but he will, and he should say, "Old Good-Deed," what, think you, would Emmanuel say but this? "Ay! is old Good-Deed yet alive in Mansoul? then let old Good-Deed save you from your distresses." And if he says so, I am sure we are lost; nor can a thousand of old Good-Deeds save Mansoul.'

After the Recorder had given in his reasons why old Good-Deed should not go with this petition to Emmanuel, the rest of the prisoners and chief of Mansoul opposed it also, and so old Good-Deed was laid aside, and they agreed to send Mr. Desires-awake again. So they sent for him, and desired him that he would a second time go with their petition to the Prince, and he readily told them he would. But they bid him that in anywise he should take heed that in no word or carriage he gave

offence to the Prince; ‘For by doing so, for ought we can tell, you may bring Mansoul into utter destruction,’ said they.

Now Mr. Desires-awake, when he saw that he must go on this errand, besought that they would grant that Mr. Wet-Eyes might go with him. Now this Mr. Wet-Eyes was a near neighbour of Mr. Desires, a poor man, a man of a broken spirit, yet one that could speak well to a petition; so they granted that he should go with him. Wherefore, they address themselves to their business: Mr. Desires put a rope upon his head, and Mr. Wet-Eyes went with his hands wringing together. Thus they went to the Prince’s pavilion.

Now, when they went to petition this third time, they were not without thoughts that, by often coming, they might be a burden to the Prince. Wherefore, when they were come to the door of his pavilion, they first made their apology for themselves, and for their coming to trouble Emmanuel so often; and they said, that they came not hither to-day for that they delighted in being troublesome, or for that they delighted to hear themselves talk, but for that necessity caused them to come to his Majesty. They could, they said, have no rest day nor night because of their transgressions against Shaddai and against Emmanuel, his Son. They also thought that some misbehaviour of Mr. Desires-awake the last time might give distaste to his Highness, and so cause that he returned from so merciful a Prince empty, and without countenance. So, when they had made this apology, Mr. Desires-awake cast himself prostrate upon the ground, as at the first, at the feet of the mighty Prince, saying, ‘Oh! that Mansoul might live before thee!’ and so he delivered his petition. The Prince then, having read the petition, turned aside awhile as before, and coming again to the place where the petitioner lay on the ground, he demanded what his name was, and of what esteem in the account of Mansoul, for that he, above all the multitude in Mansoul, should be sent to him upon such an errand. Then said the man to the Prince, ‘Oh let not my Lord be angry; and why inquirest thou after the name of such a dead do—as I am? Pass by, I pray thee, and take not notice of who I am,

because there is, as thou very well knowest, so great a disproportion between me and thee. Why the townsmen chose to send me on this errand to my Lord is best known to themselves, but it could not be for that they thought that I had favour with my Lord. For my part, I am out of charity with myself; who, then, should be in love with me? Yet live I would, and so would I that my townsmen should; and because both they and myself are guilty of great transgressions, therefore they have sent me, and I am come in their names to beg of my Lord for mercy. Let it please thee, therefore, to incline to mercy; but ask not what thy servants are.'

Then said the Prince, 'And what is he that is become thy companion in this so weighty a matter?' So Mr. Desires told Emmanuel that he was a poor neighbour of his, and one of his most intimate associates. 'And his name,' said he, 'may it please your most excellent Majesty, is Wet-Eyes, of the town of Mansoul, I know that there are many of that name that are naught; but I hope it will be no offence to my Lord that I have brought my poor neighbour with me.'

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

'O, my Lord,' quoth he, 'what I am I know not myself, nor whether my name be feigned 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 do oftentimes beget hypocrites. My mother also called me by this name from the cradle; but whether because of the moistness of my brain, or because of the softness of my heart, I cannot tell. I see dirt in mine own tears, and filthiness in the bottom of my prayers. But I pray thee (and all this while the gentleman wept) that thou wouldest not remember against us our transgressions, nor take offence at the unqualifiedness of thy servants, but mercifully pass by the sin of Mansoul, and refrain from the glorifying of thy grace no longer.'

So at his bidding they arose, and both stood trembling before him, and he spake to

them to this purpose:—

‘The town of Mansoul hath grievously rebelled against my Father, in that they have rejected him from being their King, and did choose to themselves for their captain a liar, a murderer, and a runagate slave. For this Diabolus, your pretended prince, though once so highly accounted of by you, made rebellion against my Father and me, even in our palace and highest court there, thinking to become a prince and king. But being there timely discovered and apprehended, and for his wickedness bound in chains, and separated to the pit with those that were his companions, he offered himself to you, and you have received him.

‘Now this is, and for a long time hath been, a high affront to my Father; wherefore my Father sent to you a powerful army to reduce you to your obedience. But you know how these men, their captains and their counsels, were esteemed of you, and what they received at your hand. You rebelled against them, you shut your gates upon them, you bid them battle, you fought them, and fought for Diabolus against them. So they sent to my Father for more power, and I, with my men, are come to subdue you. But as you treated the servants, so you treated their Lord. You stood up in hostile manner against me, you shut up your gates against me, you turned the deaf ear to me, and resisted as long as you could; but now I have made a conquest of you. Did you cry me mercy so long as you had hopes that you might prevail against me? But now I have taken the town, you cry; but why did you not cry before, when the white flag of my mercy, the red flag of justice, and the black flag that threatened execution, were set up to cite you to it? Now I have conquered your Diabolus, you come to me for favour; but why did you not help me against the mighty? Yet I will consider your petition, and will answer it so as will be for my glory.

‘Go, bid Captain Boanerges and Captain Conviction bring the prisoners out to me into the camp to-morrow, and say you to Captain Judgment and Captain Execution, “Stay you in the castle, and take good heed to yourselves that you keep all quiet in

Mansoul until you shall hear further from me."' And with that he turned himself 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 go to their companions again. But they had not gone far, but thoughts began to work 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 workings of mind about what would become of Mansoul had such strong power over them, that by that they were come unto them that sent them, they were scarce able to deliver their message.

But they came at length to the gates of the town, (now the townsmen with earnestness were waiting for their return,) where many met them, to know what answer was made to the petition. Then they cried out to those that were sent, 'What news from the Prince? and what hath Emmanuel said?' But they said that they must, as afore, go up to the prison, and there deliver their message. So away they went to the prison, with a multitude at their heels. Now, when they were come to the gates of the prison, they told the first part of Emmanuel's speech to the prisoners, to wit, how he reflected upon their disloyalty to his Father and himself, and how they had chosen and closed with Diabolus, had fought for him, hearkened to him, and been ruled by him; but had despised him and his men. This made the prisoners look pale; but the messengers proceeded and said, 'He, the Prince, said, moreover, that yet he would consider your petition, and give such answer thereto as would stand with his glory.' And as these words were spoken, Mr. Wet-Eyes gave a great sigh. At this they were all of them struck into their dumps, and could not tell what to say: fear also possessed them in a marvellous manner, and death seemed to sit upon some of their eyebrows. Now, there was in the company a notable, sharp-witted fellow, a mean man of estate, and his name was old Inquisitive. This man asked the petitioners if they had told out every whit of what Emmanuel said, and they answered, 'Verily, no.' Then said Inquisitive, 'I thought so, indeed. Pray, what was

it more that he said unto you?' Then they paused awhile; but at last they brought out all, saying, 'The Prince bade us bid Captain Boanerges and Captain Conviction bring the prisoners down to him to-morrow; and that Captain Judgment and Captain Execution should take charge of the castle and town till they should hear further from him. They said also that when the Prince had commanded them thus to do, he immediately turned his back upon them, and went into his royal pavilion.

But, oh! how this return, and specially this last clause of it, that the prisoners must go out to the Prince into the camp, brake all their loins in pieces! Wherefore, with one voice they set up a cry that reached up to the heavens. This done, each of the three prepared himself to die; (and the Recorder said unto them, 'This was the thing that I feared;') for they concluded that to-morrow, by that the sun went down, they should be tumbled out of the world. The whole town also counted of no other, but that, in their time and order, they must all drink of the same cup. Wherefore the town of Mansoul spent that night in mourning, and sackcloth and ashes. The prisoners also, when the time was come for them to go down before the Prince, dressed themselves in mourning attire, with ropes upon their heads. The whole town of Mansoul also showed themselves upon the wall, all clad in mourning weeds, if, perhaps, the Prince with the sight thereof might be moved with compassion. But, oh! how the busy-bodies that were in the town of Mansoul did now concern themselves! They did run here and there through the streets of the town by companies, crying out as they ran in tumultuous wise, one after one manner, and another the quite contrary, to the almost utter distraction of Mansoul.

Well, the time is come that the prisoners must go down to the camp, and appear before the Prince. And thus was the manner of their going down: Captain Boanerges went with a guard before them, and Captain Conviction came behind, and the prisoners went down, bound in chains, in the midst. So I say, the prisoners went in the midst, and the guard went with flying colours behind and before, but the prisoners went with drooping spirits.

Or, more particularly, thus: The prisoners went down all in mourning: they put ropes upon themselves; they went on, smiting themselves on the breasts, but durst not lift up their eyes to heaven. Thus they went out at the gate of Mansoul, till they came into the midst of the Prince's army, the sight and glory of which did greatly heighten their affliction. Nor could they now longer forbear, but cry out aloud, 'O unhappy men! O wretched men of Mansoul!' Their chains, still mixing their dolorous notes with the cries of the prisoners, made the noise more lamentable.

So, when they were come to the door of the Prince's pavilion, they cast themselves prostrate upon the place; then one went in and told his Lord that the prisoners were come down. The Prince then ascended a throne of state, and sent for the prisoners in; who, when they came, did tremble before him, also they covered their faces with shame. Now, as they drew near to the place where he sat, they threw themselves down before him. Then said the Prince to the Captain Boanerges, 'Bid the prisoners stand upon their feet.' Then they stood trembling before him, and he said, 'Are you the men that heretofore were the servants of Shaddai?' And they said, 'Yes, Lord, yes.' Then said the Prince again, 'Are you the men that did suffer yourselves to be corrupted and defiled by that abominable one, Diabolus?' And they said, 'We did more than suffer it, Lord; for we chose it of our own mind.' The Prince asked further, saying, 'Could you have been content that your slavery should have continued under his tyranny as long as you had lived?' Then said the prisoners, 'Yes, Lord, yes; for his ways were pleasing to our flesh, and we were grown aliens to a better state.'—'And did you,' said he, 'when I came up against this town of Mansoul, heartily wish that I might not have the victory over you?'—'Yes, Lord, yes,' said they. Then said the Prince, 'And what punishment is it, think you, that you deserve at my hand, for these and other your high and mighty sins?'—And they said, 'Both death and the deep, Lord; for we have deserved no less.' He asked again if they had aught to say for themselves why the sentence, that they confessed that they had deserved, should not be passed upon them? And they said, 'We can say nothing,

Lord: thou art just, for we have sinned.' Then said the Prince, 'And for what are those ropes on your heads?' The prisoners answered, 'These ropes are to bind us withal to the place of execution, if mercy be not pleasing in thy sight.' So he further asked if all the men in the town of Mansoul were in this confession, as they? And they answered, 'All the natives, Lord; but for the Diabolonians that came into our town when the tyrant got possession of us, we can say nothing for them.'

Then the Prince commanded that a herald should be called, and that he should, in the midst and throughout the camp of Emmanuel, proclaim, and that with sound of trumpet, that the Prince, the Son of Shaddai, had, in his Father's name, and for his Father's glory, gotten a perfect conquest and victory over Mansoul; and that the prisoners should follow him, and say Amen. So, this was done as he had commanded. And presently the music that was in the upper region sounded melodiously, the captains that were in the camp shouted, and the soldiers did sing songs of triumph to the Prince; the colours waved in the wind, and great joy was everywhere, only it was wanting as yet in the hearts of the men of Mansoul.

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

Moreover, the Prince stripped the prisoners of their mourning weeds, and gave them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Then he gave to each of the three jewels of gold and precious stones, and took away their ropes, and put chains of gold about their necks, and ear-rings in their ears. Now, the prisoners, when they did hear the gracious words of Prince Emmanuel, and had beheld all that was done unto them, fainted almost quite away; for the grace, the benefit, the pardon, was sudden, glorious, and so big, that they were not able, without staggering, to stand up under it. Yea, my Lord Willbewill swooned outright; but the Prince stepped to him, put his everlasting arms under him, embraced him, kissed him, and bid him be of good cheer, for all should be performed according to his word. He also did kiss, and embrace, and smile upon the other two that were Willbewill's companions, saying, 'Take these as further tokens of my love, favour, and compassions to you; and I charge you that you, Mr. Recorder, tell in the town of Mansoul what you have heard and seen.'

Then were their fetters broken to pieces before their faces, 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, and wetted them with tears: also they cried out with a mighty strong voice, saying, 'Blessed be the glory of the Lord from this place.' So they were bid rise up, and go to the town, and tell to Mansoul what the Prince had done. He commanded also that one with a pipe and tabor should go and play before them all the way into the town of Mansoul. Then was fulfilled what they never looked for, and they were made to possess that which they never dreamed of.

The Prince also called for the noble Captain Credence, and commanded that he and some of his officers should march before the noble men of Mansoul with flying colours into the town. He gave also unto Captain Credence a charge, that about that time that the Recorder did read the general pardon in the town of Mansoul, that at that very time he should with flying colours march in at Eye-gate with his ten thousands at his feet and that he should so go until he came by the high street of the town, up to the castle gates, and that himself should take possession thereof against his Lord came thither. He commanded, moreover, that he should bid Captain

Judgment and Captain Execution to leave the stronghold to him, and to withdraw from Mansoul, and to return into the camp with speed unto the Prince.

And now was the town of Mansoul also delivered from the terror of the first four captains and their men.

Well, I told you before how the prisoners were entertained by the noble Prince Emmanuel, and how they behaved themselves before him, and how he sent them away to their home with pipe and tabor going before them. And now you must think that those of the town that had all this while waited to hear of their death, could not but be exercised with sadness of mind, and with thoughts that pricked like thorns. Nor could their thoughts be kept to any one point; the wind blew with them all this while at great uncertainties; yea, their hearts were like a balance that had been disquieted with a shaking hand. But at last, as they with many a long look looked over the wall of Mansoul, they thought that they saw some returning to the town; and thought again, Who should they be, too? Who should they be? At last they discerned that they were the prisoners: but can you imagine how their hearts were surprised with wonder, specially when they perceived also in what equipage and with what honour they were sent home. They went down to the camp in black, but they came back to the town in white; they went down to the camp in ropes, they came back in chains of gold; they went down to the camp with their feet in fetters, but came back with their steps enlarged under them; they went also to the camp looking for death, but they came back from thence with assurance of life; they went down to the camp with heavy hearts, but came back again with pipe and tabor playing before them. So as soon as they were come to Eye-gate, the poor and tottering town of Mansoul adventured to give a shout; and they gave such a shout as made the captains in the Prince’s army leap at the sound thereof. Alas! for them, poor hearts! who could blame them? since their dead friends were come to life again; for it was to them as life from the dead to see the ancients of the town of Mansoul shine in such splendour. They looked for nothing but the axe and the block;

but, behold, joy and gladness, comfort and consolation, and such melodious notes attending them that was sufficient to make a sick man well.

So, when they came up, they saluted each other with, ‘Welcome, welcome! and blessed be he that has spared you!’ They added also, ‘We see it is well with you; but how must it go with the town of Mansoul? And will it go well with the town of Mansoul?’ said they. Then answered them the Recorder and my Lord Mayor, ‘Oh! tidings! glad tidings! good tidings of good, and of great joy to poor Mansoul!’ Then they gave another shout, that made the earth to ring again. After this, they inquired yet more particularly how things went in the camp, and what message they had from Emmanuel to the town. So they told them all passages that had happened to them at the camp, and everything that the Prince did to them. This made Mansoul wonder at the wisdom and grace of the Prince Emmanuel. Then they told them what they had received at his hands for the whole town of Mansoul, and the Recorder delivered it in these words: ‘Pardon, Pardon, Pardon for Mansoul! and this shall Mansoul know to-morrow!’ Then he commanded, and they went and summoned Mansoul to meet together in the market-place to-morrow, then to hear their general pardon read.

But who can think what a turn, what a change, what an alteration this hint of things did make in the countenance of the town of Mansoul! No man of 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 had to do; and this was the burden of all their song: ‘Oh! more of this at the rising of the sun! more of this to-morrow!’ ‘Who thought yesterday,’ would one say, ‘that this day would have been such a day to us? And who thought, that saw our prisoners go down in irons, that they would have returned in chains of gold? Yea, they that judged themselves as they went to be judged of their judge, were by his mouth acquitted, not for that they were innocent, but of the Prince’s mercy, and sent home with pipe and tabor. But is this the common custom of princes? Do they use to show such kind of favours to traitors? No; this is only peculiar to Shaddai, and unto

Emmanuel, his Son!’

Now morning drew on apace; wherefore the Lord Mayor, the Lord Willbewill, and Mr. Recorder came down to the market-place at the time that the Prince had appointed, where the townsfolk were waiting for them: and when they came, they came in that attire, and in that glory that the Prince had put them into the day before, and the street was lightened with their glory. So the Mayor, Recorder, and my Lord Willbewill drew down to Mouth-gate, which was at the lower end of the market-place, because that of old time was the place where they used to read public matters. Thither, therefore, they came in their robes, and their tabrets went before them. Now, the eagerness of the people to know the full of the matter was great.

Then the Recorder stood up upon his feet, 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,’ etc., they could not forbear leaping for joy. For this you must know, that there was conjoined herewith every man’s name in Mansoul; also the seals of the pardon made a brave show.

When the Recorder had made an end of reading the pardon, the townsmen ran up upon the walls of the town, and leaped and skipped thereon for joy, and bowed themselves seven times with their faces toward Emmanuel’s pavilion, and shouted out aloud for joy, and said, ‘Let Emmanuel live for ever!’ Then order was given to the young men in Mansoul that they should ring the bells for joy. So the bells did ring, and the people sing, and the music go in every house in Mansoul.

When the Prince had sent home the three prisoners of Mansoul with joy, and pipe and tabor, he commanded his captains, with all the field officers and soldiers throughout his army, to be ready in that morning, that the Recorder should read the pardon in Mansoul, to do his further pleasure. So the morning, as I have showed,

being come, just as the Recorder had made an end of reading the pardon, Emmanuel commanded that all the trumpets in the camp should sound, that the colours should be displayed, half of them upon Mount Gracious, and half of them upon Mount Justice. He commanded also that all the captains should show themselves in all their harness, and that the soldiers should shout for joy. Nor was Captain Credence, though in the castle, silent in such a day; but he, from the top of the hold, showed himself with sound of trumpet to Mansoul and to the Prince's camp.

Thus have I showed you the manner and way that Emmanuel took to recover the town of Mansoul from under the hand and power of the tyrant Diabolus.

Now, when the Prince had completed these, the outward ceremonies of his joy, he again commanded that his captains and soldiers should show unto Mansoul some feats of war: so they presently addressed themselves to this work. But oh! with what agility, nimbleness, dexterity, and bravery did these military men discover their skill in feats of war to the now gazing town of Mansoul!

They marched, they counter-marched; they opened to the right and left; they divided and subdivided; they closed, they wheeled, made good their front and rear with their right and left wings, and twenty things more, with that aptness, and then were all as the were again, that they took—yea, ravished, the hearts that were in Mansoul to behold it. But add to this, the handling of their arms, the managing of their weapons of war, were marvellously taking to Mansoul and me.

When this action was over, the whole town 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 beg that it would please his grace to come unto Mansoul with his men, and there to take up their quarters for ever: and this they did in most humble manner, bowing themselves seven times to the ground before him. Then said he, 'All peace be to you.' So the town came nigh, and touched with the hand the top of his golden sceptre; and they said, 'Oh! that the Prince Emmanuel, with his captains and men of

war, would dwell in Mansoul for ever; and that his battering-rams and slings might be lodged in her for the use and service of the Prince, and for the help and strength of Mansoul. For,' said they, 'we have room for thee, we have room for thy men, we have also room for thy weapons of war, and a place to make a magazine for thy carriages. Do it, Emmanuel, and thou shalt be King and Captain in Mansoul for ever. Yea, govern thou also according to all the desire of thy soul, and make thou governors and princes under thee of thy captains and men of war, and we will become thy servants, and thy laws shall be our direction.'

They added, moreover, and prayed his Majesty to consider thereof; 'for,' said they, 'if now, after all this grace bestowed upon us, thy miserable town of Mansoul, thou shouldest withdraw, thou and thy captains, from us, the town of Mansoul will die. Yea,' said they, 'our blessed Emmanuel, if thou shouldest depart from us now, now thou hast done so much good for us, and showed so much mercy unto us, what will follow but that our joy will be as if it had not been, and our enemies will a second time come upon us with more rage than at the first? Wherefore, we beseech thee, O thou, the desire of our eyes, and the strength and life of our poor town, accept of this motion that now we have made unto our Lord, and come and dwell in the midst of us, and let us be thy people. Besides, Lord, we do not know but that to this day many Diabolonians may be yet lurking in the town of Mansoul, and they will betray us, when thou shalt leave us, into the hand of Diabolus again; and who knows what designs, plots, or contrivances have passed betwixt them about these things already? Loath we are to fall again into his horrible hands. Wherefore, let it please thee to accept of our palace for thy place of residence, and of the houses of the best men in our town for the reception of thy soldiers and their furniture.'

Then said the Prince, 'If I come to your town, will you suffer me further to prosecute that which is in mine heart against mine enemies and yours?—yea, will you help me in such undertakings?'

They answered, ‘We know not what we shall do; we did not think once that we should have been such traitors to Shaddai as we have proved to be. 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 of our town a garrison; let him set his noble captains and his warlike soldiers over us; yea, let him conquer us with his love, and overcome us with his grace, and then surely shall he be but with us, and help us, as he was and did that morning that our pardon was read unto us. We shall comply with this our Lord, and with his ways, and fall in with his word against the mighty.

‘One word more, and thy servants have done, and in this will trouble our Lord no more. We know not the depth of the wisdom of thee, our Prince. Who could have thought, that had been ruled by his reason, that so much sweet as we do now enjoy should have come out of those bitter trials wherewith we were tried at the first! But, Lord, let light go before, and let love come after: yea, take us by the hand, and lead us by thy counsels, and let this always abide upon us, that all things shall be the best for thy servants, and come to our Mansoul, and do as it pleaseth thee. Or, Lord, come to our Mansoul, do what thou wilt, so thou keepest us from sinning, and makest us serviceable to thy Majesty.’

Then said the Prince to the town of Mansoul again, ‘Go, return to your houses in peace. I will willingly in this comply with your desires; I will remove my royal pavilion, I will draw up my forces before Eye-gate to-morrow, and so will march forwards into the town of Mansoul. I will possess myself of your castle of Mansoul, and will set my soldiers over you: yea, I will yet do things in Mansoul that cannot be paralleled in any nation, country, or kingdom under heaven.’ Then did the men of Mansoul give a shout, and returned unto their houses in peace; they also told to their kindred and friends the good that Emmanuel had promised to Mansoul. ‘And to-morrow,’ said they, ‘he will march into our town, and take up his dwelling, he and his men, in Mansoul.’

Then went out the inhabitants of the town of Mansoul with haste to the green trees and to the meadows, to gather boughs and flowers, therewith to strew the streets against their Prince, the Son of Shaddai, should come; they also made garlands and other fine works to betoken how joyful they were, and should be to receive their Emmanuel into Mansoul; yea, they strewed the street quite from Eye-gate to the castle-gate, the place where the Prince should be. They also prepared for his coming what music the town of Mansoul would afford, that they might play before him to the palace, his habitation.

So, at the time appointed he makes his approach to Mansoul, and the gates were set open for him; there also the ancients and elders of Mansoul met him to salute him with a thousand welcomes. Then he arose and entered Mansoul, he and all his servants. The elders of Mansoul did also go dancing before him till he came to the castle gates. And this was the manner of his going up thither:—He was clad in his golden armour, he rode in his royal chariot, the trumpets sounded about him, the colours were displayed, his ten thousands went up at his feet, and the elders of Mansoul danced before him. And now were the walls of the famous town of Mansoul filled with the tramplings of the inhabitants thereof, who went up thither to view the approach of the blessed Prince and his royal army. Also the casements, windows, balconies, and tops of the houses, were all now filled with persons of all sorts, to behold how their town was to be filled with good.

Now, when he was come so far into the town as to the Recorder’s house, he commanded that one should go to Captain Credence, to know whether the castle of Mansoul was prepared to entertain his royal presence (for the preparation of that was left to that captain), and word was brought that it was. Then was Captain Credence commanded also to come forth with his power to meet the Prince, the which was, as he had commanded, done; and he conducted him into the castle. This done, the Prince that night did lodge in the castle with his mighty captains and men of war, to the joy of the town of Mansoul.

Now, the next care of the townsfolk was, how the captains and soldiers of the Prince's army should be quartered among them; and the care was not how they should shut their hands of them, but how they should fill their houses with them; for every man in Mansoul now had that esteem of Emmanuel and his men that nothing grieved them more than because they were not enlarged enough, every one of them to receive the whole army of the Prince; yea, they counted it their glory to be waiting upon them, and would, in those days, run at their bidding like lackeys.

At last they came to this result:—

1. That Captain Innocency should quarter at Mr. Reason's.

2. That Captain Patience should quarter at Mr. Mind's. This Mr. Mind was formerly the Lord Willbewill's clerk in time of the late rebellion.

3. It was ordered that Captain Charity should quarter at Mr. Affection's house.

4. That Captain Good-Hope should quarter at my Lord Mayor's. Now, for the house of the Recorder, himself desired, because his house was next to the castle, and because from him it was ordered by the Prince that, if need be, the alarm should be given to Mansoul,—it was, I say, desired by him that Captain Boanerges and Captain Conviction should take up their quarters with him, even they and all their men.

5. As for Captain Judgment and Captain Execution, my Lord Willbewill took them and their men to him, because he was to rule under the Prince for the good of the town of Mansoul now, as he had before under the tyrant Diabolus for the hurt and damage thereof.

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

Now, the ancients and elders of the town of Mansoul thought that they never should have enough of the Prince Emmanuel; his person, his actions, his words, and

behaviour, were so pleasing, so taking, so desirable to them. Wherefore they prayed him, that though the castle of Mansoul was his place of residence, (and they desired that he might dwell there for ever,) yet that he would often visit the streets, houses, and people of Mansoul. ‘For,’ said they, ‘dread Sovereign, thy presence, thy looks, thy smiles, thy words, are the life, and strength, and sinews of the town of Mansoul.’

Besides this, they craved that they might have, without difficulty or interruption, continual access unto him, (so for that very purpose he commanded that the gates should stand open,) that they might there see the manner of his doings, the fortifications of the place, and the royal mansion-house of the Prince.

When he spake, they all stopped their mouths and gave audience; and when he walked, it was their delight to imitate him in his goings.

Now, upon a time, Emmanuel made a feast for the town of Mansoul; and upon the feasting-day the townsfolk were come to the castle to partake of his banquet; and he feasted them with all manner of outlandish food;—food that grew not 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 there was dish after dish set before them, and they were commanded freely to eat. But still, when a fresh dish was set before them, they would whisperingly say to each other, ‘What is it?’ for they wist not what to call it. They drank also of the water that was made wine, and were very merry with him. There was music also all the while at the table; and man did eat angels’ food, and had honey given him out of the rock. So Mansoul did eat the food that was peculiar to the court; yea, they had now thereof to the full.

I must not forget to tell you, that as at this table there were musicians, so they were not those of the country, nor yet of the town of Mansoul; but they were the masters of the songs that were sung at the court of Shaddai.

Now, after the feast was over, Emmanuel was for entertaining the town of Mansoul with some curious riddles of secrets drawn up by his Father’s secretary, by the skill

and wisdom of Shaddai; the like to these there is not in any kingdom. These riddles were made upon the King Shaddai himself, and upon Emmanuel his Son, and upon his wars and doings with Mansoul.

Emmanuel also expounded unto them some of those riddles himself; but, oh! how they were lightened! They saw what they never saw; they could not have thought that such rarities could have been couched in so few and such ordinary words. I told you before, whom these riddles did concern; and as they were opened, the people did evidently see it was so. Yea, they did gather that the things themselves were a kind of a portraiture, and that of Emmanuel himself; for when they read in the scheme where the riddles were writ, and looked in the face of the Prince, things looked so like the one to the other, that Mansoul could not forbear but say, ‘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!’ with a great many other things more.

And thus he dismissed the town 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 wonderment, while they saw and understood, and considered what their Emmanuel entertained them withal, and what mysteries he opened to them. And when they were at home in their houses, and in their most retired places, they could not but sing of him and of his actions. Yea, so taken were the townsmen now with their Prince, that they would sing of him in their sleep.

Now, it was in the heart of the Prince Emmanuel to new-model the town of Mansoul, and to put it into such a condition as might be most pleasing to him, and that might best stand with the profit and security of the now flourishing town of Mansoul. He provided also against insurrections at home, and invasions from abroad, such love had he for the famous town of Mansoul.

Wherefore he first of all commanded that the great slings that were brought from his Father’s court, when he came to the war of Mansoul, should be mounted, some upon

the battlements of the castle, some upon the towers; for there were towers in the town of Mansoul, towers, new-built by Emmanuel since he came hither. There was also an instrument, invented by Emmanuel, that was to throw stones from the castle of Mansoul, out at Mouth-gate; an instrument that could not be resisted, nor that would miss of execution. Wherefore, for the wonderful exploits that it did when used, it went without a name; and it was committed to the care of, and to be managed by the brave captain, the Captain Credence, in case of war.

This done, Emmanuel called the Lord Willbewill to him, and gave him in commandment to take care of the gates, the wall, and towers in Mansoul; also the Prince gave him the militia into his hand, and a special charge to withstand all insurrections and tumults that might be made in Mansoul against the peace of our Lord the King, and the peace and tranquillity of the town of Mansoul. He also gave him in commission, that if he found any of the Diabolonians lurking in any corner of the famous town of Mansoul, he should forthwith apprehend them, and stay them, or commit them to safe custody, that they may be proceeded against according to law.

Then he called unto him the Lord Understanding, who was the old Lord Mayor, he that was put out of place when Diabolus took the town, and put him into his former office again, and it became his place for his lifetime. He bid him also that he should build him a palace near Eye-gate; and that he should build it in fashion like a tower for defence. He bid him also that he should read in 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 of contempt to old Mr. Conscience, who had been Recorder before, but for that it was in his princely mind to confer upon Mr. Conscience another employ, of which he told the old gentleman he should know more hereafter.

Then he commanded that the image of Diabolus should be taken down from the place where it was set up, and that they should destroy it utterly, beating it into

powder, and casting it into the wind without the town wall; and that the image of Shaddai, his Father, should be set up again, with his own, upon the castle gates; and that it should be more fairly drawn than ever, forasmuch as both his Father and himself were come to Mansoul in more grace and mercy than heretofore. He would also that his name should be fairly engraven upon the front of the town, and that it should be done in the best of gold, for the honour of the town of Mansoul.

After this was done, Emmanuel gave out a commandment that those three great Diabolonians should be apprehended, namely, the two late Lord Mayors, to wit, Mr. Incredulity, Mr. Lustings, and Mr. Forget-Good, the Recorder. Besides these, there were some of them that Diabolus made burgesses and aldermen in Mansoul, that were committed to ward by the hand of the now valiant and now 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, with the like. These were committed to close custody, and the gaoler's name was Mr. True-Man. This True-Man was one of those that Emmanuel brought with him from his Father's court when at the first he made a war upon Diabolus in the town or Mansoul.

After this, the Prince gave a charge that the three strongholds that, at the command of Diabolus, the Diabolonians built in Mansoul, should be demolished and utterly pulled down; of which holds and their names, with their captains and governors, you read a little before. But this was long in doing, because of the largeness of the places, and because the stones, the timber, the iron, and all rubbish, was to be carried without the town.

When this was done, the Prince gave order that the Lord Mayor and aldermen of Mansoul should call a court of judicature for the trial and execution of the Diabolonians in the corporation now under the charge of Mr. True-Man, the gaoler.

Now, when the time was come, and the court set, commandment was sent to Mr. True-Man, the gaoler, to bring the prisoners down to the bar. Then were the prisoners brought down, pinioned and chained together, as the custom of the town of Mansoul was. So, when they were presented before the Lord Mayor, the Recorder, and the rest of the honourable bench, first, the jury was empannelled, and then the witnesses sworn. The names of the jury were these: 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, with my Lord Willbewill and his man, if need were.

So the prisoners were set to the bar. Then said Mr. Do-Right, (for he was the Town-Clerk,) 'Set Atheism to the bar, gaoler.' So he was set to the bar. Then said the Clerk, 'Atheism, hold up thy hand. Thou art here indicted by the name of Atheism, (an intruder upon the town of Mansoul,) for that thou hast perniciously and doltishly taught and maintained that there is no God, and so no heed to be taken to religion. This thou hast done against the being, honour, and glory of the King, and against the peace and safety of the town of Mansoul. What sayest thou? Art thou guilty of this indictment, or not?

Atheism. Not guilty.

Crier. Call Mr. Know-All, Mr. Tell-True, and Mr. Hate-Lies into the court.

So they were called, and they appeared.

Then said the Clerk, 'You, the witnesses for the King, look upon the prisoner at the bar; do you know him?'

Then said Mr. Know-All, 'Yes, my lord, we know him; his name is Atheism; he has been a very pestilent fellow for many years in the miserable town of Mansoul.'

Clerk. You are sure you know him?

Know. Know him! Yes my lord; I have heretofore too often been in his company to be at this time ignorant of him. He is a Diabolonian, the son of a Diabolonian: I knew his grandfather and his father.

Clerk. Well said. He standeth here indicted by the name of Atheism, etc., and is charged that he hath maintained and taught that there is no God, and so no heed need be taken to any religion. What say you, the King's witnesses, to this? Is he guilty or not?

Know. My lord, I and he were once in Villain's Lane together, and he at that time did briskly talk of divers opinions; and then and there I heard him say, that, for his part, he did believe that there was no God. 'But,' said he, 'I can profess one, and be as religious too, if the company I am in, and the circumstances of other things,' said he, 'shall put me upon it.'

Clerk. You are sure you heard him say thus?

Know. Upon mine oath, I heard him say thus.

Then said the Clerk, 'Mr. Tell-True, what say you to the King's judges touching the prisoner at the bar?'

Tell. My lord, I formerly was a great companion of his, for the which I now repent me, and I have often heard him say, and that with very great stomachfulness, that he believed there was neither God, angel, nor spirit.

Clerk. Where did you hear him say so?

Tell. In Blackmouth Lane and in Blasphemer's Row, and in many other places besides.

Clerk. Have you much knowledge of him?

Tell. I know him to be a Diabolonian, the son of a Diabolonian, and a horrible man to deny a Deity. His father's name was Never-be-good, and he had more children than this Atheism. I have no more to say.

Clerk. Mr. Hate-Lies, look upon the prisoner at the bar; do you know him?

Hate. My lord, this Atheism is one of the vilest wretches that ever I came near, or had to do with in my life. I have heard him say that there is no God; I have heard him say that there is no world to come, no sin, nor punishment hereafter, and, moreover, I have heard him say that it was as good to go to a whore-house as to go to hear a sermon.

Clerk. Where did you hear him say these things?

Hate. In Drunkard's Row, just at Rascal-Lane's End, at a house in which Mr. Impiety lived.

Clerk. Set him by, gaoler, and set Mr. Lustings to the bar. Mr. Lustings, thou art here indicted by the name of Lustings, (an intruder upon the town of Mansoul,) for that thou hast devilishly and traitorously taught, by practice and filthy words, that it is lawful and profitable to man to give way to his carnal desires; and that thou, for thy part, hast not, nor never wilt, deny thyself of any sinful delight as long as thy name is Lustings. How sayest thou? Art thou guilty of this indictment, or not?

Then said Mr. Lustings, 'My lord, I am a man of high birth, and have been used to pleasures and pastimes of greatness. I have not been wont to be snubbed for my doings, but have been left to follow my will as if it were law. And it seems strange to me that I should this day be called into question for that, that not only I, but almost all men, do either secretly or openly countenance, love, and approve of.'

Clerk. Sir, we concern not ourselves with your greatness; (though the higher, the better you should have been;) but we are concerned, and so are you now, about an indictment preferred against you. How say you? Are you guilty of it, or not?

Lust. Not guilty.

Clerk. Crier, call upon the witnesses to stand forth and give their evidence.

Crier. Gentlemen, you, the witnesses for the King, come in and give in your

evidence for our Lord the King against the prisoner at the bar.

Clerk. Come, Mr. Know-All, look upon the prisoner at the bar; do you know him?

Know. Yes, my lord, I know him.

Clerk. What is his name?

Know. His name is Lustings; he was the son of one Beastly, and his mother bare him in Flesh Street: she was one Evil-Concupiscence's daughter. I knew all the generation of them.

Clerk. Well said. You have heard his indictment; what say you to it? Is he guilty of the things charged against him, or not?

Know. My lord, he has, as he saith, been a great man indeed, and greater in wickedness than by pedigree more than a thousandfold.

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

Know. I know him to be a swearer, a liar, a Sabbath-breaker; I know him to be a fornicator and an unclean person; I know him to be guilty of abundance of evils. He has been, to my knowledge, a very filthy man.

Clerk. But where did he use to commit his wickedness? in some private corners, or more open and shamelessly?

Know. All the town over, my lord.

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

Tell. My lord, all that the first witness has said I know to be true, and a great deal more besides.

Clerk. Mr. Lustings, do you hear what these gentlemen say?

Lust. I was ever of opinion that the happiest life that a man could live on earth was to keep himself back from nothing that he desired in the world; nor have I been false

at any time to this opinion of mine, but have lived in the love of my notions all my days. Nor was I ever so churlish, having found such sweetness in them myself, as to keep the commendations of them from others.

Then said the Court, ‘There hath proceeded enough from his own mouth to lay him open to condemnation; wherefore, set him by, gaoler, and set Mr. Incredulity to the bar.’

Incredulity set to the bar.

Clerk. Mr. Incredulity, thou art here indicted by the name of Incredulity, (an intruder upon the town of Mansoul,) for that thou hast feloniously and wickedly, and that when thou wert an officer in the town of Mansoul, made head against the captains of the great King Shaddai when they came and demanded possession of Mansoul; yea, thou didst bid defiance to the name, forces, and cause of the King, and didst also, as did Diabolus thy captain, stir up and encourage the town of Mansoul to make head against and resist the said force of the King. What sayest thou to this indictment? Art thou guilty of it, or not?

Then said Incredulity, ‘I know not Shaddai; I love my old prince; I thought it my duty to be true to my trust, and to do what I could to possess the minds of the men of Mansoul to do their utmost to resist strangers and foreigners, and with might to fight against them. Nor have I, nor shall I, change mine opinion for fear of trouble, though you at present are possessed of place and power.’

Then said the Court, ‘The man, as you see, is incorrigible; he is for maintaining his villainies by stoutness of words, and his rebellion with impudent confidence; and therefore set him by, gaoler, and set Mr. Forget-Good to the bar.

Forget-Good set to the bar.

Clerk. Mr. Forget-Good, thou art here indicted by the name of Forget-Good, (an intruder upon the town of Mansoul,) for that thou, when the whole affairs of the town of Mansoul were in thy hand, didst utterly forget to serve them in what was

good, and didst fall in with the tyrant Diabolus against Shaddai the King, against his captains, and all his host, to the dishonour of Shaddai, the breach of his law, and the endangering of the destruction of the famous town of Mansoul. What sayest thou to this indictment? Art thou guilty or not guilty?

Then said Forget-Good: ‘Gentlemen, and at this time my judges, as to the indictment by which I stand of several crimes accused before you, pray attribute my forgetfulness to mine age, and not to my wilfulness; to the craziness of my brain, and not to the carelessness of my mind; and then I hope I may be by your charity excused from great punishment, though I be guilty.’

Then said the Court, ‘Forget-Good, Forget-Good, thy forgetfulness of good was not simply of frailty, but of purpose, and for that thou didst loathe to keep virtuous things in thy mind. What was bad thou couldst retain, but what was good thou couldst not abide to think of; thy age, therefore, and thy pretended craziness, thou makest use of to blind the court withal, and as a cloak to cover thy knavery. 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?’

Hate. My lord, I have heard this Forget-Good say, that he could never abide to think of goodness, no, not for a quarter of an hour.

Clerk. Where did you hear him say so?

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

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

Know. My lord, I know this man well. He is a Diabolonian, the son of a Diabolonian: his father’s name was Love-Naught; and for him, I have often heard him say, that he counted the very thoughts of goodness the most burdensome thing in the world.

Clerk. Where have you heard him say these words?

Know. In Flesh Lane, right opposite to the church.

Then said the Clerk, ‘Come, Mr. Tell-True, give in your evidence concerning the prisoner at the bar, about that for which he stands here, as you see, indicted by this honourable Court.’

Tell. My lord, I have heard him often say he had rather think of the vilest thing than of what is contained in the Holy Scriptures.

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

Tell. Where?—in a great many places, particularly in Nauseous Street, in the house of one Shameless, and in Filth Lane, at the sign of the Reprobate, next door to the Descent into the Pit.

Court. Gentlemen, you have heard the indictment, his plea, and the testimony of the witnesses. Gaoler, set Mr. Hard-Heart to the bar.

He is set to the bar.

Clerk. Mr. Hard-Heart, thou art here indicted by the name of Hard-Heart, (an intruder upon the town of Mansoul,) for that thou didst most desperately and wickedly possess the town of Mansoul with impenitency and obdurateness; and didst keep them from remorse and sorrow for their evils, all the time of their apostacy from and rebellion against the blessed King Shaddai. What sayest thou to this indictment? Art thou guilty, or not guilty?

Hard. My lord, I never knew what remorse or sorrow meant in all my life. I am impenetrable. I care for no man; nor can I be pierced with men’s griefs; their groans will not enter into my heart. Whomsoever I mischief, whomsoever I wrong, to me it is music, when to others mourning.

Court. You see the man is a right Diabolonian, and has convicted himself. Set him by, gaoler, and set Mr. False-Peace to the bar.

False-Peace set to the bar.

‘Mr. False-Peace, thou art here indicted by the name of False-Peace, (an intruder upon the town of Mansoul,) for that thou didst most wickedly and satanically bring, hold, and keep the town of Mansoul, both in her apostacy and in her hellish rebellion, in a false, groundless, and dangerous peace, and damnable security, to the dishonour of the King, the transgression of his law, and the great damage of the town of Mansoul. What sayest thou? Art thou guilty of this indictment, or not?

Then said Mr. False-Peace: ‘Gentlemen, and you now appointed to be my judges, I acknowledge that my name is Mr. Peace; but that my name is False-Peace I utterly deny. If your honours shall please to send for any that do intimately know me, or for the midwife that laid 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. Wherefore I cannot plead to this indictment, forasmuch as my name is not inserted therein; and as is my true name, so are also my conditions. I was always a man that loved to live at quiet, and what I loved myself, that I thought others might love also. Wherefore, when I saw any of my neighbours to labour under a disquieted mind, I endeavoured to help them what I could; and instances of this good temper of mine many I could give; as,

‘1. When, at the beginning, our town of Mansoul did decline the ways of Shaddai, they, some of them, afterwards began to have disquieting reflections upon themselves for what they had done; but I, as one troubled to see them disquieted, presently sought out means to get them quiet again.

‘2. When the ways of the old world, and of Sodom, were in fashion, if anything happened to molest those that were for the customs of the present times, I laboured to make them quiet again, and to cause them to act without molestation.

‘3. To come nearer home: when the wars fell out between Shaddai and Diabolus, if at any time I saw any of the town of Mansoul afraid of destruction, I often used, by

some way, device, invention, or other, to labour to bring them to peace again. Wherefore, since I have been always a man of so virtuous a temper as some say a peace-maker is, and if a peace-maker be so deserving a man as some have been bold to attest he is, then let me, gentlemen, be accounted by you, who have a great name for justice and equity in Mansoul, for a man that deserveth not this inhuman way of treatment, but liberty, and also a license to seek damage of those that have been my accusers.'

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

Crier. Oyes! Forasmuch as the prisoner at the bar hath denied his name to be that which is mentioned in the indictment, the Court requireth that if there be any in this place that can give information to the Court of the original and right name of the prisoner, they would come forth and give in their evidence; for the prisoner stands upon his own innocency.

Then came two into the court, and desired that they might have leave to speak what they knew concerning the prisoner at the bar: the name of the one was Search-Truth, and the name of the other Vouch-Truth. So the Court demanded of these men if they knew the prisoner, and what they could say concerning him, 'for he stands,' said they, 'upon his own vindication.'

Then said Mr. Search-Truth, 'My Lord, I—'

Court. Hold! give him his oath.

Then they sware him. So he proceeded.

Search. My lord, I know and have known this man from a child, and can attest that his name is False-Peace. I know his father; his name was Mr. Flatter: and his mother, before she was married, was called by the name of Mrs. Sooth-Up: and these two, when they came together, lived not long without this son; and when he was born, they called his name False-Peace. I was his play-fellow, only I was somewhat older than he; and when his mother did use to call him home from his

play, she used to say, ‘False-Peace, False-Peace, come home quick, or I’ll fetch you.’ Yea, I knew him when he sucked; and though I was then but little, yet I can remember that when his mother did use to sit at the door with him, or did play with him in her arms, she would call him, twenty times together, ‘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 do I love my child!’ The gossips also know it is thus, though he has had the face to deny it in open court.

Then Mr. Vouch-Truth was called upon to speak what he knew of him. So they sware him.

Then said Mr. Vouch-Truth, ‘My lord, all that the former witness hath said is true. His name is False-Peace, the son of Mr. Flatter, and of Mrs. Sooth-Up, his mother: and I have in former times seen him angry with those that have called him anything else but False-Peace, for he would say that all such did mock and nickname him; but this was in the time when Mr. False-Peace was a great man, and when the Diabolonians were the brave men in Mansoul.

Court. Gentlemen, you have heard what these two men have sworn against the prisoner at the bar. And now, Mr. False-Peace, to you: you have denied your name to be False-Peace, yet you see that these honest men have sworn that that is your name. As to your plea, in that you are quite besides the matter of your indictment, you are not by it charged for evil-doing because you are a man of peace, or a peace-maker among your neighbours; but for that you did wickedly and satanically bring, keep, and hold the town of Mansoul, both under its apostasy from, and in its rebellion against its King, in a false, lying, and damnable peace, contrary to the law of Shaddai, and to the hazard of the destruction of the then miserable town of Mansoul. All that you have pleaded for yourself is, that you have denied your name, etc.; but here, you see, we have witnesses to prove that you are the man. For the peace that you so much boast of making among your neighbours, know that peace

that is not a companion of truth and holiness, but that which is without this foundation, is grounded upon a lie, and is both deceitful and damnable, as also the great Shaddai hath said. Thy plea, therefore, has not delivered thee from what by the indictment thou art charged with, but rather it doth fasten all upon thee. But thou shalt have very fair play. Let us call the witnesses that are 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.

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

Know. My lord, this man hath of a long time made it, to my knowledge, his business to keep the town of Mansoul in a sinful quietness in the midst of all her lewdness, filthiness, and turmoils, and hath said, and that in my hearing, Come, come, let us fly from all trouble, on what ground soever it comes, and let us be for a quiet and peaceable life, though it wanteth a good foundation.

Clerk. Come, Mr. Hate-Lies, what have you to say?

Hate. My lord, I have heard him say, that peace, though in a way of unrighteousness, is better than trouble with truth.

Clerk. Where did you hear him say this?

Hate. I heard him say it in Folly-yard, at the house of one Mr. Simple, next door to the sign of the Self-deceiver. Yea, he hath said this to my knowledge twenty times in that place.

Clerk. We may spare further witness; this evidence is plain and full. Set him by, gaoler, and set Mr. No-Truth to the bar. Mr. No-Truth, thou art here indicted by the name of No-Truth, (an intruder upon the town of Mansoul,) for that thou hast always, to the dishonour of Shaddai, and the endangering of the utter ruin of the famous town of Mansoul, set thyself to deface, and utterly to spoil, all the remainders of the law and image of Shaddai that have been found in Mansoul after

her deep apostasy from her king to Diabolus, the envious tyrant. What sayest thou, art thou guilty of this indictment, or not?

No. Not guilty, my lord.

Then the witnesses were called, and Mr. Know-All did first give in his evidence against him.

Know. My lord, this man was at the pulling down of the image of Shaddai; yea, this is he that did it with his own hands. I myself stood by and saw him do it, and he did it at the commandment of Diabolus. Yea, this Mr. No-Truth did more than this, he did also set up the horned image of the beast Diabolus in the same place. This also is he that, at the bidding of Diabolus, did rend and tear, and cause to be consumed, all that he could of the remainders of the law of the King, even whatever he could lay his hands on in Mansoul.

Clerk. Who saw him do this besides yourself?

Hate. I did, my lord, and so did many more besides; for this was not done by stealth, or in a corner, but in the open view of all; yea, he chose himself to do it publicly, for he delighted in the doing of it.

Clerk. Mr. No-Truth, how could you have the face to plead not guilty, when you were so manifestly the doer of all this wickedness?

No. Sir, I thought I must say something, and as my name is, so I speak. I have been advantaged thereby before now, and did not know but by speaking no truth, I might have reaped the same benefit now.

Clerk. Set him by, gaoler, and set Mr. Pitiless to the bar. Mr. Pitiless, thou art here indicted by the name of Pitiless, (an intruder upon the town of Mansoul,) for that thou didst most traitorously and wickedly shut up all bowels of compassion, and wouldest not suffer poor Mansoul to condole her own misery when she had apostatised from her rightful King, but didst evade, and at all times turn her mind awry from those thoughts that had in them a tendency to lead her to repentance.

What sayest thou to this indictment? Guilty or not guilty?

‘Not guilty of pitilessness: all I did was to cheer up, according to my name, for my name is not Pitiless, but Cheer-up; and I could not abide to see Mansoul inclined to melancholy.’

Clerk. How! do you deny your name, and say it is not Pitiless, but Cheer-up? Call for the witnesses. What say you, the witnesses, to this plea?

Know. My lord, his name is Pitiless; so he hath written himself in all papers of concern wherein he has had to do. But these Diabolonians love to counterfeit their names: Mr. Covetousness covers himself with the name of Good-Husbandry, or the like; Mr. Pride can, when need is, call himself Mr. Neat, Mr. Handsome, or the like; and so of all the rest of them.

Clerk. Mr. Tell-True, what say you?

Tell. His name is Pitiless, my lord. I have known him from a child, and he hath done all that wickedness whereof he stands charged in the indictment; but there is a company of them that are not acquainted with the danger of damning, therefore they call all those melancholy that have serious thoughts how that state should be shunned by them.

Clerk. Set Mr. Haughty to the bar, gaoler. Mr. Haughty, thou art here indicted by the name of Haughty, (an intruder upon the town of Mansoul,) for that thou didst most traitorously and devilishly teach the town of Mansoul to carry it loftily and stoutly against the summons that was given them by the captains of the King Shaddai. Thou didst also teach the town of Mansoul to speak contemptuously and vilifyingly of their great King Shaddai; and didst moreover encourage, both by words and examples, Mansoul, to take up arms both against the King and his son Emmanuel. How sayest thou, art thou guilty of this indictment, or not?

Haughty. Gentlemen, I have always been a man of courage and valour, and have not used, when under the greatest clouds, to sneak or hang down the head like a bulrush;

nor did it at all at any time please me to see men veil their bonnets to those that have opposed them; yea, though their adversaries seemed to have ten times the advantage of them. I did not use to consider who was my foe, nor what the cause was in which I was engaged. It was enough to me if I carried it bravely, fought like a man, and came off a victor.

Court. Mr. Haughty, you are not here indicted for that you have been a valiant man, nor for your courage and stoutness in times of distress, but for that you have made use of this your pretended valour to draw the town of Mansoul into acts of rebellion both against the great King, and Emmanuel his Son. This is the crime and the thing wherewith thou art charged in and by the indictment.

But he made no answer to that.

Now when the Court had thus far proceeded against the prisoners at the bar, then they put them over to the verdict of their jury, to whom they did apply themselves after this manner:

‘Gentlemen of the jury, you have been here, and have seen these men; you have heard their indictments, their pleas, and what the witnesses have testified against them: now what remains, is, that you do forthwith withdraw yourselves to some place, where without confusion you may consider of what verdict, in a way of truth and righteousness, you ought to bring in for the King against them, and so bring it in accordingly.’

Then the jury, to wit, 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 themselves in order to their work. Now when they were shut up by themselves, they fell to discourse among themselves in order to the drawing up of their verdict.

And thus Mr. Belief (for he was the foreman) began: ‘Gentlemen,’ quoth he, ‘for the men, the prisoners at the bar, for my part I believe that they all deserve death.’ ‘Very

right,' 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 are apprehended!' 'Ay! ay!' said Mr. Love-God, 'this is one of the joyfullest days that ever I saw in my life.' Then said Mr. See-Truth, 'I know that if we judge them to death, our verdict shall stand before Shaddai himself' 'Nor do I at all question it,' said Mr. Heavenly-Mind; he said, moreover, 'When all such beasts as these are cast out of Mansoul, what a goodly town will it be then!' 'Then,' said Mr. Moderate, 'it is not my manner to pass my judgment with rashness; but for these their crimes are so notorious, and the witness so palpable, that that man must be wilfully blind who saith the prisoners ought not 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 said the warm man, and true-hearted Mr. Zeal-for-God, 'Cut them off; they have been the plague, and have sought the destruction of Mansoul.'

Thus, therefore, being all agreed in their verdict, they come instantly into the Court.

Clerk. Gentlemen of the jury, answer all 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 in your verdict: are you all agreed?

Jury. Yes, my lord.

Clerk. Who shall speak for you?

Jury. Our foreman.

Clerk. You, the gentlemen of the jury, being empannelled for 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 say you? are they guilty of that, and those crimes for which they stand here indicted, or are they not guilty?

Foreman. Guilty, my lord.

Clerk. Look to your prisoners, gaoler.

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

The gaoler, therefore, having received such a charge, put them all in the inward prison, to preserve them there till the day of execution, which was to be the next day in the morning.

But now to see how it happened, one of the prisoners, Incredulity by name, in the interim betwixt the sentence and the time of execution, brake prison and made his escape, and gets him away quite out of the town of Mansoul, and lay lurking in such places and holes as he might, until he should again have opportunity to do the town of Mansoul a mischief for their thus handling of him as they did.

Now when Mr. Trueman, the gaoler, perceived that he had lost his prisoner, he was in a heavy taking, because that prisoner was, to speak on, the very worst of all the gang: wherefore first he goes and acquaints my Lord Mayor, Mr. Recorder, and my Lord Willbewill, with the matter, and to get of them an order to make search for him throughout the town of Mansoul. So an order he got, and search was made, but no such man could now be found in all the town of Mansoul.

All that could be gathered was, that he had lurked a while about the outside of the town, and that here and there one or other had a glimpse of him as he did make his escape out of Mansoul; one or two also did affirm that they saw him without the town, going apace quite over the plain. Now when he was quite gone, it was affirmed by one Mr. Did-see, that he ranged all over dry places, till he met with Diabolus, his friend, and where should they meet one another but just upon Hell-gate hill.

But oh! what a lamentable story did the old gentleman tell to Diabolus concerning what sad alteration Emmanuel had made in Mansoul!

As, first, how Mansoul had, after some delays, received a general pardon at the hands of Emmanuel, and that they had invited him into the town, and that they had given him the castle for his possession. He said, moreover, that they had called his soldiers into the town, coveted who should quarter the most of them; they also entertained him with the timbrel, song, and dance. ‘But that,’ said Incredulity, ‘which is the sorest vexation to me is, that he hath pulled down, O father, thy image, and set up his own; pulled down thy officers and set up his own. Yea, and Willbewill, that rebel, who, one would have thought, should never have turned from us, he is now in as great favour with Emmanuel as ever he was with thee. But, besides all this, this Willbewill has received a special commission from his master to search for, to apprehend, and to put to death all, and all manner of Diabolonians that he shall find in Mansoul: yea, and this Willbewill has taken and committed to prison already eight of my Lord’s most trusty friends in Mansoul. Nay, further, my Lord, with grief I speak it, they have been all arraigned, condemned, and, I doubt, before this executed in Mansoul. I told my Lord of eight, and myself was the ninth, who should assuredly have drunk of the same cup, but that through craft, I, as thou seest, have made mine escape from them.’

When Diabolus had heard this lamentable story, he yelled and snuffed up the wind like a dragon, and made the sky to look dark with his roaring; he also sware that he would try to be revenged on Mansoul for this. So they, both he and his old friend Incredulity, concluded to enter into great consultation, how they might get the town of Mansoul again.

Now, before this time, the day was come in which the prisoners in Mansoul were to be executed. So they were brought to the cross, and that by Mansoul, in most solemn manner; for the Prince said that this should be done by the hand of the town of Mansoul, ‘that I may see,’ said he, ‘the forwardness of my now redeemed Mansoul to keep my word, and to do my commandments; and that I may bless Mansoul in doing this deed. Proof of sincerity pleases me well; let Mansoul therefore first lay

their hands upon these Diabolonians to destroy them.'

So the town of Mansoul slew them, according to the word of their Prince; but when the prisoners were brought to the cross to die, you can hardly believe what troublesome work Mansoul had of it to put the Diabolonians to death; for the men, knowing that they must die, and every of them having implacable enmity in their hearts to Mansoul, what did they but took courage at the cross, and there resisted the men of the town of Mansoul? Wherefore the men of Mansoul were forced to cry out for help to the captains and men of war. Now the great Shaddai had a secretary in the town, and he was a great lover of the men of Mansoul, and he was at the place of execution also; so he, hearing the men of Mansoul cry out against the strugglings and unruliness of the prisoners, rose up from his place, and came and put his hands upon the hands of the men of Mansoul. So they crucified the Diabolonians that had been a plague, a grief, and an offence to the town of Mansoul.

Now, when this good work was done, 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 such as had also respect to his honour. He said, moreover, (to show them that they by this should not be losers, nor their town weakened by the loss of them,) that he would make them another captain, and that of one of themselves. And that this captain should be the ruler of a thousand, for the good and benefit of the now flourishing town of Mansoul.

So he called one to him whose name was Waiting, and bid him, 'Go quickly up to the castle gate, and inquire there for one Mr. Experience, that waiteth upon that noble captain, the Captain Credence, and bid him come hither to me.' So the messenger that waited upon the good Prince Emmanuel went and said as he was commanded. Now the young gentleman was waiting to see the captain train and

muster his men in the castle yard. Then said Mr. Waiting to him, ‘Sir, the Prince would that you should come down to his highness forthwith.’ So he brought him down to Emmanuel, and he came and made obeisance before him. Now the men of the town knew Mr. Experience well, for he was born and bred in Mansoul; they also knew him to be a man of conduct, of valour, and a person prudent in matters; he was also a comely person, well-spoken, and very successful in his undertakings.

Wherefore the hearts of the townsmen were transported with joy when they saw that the Prince himself was so taken with Mr. Experience, that he would needs make him a 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 said the Prince to the young gentleman, whose name was Mr. Experience, ‘I have thought good to confer upon thee a place of trust and honour in this my town of Mansoul.’ Then the young man bowed his head and worshipped. ‘It is,’ said Emmanuel, ‘that thou shouldest be a captain, a captain over a thousand men in my beloved town of Mansoul.’ Then said the captain, ‘Let the King live!’ So the Prince gave out orders forthwith 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 to my seal.’ So it was done as it was commanded. The commission was drawn up, brought to Emmanuel, and he set his seal thereto. Then, by the hand of Mr. Waiting, he sent it away to the captain.

Now as soon as the captain had received his commission, he sounded his trumpet for volunteers, and young men came to him apace; yea, the greatest and chief men in the town sent their sons, to be listed under his command. Thus Captain Experience came under command to Emmanuel, for the good of the town of Mansoul. He had for his lieutenant one Mr. Skilful, and for his cornet one Mr. Memory. His under officers I need not name. His colours were the white colours for the town of Mansoul; and his

scutcheon was the dead lion and dead bear. So the Prince returned to his royal palace again.

Now when he was returned thither, the elders of the town of Mansoul, to wit, the Lord Mayor, the Recorder, and the Lord Willbewill, went to congratulate him, and in special way to thank him for his love, care, and the tender compassion which he showed to his ever-obliged town of Mansoul. So after a while, and some sweet communion between them, the townsmen having solemnly ended their ceremony, returned to their place again.

Emmanuel also at this time appointed them a day wherein he would renew their charter, yea, wherein he would renew and enlarge it, mending several faults therein, that Mansoul's yoke might be yet more easy. And this he did without any desire of theirs, even of his own frankness and noble mind. So when he had sent for and seen their old one, he laid it by, and said, 'Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away.' He said, moreover, 'The town of Mansoul shall have another, a better, a new one, more steady and firm by far.' An epitome hereof take as follows:—

'Emmanuel, Prince of Peace, and a great lover of the town of Mansoul, I do in the name of my Father, and of mine own clemency, give, grant, and bequeath to my beloved town of Mansoul.

'First. Free, full, and everlasting forgiveness of all wrongs, injuries, and offences done by them against my Father, me, their neighbour, or themselves.

'Second. I do give them the holy law and my testament, with all that therein is contained, for their everlasting comfort and consolation.

'Third. I do also give them a portion of the self-same grace and goodness that dwells in my Father's heart and mine.

'Fourth. I do give, grant, and bestow upon them freely, the world and what is therein, for their good; and they shall have that power over them, as shall stand with

the honour of my Father, my glory, and their comfort: yea, 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, but my Mansoul only.

‘Fifth. I do give and grant them leave, and free access to me in my palace at all seasons—to my palace above or below—there to make known their wants to me, and I give them, moreover, a promise that I will hear and redress all their grievances.

‘Sixth. I do give, grant to, and invest the town of Mansoul with full power and authority to seek out, take, enslave, and destroy all, and all manner of Diabolonians that at any time, from whencesoever, shall be found straggling in or about the town of Mansoul.

‘Seventh. I do further grant to my beloved town of Mansoul, that they shall have authority not to suffer any foreigner, or stranger, or their seed, to be free in, and of the blessed town of Mansoul, nor to share in the excellent privileges thereof. But that all the grants, privileges, and immunities that I bestow upon the famous town of Mansoul, shall be for those the old natives, and true inhabitants thereof; to them, I say, and to their right seed after them.

‘But all Diabolonians, of what sort, birth, country, or kingdom soever, shall be debarred a share therein.’

So when the town of Mansoul had received at the hand of Emmanuel their gracious charter, (which in itself is infinitely more large than by this lean epitome is set before you,) they carried it to audience, that is, to the market place, and there Mr. Recorder read it in the presence of all the people. This being done, it was had back to the castle gates, and there fairly engraven upon the doors thereof, and laid in letters of gold, to the end that the town of Mansoul, with all the people thereof, might have it always in their view, or might go where they might see what a blessed freedom their Prince had bestowed upon them, that their joy might be increased in themselves, and their love renewed to their great and good Emmanuel.

But what joy, what comfort, what consolation, think you, did now possess the hearts of the men of Mansoul! The bells rung, the minstrels played, the people danced, the captains shouted, the colours waved in the wind, and the silver trumpets sounded; and the Diabolonians now were glad to hide their heads, for they looked like them that had been long dead.

When this was over, the Prince sent again for the elders of the town of Mansoul, and communed with them about a ministry that he intended to establish among them; such a ministry that might open unto them, and that might instruct them in the things that did concern their present and future state.

‘For,’ said he, ‘you, of yourselves, unless you have teachers and guides, will not be able to know, and, if not to know, to be sure not to do the will of my Father.’

At this news, when the elders of Mansoul brought it to the people, the whole town came running together, (for it pleased them well, as whatever the Prince now did pleased the people,) and all with one consent implored his Majesty that he would forthwith establish such a ministry among them as might teach them both law and judgment, statute and commandment; that they might be documented in all good and wholesome things. So he told them that he would grant them their requests, and would establish two among them; one that was of his Father’s court, and one that was a native of Mansoul.

‘He that is from the court,’ said he, ‘is a person of no less quality and dignity than my Father and I; and he is the Lord Chief Secretary of my Father’s house: for he is, and always has been, the chief dictator of all my Father’s laws, a person altogether well skilled in all mysteries, and knowledge of mysteries, as is my Father, or as myself is. Indeed he is one with us in nature, and also as to loving of, and being faithful to, and in the eternal concerns of the town of Mansoul.

‘And this is he,’ said the Prince, ‘that must be your chief teacher; for it is he, and he only, that can teach you clearly in all high and supernatural things. He, and he only,

it is that knows the ways and methods of my Father at court, nor can any like him show how the heart of my Father is at all times, in all things, upon all occasions, towards Mansoul; for as no man knows the things of a man but that spirit of a man which is in him, so the things of my Father knows no man but this his high and mighty Secretary. Nor can any, as he, tell Mansoul how and what they shall do to keep themselves in the love of my Father. He also it is that can bring lost things to your remembrance, and that can tell you things to come. This teacher, therefore, must of necessity have the pre-eminence, both in your affections and judgment, before your other teacher; his personal dignity, the excellency of his teaching, also the great dexterity that he hath to help you to make and draw up petitions to my Father for your help, and to his pleasing, must lay obligations upon you to love him, fear him, and to take heed that you grieve him not.

‘This person can put life and vigour into all he says; yea, and can also put it into your heart. This person can make seers of you, and can make you tell what shall be hereafter. By this person you must frame all your petitions to my Father and me; and without his advice and counsel first obtained, let nothing enter into the town or castle of Mansoul, for that may disgust and grieve this noble person.

‘Take heed, I say, that you do not grieve this minister; for if you do, he may fight against you; and should he once be moved by you to set himself against you in battle array, that will distress you more than if twelve legions should from my Father’s court be sent to make war upon you.

‘But, as I said, if you shall hearken unto him, and shall love him; if you shall devote yourselves to his teaching, and shall seek to have converse, and to maintain communion with him, you shall find him ten times better than is the whole world to any; yea, he will shed abroad the love of my Father in your hearts, and Mansoul will be the wisest, and most blessed of all people.’

Then did the Prince call unto him the old gentleman, who before had been the

Recorder of Mansoul, Mr. Conscience by name, and told him, That, forasmuch as he was well skilled in the law and government of the town of Mansoul, and was also well-spoken, and could pertinently deliver to them his Master's will in all terrene and domestic matters, therefore he would also make him a minister for, in, and to the goodly town of Mansoul, in all the laws, statutes, and judgments of the famous town of Mansoul. 'And thou must,' said the Prince, 'confine thyself to the teaching of moral virtues, to civil and natural duties; but thou 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 those things knows no man, nor can any reveal them but my Father's Secretary only.

'Thou art a native of the town of Mansoul, but the Lord Secretary is a native with my Father; wherefore, as thou hast knowledge of the laws and customs of the corporation, so he of the things and will of my Father.

'Wherefore, O Mr. Conscience, although I have made thee a minister and a preacher to the town of Mansoul, yet as to the things which the Lord Secretary knoweth, and shall teach to this people, there thou must be his scholar and a learner, even as the rest of Mansoul are.

'Thou must therefore, in all high and supernatural things, go to him for information and knowledge; for though there be a spirit in man, this person's inspiration must give him understanding. Wherefore, O thou Mr. Recorder, keep low and be humble, and remember that the Diabolonians that kept not their first charge, but left their own standing, are now made prisoners in the pit. Be therefore content with thy station.

'I have made thee my Father's vicegerent on earth, in such things of which I have made mention before: and thou, take thou power to teach them to Mansoul, yea, and to impose them with whips and chastisements, if they shall not willingly hearken to do thy commandments.

‘And, Mr. Recorder, because thou art old, and through many abuses made feeble; therefore I give thee leave and license to go when thou wilt to my fountain, my conduit, and there to drink freely of the blood of my grape, for my conduit doth always run wine. Thus doing, thou shalt drive from thine heart and stomach all foul, gross, and hurtful humours. It will also lighten thine eyes, and will strengthen thy memory for the reception and keeping of all that the King’s most noble Secretary teacheth.’

When the Prince had thus put Mr. Recorder (that once so was) into the place and office of a minister to Mansoul, and the man had thankfully accepted thereof, then did Emmanuel address himself in a particular speech to the townsmen themselves.

‘Behold,’ said the Prince to Mansoul, ‘my love and care towards you; I have added to all that is past, 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, ‘is to teach you in all things human and domestic, for therein lieth his work. He is not, by what I have said, debarred of telling to Mansoul anything that he hath heard and received at the mouth of the lord high Secretary; only he shall not attempt to presume to pretend to be a revealer of those high mysteries himself; for the breaking of them up, and the discovery of them to Mansoul lieth only in the power, authority, and skill of the lord high Secretary himself. Talk of them he may, and so may the rest of the town of Mansoul; yea, and may, as occasion gives them opportunity, press them upon each other for the benefit of the whole. These things, therefore, I would have you observe and do, for it is for your life, and the lengthening of your days.

‘And one thing more to my beloved Mr. Recorder, and to all the town of Mansoul: You must not dwell in, nor stay upon, anything of that which he hath in commission to teach you, as to your trust and expectation of the next world; (of the next world, I say, for I purpose to give another to Mansoul, when this with them is worn out;) but

for that you must wholly and solely have recourse to, and make stay upon his doctrine that is your Teacher after the first order. Yea, Mr. Recorder himself must not look for life from that which he himself revealeth; his dependence for that must be founded in the doctrine of the other preacher. Let Mr. Recorder also take heed that he receive not any doctrine, or point of doctrine, that is not communicated to him by his Superior Teacher, nor yet within the precincts of his own formal knowledge.'

Now, after the Prince had thus settled things in the famous town of Mansoul, he proceeded to give to the elders of the corporation a necessary caution, to wit, how they should carry it to the high and noble captains that he had, from his Father's court, sent or brought with him, to the famous town of Mansoul.

'These captains,' said he, 'do love the town of Mansoul, and they are picked men, picked out of abundance, as men that best suit, and that will most faithfully serve in the wars of Shaddai against the Diabolonians, for the preservation of the town of Mansoul. 'I charge you therefore,' said he, 'O ye inhabitants of the now flourishing town of Mansoul, that you carry it not ruggedly or untowardly 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 town of Mansoul. I say, I charge you, that you carry it not untowardly to them: for though they have the hearts and faces of lions, when at any time they shall be called forth to engage and fight with the King's foes, and the enemies of the town of Mansoul; yet a little discountenance cast upon them from the town of Mansoul will deject and cast down their faces, will weaken and take away their courage. Do not, therefore, O my beloved, carry it unkindly to my valiant captains and courageous men of war, but love them, nourish them, succour them, and lay them in your bosoms; and they will not only fight for you, but cause to fly from you all those the Diabolonians that seek, and will, if possible, be, your utter destruction.

‘If, therefore, any of them should at any time be sick or weak, and so not able to perform that office of love, which, with all their hearts, they are willing to do (and will do also when well and in health), slight them not, nor despise them, but rather strengthen them and encourage them, though weak and ready to die, for they are your fence, and your guard, your wall, your gates, your locks, and your bars. And although, when they are weak, they can do but little, but rather need to be helped by you, than that you should then 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 be weak, the town of Mansoul cannot be strong; if they be strong, then Mansoul cannot be weak; your safety, therefore, doth lie in their health, and in your countenancing them. Remember, also, that if they be sick, they catch that disease of the town of Mansoul itself.

‘These things I have said unto you because I love your welfare and your honour: observe, therefore, O my Mansoul, to be punctual in all things that I have given in charge unto you, and that not only as a town corporate, and so to your officers and guard, and guides in chief, but to you as you are a people whose well-being, as single persons, depends on the observation of the orders and commandments of their Lord.

‘Next, O my Mansoul, I do warn you of that, of which, notwithstanding that reformation that at present is wrought among you, you have need to be warned about: wherefore hearken diligently unto me. I am now sure, and you will know hereafter, that there are yet of the Diabolonians remaining in the town of Mansoul, Diabolonians that are sturdy and implacable, and that do already while I am with you, and that will yet more when I am from you, study, plot, contrive, invent, and jointly attempt to bring you to desolation, and so to a state far worse than that of the Egyptian bondage; they are the avowed friends of Diabolus, therefore look about

you. They used heretofore to lodge with their Prince in the Castle, when Incredulity was the Lord Mayor of this town; but since my coming hither, they lie more in the outsides and walls, and have made themselves dens, and caves, and holes, and strongholds therein. Wherefore, O Mansoul! thy work, as to this, will be so much the more difficult and hard; that is, to take, mortify, and put them to death according to the will of my Father. Nor can you utterly rid yourselves of them, unless you should pull down the walls of your town, the which I am by no means willing you should. Do you ask me, What shall we do then? Why, be you diligent, and quit you like men; observe their holes; find out their haunts; assault them, and make no peace with them. Wherever they haunt, lurk, or abide, and what terms of peace soever they offer you, abhor, and all shall be well betwixt you and me. And that you may the better know them from those that are the natives of Mansoul, I will give you this brief schedule of the names of the chief of them; and they are these that follow:—The Lord Fornication, the Lord Adultery, the Lord Murder, the Lord Anger, the Lord Lasciviousness, the Lord Deceit, the Lord Evil-Eye, Mr. Drunkenness, Mr. Revelling, Mr. Idolatry, Mr. Witch-craft, Mr. Variance, Mr. Emulation, Mr. Wrath, Mr. Strife, Mr. Sedition, and Mr. Heresy. These are some of the chief, O Mansoul! of those that will seek to overthrow thee for ever. These, I say, are the skulkers in Mansoul; but look thou well into the law of thy King, and there thou shalt find their physiognomy, and such other characteristical notes of them, by which they certainly may be known.

‘These, O my Mansoul, (and I would gladly that you should certainly know it,) if they be suffered to run and range about the town as they would, will quickly, like vipers, eat out your bowels; yea, 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 ruinous heap. Wherefore, that you may take courage to yourselves to apprehend these villains wherever you find them, I give to you, my Lord Mayor, my Lord Willbewill, and Mr. Recorder, with

all the inhabitants of the town of Mansoul, full power and commission to seek out, to take, and to cause to be put to death by the cross, all, and all manner of Diabolonians, when and wherever you shall find them to lurk within, or to range without the walls of the town of Mansoul.

‘I told you before that I had placed a standing ministry among you; not that you have but these with you, for my first four captains who came against the master and lord of the Diabolonians that was in Mansoul, they can, and if need be, and if they be required, will not only privately inform, but publicly preach to the corporation both good and wholesome doctrine, and such as shall lead you in the way. Yea, they will set up a weekly, yea, if need be, a daily lecture in thee, O Mansoul! and will instruct thee in such profitable lessons, that, if heeded, will do thee good at the end. And take good heed that you spare not the men that you have a commission to take and crucify.

‘Now, as I have set before your eyes the vagrants and runagates by name, so I will tell you, that among yourselves, some of them shall creep in to beguile you, even such as would seem, and that in appearance are, very rife and hot for religion. And they, if you watch not, will do you a mischief, such an one as at present you cannot think of.

‘These, as I said, will show themselves to you in another hue than those under description before. Wherefore, Mansoul, watch and be sober, and suffer not thyself to be betrayed.’

When the Prince had thus far new modelled the town of Mansoul, and had instructed them in such matters as were profitable for them to know, then he appointed another day in which he intended, when the townsfolk came together, to bestow a further badge of honour upon the town of Mansoul,—a badge that should distinguish them from all the people, kindreds, and tongues that dwell in the kingdom of Universe. Now it was not long before the day appointed was come, and the Prince and his

people met in the King's palace, where first Emmanuel made a short speech unto them, and then did for them as he had said, and unto them as he had promised.

'My Mansoul,' said he, 'that which I now am about to do, is to make you known to the world to be mine, and to distinguish you also in your own eyes, from all false traitors that may creep in among you.'

Then he commanded that those that waited upon him should go and bring forth out of his treasury those white and glistening robes 'that I,' said he, 'have provided and laid up in store for my Mansoul.' So the white garments were fetched out of his treasury, and laid forth to the eyes of the people. Moreover, it was granted to them that they should take them and put them on, 'according,' said he, 'to your size and stature.' So the people were put into white, into fine linen, white and clean.

Then said the Prince unto them, 'This, O Mansoul, is my livery, and the badge by which mine are known from the servants of others. Yea, it is that which I grant to all that are mine, and without which no man is permitted to see my face. Wear them, therefore, for my sake, who gave them unto you; and also if you would be known by the world to be mine.'

But now! can you think how Mansoul shone? It was fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners.

The Prince added further, and said, 'No prince, potentate, or mighty one of Universe, giveth this livery but myself: behold, therefore, as I said before, you shall be known by it to be mine.

'And now,' said he, 'I have given you my livery, let me give you also in commandment concerning them; and be sure that you take good heed to my words.

'First. Wear them daily, day by day, lest you should at sometimes appear to others as if you were none of mine.

'Second. Keep them always white; for if they be soiled, it is dishonour to me.

‘Third. Wherefore gird them up from the ground, and let them not lag with dust and dirt.

‘Fourth. Take heed that you lose them not, lest you walk naked, and they see your shame.

‘Fifth. But if you should sully them, if you should defile them, the which I am greatly unwilling you should, and the prince Diabolus will be glad if you would, then speed you to do that which is written in my law, that yet you may stand, and befall before me, and before my throne. Also, this is the way to cause that I may not leave you, nor forsake you while here, but may dwell in this town of Mansoul for ever.’

And now was Mansoul, and the inhabitants of it, as the signet upon Emmanuel’s right hand. Where was there now a town, a city, a corporation, that could compare with Mansoul! a town redeemed from the hand, and from the power of Diabolus! a town that the King Shaddai loved, and that he sent Emmanuel to regain from the Prince of the infernal cave; yea, a town that Emmanuel loved to dwell in, and that he chose for his royal habitation; a town that he fortified for himself, and made strong by the force of his army. What shall I say, Mansoul has now a most excellent Prince, golden captains and men of war, weapons proved, and garments as white as snow. Nor are these benefits to be counted little, but great; can the town of Mansoul esteem them so, and improve them to that end and purpose for which they are bestowed upon them?

When the Prince had thus completed the modelling of the town, to show that he had great delight in the work of his hands and took pleasure in the good that he had wrought for the famous and flourishing Mansoul, he commanded, and they set his standard upon the battlements of the castle. And then,

First. He gave them frequent visits; not a day now but the elders of Mansoul must come to him, or he to them, into his palace. Now they must walk and talk together of

all the great things that he had done, and yet further promised to do, for the town of Mansoul. Thus would he often do with the Lord Mayor, my Lord Willbewill, and the honest subordinate preacher Mr. Conscience, and Mr. Recorder. But oh, how graciously, how lovingly, how courteously, and tenderly did this blessed Prince now carry it towards the town of Mansoul! In all the streets, gardens, orchards, and other places where he came, to be sure the poor should have his blessing and benediction; yea, he would kiss them, and if they were ill he would lay hands on them, and make them well. The captains, also, he would daily, yea, sometimes hourly, encourage with his presence and goodly words. For you must know that a smile from him upon them would put more vigour, more life, and stoutness into them, than would anything else under heaven.

The Prince would now also feast them, and be with them continually: hardly a week would pass but a banquet must be had betwixt him and them. You may remember that, some pages before, we make mention of one feast that they had together; but now to feast them was a thing more common: every day with Mansoul was a feast-day now. Nor did he, when they returned to their places, send them empty away, either they must have a ring, a gold chain, a bracelet, a white stone, or something; so dear was Mansoul to him now; so lovely was Mansoul in his eyes.

Second. When the elders and townsmen did not come to him, he would send in much plenty of provision unto them; meat that came from court, wine and bread that were prepared for his Father’s table; yea, such delicates would he send unto them, and therewith would so cover their table, that whoever saw it confessed that the like could not be seen in any kingdom.

Third. If Mansoul did not frequently visit him as he desired they should, he would walk out to them, knock at their doors, and desire entrance, that amity might be maintained betwixt them and him; if they did hear and open to him, as commonly they would, if they were at home, then would he renew his former love, and confirm

it too with some new tokens, and signs of continued favour.

And was it not now amazing to behold, that in that very place where sometimes Diabolus had his abode, and entertained his Diabolonians to the almost utter destruction of Mansoul, the Prince of princes should sit eating and drinking with them, while all his mighty captains, men of war, trumpeters, with the singing-men and singing-women of his Father, stood round about to wait upon them! Now did Mansoul's cup run over, now did her conduits run sweet wine, now did she eat the finest of the wheat, and drink milk and honey out of the rock! Now, she said, How great is his goodness! for since I found favour in his eyes, how honourable have I been!

The blessed Prince did also ordain a new officer in the town, and a goodly person he was; his name was Mr. God's-Peace: this man was set over my Lord Willbewill, my Lord Mayor, Mr. Recorder, the subordinate preacher, Mr. Mind, and over all the natives of the town of Mansoul. Himself was not a native of it, but came with the Prince Emmanuel from the court. He was a great acquaintance of Captain Credence and Captain Good-Hope; some say they were kin, and I am of that opinion too. This man, as I said, was made governor of the town in general, especially over the castle, and Captain Credence was to help him there. And I made great observation of it, that so long as all things went in Mansoul as this sweet-natured gentleman would, the town was in most happy condition. Now there were no jars, no chiding, no interferings, no unfaithful doings in all the town of Mansoul; every man in Mansoul kept close to his own employment. The gentry, the officers, the soldiers, and all in place observed their order. And as for the women and children of the town, they followed their business joyfully; they would work and sing, work and sing, from morning till night: so that quite through the town of Mansoul now nothing was to be found but harmony, quietness, joy, and health. And this lasted all that summer.

But there was a man in the town of Mansoul, and his name was Mr. Carnal-Security;

this man did, after all this mercy bestowed on this corporation, bring the town of Mansoul into great and grievous slavery and bondage. A brief account of him and of his doings take as followeth:—

When Diabolus at first took possession of the town of Mansoul, he brought thither, with himself, a great number of Diabolonians, men of his own conditions. Now among these there was one whose name was Mr. Self-Conceit, and a notable brisk man he was, as any that in those days did possess the town of Mansoul. Diabolus, then, perceiving this man to be active and bold, sent him upon many desperate designs, the which he managed better, and more to the pleasing of his lord, than most that came with him from the dens could do. Wherefore, finding him so fit for his purpose, he preferred him, and made him next to the great Lord Willbewill, of whom we have written so much before. Now the Lord Willbewill being in those days very well pleased with him, and with his achievements, gave him his daughter, the Lady Fear-Nothing, to wife. Now, of my Lady Fear-nothing, did this Mr. Self-Conceit beget this gentleman, Mr. Carnal-Security. Wherefore, there being then in Mansoul those strange kinds of mixtures, it was hard for them, in some cases, to find out who were natives, who not, for Mr. Carnal-Security sprang from my Lord Willbewill by mother's side, though he had for his father a Diabolonian by nature.

Well, this Carnal-Security took much after his father and mother; he was self-conceited, he feared 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 on foot in Mansoul, but be sure Mr. Carnal-Security would be at the head or tail of it: but, to be sure, he would decline those that he deemed the weakest, and stood always with them in his way of standing, that he supposed was the strongest side.

Now, when Shaddai the mighty, and Emmanuel his Son, made war upon Mansoul, to take it, this Mr. Carnal-Security was then in town, and was a great doer among the people, encouraging them in their rebellion, putting them upon hardening

themselves in their resisting the King's forces: but when he saw that the town of Mansoul was taken, and converted to the use of the glorious Prince Emmanuel; and when he also saw what was become of Diabolus, and how he was unroosted, and made to quit the castle in the greatest contempt and scorn; and that the town of Mansoul was well lined with captains, engines of war, and men, and also provision; what doth he but slyly wheel about also; and as he had served Diabolus against the good Prince, so he feigned that he would serve the Prince against his foes.

And having got some little smattering of Emmanuel's things by the end, being bold, he ventures himself into the company of the townsmen, any attempts also to chat among them. Now he knew that the power and strength of the town of Mansoul was great, and that it could not but be pleasing to the people, if he cried up their might and their glory. Wherefore he beginneth his tale with the power and strength of Mansoul, and affirmed that it was impregnable; now magnifying their captains and their slings, and their rams; then crying up their fortifications and strongholds; and, lastly, the assurances that they had from their Prince, that Mansoul should be happy for ever. But when he saw that some of the men of the town were tickled and taken with his discourse, he makes it his business, and walking from street to street, house to house, and man to man, he at last brought Mansoul to dance after his pipe, and to grow almost as carnally secure as himself; so from talking they went to feasting, and from feasting to sporting; and so to some other matters. Now Emmanuel was yet in the town of Mansoul, and he wisely observed their doings. My Lord Mayor, my Lord Willbewill, and Mr. Recorder were also all taken with the words of this tattling Diabolonian gentleman, forgetting that their Prince had given them warning before to take heed that they were not beguiled with any Diabolonian sleight; he had further told them that the security of the now flourishing town of Mansoul did not so much lie in her present fortifications and force, as in her so using of what she had, as might oblige her Emmanuel to abide within her castle. For the right doctrine of Emmanuel was, that the town of Mansoul should take heed that they forgot not his

Father's love and his; also, that they should so demean themselves as to continue to keep themselves therein. Now this was not the way to do it, namely, to fall in love with one of the Diabolonians, and with such an one too as Mr. Carnal-Security was, and to be led up and down by the nose by him; they should have heard their Prince, feared their Prince, loved their Prince, and have stoned this naughty pack to death, and took care to have walked in the ways of their Prince's prescribing: for then should their peace have been as a river, when their righteousness had been like the waves of the sea.

Now when Emmanuel perceived that through the policy of Mr. Carnal-Security the hearts of the men of Mansoul were chilled and abated in their practical love to him,

First. He bemoans them, and, condoles their state with the Secretary, saying, 'Oh that my people had hearkened unto me, and that Mansoul had walked in my ways! I would have fed them with the finest of the wheat; and with honey out of the rock would I have sustained them.' This done, he said in his heart, 'I will return to the court, and go to my place, till Mansoul shall consider and acknowledge their offence.' And he did so, and the cause and manner of his going away from them was, that Mansoul declined him, as is manifest in these particulars.

'1. They left off their former way of visiting him, they came not to his royal palace as afore.

'2. They did not regard, nor yet take notice, that he came or came not to visit them.

'3. The love-feasts that had wont to be between their Prince and them, though he made them still, and called them to them, yet they neglected to come to them, or to be delighted with them.

'4. They waited not for his counsels, but began to be 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, and that her state must needs be unalterable for ever.'

Now, as was said, Emmanuel perceiving that by the craft of Mr. Carnal-Security, the town of Mansoul was taken off from their dependence upon him, and upon his Father by him, and set upon what by them was bestowed upon it; he first, as I said, bemoaned their state, then he used means to make them understand that the way that they went on in was dangerous: for he sent my Lord High Secretary to them, to forbid them such ways; but twice when he came to them, he found them at dinner in Mr. Carnal-Security's parlour; and perceiving also that they were not willing to reason about matters concerning their good, he took grief and went his way; the which when he had told to the Prince Emmanuel, he took offence, and was grieved also, and so made provision to return to his Father's court.

Now, the methods of his withdrawing, as I was saying before, were thus:—

'1. Even while he was yet with them in Mansoul, he kept himself close, and more retired than formerly.

'2. His speech was not now, if he came in their company, so pleasant and familiar as formerly.

'3. Nor did he, as in times past, send to Mansoul, from his table, those dainty bits which he was wont to do.

'4. Nor when they came to visit him, as now and then they would, would he be so easily spoken with as they found him to be in times past. They might now knock once, yea, twice, but he would seem not at all to regard them; whereas formerly at the sound of their feet he would up and run, and meet them halfway, and take them too, and lay them in his bosom.'

But thus Emmanuel carried it now, and by this his carriage he sought to make them bethink themselves, and return to him. But, alas! they did not consider, they did not know his ways, they regarded not, they were not touched with these, nor with the true remembrance of former favours. Wherefore what does he but in private manner withdraw himself, first from his palace, then to the gate of the town, and so away

from Mansoul he goes, till they should acknowledge their offence, and more earnestly seek his face. Mr. God's-Peace also laid down his commission, and would for the present act no longer in the town of Mansoul.

Thus they walked contrary to him, and he again, by way of retaliation, walked contrary to them. But, alas! by this time they were so hardened in their way, and had so drunk in the doctrine of Mr. Carnal-Security, that the departing of their Prince touched them not, nor was he remembered by them when gone; and so, of consequence, his absence not condoled by them.

Now, there was a day wherein this old gentleman, Mr. Carnal-Security, did again make a feast for the town of Mansoul; and there was at that time in the town one Mr. Godly-Fear, one now but little set by, though formerly one of great request. This man, old Carnal-Security, had a mind, if possible, to gull, and debauch, and abuse, as he did the rest, and therefore he now bids him to the feast with his neighbours. So the day being come, they prepare, and he goes and appears with the rest of the guests; and being all set at the table, they did eat and drink, and were merry, even all but this one man: for Mr. Godly-Fear sat like a stranger, and did neither eat nor was merry. The which, when Mr. Carnal-Security perceived, he presently addressed himself in a speech thus to him:—

'Mr. Godly-Fear, are you not well? You seem to be ill of body or mind, or both. I have a cordial of Mr. Forget-Good's making, the which, sir, if you will take a dram of, I hope it may make you bonny and blithe, and so make you more fit for us, feasting companions.'

Unto whom the good old gentleman discreetly replied, 'Sir, I thank you for all things courteous and civil; but for your cordial I have no list thereto. But a word to the natives of Mansoul: You, the elders and chief of Mansoul, to me it is strange to see you so jocund and merry, when the town of Mansoul is in such woeful case.'

Then said Mr. Carnal-Security, 'You want sleep, good air, I doubt. If you please, lie

down, and take a nap, and we meanwhile will be merry.'

Then said the good man as follows: 'Sir, if you were not destitute of an honest heart, you could not do as you have done and do.'

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

Godly. Nay, pray interrupt me not. It is true the town of Mansoul was strong, and, with a proviso, impregnable; but you, the townsmen, have weakened it, and it now lies obnoxious to its foes. Nor is it a time to flatter, or be silent; it is you, Mr. Carnal-Security, that have wilily stripped Mansoul, and driven her glory from her; you have pulled down her towers, you have broken down her gates, you have spoiled her locks and bars.

And now, to explain myself: from that time that my lords of Mansoul, and you, sir, grew so great, from that time the Strength of Mansoul has been offended, and now he is arisen and is gone. If any shall question the truth of my words, I will answer him by this, and suchlike questions. 'Where is the Prince Emmanuel? When did a man or woman in Mansoul see him? When did you hear from him, or taste any of his dainty bits?' You are now a feasting with this Diabolonian monster, but he is not your Prince. I say, therefore, though enemies from without, had you taken heed, could not have made a prey of you, yet since you have sinned against your Prince, your enemies within have been too hard for you.

Then said Mr. Carnal-Security, 'Fie! fie! Mr. Godly-Fear, fie!—will you never shake off your timorousness? Are you afraid of being sparrow-blasted? Who hath hurt you? Behold, I am on your side; only you are for doubting, and I am for being confident. Besides, is this a time to be sad in? A feast is made for mirth; why, then, do you now, to your shame, and our trouble, break out into such passionate melancholy language, when you should eat and drink, and be merry?'

Then said Mr. Godly-Fear again, 'I may well be sad, for Emmanuel is gone from Mansoul. I say again, he is gone, and you, sir, are the man that has driven him away;

yea, he is gone without so much as acquainting the nobles of Mansoul with his going; and if that is not a sign of his anger, I am not acquainted with the methods of godliness.

‘And now, my lords and gentlemen, for my speech is still to you, your gradual declining from him did provoke him gradually to depart from you, the which he did for some time, if perhaps you would have been made sensible thereby, and have been renewed by humbling yourselves; but when he saw that none would regard, nor lay these fearful beginnings of his anger and judgment to heart, he went away from this place; and this I saw with mine eye. Wherefore now, while you boast, your strength is gone; you are like the man that had lost his locks that before did wave about his shoulders. You may, with this lord of your feast, shake yourselves, and conclude to do as at other times; but since without him you can do nothing, and he is departed from you, turn your feast into a sigh, and your mirth into lamentation.’

Then the subordinate preacher, old Mr. Conscience by name, he that of old was Recorder of Mansoul, being startled at what was said, began to second it thus:—

‘Indeed, my brethren,’ quoth he, ‘I fear that Mr. Godly-Fear tells us true: I, for my part, have not seen my Prince a long season. I cannot remember the day, for my part; nor can I answer Mr. Godly-Fear’s question. I doubt, I am afraid that all is nought with Mansoul.’

Godly. Nay, I know that you shall not find him in Mansoul, for he is departed and gone; yea, and gone for the faults of the elders, and for that they rewarded his grace with unsufferable unkindness.

Then did the subordinate preacher look as if he would fall down dead at the table; also all there present, except the man of the house, began to look pale and wan. But having a little recovered themselves, and jointly agreeing to believe Mr. Godly-Fear and his sayings, they began to consult what was best to be done, (now Mr. Carnal-Security was gone into his withdrawing-room, for he liked not such dumpish

doings,) both to the man of the house for drawing them into evil, and also to recover Emmanuel's love.

And, with that, that saying of their Prince came very hot into their minds, which he had bidden them do to such as were false prophets that should arise to delude the town of Mansoul. So they took Mr. Carnal-Security (concluding that he must be he) and burned his house upon him with fire; for he also was a Diabolonian by nature.

So when this was passed and over, they bespeed themselves to look for Emmanuel their Prince; and they sought him, but they found him not. Then were they more confirmed in the truth of Mr. Godly-Fear's sayings, and began also severely to reflect upon themselves for their so vile and ungodly doings; for they concluded now that it was through them that their Prince had left them.

Then they agreed and went to my Lord Secretary, (him whom before they refused to hear—him whom they had grieved with their doings,) to know of him, for he was a seer, and could tell where Emmanuel was, and how they might direct a petition to him. But the Lord Secretary would not admit them to a conference about this matter, nor would admit them to his royal place of abode, nor come out to them to show them his face or intelligence.

And now was it a day gloomy and dark, a day of clouds and of thick darkness with Mansoul. Now they saw that they had been foolish, and began to perceive what the company and prattle of Mr. Carnal-Security had done, and what desperate damage his swaggering words had brought poor Mansoul into. But what further it was likely to cost them they were ignorant of. Now Mr. Godly-Fear began again to be in repute with the men of the town; yea, they were ready to look upon him as a prophet.

Well, when the Sabbath day was come, they went to hear their subordinate preacher; but oh, how he did thunder and lighten this day! His text was that in the prophet Jonah: 'They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy.' But there was then such power and authority in that sermon, and such a dejection seen in the

countenances of the people that day, that the like hath seldom been heard or seen. The people, when sermon was done, were scarce able to go to their homes, or to betake themselves to their employs the week after; they were so sermon-smitten, and also so sermon-sick by being smitten, that they knew not what to do.

He did not only show to Mansoul their sin, but did tremble before them, under the sense of his own, still crying out of himself, as he preached to them, ‘Unhappy man that I am! that I should do so wicked a thing! That I, a preacher! whom the Prince did set up to teach to Mansoul his law, should myself live senseless and sottishly here, and be one of the first found in transgression! This transgression also fell within my precincts; I should have cried out against the wickedness; but I let Mansoul lie wallowing in it, until it had driven Emmanuel from its borders!’ With these things he also charged all the lords and gentry of Mansoul, to the almost distracting of them.

About this time, also, there was a great sickness in the town of Mansoul, and most of the inhabitants were greatly afflicted. Yea, the captains also, and men of war, were brought thereby to a languishing condition, and that for a long time together; so that in case of an invasion, nothing could to purpose now have been done, either by the townsmen or field officers. Oh, how many pale faces, weak hands, feeble knees, and staggering men were now seen to walk the streets of Mansoul! Here were groans, there pants, and yonder lay those that were ready to faint.

The garments, too, which Emmanuel had given them were but in a sorry case; some were rent, some were torn, and all in a nasty condition; some also did hang so loosely upon them, that the next bush they came at was ready to pluck them off.

After some time spent in this sad and desolate condition, the subordinate preacher called for a day of fasting, and to humble themselves for being so wicked against the great Shaddai and his Son. And he desired that Captain Boanerges would preach. So he consented to do it; and the day being come, and his text was this, ‘Cut it down,

why cumbereth it the ground?' And a very smart sermon he made upon the place. First, he showed what was the occasion of the words, namely, because the fig-tree was barren; then he showed what was contained in the sentence, namely, repentance, or utter desolation. He then showed, also, by whose authority this sentence was pronounced, and that was by Shaddai himself. And, lastly, he showed the reasons of the point, and then concluded his sermon. But he was very pertinent in the application, insomuch that he made poor Mansoul tremble. For this sermon, as well as the former, wrought much upon the hearts of the men of Mansoul; yea, it greatly helped to keep awake those that were roused by the preaching that went before. So that now throughout the whole town, there was little or nothing to be heard or seen but sorrow, and mourning, and woe.

Now, after sermon, they got together and consulted what was best to be done. 'But,' said the subordinate preacher, 'I will do nothing of mine own head, without advising with my neighbour Mr. Godly-Fear. For if he had aforehand understood more of the mind of our Prince than we, I do not know but he also may have it now, even now we are turning again to virtue.'

So they called and sent for Mr. Godly-Fear, and he forthwith appeared. Then they desired that he would further show his opinion about what they had best to do. Then said the old gentleman as followeth: 'It is my opinion that this town of Mansoul should, in this day of her distress, draw up and send an humble petition to their offended Prince Emmanuel, that he, in his favour and grace, will turn again unto you, and not keep anger for ever.'

When the townsmen had heard this speech, they did, with one consent, agree to his advice; so they did presently draw up their request, and the next was, But who shall carry it? At last they did all agree to send it by my Lord Mayor. So he accepted of the service, and addressed himself to his journey; and went and came to the court of Shaddai, whither Emmanuel the Prince of Mansoul was gone. But the gate was shut,

and a strict watch kept thereat; so that the petitioner was forced to stand without for a great while together. Then he desired that some would go into the Prince and tell him who stood at the gate, and what his business was. So one went and told to Shaddai, and to Emmanuel his Son, that the Lord Mayor of the town of Mansoul stood without at the gate of the King's court, desiring to be admitted into the presence of the Prince, the King's Son. He also told what was the Lord Mayor's errand, both to the King and his Son Emmanuel. But the Prince would not come down, nor admit that the gate should be opened to him, but sent him an answer to this effect: 'They have turned their back unto me, and not their face; but now in the time of their trouble they say to me, Arise, and save us. But can they not now go to Mr. Carnal-Security, to whom they went when they turned from me, and make him their leader, their lord, and their protection now in their trouble; why now in their trouble do they visit me, since in their prosperity they went astray?'

The answer made my Lord Mayor look black in the face; it troubled, it perplexed, it rent him sore. And now he began again to see what it was to be familiar with Diabolonians, such as Mr. Carnal-Security was. When he saw that at court, as yet, there was little help to be expected, either for himself or friends in Mansoul, he smote upon his breast, and returned weeping, and all the way bewailing the lamentable state of Mansoul.

Well, when he was come within sight of the town, the elders and chief of the people of Mansoul went out at the gate to meet him, and to salute him, and to know how he sped at court. But he told them his tale in so doleful a manner, that they all cried out, and mourned, and wept. Wherefore they threw ashes and dust upon their heads, and put sackcloth upon their loins, and went crying out through the town of Mansoul; the which, when the rest of the townsfolk saw, they all mourned and wept. This, therefore, was a day of rebuke and trouble, and of anguish to the town of Mansoul, and also of great distress.

After some time, when they had somewhat refrained themselves, they came together to consult again what by them was yet to be done; and they asked advice, as they did before, of that reverend Mr. Godly-Fear, who told them that there was no way better than to do as they had done, nor would he that they should be discouraged at all with that they had met with at court; yea, though several of their petitions should be answered with nought but silence or rebuke: ‘For,’ said he, ‘it is the way of the wise Shaddai to make men wait and to exercise patience, and it should be the way of them in want, to be willing to stay his leisure.

Then they took courage, and sent again and again, and again, and again; for there was not now one day, nor an hour that went over Mansoul’s head, wherein a man might not have met upon the road one or other riding post, sounding the horn from Mansoul to the court of the King Shaddai; and all with letters petitionary in behalf of, and for the Prince’s return to Mansoul. The road, I say, was now full of messengers, going and returning, and meeting one another; some from the court, and some from Mansoul; and this was the work of the miserable town of Mansoul, all that long, that sharp, that cold and tedious winter.

Now if you have not forgot, you may yet remember that I told you before, that after Emmanuel had taken Mansoul, yea, and after that he had new modelled the town, there remained in several lurking places of the corporation many of the old Diabolonians, that either came with the tyrant when he invaded and took the town, or that had there, by reason of unlawful mixtures, their birth and breeding, and bringing up. And their holes, dens, and lurking places were in, under, or about the wall of the town. Some of their names are the Lord Fornication, the Lord Adultery, the Lord Murder, the Lord Anger, the Lord Lasciviousness, the Lord Deceit, the Lord Evil-eye, the Lord Blasphemy, and that horrible villain, the old and dangerous Lord Covetousness. These, as I told you, with many more, had yet their abode in the town of Mansoul, and that after that Emmanuel had driven their prince Diabolus out of the castle.

Against these the good Prince did grant a commission to the Lord Willbewill and others, yea, to the whole town of Mansoul, to seek, take, secure, and destroy any or all that they could lay hands of, for that they were Diabolonians by nature, enemies to the Prince, and those that sought to ruin the blessed town of Mansoul. But the town of Mansoul did not pursue this warrant, but neglected to look after, to apprehend, to secure, and to destroy these Diabolonians. Wherefore what do these villains but by degrees take courage to put forth their heads, and to show themselves to the inhabitants of the town. Yea, and as I was told, some of the men of Mansoul grew too familiar with some of them, to the sorrow of the corporation, as you yet will hear more of in time and place.

Well, when the Diabolonian lords that were left perceived that Mansoul had, through sinning, offended Emmanuel their Prince, and that he had withdrawn himself and was gone, what do they but plot the ruin of the town of Mansoul. So upon a time they met together at the hold of one Mr. Mischief, who was also a Diabolonian, and there consulted how they might deliver up Mansoul into the hands of Diabolus again. Now some advised one way, and some another, every man according to his own liking. At last my Lord Lasciviousness propounded, whether it might not be best, in the first place, for some of those that were Diabolonians in Mansoul, to adventure to offer themselves for servants to some of the natives of the town; ‘for,’ said he, ‘if they so do, and Mansoul shall accept of them, they may for us, and for Diabolus our Lord, make the taking of the town of Mansoul more easy than otherwise it will be.’ But then stood up the Lord Murder, and said, ‘This may not be done at this time; for Mansoul is now in a kind of a rage, because by our friend, Mr. Carnal-Security, she hath been once ensnared already, and made to offend against her Prince; and how shall she reconcile herself unto her lord again, but by the heads of these men? Besides, we know that they have in commission to take and slay us wherever they shall find us; let us, therefore, be wise as foxes: when we are dead, we can do them no hurt; but while we live, we may.’ Thus, when they had tossed the

matter to and fro, they jointly agreed that a letter should forthwith be sent away to Diabolus in their name, by which the state of the town of Mansoul should be showed him, and how much it is under the frowns of their Prince. ‘We may also,’ said some, ‘let him know our intentions, and ask of him his advice in the case.’

So a letter was presently framed, the contents of which were these:—

‘To our great lord, the Prince Diabolus, dwelling below in the infernal cave:

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

‘The reason of this our writing unto our lord, is for that we are not altogether without hope that this town may become thy habitation again; for it is greatly declined from its Prince Emmanuel; and he is uprisen, and is departed from them: yea, and though they send, and send, and send, and send after him to return to them, yet can they not prevail, nor get good words from him.

‘There has been also of late, and is yet remaining, a very great sickness and fainting among them; and that not only upon the poorer sort of the town, but upon the lords, captains, and chief gentry of the place, (we only who are of the Diabolonians by nature remain well, lively, and strong,) so that through their great transgression on the one hand, and their dangerous sickness on the other, we judge they lie open to thy hand and power. If, therefore, it shall stand with thy horrible cunning, and with the cunning of the rest of the princes with thee, to come and make an attempt to take Mansoul again, send us word, and we shall to our utmost power be ready to deliver it into thy hand. Or if what we have said shall not by thy fatherhood be thought best and most meet to be done, send us thy mind in a few words, and we are all ready to

follow thy counsel to the hazarding of our lives, and what else we have.

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

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

Then came together from all places of the den Beelzebub, Lucifer, Apollyon, with the rest of the rabblement there, to hear what news from Mansoul. So the letter was broken up and read, and Cerberus he stood by. When the letter was openly read, and the contents thereof spread into all the corners of the den, command was given that, without let or stop, dead-man’s bell should be rung for joy. So the bell was rung, and the princes rejoiced that Mansoul was likely to come to ruin. Now, the clapper of the bell went, ‘The town of Mansoul is coming to dwell with us: make room for the town of Mansoul.’ This bell therefore they did ring, because they did hope that they should have Mansoul again.

Now, when they had performed this their horrible ceremony, they got together again to consult what answer to send to their friends in Mansoul; and some advised one thing, and some another: but at length, because the business required haste, they left the whole business to the prince Diabolus, judging him the most proper lord of the place. So he drew up a letter as he thought fit, in answer to what Mr. Profane had brought, and sent it to the Diabolonians that did dwell in Mansoul, by the same hand that had brought theirs to him; and these were the contents thereof:—

‘To our offspring, the high and mighty Diabolonians that yet dwell in the town of

Mansoul, Diabolus, the great prince of Mansoul, wisheth a prosperous issue and conclusion of those many brave enterprises, conspiracies, and designs, that you, of your love and respect to our honour, have in your hearts to attempt to do against Mansoul. Beloved children and disciples, my Lord Fornication, Adultery, and the rest, we have here, in our desolate den, received, to our highest joy and content, your welcome letter, by the hand of our trusty Mr. Profane; and to show how acceptable your tidings were, we rang out our bell for gladness; for we rejoiced as much as we could, when we perceived that yet we had friends in Mansoul, and such as sought our honour and revenge in the ruin of the town of Mansoul. We also rejoiced to hear that they are in a degenerated condition, and that they have offended their Prince, and that he is gone. Their sickness also pleaseth us, as does also your health, might, and strength. Glad also would we be, right horribly beloved, could we get this town into our clutches again. Nor will we be sparing of spending our wit, our cunning, our craft, and hellish inventions to bring to a wished conclusion this your brave beginning in order thereto.

‘And take this for your comfort, (our birth, and our offspring,) that shall we again surprise it and take it, we will attempt to put all your foes to the sword, and will make you the great lords and captains of the place. Nor need you fear, if ever we get it again, that we after that shall be cast out any more; for we will come with more strength, and so lay far more fast hold than at the first we did. Besides, it is the law of that Prince that now they own, that if we get them a second time, they shall be ours for ever.

‘Do you, therefore, our trusty Diabolonians, yet more pry into, and endeavour to spy out the weakness of the town of Mansoul. We also would that you yourselves do attempt to weaken them more and more. Send us word also by what means you think we had best to attempt the regaining thereof: namely, whether by persuasion to a vain and loose life; or, whether by tempting them to doubt and despair; or, whether by blowing up of the town by the gunpowder of pride, and self-conceit. Do you also,

O ye brave Diabolonians, and true sons of the pit, be always in a readiness to make a most hideous assault within, when we shall be 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 wish of your great Diabolus, Mansoul's enemy, and him that trembles when he thinks of judgment to come. All the blessings of the pit be upon you, and so we close up our letter.

'Given 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 letter, as was said, was sent to Mansoul, to the Diabolonians that yet remained there, and that yet inhabited the wall, from the dark dungeon of Diabolus, by the hand of Mr. Profane, by whom they also in Mansoul sent theirs to the pit. Now, when this Mr. Profane had made his return, and was come to Mansoul again, he went and came as he was wont to the house of Mr. Mischief, for there was the conclave, and the place where the contrivers were met. Now, when they saw that their messenger was returned safe and sound, they were greatly gladded thereat. Then he presented them with his letter which he had brought from Diabolus for them; the which, when they had read and considered, did much augment their gladness. They asked him after the welfare of their friends, as how their Lord Diabolus, Lucifer, and Beelzebub did, with the rest of those of the den. To which this Profane made answer, 'Well, well, my lords; they are well, even as well as can be in their place. They also,' said he, 'did ring for joy at the reading of your letter, as you well perceived by this when you read it.'

Now, as was said, when they had read their letter, and perceived that it encouraged them in their work, they fell to their way of contriving again, namely, how they might complete their Diabolonian design upon Mansoul. And the first thing that they agreed upon was to keep all things from Mansoul as close as they could. 'Let it not

be known, let not Mansoul be acquainted with what we design against it.' The next thing was, how, or by what means, they should try to bring to pass the ruin and overthrow of Mansoul; and one said after this manner, and another said after that. Then stood up Mr. Deceit, and said, 'My right Diabolonian friends, our lords, and the high ones of the deep dungeon, do propound unto us these three ways.

'1. Whether we had best to seek its ruin by making Mansoul loose and vain.

'2. Or whether by driving them to doubt and despair.

'3. Or whether by endeavouring to blow them up by the gunpowder of pride and self-conceit.

'Now, I think, if we shall tempt them to pride, that may do something; and if we tempt them to wantonness, that may help. But, in my mind, if we could drive them into desperation, that would knock the nail on the head; for then we should have them, in the first place, question the truth of the love of the heart of their Prince towards them, and that will disgust him much. This, if it works well, will make them leave off quickly their way of sending petitions to him; then farewell earnest solicitations for help and supply; for then this conclusion lies naturally before them, "As good do nothing, as do to no purpose."' So to Mr. Deceit they unanimously did consent.

Then the next question was, But how shall we do to bring this our project to pass? and it was answered by the same gentleman—that this might be the best way to do it: 'Even let,' quoth he, 'so many of our friends as are willing to venture themselves for the promoting of their prince's cause, disguise themselves with apparel, change their names, and go into the market like far country-men, and proffer to let themselves for servants to the famous town of Mansoul, and let them pretend to do for their masters as beneficially as may be; for by so doing they may, if Mansoul shall hire them, in little time so corrupt and defile the corporation, that her now Prince shall be not only further offended with them, but in conclusion shall spue

them out of his mouth. And when this is done, our prince Diabolus shall prey upon them with ease: yea, of themselves they shall fall into the mouth of the eater.'

This project was no sooner propounded, but was as highly accepted, and forward were all Diabolonians now to engage in so delicate an enterprise: but it was not thought fit that all should do thus; wherefore they pitched upon two or three, namely, the Lord Covetousness, the Lord Lasciviousness, and the Lord Anger. The Lord Covetousness called himself by the name of Prudent-Thrifty; the Lord Lasciviousness called himself by the name of Harmless-Mirth; and the Lord Anger called himself by the name of Good-Zeal.

So upon a market-day they came into the market-place, three lusty fellows they were to look on, and they were clothed in sheep's russet, which was also now in a manner as white as were the white robes of the men of Mansoul. Now the men could speak the language of Mansoul well. So when they were come into the market-place, and had offered to let themselves to the townsmen, they were presently taken up; for they asked but little 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 did hang a little in hand, and could not so soon get him a master as the others did, because the town of Mansoul was now in Lent, but after a while, because Lent was almost out, the Lord Willbewill hired Harmless-Mirth to be both his waiting man and his lackey: and thus they got them masters.

These villains now being got thus far into the houses of the men of Mansoul, quickly began to do great mischief therein; for, being filthy, arch, and sly, they quickly corrupted the families where they were; yea, they tainted their masters much, especially this Prudent-Thrifty, and him they call Harmless-Mirth. True, he that went under the visor of Good-Zeal, was not so well liked of his master; for he quickly found that he was but a counterfeit rascal; the which when the fellow perceived, with speed he made his escape from the house, or I doubt not but his

master had hanged him.

Well, when these vagabonds had thus far carried on their design, and had corrupted the town as much as they could, in the next place they considered with themselves at what time their prince Diabolus without, and themselves within the town, should make an attempt to seize upon Mansoul; and they all agreed upon this, that a market-day would be best for that work; for why? Then will the townsfolk be busy in their ways: and always take this for a rule, when people are most busy in the world, they least fear a surprise. ‘We also then,’ said they, ‘shall be able with less suspicion to gather ourselves together for the work of our friends and lords; yea, and in such a day, if we shall attempt our work, and miss it, we may, when they shall give us the rout, the better hide ourselves in the crowd, and escape.’

These things being thus far agreed upon by them, they wrote another letter to Diabolus, and sent it by the hand to Mr. Profane, the contents of which were these:—

‘The lords of Looseness send to the great and high Diabolus from our dens, caves, holes, and strongholds, in and about the wall of the town of Mansoul, greeting:

‘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 design in our attempts to ruin Mansoul, none can tell but those who, as we do, set themselves against all appearance of good, when and wheresoever we find it.

‘Touching the encouragement that your greatness is pleased to give us to continue to devise, contrive, and study the utter desolation of Mansoul, that we are not solicitous about: for we know right well that it cannot but be pleasing and profitable to us to see our enemies, and them that seek our lives, die at our feet, or fly before us. We therefore are still contriving, and that to the best of our cunning, to make this work most facile and easy to your lordships, and to us.

‘First, we considered of that most hellishly cunning, compacted, threefold project,

that by you was propounded to us in your last; and have concluded, that though to blow them up with the gunpowder of pride would do well, and to do it by tempting them to be loose and vain will help on, yet to contrive to bring them into the gulf of desperation, we think will do best of all. Now we, who are at your beck, have thought or two ways to do this: first we, for our parts, will make them as vile as we can, and then you with us, at a time appointed, shall be ready to fall upon them with the utmost force. And of all the nations that are at your whistle, we think that an army of doubters may be the most likely to attack and overcome the town of Mansoul. Thus shall we overcome these enemies, else the pit shall open her mouth upon them, and desperation shall thrust them down into it. We have also, to effect this so much by us desired design, sent already three of our trusty Diabolonians among them; they are disguised in garb, they have changed their names, and are now accepted of them; namely, Covetousness, Lasciviousness, and Anger. The name of Covetousness is changed to Prudent-Thrifty, and him Mr. Mind has hired, and is almost become as bad as our friend. Lasciviousness has changed his name to Harmless-Mirth, and he is got to be the Lord Willbewill's lackey; but he has made his master very wanton. Anger changed his name into Good-Zeal, and was entertained by Mr. Godly-Fear; but the peevish old gentleman took pepper in the nose, and turned our companion out of his house. Nay, he has informed us since that he ran away from him, or else his old master had hanged him up for his labour.

'Now these have much helped forward our work and design upon Mansoul; for notwithstanding the spite and quarrelsome temper of the old gentleman last mentioned, the other two ply their business well, and are likely to ripen the work apace.

'Our next project is, that it be concluded that you come upon the town upon a market-day, and that when they are upon the heat of their business; for then, to be sure, they will be most secure, and least think that an assault will be made upon them. They will also at such a time be less able to defend themselves, and to offend

you in the prosecution of our design. And we your trusty (and we are sure your beloved) ones shall, when you shall make your furious assault without, be ready to second the business within. So shall we, in all likelihood, be able to put Mansoul to utter confusion, and to swallow them up before they can come to themselves. If your serpentine heads, most subtile dragons, and our highly esteemed lords can find out 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.’

Now all the while that the raging runagates and hellish Diabolonians were thus contriving the ruin of the town of Mansoul, they (namely, the poor town itself) was in a sad and woeful case; partly because they had so grievously offended Shaddai and his Son, and partly because that the enemies thereby got strength within them afresh; and also because, though they had by many petitions made suit to the Prince Emmanuel, and to his Father Shaddai by him, for their pardon and favour, yet hitherto obtained they not one smile; but contrariwise, through the craft and subtilty of the domestic Diabolonians, their cloud was made to grow blacker and blacker, and their Emmanuel to stand at further distance.

The sickness also did still greatly rage in Mansoul, both among the captains and the inhabitants of the town; and their enemies only were now lively and strong, and likely to become the head, whilst Mansoul was made the tail.

By this time the letter last mentioned, that was written by the Diabolonians that yet lurked in the town of Mansoul, was conveyed to Diabolus in the black den, by the hand of Mr. Profane. He carried the letter by Hell-Gate Hill as afore, and conveyed it by Cerberus to his lord.

But when Cerberus and Mr. Profane did meet, they were presently as great as beggars, and thus they fell into discourse about Mansoul, and about the project against her.

‘Ah! old friend,’ quoth Cerberus, ‘art thou come to Hell-Gate Hill again? By St. Mary, I am glad to see thee!’

Prof. Yes, my lord, I am come again about the concerns of the town of Mansoul.

Cerb. Prithee, tell me what condition is that town of Mansoul in at present?

Prof. In a brave condition, my lord, for us, and for my lords, the lords of this place, I trow for they are greatly decayed as to godliness, and that is as well as our heart can wish; their Lord is greatly out with them, and that doth also please us well. We have already also a foot in their dish, for our Diabolonian friends are laid in their bosoms, and what do we lack but to be masters of the place! Besides, our trusty friends in Mansoul are daily plotting to betray it to the lords of this town; also the sickness rages bitterly among them; and that which makes up all, we hope at last to prevail.’

Then said the dog of Hell-Gate, ‘No time like this to assault them. I wish that the enterprise be followed close, and that the success desired may be soon effected: yea, I wish it for the poor Diabolonians’ sakes, that live in the continual fear of their lives in that traitorous town of Mansoul.’

Prof. The contrivance is almost finished, the lords in Mansoul that are Diabolonians are at it day and night, and the other are like silly doves; they want heart to be concerned with their state and to consider that ruin is at hand. Besides you may, yea, must think, when you put all things together, that there are many reasons that prevail with Diabolus to make what haste he can.

Cerb. Thou hast said as it is; I am glad things are at this pass. Go in, my brave Profane, to my lords, they will give thee for thy welcome as good a coranto as the whole of this kingdom will afford. I have sent thy letter in already.

Then Mr. Profane went into the den, and his lord Diabolus met him, and saluted him with, ‘Welcome, my trusty servant: I have been made glad with thy letter.’ The rest of the lords of the pit gave him also their salutations. Then Profane, after obeisance made 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 gorge of hell gave so loud and hideous a groan, (for that is the music of that place,) that it made the mountains about it totter, as if they would fall in pieces.

Now, after they had read and considered the letter, they consulted what answer to return; and the first that did speak to it was Lucifer.

Then said he, 'The first project of the Diabolonians in Mansoul is likely to be lucky, and to take; namely, that they will, by all the ways and means they can, make Mansoul yet more vile and filthy: no way to destroy a soul like this. Our old friend Balaam went this way and prospered many years ago; let this therefore stand with us for a maxim, and be to Diabolonians for a general rule in all ages; for nothing can make this to fail but grace, in which I would hope that this town has no share. But whether to fall upon them on a market-day, because of their cumber in business, that I would should be under debate. And there is more reason why this head should be debated, than why some other should; because upon this will turn the whole of what we shall attempt. If we time not our business well, our whole project may fail. Our friends, the Diabolonians, say that a market-day is best; for then will Mansoul be most busy, and have fewest thoughts of a surprise. But what if also they should double their guards on those days? (and methinks nature and reason should teach them to do it;) and what if they should keep such a watch on those days as the necessity of their present case doth require? yea, what if their men should be always in arms on those days? then you may, my lords, be disappointed in your attempts, and may bring our friends in the town to utter danger of unavoidable ruin.'

Then said the great Beelzebub, 'There is something in what my lord hath said; but his conjecture may, or may not fall out. Nor hath my lord laid it down as that which must not be receded from; for I know that he said it only to provoke to a warm debate thereabout. Therefore we must understand, if we can, whether the town of Mansoul has such sense and knowledge of her decayed state, and of the design that

we have on foot against her, as doth provoke her to set watch and ward at her gates, and to double them on market-days. But if, after inquiry made, it shall be found that they are asleep, then any day will do, but a market-day is best; and this is my judgment in this case.'

Then quoth Diabolus, 'How should we know this?' and it was answered, 'Inquire about it at the mouth of Mr. Profane.' So Profane was called in, and asked the question, and he made his answer as follows:—

Prof. My lords, so far as I can gather, this is at present the condition of the town of Mansoul: they are decayed in their faith and love; Emmanuel, their Prince, has given them the back; they send often by petition to fetch him again, but he maketh not haste to answer their request, nor is there much reformation among them.

Diab. I am glad that they are backward in a reformation, but yet 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 little worth. But go on, my masters; I will divert you, my lords, no longer.

Beel. If the case be so with Mansoul, as Mr. Profane has described it to be, it will be no great matter what day we assault it; not their prayers, nor their power will do them much service.

When Beelzebub had ended his oration, then Apollyon did begin. 'My opinion,' said he, 'concerning this matter, is, that we go on fair and softly, not doing things in a hurry. Let our friends in Mansoul go on still to pollute and defile it, by seeking to draw it yet more into sin (for there is nothing like sin to devour Mansoul). If this be done, and it takes effect, Mansoul, of itself, will leave off to watch, to petition, or anything else that should tend to her security and safety; for she will forget her Emmanuel, she will not desire his company, and can she be gotten thus to live, her Prince will not come to her in haste. Our trusty friend, Mr. Carnal-Security, with one of his tricks did drive him out of the town; and why may not my Lord Covetousness,

and my Lord Lasciviousness, by what they may do, keep him out of the town? And this I will tell you, (not because you know it not,) that two or three Diabolonians, if entertained and countenanced by the town of Mansoul, will do more to the keeping of Emmanuel from them, and towards making the town of Mansoul your own, than can an army of a legion that should be sent out from us to withstand him. Let, therefore, this first project that our friends in Mansoul have set on foot, be strongly and diligently carried on, with all cunning and craft imaginable; and let them send continually, under one guise or another, more and other of their men to play with the people of Mansoul; and then, perhaps, we shall not need to be at the charge of making a war upon them; or if that must of necessity be done, yet the more sinful they are, the more unable, to be sure, they will be to resist us, and then the more easily we shall overcome them. And besides, suppose (and that is the worst that can be supposed) that Emmanuel should come to them again, why may not the same means, or the like, drive him from them once more? Yea, why may he not, by their lapse into that sin again, be driven from them for ever, for the sake of which he was at the first driven from them for a season? And if this should happen, then away go with him his rams, his slings, his captains, his soldiers, and he leaveth Mansoul naked and bare. Yea, will not this town, when she sees herself utterly forsaken of her Prince, of her own accord open her gates again unto you, and make of you as in the days of old? But this must be done by time, a few days will not effect so great a work as this.'

So soon as Apollyon had made an end of speaking, Diabolus began to blow out his own malice, and to plead his own cause; and he said, 'My lords, and powers of the cave, my true and trusty friends, I have with much impatience, as becomes me, given ear to your long and tedious orations. But my furious gorge, and empty paunch, so lusteth after a repossession of my famous town of Mansoul, that whatever comes out, I can wait no longer to see the events of lingering projects. I must, and that without further delay, seek, by all means I can, to fill my insatiable

gulf with the soul and body of the town of Mansoul. Therefore lend me your heads, your hearts, and your help, now I am going to recover my town of Mansoul.'

When the lords and princes of the pit saw the flaming desire that was in Diabolus to devour the miserable town of Mansoul, they left off to raise any more objections, but consented to lend him what strength they could, though had Apollyon's advice been taken, they had far more fearfully distressed the town 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, as he. Wherefore they fell to advising about the next thing propounded, namely, what soldiers they were, and also how many, with whom Diabolus should go against the town of Mansoul to take it; and after some debate, it was concluded, according as in the letter the Diabolonians had suggested, that none were more fit for that expedition than an army of terrible doubters. They therefore concluded to send against Mansoul an army of sturdy doubters. The number thought fit to be employed in that service was between twenty and thirty thousand. So then the result of that great council of those high and mighty lords was—That Diabolus should even now, out of hand, beat up his drum for men in the land of Doubting, which land lieth upon the confines of the place called Hell-Gate Hill, for men that might be employed by him against the miserable town of Mansoul. It was also concluded, that these lords themselves should help him in the war, and that they would to that end head and manage his men. So they drew up a letter, and sent back to the Diabolonians that lurked in Mansoul, and that waited for the back-coming of Mr. Profane, to signify to them into what method and forwardness they at present had put their design. The contents whereof now follow:—

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

‘Our native ones, in whom from day to day we boast, and in whose actions all the year long we do greatly delight ourselves, we received your welcome, because highly esteemed letter, at the hand of our trusty and greatly beloved, the old gentleman, Mr. Profane. And do give you to understand, that when we had broken it up, and had read the contents thereof, to your amazing memory be it spoken, our yawning hollow-bellied place, where we are, made so hideous and yelling a noise for joy, that the mountains that stand round about Hell-Gate Hill, had like to have been shaken to pieces at the sound thereof.

‘We could also do no less than admire your faithfulness to us, with the greatness of that subtilty that now hath showed itself to be in your heads to serve us against the town of Mansoul. For you have invented for us so excellent a method for our proceeding against that rebellious people, a more effectual cannot be thought of by all the 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 approved and admired them.

‘Nay, 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 discoursed 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 town of Mansoul.

‘Wherefore, in fine, all that was said that varied from what you had in your letter propounded, fell of itself to the ground, and yours only was stuck to by Diabolus, the prince; yea, his gaping gorge and yawning paunch was on fire to put your invention into execution.

‘We therefore give you to understand that our stout, furious, and unmerciful Diabolus is raising, for your relief, and the ruin of the rebellious town of Mansoul, more than twenty thousand doubters to come against that people. They are all stout

and sturdy men, and men that of old have been accustomed to war, and that can therefore well endure the drum. I say, he is doing this work of his with all the possible speed he can; for his heart and spirit is engaged in it. We desire, therefore, that, as you have hitherto stuck to us, and given us both advice and encouragement thus far, you still will prosecute our design; nor shall you lose, but be gainers thereby; yea, we intend to make you the lords of Mansoul.

‘One thing may not by any means be omitted, that is, those with us do desire that every one of you that are in Mansoul would still use all your power, cunning, and skill, with delusive persuasions, yet to draw the town of Mansoul into more sin and wickedness, even that sin may be finished and bring forth death.

‘For thus it is concluded with us, that the more vile, sinful, and debauched the town of Mansoul is, more backward will be their Emmanuel to come to their help, either by presence or other relief; yea, the more sinful, the more weak, and so the more unable will they be to make resistance when we shall make our assault upon them to swallow them up. Yea, that may cause that their mighty Shaddai himself may cast them out of his protection; yea, and send for his captains and soldiers home, with his slings and rams, and leave them naked and bare; and then the town of Mansoul will of itself open to us, and fall as the fig into the mouth of the eater. Yea, to be sure that we then with a great deal of ease shall come upon her and overcome her.

‘As to the time of our coming upon Mansoul, we, as yet, have not fully resolved upon that, though at present some of us think as you, that a market-day, or a market-day at night, will certainly be the best. However, do you be ready, and when you shall hear our roaring drum without, do you be as busy to make the most horrible confusion within. So shall Mansoul certainly be distressed before and behind, and shall not know which way to betake herself for help. My Lord Lucifer, my Lord Beelzebub, my Lord Apollyon, my Lord Legion, with the rest, salute you, as does also my Lord Diabolus; and we wish both you, with all that you do, or shall

possess, the very self-same fruit and success for their doing as we ourselves at present enjoy for ours.

‘From our dreadful confines in the most fearful pit, we salute you, and so do those 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 addressed himself for his return to Mansoul, with his errand from the horrible pit to the Diabolonians that dwelt in that town. So he came up the stairs from the deep to the mouth of the cave where Cerberus was. Now when Cerberus saw him, he asked how did matters go below, about and against the town of Mansoul.

Prof. Things go as well as we can expect. The letter that I carried thither was highly approved, and well liked by all my lords, and I am returning to tell our Diabolonians so. I have an answer to it here in my bosom, that I am sure will make our masters that sent me glad; for the contents thereof are to encourage them to pursue their design to the utmost, and to be ready also to fall on within, when they shall see my Lord Diabolus beleaguering the town of Mansoul.

Cerb. But does he intend to go against them himself?

Prof. Does he! Ay! 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 was Cerberus glad, and said, ‘And is there such brave preparations a-making to go against the miserable town of Mansoul? And would I might be put at the head of a thousand of them, that I might also show my valour against the famous town of Mansoul.’

Prof. Your wish may come to pass; you look like one that has mettle enough, and my lord will have with him those that are valiant and stout. But my business requires haste.

Cerb. Ay, so it does. Speed thee to the town of Mansoul, with all the deepest mischiefs that this place can afford thee. And when thou shalt come to the house of Mr. Mischief, the place where the Diabolonians meet to plot, tell them that Cerberus doth wish them his service, and that if he may, he will with the army come up against the famous town of Mansoul.

Prof. That I will. And I know that my lords that are there will be glad to hear it, and to see you also.

So after a few more such kind of compliments, Mr. Profane took his leave of his friend Cerberus; and Cerberus again, with a thousand of their pit-wishes, bid him haste, with all speed, to his masters. The which when he had heard, he made obeisance, and began to gather up his heels to run.

Thus, therefore, he returned, and went and came to Mansoul; and going, as afore, to the house of Mr. Mischief, there he found the Diabolonians assembled, and waiting for his return. Now when he was come, and had presented himself, he also delivered to them his letter, and adjoined this compliment to them therewith: ‘My lords, from the confines of the pit, the high and mighty principalities and powers of the den salute you here, the true Diabolonians of the town of Mansoul. Wishing you always the most proper of their benedictions, for the great service, high attempts, and brave achievements that you have put yourselves upon, for the restoring to our prince Diabolus the famous town of Mansoul.’

This was therefore the present state of the miserable town of Mansoul: she had offended her Prince, and he was gone; she had encouraged the powers of hell, by her foolishness, to come against her to seek her utter destruction.

True, the town of Mansoul was somewhat made sensible of her sin, but the Diabolonians were gotten into her bowels; she cried, but Emmanuel was gone, and her cries did not fetch him as yet again. Besides, she knew not now whether, ever or never, he would return and come to his Mansoul again; nor did they know the power

and industry of the enemy, nor how forward they were to put in execution that plot of hell that they had devised against her.

They did, indeed, still send petition after petition to the Prince, but he answered all with silence. They did neglect reformation, and that was as Diabolus would have it; for he knew, if they regarded iniquity in their heart, their King would not hear their prayer; they therefore did still grow weaker and weaker, and were as a rolling thing before the whirlwind. They cried to their King for help, and laid Diabolonians in their bosoms: what therefore should a King do to them? Yea, there seemed now to be a mixture in Mansoul; the Diabolonians and the Mansoulians would walk the streets together. Yea, they began to seek their peace; for they thought that, since the sickness had been so mortal in Mansoul, it was in vain to go to handygripes with them. Besides, the weakness of Mansoul was the strength of their enemies; and the sins of Mansoul, the advantage of the Diabolonians. The foes of Mansoul did also now begin to promise themselves the town for a possession: there was no great difference now betwixt Mansoulians and Diabolonians: both seemed to be masters of Mansoul. Yea, the Diabolonians increased and grew, but the town of Mansoul diminished greatly. There were more than eleven thousand men, women, and children that died by the sickness in Mansoul.

But now, as Shaddai would have it, there was one whose name was Mr. Prywell, a great lover of the people of Mansoul. And he, as his manner was, did go listening up and down in Mansoul to see, and to hear, if at any time he might, whether there was any design against it or no. For he was always a jealous man, and feared some mischief sometime would befal it, either from the Diabolonians within, or from some power without. Now upon a time it so happened, as Mr. Prywell went listening here and there, that he lighted upon a place called Vilehill, in Mansoul, where Diabolonians used to meet; so hearing a muttering, (you must know that it was in the night,) he softly drew near to hear; nor had he stood long under the house-end, (for there stood a house there,) but he heard one confidently affirm, that it was not, or

would not be long before Diabolus should possess himself again of Mansoul; and that then the Diabolonians did intend to put all Mansoulians to the sword, and would kill and destroy the King's captains, and drive all his soldiers out of the town. He said, moreover, that he knew there were above twenty thousand fighting men prepared by Diabolus for the accomplishing of this design, and that it would not be months before they all should see it.

When Mr. Prywell had heard this story, he did quickly believe it was true: wherefore he went forthwith to my Lord Mayor's house, and acquainted him therewith; who, sending for the subordinate preacher, brake the business to him; and he as soon gave the alarm to the town; for he was now the chief preacher in Mansoul, because, as yet, my Lord Secretary was ill at ease. And this was the way that the subordinate preacher did take to alarm the town therewith. The same hour he caused the lecture bell to be rung; so the people came together: he gave them then a short exhortation to watchfulness, and made Mr. Prywell's news the argument thereof. 'For,' said he, 'an horrible plot is contrived against Mansoul, even to massacre us all in a day, nor is this story to be slighted; for Mr. Prywell is the author thereof. Mr. Prywell was always a lover of Mansoul, a sober and judicious man, a man that is no tattler, nor raiser of false reports, but one that loves to look into the very bottom of matters, and talks nothing of news, but by very solid arguments.

'I will call him, and you shall hear him your own selves;' so he called him, and he came and told his tale so punctually, and affirmed its truth with such ample grounds, that Mansoul fell presently under a conviction of the truth of what he said. The preacher did also back him, saying, 'Sirs, it is not irrational for us to believe it, for we have provoked Shaddai to anger, and have sinned Emmanuel out of the town; we have had too much correspondence with Diabolonians, and have forsaken our former mercies: no marvel then, if the enemy both within and without should design and plot our ruin; and what time like this to do it? The sickness is now in the town, and we have been made weak thereby. Many a good meaning man is dead, and the

Diabolonians of late grow stronger and stronger.

‘Besides,’ quoth the subordinate preacher, ‘I have received from this good truth-teller this one inkling further, that he understood by those that he overheard, that several letters have lately passed between the furies and the Diabolonians in order to our destruction.’ When Mansoul heard all this, and not being able to gainsay it, they lift up their voice and wept. Mr. Prywell did also, in the presence of the townsmen, confirm all that their subordinate preacher had said. Wherefore they now set afresh to bewail their folly, and to a doubling of petitions to Shaddai and his Son. They also brake the business to the captains, high commanders, and men of war in the town of Mansoul, entreating them to use the means to be strong, and to take good courage; and that they would look after their harness, and make themselves ready to give Diabolus battle by night and by day, shall he come, as they are informed he will, to beleaguer the town of Mansoul.

When the captains heard this, they being always true lovers of the town of Mansoul, what do they but like so many Samsons they shake themselves, and come together to consult and contrive how to defeat those bold and hellish contrivances that were upon the wheel by the means of Diabolus and his friends against the now sickly, weakly, and much impoverished town of Mansoul; and they agreed upon these following particulars:—

1. That the gates of Mansoul should be kept shut, and made fast with bars and locks, and that all persons that went out, or came in, should be very strictly examined by the captains of the guards, ‘to the end,’ said they, ‘that those that are managers of the plot amongst us, may, either coming or going, be taken; and that we may also find out who are the great contrivers, amongst us, of our ruin.’

2. The next thing was, that a strict search should be made for all kind of Diabolonians throughout the whole town of Mansoul; and that every man’s house from top to bottom should be looked into, and that, too, house by house, that if

possible a further discovery might be made of all such among them as had a hand in these designs.

3. It was further concluded upon, that wheresoever or with whomsoever any of the Diabolonians were found, that even those of the town of Mansoul that had given them house and harbour, should to their shame, and the warning of others, take penance in the open place.

4. It was, moreover, resolved by the famous town of Mansoul, that a public fast, and a day of humiliation, should be kept throughout the whole corporation, to the justifying of their Prince, the abasing of themselves before him for their transgressions against him, and against Shaddai, his Father. It was further resolved, that all such in Mansoul as did not on that day endeavour to keep that fast, and to humble themselves for their faults, but that should mind their worldly employs, or be found wandering up and down the streets, should be taken for Diabolonians, and should suffer as Diabolonians for such their wicked doings.

5. It was further concluded then, that with what speed, and with what warmth of mind they could, they would renew their humiliation for sin, and their petitions to Shaddai for help; they also resolved, to send tidings to the court of all that Mr. Prywell had told them.

6. It was also determined, that thanks should be given by the town of Mansoul to Mr. Prywell, for his diligent seeking of the welfare of their town: and further, that forasmuch as he was so naturally inclined to seek their good, and also to undermine their foes, they gave him a commission of scout-master-general, for the good of the town of Mansoul.

When the corporation, with their captains, had thus concluded, they did as they had said; they shut up their gates, they made for Diabolonians strict search, they made those with whom any were found to take penance in the open place: they kept their fast, and renewed their petitions to their Prince, and Mr. Prywell managed his charge

and the trust that Mansoul had put in his hands, with great conscience and good fidelity; for he gave himself wholly up to his employ, and that not only within the town, but he went out to pry, to see, and to hear.

And not many days after he provided for his journey, and went towards Hell-Gate Hill, into the country where the Doubters were, where he heard of all that had been talked of in Mansoul, and he perceived also that Diabolus was almost ready for his march, etc. So he came back with speed, and, calling the captains and elders of Mansoul together, he told them where he had been, what he had heard, and what he had seen. Particularly, he told them that Diabolus was almost ready for his march, and that he had made old Mr. Incredulity, that once brake prison in Mansoul, the general of his army; that his army consisted all of Doubters, and that their number was above twenty thousand. He told, moreover, that Diabolus did intend to bring with him the chief princes of the infernal pit, and that he would make them chief captains over his Doubters. He told them, moreover, that it was certainly true that several of the black den would, with Diabolus, ride reformades to reduce the town of Mansoul to the obedience of Diabolus, their prince.

He said, moreover, that he understood by the Doubters, among whom he had been, that the reason why old Incredulity was made general of the whole army, was because none truer than he to the tyrant; and because he had an implacable spite against the welfare of the town of Mansoul. Besides, said he, he remembers the affronts that Mansoul has given him, and he is resolved to be revenged of them.

But the black princes shall be made high commanders, only Incredulity shall be over them all; because, which I had almost forgot, he can more easily, and more dexterously, beleaguer the town of Mansoul, than can any of the princes besides.

Now, when the captains of Mansoul, with the elders of the town, had heard the tidings that Mr. Prywell did bring, they thought it expedient, without further delay, to put into execution the laws that against the Diabolonians their Prince had made

for them, and given them in commandment to manage against them. Wherefore, forthwith a diligent and impartial search was made in all houses in Mansoul, for all and all manner of Diabolonians. Now, in the house of Mr. Mind, and in the house of the great Lord Willbewill, were two Diabolonians found. In Mr. Mind's house was one Lord Covetousness found; but he had changed his name to Prudent-Thrifty. In my Lord Willbewill's house, one Lasciviousness was found; but he had changed his name to Harmless-Mirth. These two the captains and elders of the town of Mansoul took, and committed them to custody under the hand of Mr. Trueman, the gaoler; and this man handled them so severely, and loaded them so well with irons, that in time they both fell into a very deep consumption, and died in the prison-house; their masters also, according to the agreement of the captains and elders, were brought to take penance in the open place to their shame, and for a warning to the rest of the town of Mansoul.

Now, this was the manner of penance in those days: the persons offending being made sensible of the evil of their doings, were enjoined open confession of their faults, and a strict amendment of their lives.

After this, the captains and elders of Mansoul sought yet to find out more Diabolonians, wherever they lurked, whether in dens, caves, holes, vaults, or where else they could, in or about the wall or town of Mansoul. But though they could plainly see their footing, and so follow them by their track and smell to their holds, even to the mouths of their caves and dens, yet take them, hold them, and do justice upon them, they could not; their ways were so crooked, their holds so strong, and they so quick to take sanctuary there.

But Mansoul did now with so stiff an hand rule over the Diabolonians that were left, that they were glad to shrink into corners: time was when they durst walk openly, and in the day; but now they were forced to embrace privacy and the night: time was when a Mansoulian was their companion; but now they counted them deadly

enemies. This good change did Mr. Prywell's intelligence make in the famous town of Mansoul.

By this time, Diabolus had finished his army which he intended to bring with him for the ruin of Mansoul; and had set over them captains, and other field officers, such as liked his furious stomach best: himself was lord paramount, Incredulity was general of his army, their highest captains shall be named afterwards; but now for their officers, colours, and scutcheons.

1. Their first captain was Captain Rage: he was captain over the election doubters, his were the red colours; his standard-bearer was Mr. Destructive, and the great red dragon he had for his scutcheon.

2. The second captain was Captain Fury: he was captain over the vocation doubters; his standard-bearer was Mr. Darkness, his colours were those that were pale, and he had for his scutcheon the fiery flying serpent.

3. The third captain was Captain Damnation: he was captain over the grace doubters; his were the red colours, Mr. No-Life bare them, and he had for his scutcheon the black den.

4. The fourth captain was Captain Insatiable; he was captain over the faith doubters: his were the red colours, Mr. Devourer bare them, and he had for a scutcheon the yawning jaws.

5. The fifth captain was Captain Brimstone: he was captain over the perseverance doubters; his also were the red colours, Mr. Burning bare them, and his scutcheon was the blue and stinking flame.

6. The sixth captain was Captain Torment: he was captain over the resurrection doubters; his colours were those that were pale; Mr. Gnaw was his standard-bearer, and he had the black worm for his scutcheon.

7. The seventh captain was Captain No-Ease; he was captain over the salvation doubters; his were the red colours, Mr. Restless bare them, and his scutcheon was

the ghastly picture of death.

8. The eighth captain was the Captain Sepulchre: he was captain over the glory doubters; his also were the pale colours, Mr. Corruption was his standard-bearer, and he had for his scutcheon a skull, and dead men's bones.

9. The ninth captain was Captain Past-Hope; he was captain of those that are called the felicity doubters; his standard-bearer was Mr. Despair; his also were the red colours, and his scutcheon was a hot iron and the hard heart.

These were his captains, and these were their forces, these were their standards, these were their colours, and these were their scutcheons. Now, over these did the great Diabolus make superior captains, and they were in number seven: as, namely, the Lord Beelzebub, the Lord Lucifer, the Lord Legion, the Lord Apollyon, the Lord Python, the Lord Cerberus, and the Lord Belial; these seven he set over the captains, and Incredulity was lord-general, and, Diabolus was king. The reformades also, such as were like themselves, were made some of them captains of hundreds, and some of them captains of more. And thus was the army of Incredulity completed.

So they set out at Hell-Gate Hill, for there they had their rendezvous, from whence they came with a straight course upon their march toward the town of Mansoul. Now, as was hinted before, the town had, as Shaddai would have it, received from the mouth of Mr. Prywell the alarm of their coming before. Wherefore they set a strong watch at the gates, and had also doubled their guards: they also mounted their slings in good places, where they might conveniently cast out their great stones to the annoyance of their furious enemy.

Nor could those Diabolonians that were in the town do that hurt as was designed they should; for Mansoul was now awake. But alas! poor people, they were sorely affrighted at the first appearance of their foes, and at their sitting down before the town, especially when they heard the roaring of their drum. This, to speak truth, was amazingly hideous to hear; it frighted all men seven miles round, if they were but

awake and heard it. The streaming of their colours was also terrible and dejecting to behold.

When Diabolus was come up against the town, first he made his approach to Ear-gate, and gave it a furious assault, supposing, as it seems, that his friends in Mansoul had been ready to do the work within; but care was taken of that before, by the vigilance of the captains. Wherefore, missing of the help that he expected from them, and finding his army warmly attended with the stones that the slingers did sling, (for that I will say for the captains, that considering the weakness that yet was upon them by reason of the long sickness that had annoyed the town of Mansoul, they did gallantly behave themselves,) he was forced to make some retreat from Mansoul, and to entrench himself and his men in the field without the reach of the slings of the town.

Now having entrenched himself, he did cast up four mounts against the town: the first he called Mount Diabolus, putting his own name thereon, the more to affright the town of Mansoul; the other three he called thus—Mount Alecto, Mount Megara, and Mount Tisiphone; for these are the names of the dreadful furies of hell. Thus he began to play his game with Mansoul, and to serve it as doth the lion his prey, even to make it fall before his terror. But, as I said, the captains and soldiers resisted so stoutly, and did do such execution with their stones, that they made him, though against stomach, to retreat, wherefore Mansoul began to take courage.

Now upon Mount Diabolus, which was raised on the north side of the town, there did the tyrant set up his standard, and a fearful thing it was to behold; for he had wrought in it by devilish art, after the manner of a scutcheon, a flaming flame fearful to behold, and the picture of Mansoul burning in it.

When Diabolus had thus done, he commanded that his drummer should every night approach the walls of the town of Mansoul, and so to beat a parley; the command was to do it at nights, for in the daytime they annoyed him with their slings; for the

tyrant said, that he had a mind to parley with the now trembling town of Mansoul, and he commanded that the drums should beat every night, that through weariness they might at last, if possible, (at the first they were unwilling yet,) be forced to do it.

So this drummer did as commanded: he arose, and did beat his drum. But when his drum did go, if one looked toward the town of Mansoul, ‘Behold darkness and sorrow, and the light was darkened in the heaven thereof.’ No noise was ever heard upon earth more terrible, except the voice of Shaddai when he speaketh. But how did Mansoul tremble! it now looked for nothing but forthwith to be swallowed up.

When this drummer had beaten for a parley, he made this speech to Mansoul: ‘My master has bid me tell you, that if you will willingly submit, you shall have the good of the earth; but if you shall be stubborn, he is resolved to take you by force.’ But by that the fugitive had done beating his drum, the people of Mansoul had betaken themselves to the captains that were in the castle, so that there was none to regard, nor to give this drummer an answer; so he proceeded no further that night, but returned again to his master to the camp.

When Diabolus saw that by drumming he could not work out Mansoul to his will, the next night he sendeth his drummer without his drum, still to let the townsmen know that he had a mind to parley with them. But when all came to all, his parley was turned into a summons to the town to deliver up themselves: but they gave him neither heed nor hearing: for they remembered what at first it cost them to hear him a few words.

The next night he sends 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 made this oration to the town:—

‘O ye inhabitants of the rebellious town of Mansoul! I summon you in the name of the Prince Diabolus, that, without any more ado, you set open the gates of your

town, and admit the great lord to come in. But if you shall still rebel, when we have taken to us the town by force, we will swallow you up as the grave; wherefore if you will hearken to my summons, say so, and if not then let me know.

‘The reason of this my summons,’ quoth he, ‘is, for that my lord is your undoubted prince and lord, as you yourselves have formerly owned. Nor shall that assault that was given to my lord, when Emmanuel dealt so dishonourably by him, prevail with him to lose his right, and to forbear to attempt to recover his own. Consider, then, O Mansoul, with thyself, wilt thou show thyself peaceable, or no? If thou shalt quietly yield up thyself, then our old friendship shall be renewed; but if thou shalt yet refuse and rebel, then expect nothing but fire and sword.’

When the languishing town of Mansoul had heard this summoner and his summons, they were yet more put to their dumps, but made to the captain no answer at all; so away he went as he came.

But, after some consultation among themselves, as also with some of their captains, they applied themselves afresh to the Lord Secretary for counsel and advice from him; for this Lord Secretary was their chief preacher, (as also is mentioned some pages before,) only now he was ill at ease; and of him they begged favour in these two or three things—

1. That he would look comfortably upon them, and not keep himself so much retired from them as formerly. Also, that he would be prevailed with to give them a hearing, while they should make known their miserable condition to him. But to this he told them as before, that ‘as yet he was but ill at ease, and therefore could not do as he had formerly done.’

2. The second thing that they desired was, that he would be pleased to give them his advice about their now so important affairs, for that Diabolus was come and set down before the town 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 said, ‘You must look to the law of the Prince, and there see what is laid upon you to do.’

3. Then they desired that his highness would help them to frame a petition to Shaddai, and unto Emmanuel his Son, and that he would set his own hand thereto as a token that he was one with them in it: ‘For,’ said they, ‘my Lord, many a one have we sent, but can get no answer of peace; but now, surely, one with thy hand unto it may obtain good for Mansoul.’

But all the answer that he gave to this was, ‘that they had offended their Emmanuel, and had also grieved himself, and that therefore they must as yet partake of their own devices.’

This answer of the Lord Secretary fell like a millstone upon them; yea, it crushed them so that they could not tell what to do; yet they durst not comply with the demands of Diabolus, nor with the demands of his captain. So then here were the straits that the town of Mansoul was betwixt, when the enemy came upon her: her foes were ready to swallow her up, and her friends did forbear to help her.

Then stood up my Lord Mayor, whose name was my Lord Understanding, and he began to pick and pick, until he had picked comfort out of that seemingly bitter saying of the Lord Secretary; for thus he descanted upon it: ‘First,’ said he, ‘this unavoidably follows upon the saying of my Lord, “that we must yet suffer for our sins.” Secondly, But,’ quoth he, ‘the words yet sound as if at last we should be saved from our enemies, and that after a few more sorrows, Emmanuel will come and be our help.’ Now the Lord Mayor was the more critical in his dealing with the Secretary’s words, because my lord was more than a prophet, and because none of his words were such, but that at all times they were most exactly significant; and the townsmen were allowed to pry into them, and to expound them to their best advantage.

So they took their leaves of my lord, and returned, and went, and came to the

captains, to whom they did tell what my Lord High Secretary had said; who, when they had heard it, were all of the same opinion as was my Lord Mayor himself. The captains, therefore, began to take some courage unto them, and to prepare to make some brave attempt upon the camp of the enemy, and to destroy all that were Diabolonians, with the roving doubters that the tyrant had brought with him to destroy the poor town of Mansoul.

So all betook themselves forthwith to their places—the Captains to theirs, the Lord Mayor to his, the subordinate preacher to his, and my Lord Willbewill to his. The captains longed to be at some work for their prince; for they delighted in warlike achievements. The next day, therefore, they came together and consulted; and after consultation had, they resolved to give an answer to the captain of Diabolus with slings; and so they did at the rising of the sun on the morrow; for Diabolus had adventured to come nearer again, but the sling-stones were to him and his like hornets. For as there is nothing to the town of Mansoul so terrible as the roaring of Diabolus's drum, so there is nothing to Diabolus so terrible as the well playing of Emmanuel's slings. Wherefore Diabolus was forced to make another retreat, yet further off from the famous town of Mansoul. Then did the Lord Mayor of Mansoul cause the bells to be rung, 'and that thanks should be sent to the Lord High Secretary by the mouth of the subordinate preacher; for that 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 renowned, were frightened, and beaten down by the stones that came from the golden slings of the Prince of the town of Mansoul, he bethought himself, and said, 'I will try to catch them by fawning, I will try to flatter them into my net.'

Wherefore, after a while, he came down again to the wall, not now with his drum, nor with Captain Sepulchre; but having all besugared his lips, he seemed to be a very sweet-mouthed, peaceable prince, designing nothing for humour's sake, nor to

be revenged on Mansoul for injuries by them done to him; but the welfare, and good, and advantage of the town and people therein was now, as he said, his only design. Wherefore, after he had called for audience, and desired that the townsfolk would give it to him, he proceeded in his oration, and said:—

‘Oh, the desire of my heart, the famous town of Mansoul! how many nights have I watched, and how many weary steps have I taken, if perhaps I might do thee good! Far be it, far be it from me to desire to make a war upon you; if ye will but willingly and quietly deliver up yourselves unto me. You know that you were mine of old. Remember also, that so long as you enjoyed me for your lord, and that I enjoyed you for my subjects, you wanted for nothing of all the delights of the earth, that I, your lord and prince, could get for you, or that I could invent to make you bonny and blithe withal. Consider, you never had so many hard, dark, troublesome, and heart-afflicting hours, while you were mine, as you have had since you revolted from me; nor shall you ever have peace again, until you and I become one as before. But, be but prevailed with to embrace me again, and I will grant, yea, enlarge your old charter with abundance of privileges; so that your license 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 incivilities, wherewith you have offended me, be ever charged upon you by me, so long as the sun and moon endure. Nor shall any of those dear friends of mine that now, for the fear of you, lie lurking in dens, and holes, and caves in Mansoul, be hurtful to you any more; yea, they shall be your servants, and shall minister unto you of their substance, and of whatever shall come to hand. I need speak no more; you know them, and have sometime since been much delighted in their company. Why, then, should we abide at such odds? Let us renew our old acquaintance and friendship again.

‘Bear with your friend; I take the liberty at this time to speak thus freely unto you. The love that I have to you presses me to do it, as also does the zeal of my heart for my friends with you: put me not therefore to further trouble, nor yourselves to

further fears and frights. Have you I will, in a way of peace or war; nor do you flatter yourselves with the power and force of your captains, or that your Emmanuel will shortly come in to your help; for such strength will do you no pleasure.

‘I am come against you with a stout and valiant army, and all the chief princes of the den are even 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 an hundred more of them, to one of the least of my captains! How, then, shall Mansoul think to escape my hand and force?’

Diabolus having thus handed his flattering, fawning, deceitful, and lying speech to the famous town of Mansoul, the Lord Mayor replied to him as follows: ‘O Diabolus, prince of darkness, and master of all deceit; thy lying flatteries we have had and made sufficient probation of, and have tasted too deeply of that destructive cup already. Should we therefore again hearken unto thee, and so break the commandments of our great Shaddai, to join in affinity with thee, would not our Prince reject us, and cast us off for ever? And, being cast off by him, can the place that he has prepared for thee be a place of rest for us? Besides, O thou that art empty and void of all truth, we are rather ready to die by thy hand, than to fall in with thy flattering and lying deceits.’

When the tyrant saw that there was little to be got by parleying with my Lord Mayor, he fell into an hellish rage, and resolved that again, with his army of doubters, he would another time assault the town of Mansoul.

So he called for his drummer, who beat up for his men (and while he did beat, Mansoul did shake) to be in a readiness to give battle to the corporation: then Diabolus drew near with his army, and thus disposed of his men. Captain Cruel and Captain Torment, these he drew up and placed against Feel-gate, and commanded them to sit down there for the war. And he also appointed that, if need were, Captain

No-Ease should come in to their relief. At Nose-gate he placed the Captain Brimstone and Captain Sepulchre, and bid them look well to their ward, on that side of the town of Mansoul. But at Eye-gate he placed that grim-faced one, the Captain Past-Hope, and there also now he did set up his terrible standard.

Now Captain Insatiable, he was to look to the carriages of Diabolus, and was also appointed to take into custody that, or those persons and things, that should at any time as prey be taken from the enemy.

Now Mouth-gate the inhabitants of Mansoul kept for a sally-port; wherefore that they kept strong; for that it was it by and out at which the townsfolk did send their petitions to Emmanuel their Prince. That also was the gate from the top of which the captains did play their slings at the enemies; for that gate stood somewhat ascending, so that the placing of them there, and the letting of them fly from that place, did much execution against the tyrant's army. Wherefore, for these causes, with others, Diabolus sought, if possible, to land up Mouth-gate with dirt.

Now, as Diabolus was busy and industrious in preparing to make his assault upon the town of Mansoul, without, so the captains and soldiers in the corporation were as busy in preparing within; they mounted their slings, they set up their banners, they sounded their trumpets, and put themselves in such order as was judged most for the annoyance of the enemy, and for the advantage of Mansoul, and gave to their soldiers orders to be ready at the sound of the trumpet for war. The Lord Willbewill also, he took the charge of watching against the rebels within, and to do what he could to take them while without, or to stifle them within their caves, dens, and holes in the town-wall of Mansoul. And, to speak the truth of him, ever since he took penance for his fault, he has showed as much honesty and bravery of spirit as any he in Mansoul; for he took one Jolly, and his brother Griggish, the two sons of his servant Harmless-Mirth, (for to that day, though the father was committed to ward, the sons had a dwelling in the house of my lord,)—I say, he took them, and

with his own hands put them to the cross. And this was the reason why he hanged them up: after their father was put into the hands of Mr. True-Man the gaoler, they, his sons, began to play his pranks, and to be ticking and toying with the daughters of their lord; nay, it was jealoused that they were too familiar with them, the which was brought to his lordship's ear. Now his lordship being unwilling unadvisedly to put any man to death, did not suddenly fall upon them, but set watch and spies to see if the thing was true; of the which he was soon informed, for his two servants, whose names were Find-Out and Tell-All, catched them together in uncivil manner more than once or twice, and went and told their lord. So when my Lord Willbewill had sufficient ground to believe the thing was true, he takes the two young Diabolonians, (for such they were, for their father was a Diabolonian born,) and has them to Eye-gate, where he raised a very high cross, just in the face of Diabolus, and of his army, and there he hanged the young villains, in defiance to Captain Past-Hope, and of the horrible standard of the tyrant.

Now this Christian act of the brave Lord Willbewill did greatly abash Captain Past-Hope, discouraged the army of Diabolus, put fear into the Diabolonian runagates in Mansoul, and put strength and courage into the captains that belonged to Emmanuel, the Prince; for they without did gather, and that by this very act of my Lord, that Mansoul was resolved to fight, and that the Diabolonians within the town could not do such things as Diabolus had hopes they would. Nor was this the only proof of the brave Lord Willbewill's honesty to the town, nor of his loyalty to his Prince, as will afterwards appear.

Now, when the children of Prudent-Thrifty, who dwelt with Mr. Mind, (for Thrift left children with Mr. Mind, when he was also committed to prison, and their names were Gripe and Rake-All; these he begat of Mr. Mind's bastard daughter, whose name was Mrs. Hold-fast-Bad;)—I say, when his children perceived how the Lord Willbewill had served them that dwelt with him, what do they but, lest they should drink of the same cup, endeavour to make their escape. But Mr. Mind, being wary of

it, took them and put them in hold in his house till morning; (for this was done over night;) and remembering that by the law of Mansoul all Diabolonians were to die, (and to be sure they were at least by father's side such, and some say by mother's side too,) what does he but takes them and puts them in chains, and carries them to the selfsame place where my lord hanged his two before, and there he hanged them.

The townsmen also took great encouragement at this act of Mr. Mind, and did what they could to have taken some more of these Diabolonian troublers of Mansoul; but at that time the rest lay so squat and close, that they could not be apprehended; so they set against them a diligent watch, and went every man to his place.

I told you a little before, that Diabolus and his army were somewhat abashed and discouraged at the sight of what my Lord Willbewill did, when he hanged up those two young Diabolonians; but his discouragement quickly turned itself into furious madness and rage against the town of Mansoul, and fight it he would. Also the townsmen and captains within, they had their hopes and their expectations heightened, believing at last the day would be theirs; so they feared them the less. Their subordinate preacher, too, made a sermon about it; and he took that theme for his text, 'Gad, a troop shall overcome him: but he shall overcome at the last.' Whence he showed, that though Mansoul should be sorely put to it at the first, yet the victory should most certainly be Mansoul's at the last.

So Diabolus commanded that his drummer should beat a charge against the town; and the captains also that were in the town sounded a charge against them, but they had no drum: they were trumpets of silver with which they sounded against them. Then they which were of the camp of Diabolus came down to the town to take it, and the captains in the castle, with the slingers at Mouth-gate, played upon them amain. And now there was nothing heard in the camp of Diabolus but horrible rage and blasphemy; but in the town good words, prayer, and singing of psalms. The enemy replied with horrible objections, and the terribleness of their drum; but the

town made answer with the slapping of their slings, and the melodious noise of their trumpets. And thus the fight lasted for several days together, only now and then they had some small intermission, in the which the townsmen refreshed themselves, and the captains made ready for another assault.

The captains of Emmanuel were clad in silver armour, and the soldiers in that which was of proof; the soldiers of Diabolus were clad in iron which was made to give place to Emmanuel's engine-shot. In the town, some were hurt, and some were greatly wounded. Now, the worst of it was, a chirurgeon was scarce in Mansoul, for that Emmanuel at present was absent. Howbeit, with the leaves of a tree the wounded were kept from dying; yet their wounds did greatly putrefy, and some did grievously stink. Of the townsmen, these were wounded, namely, my Lord Reason; he was wounded in the head. Another that was wounded was the brave Lord Mayor; he was wounded in the eye. Another that was wounded was Mr. Mind; he received his wound about the stomach. The honest subordinate preacher also, he received a shot not far off the heart but none of these were mortal.

Many also of the inferior sort were not only wounded but slain outright.

Now, in the camp of Diabolus were wounded and slain a considerable number; for instance, Captain Rage, he was wounded, and so was Captain Cruel. Captain Damnation was made to retreat, and to intrench himself further off of Mansoul. The standard also of Diabolus was beaten down, and his standard-bearer, Captain Much-Hurt, had his brains beat out with a sling-stone, to the no little grief and shame of his prince Diabolus.

Many also of the doubters were slain outright, though enough of them were left alive to make Mansoul shake and totter. Now the victory that day being turned to Mansoul, did put great valour into the townsmen and captains, and did cover Diabolus's camp with a cloud, but withal it made them far more furious. So the next day Mansoul rested, and commanded that the bells should be rung; the trumpets also

joyfully sounded, and the captains shouted round the town.

My Lord Willbewill also was not idle, but did notable service within against the domestics, or the Diabolonians that were in the town, not only by keeping them in awe, for he lighted on one at last whose name was Mr. Anything, a fellow of whom mention was made before; for it was he, if you remember, that brought the three fellows to Diabolus, whom the Diabolonians took out of Captain Boanerges's companies, and that persuaded them to list themselves under the tyrant, to fight against the army of Shaddai. My Lord Willbewill did also take a notable Diabolonian, whose name was Loose-Foot: this Loose-Foot was a scout to the vagabonds in Mansoul, and that did use to carry tidings out of Mansoul to the camp, and out of the camp to those of the enemies in Mansoul. Both these my lord sent away safe to Mr. True-Man, the gaoler, with a commandment to keep them in irons; for he intended then to have them out to be crucified, when it would be for the best to the corporation, and most for the discouragement of the camp of the enemies.

My Lord Mayor also, though he could not stir about so much as formerly, because of the wound that he lately received, yet gave he out orders to all that were the natives of Mansoul, to look to their watch, and stand upon their guard, and, as occasion should offer, to prove themselves men.

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

Well, awhile after, the captains and stout ones of the town of Mansoul agreed and resolved upon a time to make a sally out upon the camp of Diabolus, and this must be done in the night; and there was the folly of Mansoul, (for the night is always the best for the enemy, but the worst for Mansoul to fight in,) but yet they would do it, their courage was so high; their last victory also still stuck in their memories.

So the night appointed being come, the Prince's brave captains cast lots who should lead the van in this new and desperate expedition against Diabolus, and against his

Diabolonian army; and the lot fell to Captain Credence, to Captain Experience, and to Captain Good-Hope, to lead the forlorn hope. (This Captain Experience the Prince created such when himself did reside in the town of Mansoul.) So, as I said, they made their sally out upon the army that lay in the siege against them; and their hap was to fall in with the main body of their enemies. Now Diabolus and his men being expertly accustomed to night-work, took the alarm presently, and were as ready to give them battle, as if they had sent them word of their coming. Wherefore to it they went amain, and blows were hard on every side; the hell drum also was beat most furiously, while the trumpets of the Prince most sweetly sounded. And thus the battle was joined; and Captain Insatiable looked to the enemy's carriages, and waited when he should receive some prey.

The Prince's captains fought it stoutly, beyond what indeed could be expected they should; they wounded many; they made the whole army of Diabolus to make a retreat. But I cannot tell how, but the brave Captain Credence, Captain Good-Hope, and Captain Experience, as they were upon the pursuit, cutting down, and following hard after the enemy in the rear, Captain Credence stumbled and fell, by which fall he caught so great a hurt, that he could not rise till Captain Experience did help him up, at which their men were put in disorder. The captain also was so full of pain, that he could not forbear but aloud to cry out: at this, the other two captains fainted, supposing that Captain Credence had received his mortal wound; their men also were more disordered, and had no list to fight. Now Diabolus being very observing, though at this time as yet he was put to the worst, perceiving that a halt was made among the men that were the pursuers, what does he but, taking it for granted that the captains were either wounded or dead, he therefore makes at first a stand, then faces about, and so comes up upon the Prince's army with as much of his fury as hell could help him to; and his hap was to fall in just among the three captains, Captain Credence, Captain Good-Hope, and Captain Experience, and did cut, wound, and pierce them so dreadfully, that what through discouragement, what

through disorder, and what through the wounds that they had received, and also the loss of much blood, they scarce were able, though they had for their power the three best hands in Mansoul, to get safe into the hold again.

Now, when the body of the Prince's army saw how these three captains were put to the worst, they thought it their wisdom to make as safe and good a retreat as they could, and so returned by the sally-port again; and so there was an end of this present action. But Diabolus was so flushed with this night's work, that he promised himself, in few days, an easy and complete conquest over the town of Mansoul; wherefore, on the day following, he comes up to the sides thereof with great boldness, and demands entrance, and that forthwith they deliver themselves up to his government. The Diabolonians, too, that were within, they began to be somewhat brisk, as we shall show afterward.

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

And with that the Lord Willbewill stood up, and said, 'Diabolus, thou master of the den, and enemy to all that is good, we poor inhabitants of the town of Mansoul are too well acquainted with thy rule and government, and with the end of those things that for certain will follow submitting to thee, to do it. Wherefore though while we were without knowledge we suffered thee to take us, (as the bird that saw not the snare fell into the hands of the fowler,) yet since we have been turned from darkness to light, we have also been turned from the power of Satan to God. And though through thy subtlety, and also the subtlety of the Diabolonians within, we have sustained much loss, and also plunged ourselves into much perplexity, yet give up ourselves, lay down our arms, and yield to so horrid a tyrant as thou, we shall not; die upon the place we choose rather to do. Besides, we have hopes that in time deliverance will come from court unto us, and therefore we yet will maintain a war

against thee.’

This brave speech of the Lord Willbewill, with that also of the Lord Mayor, did somewhat abate the boldness of Diabolus, though it kindled the fury of his rage. It also succoured the townsmen and captains; yea, it was as a plaster to the brave Captain Credence’s wound; for you must know that a brave speech now (when the captains of the town with their men of war came home routed, and when the enemy took courage and boldness at the success that he had obtained to draw up to the walls, and demand entrance, as he did) was in season, and also advantageous.

The Lord Willbewill also did play the man within; for while the captains and soldiers were in the field, he was in arms in the town, and wherever by him there was a Diabolonian found, they were forced to feel the weight of his heavy hand, and also the edge of his penetrating sword: many therefore of the Diabolonians he wounded, as the Lord Cavil, the Lord Brisk, the Lord Pragmatic, and the Lord Murmur; several also of the meaner sort he did sorely maim; though there cannot at this time an account be given you of any that he slew outright. The cause, or rather the advantage that my Lord Willbewill had at this time to do thus, was for that the captains were gone out to fight the enemy in the field. ‘For now,’ thought the Diabolonians within, ‘is our time to stir and make an uproar in the town.’ What do they therefore but quickly get themselves into a body, and fall forthwith to hurricaning in Mansoul, as if now nothing but whirlwind and tempest should be there. Wherefore, as I said, he takes this opportunity to fall in among them with his men, cutting and slashing with courage that was undaunted; at which the Diabolonians with all haste dispersed themselves to their holds, and my lord to his place as before.

This brave act of my lord did somewhat revenge the wrong done by Diabolus to the captains, and also did let them know that Mansoul was not to be parted with for the loss of a victory or two; wherefore the wing of the tyrant was clipped again, as to

boasting,—I mean in comparison of what he would have done, if the Diabolonians had put the town to the same plight to which he had put the captains.

Well, Diabolus yet resolves to have the other bout with Mansoul. ‘For,’ thought he, ‘since I beat them once, I may beat them twice.’ Wherefore he commanded his men to be ready at such an hour of the night, to make a fresh assault upon the town; and he gave it out in special that they should bend all their force against Feel-gate, and attempt to break into the town through that. The word that then he did give to his officers and soldiers was Hell-fire. ‘And,’ said he, ‘if we break in upon them, as I wish we do, either with some, or with all our force, let them that break in look to it, that they forget not the word. And let nothing be heard in the town 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 put on what courage they could, and to see that they played manfully their parts against the town.

So when night was come, and all things by the tyrant made ready for the work, he suddenly makes his assault upon Feel-gate, and after he had awhile struggled there, he throws the gate wide open: for the truth is, those gates were but weak, and so most easily made to yield. When Diabolus had thus far made his attempt, he placed his captains (namely, Torment and No-Ease) there; so he attempted to press forward, but the Prince’s captains came down upon him, and made his entrance more difficult than he desired. And, to speak truth, they made what resistance they could; but the three of their best and most valiant captains being wounded, and by their wounds made much incapable of doing the town that service they would, (and all the rest having more than their hands full of the doubters, and their captains that did follow Diabolus,) they were overpowered with force, nor could they keep them out of the town. Wherefore the Prince’s men and their captains betook themselves to the castle, as to the stronghold of the town: and this they did partly for their own security, partly for the security of the town, and partly, or rather chiefly, to preserve to

Emmanuel the prerogative-royal of Mansoul; for so was the castle of Mansoul.

The captains therefore being fled into the castle, the enemy, without much resistance, possess themselves of the rest of the town, and spreading themselves as they went into every corner, they cried out as they marched, according to the command of the tyrant, ‘Hell-fire! Hell-fire! Hell-fire!’ so that nothing for a while throughout the town of Mansoul could be heard but the direful noise of ‘Hell-fire!’ together with the roaring of Diabolus’s drum. And now did the clouds hang black over Mansoul, nor to reason did anything but ruin seem to attend it. Diabolus also quartered his soldiers in the houses of the inhabitants of the town of Mansoul. Yea, the subordinate preacher’s house was as full of these outlandish doubters as ever it could hold, and so was my Lord Mayor’s, and my Lord Willbewill’s also. Yea, where was there a corner, a cottage, a barn, or a hogstye, that now was not full of these vermin? Yea, they turned the men of the town out of their houses, and would lie in their beds, and sit at their tables themselves. Ah, poor Mansoul! now thou feelest the fruits of sin, yea, what venom was in the flattering words of Mr. Carnal-Security! They made great havoc of whatever they laid their hands on; yea, they fired the town in several places; many young children also were by them dashed in pieces; and those that were yet unborn they destroyed in their mothers’ wombs: for you must needs think that it could not now be otherwise; for what conscience, what pity, what bowels of compassion can any expect at the hands of outlandish doubters? Many in Mansoul that were women, both young and old, they forced, ravished, and beastlike abused, so that they swooned, miscarried, and many of them died, and so lay at the top of every street, and in all by-places of the town.

And now did Mansoul seem to be nothing but a den of dragons, an emblem of hell, and a place of total darkness. Now did Mansoul lie almost like the barren wilderness; nothing but nettles, briars, thorns, weeds, and stinking things seemed now to cover the face of Mansoul. I told you before, how that these Diabolonian doubters turned the men of Mansoul out of their beds, and now I will add, they

wounded them, they mauled them, yea, and almost brained many of them. Many did I say, yea most, if not all of them. Mr. Conscience they so wounded, yea, and his wounds so festered, that he could have no ease day nor night, but lay as if continually upon a rack; but that Shaddai rules all, certainly they had slain him outright. Mr. Lord Mayor they so abused that they almost put out his eyes; and had not my Lord Willbewill got into the castle, they intended to have chopped him all to pieces; for they did look upon him, as his heart now stood, to be one of the very worst that was in Mansoul against Diabolus and his crew. And indeed he hath shown himself a man, and more of his exploits you will hear of afterwards.

Now, a man might have walked for days together in Mansoul, and scarcely have seen one in the town that looked like a religious man. Oh, the fearful state of Mansoul now! now every corner swarmed with outlandish doubters; red-coats and black-coats walked the town by clusters, and filled up all the houses with hideous noises, vain songs, lying stories, and blasphemous language against Shaddai and his Son. Now also those Diabolonians that lurked in the walls and dens and holes that were in the town of Mansoul, came forth and showed themselves; yea, walked with open face in company with the doubters that were in Mansoul. Yea, 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 woful town of Mansoul.

But Diabolus and his outlandish men were not at peace in Mansoul; for they were not there entertained as were the captains and forces of Emmanuel: the townsmen did browbeat them what they could; nor did they partake or make stroy of any of the necessaries of Mansoul, but that which they seized on against the townsmen’s will: what they could, they hid from them, and what they could not, they had with an ill-will. They, poor hearts! had rather have had their room than their company; but they were at present their captives, and their captives for the present they were forced to be. But, I say, they discountenanced them as much as they were able, and showed them all the dislike that they could.

The captains also from the castle did hold them in continual play with their slings, to the chafing and fretting of the minds of the enemies. True, Diabolus made a great many attempts to have broken open the gates of the castle, but Mr. Godly-Fear was made the keeper of that; and he was a man of that courage, conduct, and valour, that it was in vain, as long as life lasted within him, to think to do that work, though mostly desired; wherefore all the attempts that Diabolus made against him were fruitless. I have wished sometimes that that man had had the whole rule of the town of Mansoul.

Well, this was the condition of the town of Mansoul for about two years and a half: the body of the town was the seat of war, the people of the town were driven into holes, and the glory of Mansoul was laid in the dust. What rest, then, could be to the inhabitants, what peace could Mansoul have, and what sun could shine upon it? Had the enemy lain so long without in the plain against the town, it had been enough to have famished them: but now, when they shall be within, when the town shall be their tent, their trench and fort against the castle that was in the town; when the town shall be against the town, and shall serve to be a defence to the enemies of her strength and life: I say, when they shall make use of the forts and town-holds to secure themselves in, even till they shall take, spoil, and demolish the castle,—this was terrible! and yet this was now the state of the town of Mansoul.

After the town of Mansoul had been in this sad and lamentable condition, for so long a time as I have told you, and no petitions that they presented their Prince with, all this while, could prevail, the inhabitants of the town, namely, the elders and chief of Mansoul, gathered together, and, after some time spent in condoling their miserable state and this miserable judgment coming upon them, they agreed together to draw up yet another petition, and to send it away to Emmanuel for relief. But Mr. Godly-Fear stood up and answered, that he knew that his Lord the Prince never did nor ever would receive a petition for these matters, from the hand of any whoever, unless the Lord Secretary’s hand was to it; ‘and this,’ quoth he, ‘is the reason that

you prevailed not all this while.' Then they said they would draw up one, and get the Lord Secretary's hand unto it. But Mr. Godly-Fear answered again, that he knew also that the Lord Secretary would not set his hand to any petition that himself had not an hand in composing and drawing up. 'And besides,' said he, 'the Prince doth know my Lord Secretary's hand from all the hands in the world; wherefore he cannot be deceived by any pretence whatever. Wherefore my advice is that you go to my Lord, and implore him to lend you his aid.' (Now he did yet abide in the castle, where all the captains and men-at-arms were.)

So they heartily thanked Mr. Godly-Fear, took his counsel, and did as he had bidden them. So they went and came to my Lord, and made known the cause of their coming to him; namely, that since Mansoul was in so deplorable a condition, his Highness would be pleased to undertake to draw up a petition for them to Emmanuel, the Son of the mighty Shaddai, and to their King and his Father by him.

Then said the Secretary to them, 'What petition is it that you would have me draw up for you?' But they said, 'Our Lord knows best the state and condition of the town of Mansoul; and how we are backslidden and degenerated from the Prince: thou also knowest who is come up to war against us, and how Mansoul is now the seat of war. My Lord knows, moreover, what barbarous usages our men, women, and children have suffered at their hands; and how our homebred Diabolonians do walk now with more boldness than dare the townsmen in the streets 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 set my hand thereto.' Then said they, 'But when shall we call for it at the hands of our Lord?' But he answered, 'Yourselves must be present at the doing of it; yea, you must put your desires to it. True, the hand and pen shall be mine, but the ink and paper must be yours; else how can you say it is your petition? Nor have I need to petition for myself, because I have not offended.' He also added as followeth: 'No petition goes from me in my name to the Prince,

and so to his Father by him, but when the people that are chiefly concerned therein do join in heart and soul in the matter, for that must be inserted therein.'

So they did heartily agree with the sentence of the Lord, and a petition was forthwith drawn up for them. But now, who should carry it? that was next. But the Secretary advised that Captain Credence should carry it; for he was a well-spoken man. They therefore called for him, and propounded to him the business. 'Well,' said the captain, 'I gladly accept of the motion; and though I am lame, I will do this business for you with as much speed, and as well as I can.'

The contents of the petition were to this purpose

'O our Lord, and Sovereign Prince Emmanuel, the potent, the long-suffering Prince! grace is poured into thy lips, and to thee belong mercy and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against thee. We, who are no more worthy to be called thy Mansoul, nor yet fit to partake of common benefits, do beseech thee, and thy Father by thee, to do away our transgressions. We confess that thou mightest cast us away for them; but do it not for thy name's sake: let the Lord rather take an opportunity, at our miserable condition, to let out his bowels and compassions to us. We are compassed on every side, Lord; our own backslidings reprove us; our Diabolonians within our town fright us; and the army of the angel of the bottomless pit distresses us. Thy grace can be our salvation, and whither to go but to thee we know not.

'Furthermore, O gracious Prince, we have weakened our captains, and they are discouraged, sick, and, of late, some of them grievously worsted and beaten out of the field by the power and force of the tyrant. Yea, even those of our captains, in whose valour we did formerly use to put most of our confidence, they are as wounded men. Besides, Lord, our enemies are lively, and they are strong; they vaunt and boast themselves, and do threaten to part us among themselves for a booty. They are fallen also upon us, Lord, with many thousand doubters, such as with whom we cannot tell what to do; they are all grim-looked and unmerciful ones, and they bid

defiance to us and thee.

‘Our wisdom is gone, our power is gone, because thou art departed from us; nor have we what we may call ours but sin, shame, and confusion of face for sin. Take pity upon us, O Lord, take pity upon us, thy miserable town of Mansoul, and save us out of the hands of our enemies. Amen.’

This petition, as was touched afore, was handed by the Lord Secretary, and carried to the court by the brave and most stout Captain Credence. Now he carried it out at Mouth-gate, (for that, as I said, was the sally-port of the town,) and he went and came to Emmanuel with it. Now how it came out, I do not know; but for certain it did, and that so far as to reach the ears of Diabolus. Thus I conclude, because that the tyrant had it presently by the end, and charged the town of Mansoul with it, saying, ‘Thou rebellious and stubborn-hearted Mansoul, I will make thee to leave off petitioning. Art thou yet for petitioning? I will make thee to leave.’ Yea, he also knew who the messenger was that carried the petition to the Prince, and it made him both to fear and rage.

Wherefore he commanded that his drum should be beat again, a thing that Mansoul could not abide to hear: but when Diabolus will have his drum beat, Mansoul must abide the noise. Well, the drum was beat, and the Diabolonians were gathered together.

Then said Diabolus, ‘O ye stout Diabolonians, be it known unto you, that there is treachery hatched against us in the rebellious town of Mansoul; for albeit the town is in our possession, as you see, yet these miserable Mansoulians have attempted to dare, and have been so hardy as yet to send to the court to Emmanuel for help. This I give you to understand, that ye may yet know how to carry it to the wretched town of Mansoul. Wherefore, O my trusty Diabolonians, I command that yet more and more ye distress this town of Mansoul, and vex it with your wiles, ravish their women, deflower their virgins, slay their children, brain their ancients, fire their

town, and what other mischief you can; and let this be the reward of the Mansoulians from me, for their desperate rebellions against me.'

This, you see, was the charge; but something stepped in betwixt that and execution, for as yet there was but little more done than to rage.

Moreover, when Diabolus had done thus, he went the next way up to the castle gates, and demanded that, upon pain of death, the gates should be opened to him, and that entrance should be given him and his men that followed after. To whom Mr. Godly-Fear replied, (for he it was that had the charge of that gate,) that the gate should not be opened unto him, nor to the men that followed after him. He said, moreover, that Mansoul, when she had suffered awhile, should be made perfect, strengthened, settled.

Then said Diabolus, 'Deliver me, then, the men that have petitioned against me, especially Captain Credence, that carried it to your Prince; deliver that varlet into my hands, and I will depart from the town.'

Then up starts a Diabolonian, whose name was Mr. Fooling, and said, 'My lord offereth you fair: it is better for you that one man perish, than that your whole Mansoul should be undone.'

But Mr. Godly-Fear made him this replication, 'How long will Mansoul be kept out of the dungeon, when she hath given up her faith to Diabolus! As good lose the town, as lose Captain Credence; for if one be gone the other must follow.' But to that Mr. Fooling said nothing.

Then did my Lord Mayor reply, and said, 'O thou devouring tyrant, be it known unto thee, we shall hearken to none of thy words; we are resolved to resist thee as long as a captain, a man, a sling, and a stone to throw at thee shall be found in the town of Mansoul.' But 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 in your skirts, to let innocent prayers come out of your lips. Think you that

you shall be prevailers and prosper in this design? You will fail in your wish, you will fail in your attempts; for it is not only I, but your Emmanuel is against you: yea, it is he that hath 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 shall be no help to thee, for our Emmanuel hath said it, and that in great faithfulness, "and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." He hath also told us, O our enemy, that "all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven" to the sons of men. Therefore we dare not despair, but will look for, wait for, and hope for deliverance still.'

Now, by this time, Captain Credence was returned and come from the court from Emmanuel to the castle of Mansoul, and he returned to them with a packet. So my Lord Mayor, hearing that Captain Credence was come, withdrew himself from the noise of the roaring of the tyrant, and left him to yell at the wall of the town, or against the gates of the castle. So he came up to the captain's lodgings, and saluting him, he asked him of his welfare, and what was the best news at court. But when he asked Captain Credence that, the water stood in his eyes. Then said the captain, 'Cheer up, my lord, for all will be well in time.' And with that he first produced his packet, and laid it by; but that the Lord Mayor, and the rest of the captains, took for sign of good tidings. Now a season of grace being come, he sent for all the captains and elders of the town, that were here and there in their lodgings in the castle and upon their guard, to let them know that Captain Credence was returned from the court, and that he had something in general, and something in special, to communicate to them. So they all came up to him, and saluted him, and asked him concerning 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 thus saluted them, he opened his packet, and thence did draw out his several notes for those that he had sent for.

And the first note was for my Lord Mayor, wherein was signified:—That the Prince Emmanuel had taken it well that my Lord Mayor had been so true and trusty in his office, and the great concerns that lay upon him for the town and people of Mansoul. Also, he bid him to 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 signified, at the close of his letter, that he should shortly receive his reward.

The second note that came out, was for the noble Lord Willbewill, wherein there was signified:—That his Prince Emmanuel did well understand how valiant and courageous he had been for the honour of his Lord, now in his absence, and when his name was under contempt by Diabolus. There was signified also, that his Prince had taken it well that he had been so faithful to the town of Mansoul, in his keeping of so strict a hand and eye over and so strict a rein upon the neck of the Diabolonians, that did still lie lurking in their several holes in the famous town of Mansoul. He signified, moreover, how that he understood that my Lord had, with his own hand, done great execution upon some of the chief of the rebels there, to the great discouragement of the adverse party and to the good example of the whole town of Mansoul; and that shortly his lordship should have his reward.

The third note came out for the subordinate preacher, wherein was signified:—That his Prince took it well from him, that he had so honestly and so 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 town. He signified, moreover, that he took it well at his hand that he called to fasting, to sackcloth, and ashes, when Mansoul was under her revolt. Also, that he called for the aid of the Captain Boanerges to help in so weighty a work; and that shortly he also should receive his reward.

The fourth note came out for Mr. Godly-Fear, wherein his Lord thus signified:—That his Lordship observed, that he was the first of all the men in

Mansoul that detected Mr. Carnal-Security as the only one that, through his subtlety and cunning, had obtained for Diabolus a defection and decay of goodness in the blessed town 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 observed, by the same note, that his Lord took notice of his detecting of this Mr. Carnal-Security, at his own table among his guests, in his own house, and that in the midst of his jolliness, even while he was seeking to perfect his villanies against the town of Mansoul. Emmanuel also took notice that this reverend person, Mr. Godly-Fear, stood stoutly to it, at the gates of the castle, against all the threats and attempts of the tyrant; and that he had put the townsmen in a way to make their petition to their Prince, so as that he might accept thereof, and as they might obtain an answer of peace; and that therefore shortly he should receive his reward.

After all this, there was yet produced a note which was written to the whole town of Mansoul, whereby they perceived—That their Lord took notice of their so often repeating of petitions to him; and that they should see more of the fruits of such their doings in time to come. Their Prince did also therein tell them, that he took it well, that their heart and mind, now at last, abode fixed upon him and his ways, though Diabolus had made such inroads upon them; and that neither flatteries on the one hand, nor hardships on the other, could make them yield to serve his cruel designs. There was also inserted at the bottom of this note—That his Lordship had left the town of Mansoul in the hands of the Lord Secretary, and under the conduct of Captain Credence, saying, ‘Beware that you yet yield yourselves unto their governance; and in due time you shall receive your reward.’

So, after the brave Captain Credence had delivered his notes to those to whom they belonged, he retired himself to my Lord Secretary’s lodgings, and there spends time in conversing with him; for they too were very great one with another, and did indeed know more how things would go with Mansoul than did all the townsmen besides. The Lord Secretary also loved the Captain Credence dearly; yea, many a

good bit was sent him from my Lord's table; also, he might have a show of countenance, when the rest of Mansoul lay under the clouds: so, after some time for converse was spent, the captain betook himself to his chambers to rest. But it was not long after when my Lord did send for the captain again; so the captain came to him, and they greeted one another with usual salutations. Then said the captain to the Lord Secretary, 'What hath my Lord to say to his servant?' So the Lord Secretary took him and had him aside, and after a sign or two of more favour, he said, 'I have made thee the Lord's lieutenant over all the forces in Mansoul; so that, from this day forward, all men in Mansoul shall be at thy word; and thou shalt be he that shall lead in, and that shall lead out Mansoul. Thou shalt therefore manage, according to thy place, the war for thy Prince, and for the town of Mansoul, against the force and power of Diabolus; and at thy command shall the rest of the captains be.'

Now the townsmen began to perceive what interest the captain had, both with the court, and also with the Lord Secretary in Mansoul; for no man before could speed when sent, nor bring such good news from Emmanuel as he. Wherefore what do they, after some lamentation that they made no more use of him in their distresses, but send by their subordinate preacher to the Lord Secretary, to desire him that all that ever they were and had might be put under the government, care, custody, and conduct of Captain Credence.

So their preacher went and did his errand, and received this answer from the mouth of his Lord: that Captain Credence should be the great doer in 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 townsfolk. But all this was done with all imaginable secrecy, because the foes had yet great strength in the town. But to return to our story again.

When Diabolus saw himself thus boldly confronted by the Lord Mayor, and

perceived the stoutness of Mr. Godly-Fear, he fell into a rage, and forthwith called a council of war, that he might be revenged 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 consult what to do. Now the effect and conclusion of the council that day was how they might take the castle, because they could not conclude themselves masters of the town so long as that was in the possession of their enemies.

So one advised this way, and another advised that; but when they could not agree in their verdict, Apollyon, that president of the council, stood up, and thus he began: 'My brotherhood,' quoth he, 'I have two things to propound unto you; and my first is this. Let us withdraw ourselves from the town into the plain again, for our presence here will do us no good, because the castle is yet in our enemies' hands; nor is it possible that we should take that, so long as so many brave captains are in it, and that this bold fellow, Godly-Fear, is made the keeper of the gates of it. Now, when we have withdrawn ourselves into the plain, they, of their own accord, will be glad of some little ease; and it may be, of their own accord, they again may begin to be remiss, and even their so being will give them a bigger blow than we can possibly give them ourselves. But if that should fail, our going forth of the town may draw the captains out after us; and you know what it cost them when we fought them in the field before. Besides, can we but draw them out into the field, we may lay an ambush behind the town, which shall, when they are come forth abroad, rush in and take possession of the castle.'

But Beelzebub stood up, and replied, saying: 'It is impossible to draw them all off from the castle; some, you may be sure, will lie there to keep that; wherefore it will be but in vain thus to attempt, unless we were sure that they will all come out.' He therefore concluded that what was done must be done by some other means. And the most likely means that the greatest of their heads could invent, was that which Apollyon had advised to before, namely, to get the townsmen again to sin. 'For,' said he, 'it is not our being in the town, nor in the field, nor our fighting, nor our

killing of their men, that can make us the masters of Mansoul; for so long as one in the town is able to lift up his finger against us, Emmanuel will take their parts; and if he shall take their parts, we know what time of day it will be with us. Wherefore, for my part,' quoth he, 'there is, in my judgment, no way to bring them into bondage to us, like inventing a way to make them sin. Had we,' said he, 'left all our doubters at home, we had done as well as we have done now, unless we could have made them the masters and governors of the castle; for doubters at a distance are but like objections refelled with arguments. Indeed, can we but get them into the hold, and make them possessors of that, the day will be our own. Let us, therefore, withdraw ourselves into the plain, (not expecting that the captains in Mansoul should follow us,) but yet, I say, let us do this, and before we so do, let us advise again with our trusty Diabolonians that are yet in their holds of Mansoul, and set them to work to betray the town 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 that gave this counsel,) the whole conclave was forced to be of his opinion, namely, that the way to get the castle was to get the town to sin. Then they fell to inventing by what means they might do this thing.

Then Lucifer stood up, and said: 'The counsel of Beelzebub is pertinent. Now, the way to bring this to pass, in mine opinion, is this: let us withdraw our force from the town 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 any other awakening means. Only let us lie in the field at a distance, and be as if we regarded them not; for frights, I see, do but awaken them, and make them more stand to their arms. I have also another stratagem in my head: you know Mansoul is a market-town, and a town that delights in commerce; what, therefore, if some of our Diabolonians shall feign themselves far-country men, and shall go out and bring to the market of Mansoul some of our wares to sell; and what matter at what rates they sell their wares, though it be but for half the worth? Now, let those that thus shall trade in their market be

those that are witty and true to us, and I will lay my crown to pawn it will do. There are two that are come to my thoughts already, that I think will be arch at this work, and they are Mr. Penny-wise-pound-foolish, and Mr. Get-i'the-hundred-and-lose-i'the-shire; nor is this man with the long name at all inferior to the other. What, also, if you join with them Mr. Sweet-world and Mr. Present-good; they are men that are civil and cunning, but our true friends and helpers. Let these, with as many more, engage in this business for us, and let Mansoul be taken up in much business, and let them grow full and rich, and this is the way to get ground of them. Remember ye not that thus we prevailed upon Laodicea, and how many at present do we hold in this snare? Now, when they begin to grow full, they will forget their misery; and if we shall not affright them, they may happen to fall asleep, and so be got to neglect their town watch, their castle watch, as well as their watch at the gates.

'Yea, may we not, by this means, so cumber Mansoul with abundance, that they shall be forced to make of their castle a warehouse, instead of a garrison fortified against us, and a receptacle for men of war. Thus, if we get our goods and commodities thither, I reckon that the castle is more than half ours. Besides, could we so order it that it shall be filled with such kind of wares, then if we made a sudden assault upon them, it would be hard for the captains to take shelter there. Do you not know that of the parable, "The deceitfulness of riches choke the word"? and again, "When the heart is over-charged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and the cares of this life," all mischief comes upon them at unawares?

'Furthermore, my lords,' quoth he, 'you very well know that it is not easy for a people to be filled with our things, and not to have some of our Diabolonians as retainers to their houses and services. Where is a Mansoulian that is full of this world, that has not for his servants and waiting-men, Mr. Profuse, or Mr. Prodigality, or some other of our Diabolonian gang, as Mr. Voluptuous, Mr. Pragmatical, Mr. Ostentation, or the like? Now these can take the castle of Mansoul,

or blow it up, or make it unfit for a garrison for Emmanuel, and any of these will do. Yea, these, for aught I know, may do it for us sooner than an army of twenty thousand men. Wherefore, to end as I began, my advice is, that we quietly withdraw ourselves, not offering any further force, or forcible attempts, upon the castle, at least at this time; and let us set on foot our new project, and let us see if that will not make them destroy themselves.'

This advice was highly applauded by them all, and was accounted the very masterpiece of hell, namely, to choke Mansoul with a fulness of this world, and to surfeit her heart with the good things thereof. But see how things meet together! Just as this Diabolonian council was broken up, Captain Credence received a letter from Emmanuel, the contents of which were these: That upon the third day he would meet him in the field in the plains about Mansoul. 'Meet me in the field!' quoth the Captain; 'what meaneth my lord by this? I know not what he meaneth by meeting me in the field.' So he took the note in his hand, and did carry it to my Lord Secretary, to ask his thoughts thereupon; for my Lord was a seer in all matters concerning the King, and also for the good and comfort of the town of Mansoul. So he showed my Lord the note, and desired his opinion thereof. 'For my part,' quoth Captain Credence, 'I know not the meaning thereof.' So my lord did take and read it and, after a little pause, he said, 'The Diabolonians have had against Mansoul a great consultation to-day; they have, I say, this day been contriving the utter ruin of the town; and the result of their council is, to set Mansoul into such a way which, if taken, will surely make her destroy herself. And, to this end, they are making ready for their own departure out of the town, intending to betake themselves to the field again,' and there to lie till they shall see whether this their project will take or no. But be thou ready with the men of thy Lord, (for on the third day they will be in the plain,) there to fall upon the Diabolonians; for the Prince will by that time be in the field; yea, by that it is break of day, sun-rising, or before, and that with a mighty force against them. So he shall be before them, and thou shalt be behind them, and

betwixt you both their army shall be destroyed.'

When Captain Credence heard this, away goes he to the rest of the captains, and tells them what a note he had a while since received from the hand of Emmanuel. 'And,' said he, 'that which was dark therein hath my lord the Lord Secretary expounded unto me.' He told them, moreover, what by himself and by them must be done to answer the mind of their Lord. Then were the captains glad; and Captain Credence commanded that all the King's trumpeters should ascend to the battlements of the castle, and there, in the audience of Diabolus and of the whole town of Mansoul, make the best music that heart could invent. The trumpeters then did as they were commanded. They got themselves up to the top of the castle, and thus they began to sound. Then did Diabolus start, and said, 'What can be the meaning of this? they neither sound Boot-and-saddle, nor Horse-and-away, nor a charge. What do these madmen mean that yet they should be so merry and glad?' Then answered one of themselves and said, 'This is for joy that their Prince Emmanuel is coming to relieve the town of Mansoul; and to this end he is at the head of an army, and that this relief is near.'

The men of Mansoul also were greatly concerned at this melodious charm of the trumpets; they said, yea, they answered one another, saying, 'This can be no harm to us; surely this can be no harm to us.' Then said the Diabolonians, 'What had we best to do?' and it was answered, 'It was best to quit the town;' and 'that,' said one, 'ye may do in pursuance of your last counsel, and by so doing also be better able to give the enemy battle, should an army from without come upon us. So, on the second day, they withdrew themselves from Mansoul, and abode in the plains without; but they encamped themselves before Eye-gate, in what terrene and terrible manner they could. The reason why they would not abide in the town (besides the reasons that were debated in their late conclave) was, for that they were not possessed of the stronghold, and 'because,' said they, 'we shall have more convenience to fight, and also to fly, if need be, when we are encamped in the open plains.' Besides, the town

would have been a pit for them rather than a place of defence, had the Prince come up and inclosed them fast therein. Therefore they betook themselves to the field, that they might also be out of the reach of the slings, by which they were much annoyed all the while that they were in the town.

Well, the time that the captains were to fall upon the Diabolonians being come, they eagerly prepared themselves for action; for Captain Credence had told the captains over night, that they should meet their Prince in the field to-morrow. This, therefore, made them yet far more desirous to be engaging the enemy; for ‘You shall see the Prince in the field to-morrow’ was like oil to a flaming fire, for of a long time they had been at a distance: they therefore were for this the more earnest and desirous of the work. So, as I said, the hour being come, Captain Credence, with the rest of the men of war, drew out their forces before it was day by the sally-port of the town. And, being all ready, Captain Credence went up to the head of the army, and gave to the rest of the captains the word, and so they to their under-officers and soldiers: the word was ‘The sword of the Prince Emmanuel, and the shield of Captain Credence;’ which is, in the Mansoulian tongue, ‘The word of God and faith.’ Then the captains fell on, and began roundly to front, and flank, and rear Diabolus’s camp.

Now, they left Captain Experience in the town, because he was yet ill of his wounds, which the Diabolonians had given him in the last fight. But when he perceived that the captains were at it, what does he but, calling for his crutches with haste, gets up, and away he goes to the battle, saying, ‘Shall I lie here, when my brethren are in the fight, and when Emmanuel, the Prince, will show himself in the field to his servants?’ But when the enemy saw the man come with his crutches, they were daunted yet the more; ‘for,’ thought they, ‘what spirit has possessed these Mansoulians, that they fight us upon their crutches?’ Well, the captains, as I said, fell on, and did bravely handle their weapons, still 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 were come out, and that so valiantly they surrounded his men, he concluded that, for the present, nothing from them was to be looked for but blows, and the dints of their ‘two-edged sword.’

Wherefore he also falls on upon the Prince’s army with all his deadly force: so the battle was joined. Now who was it that at first Diabolus met with in the fight, but Captain Credence on the one hand, and the 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 fell in upon the election doubters, for they were the life-guard of Diabolus, and he kept them in play a good while, cutting and battering shrewdly. Now when Captain Credence saw my lord engaged, he did stoutly fall on, on the other hand, upon the same company also; so they put them to great disorder. Now Captain Good-Hope had engaged the vocation doubters, and they were sturdy men; but the captain was a valiant man: Captain Experience did also send him some aid; so he made the vocation doubters to retreat. The rest of the armies were hotly engaged, and that on every side, and the Diabolonians did fight stoutly. Then did my Lord Secretary command that the slings from the castle should be played; and his men could throw stones at an hair’s breadth. But, after a while, those that were made to fly before the captains of the Prince, did begin to rally again, and they came up stoutly upon the rear of the Prince’s army: wherefore the Prince’s army began to faint; but, remembering that they should see the face of their Prince by-and-by, they took courage, and a very fierce battle was fought. Then shouted the captains, saying, ‘The sword of the Prince Emmanuel, and the shield of Captain Credence!’ and with that Diabolus gave back, thinking that more aid had been come. But no Emmanuel as yet appeared. Moreover, the battle did hang in doubt; and they made a little retreat on both sides. Now, in the time of respite, Captain Credence bravely encouraged his men to stand to it; and Diabolus did the like, as well as he could. But Captain Credence made a brave speech to his soldiers, the contents whereof here follow:—

‘Gentlemen soldiers, and my brethren in this design, it rejoiceth me much to see in

the field for our Prince, this day, so stout and so valiant an army, and such faithful lovers of Mansoul. You have hitherto, as hath become you, shown yourselves men of truth and courage against the Diabolonian forces; so that, for all their boast, they have not yet much cause to boast of their gettings. Now take to yourselves your wonted courage, and show yourselves men even this once only; for in a few minutes after the next engagement, this time, you shall see your Prince show himself in the field; for we must make this second assault upon this tyrant Diabolus, and then Emmanuel comes.'

No sooner had the captain made this speech to his soldiers, but one Mr. Speedy came post to the captain from the Prince, to tell him that Emmanuel was at hand. This news when the captain had received, he communicated to the other field-officers, and they again to their soldiers and men of war. Wherefore, like men raised from the dead, so the captains and their men arose, made up to the enemy, and cried as before, 'The sword of the Prince Emmanuel, and the shield of Captain Credence!'

The Diabolonians also bestirred themselves, and made resistance as well as they could; but in this last engagement the Diabolonians lost their courage, and many of the doubters fell down dead to the ground. Now, when they had been in heat of battle about an hour or more, Captain Credence lift up his eyes and saw, and, behold, Emmanuel came; and he came with colours flying, trumpets sounding, and the feet of his men scarce touched the ground, they hasted with that celerity towards the captains that were engaged. Then did Credence wind with his men to the townward, and gave to Diabolus the field: so Emmanuel came upon him on the one side, and the enemies' place was betwixt them both. Then again they fell to it afresh; and now it was but a little while more but Emmanuel and Captain Credence met, still trampling down the slain as they came.

But when the captains saw that the Prince was come, and that he fell upon the

Diabolonians on the other side, and that Captain Credence and his Highness had got them up betwixt them, they shouted, (they so shouted that the ground rent again,) saying, ‘The sword of Emmanuel, and the shield of Captain Credence!’ Now, when Diabolus saw that he and his forces were so hard beset by the Prince and his princely army, what does he, and the lords of the pit that were with him, but make their escape, and forsake their army, and leave them to fall by the hand of Emmanuel, and of his noble Captain Credence: so they fell all down slain before them, before the Prince, and before his royal army; there was not left so much as one doubter alive; they lay spread upon the ground dead men, as one would spread dung upon the land.

When the battle was over, all things came into order in the camp. Then the captains and elders of Mansoul came together to salute Emmanuel, while without the corporation: so they saluted him, and welcomed him, and that with a thousand welcomes, for that he was come to the borders of Mansoul again. So he smiled upon them, and said, ‘Peace be to you.’ Then they addressed themselves to go to the town; they went then to go up to Mansoul, they, the Prince, with all the new forces that now he had brought with him to the war. Also all the gates of the town were set open for his reception, so glad were they of his blessed return. And this was the manner and order of this going of his into Mansoul:

First. As I said, all the gates of the town were set open, yea, the gates of the castle also; the elders, too, of the town of Mansoul placed themselves at the gates of the town, to salute him at his entrance thither: and so they did; for, as he drew near, and approached towards the gates, they said, ‘Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.’ And they answered again, ‘Who is the King of glory?’ and they made return to themselves, ‘The Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors,’ etc.

Secondly. It was ordered also, by those of Mansoul, that all the way from the town

gates to those of the castle, his blessed Majesty should be entertained with the song, by them that had the best skill in music in all the town of Mansoul: then did the elders, and the rest of the men of Mansoul, answer one another as Emmanuel entered the town, till he came at the castle gates, with songs and sound of trumpets, saying, ‘They have seen thy goings, O 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 damsels playing on timbrels.’

Thirdly. Then the captains, (for I would speak a word of them,) they in their order waited on the Prince, as he entered into the gates of Mansoul. Captain Credence went before, and Captain Good-Hope with him; Captain Charity came behind with other of his companions, and Captain Patience followed after all; and the rest of the captains, some on the right hand, and some on the left, accompanied Emmanuel into Mansoul. And all the while the colours were displayed, the trumpets sounded, and continual shoutings were among the soldiers. The Prince himself rode into the town in his armour, which was all of beaten gold, and in his chariot—the pillars of it were of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it was of purple, the midst thereof being paved with love for the daughters of the town of Mansoul.

Fourthly. When the Prince was come to the entrance of Mansoul, he found all the streets strewed with lilies and flowers, curiously decked with boughs and branches from the green trees that stood round about the town. Every door also was filled with persons, who had adorned every one their fore-part against their house with something of variety and singular excellency, to entertain him withal as he passed in the streets: they also themselves, as Emmanuel passed by, did welcome him with shouts and acclamations of joy, saying, ‘Blessed be the Prince that cometh in the name of his Father Shaddai.’

Fifthly. At the castle gates the elders of Mansoul, namely, the Lord Mayor, the Lord Willbewill, the subordinate preacher, Mr. Knowledge, and Mr. Mind, with other of

the gentry of the place, saluted Emmanuel again. They bowed before him, they kissed the dust of his feet, they thanked, they blessed, and praised his Highness for not taking advantage against them for their sins, but rather had pity upon them in their misery, and returned to them with mercies, and to build up their Mansoul for ever. Thus was he had up straightway to the castle; for that was the royal palace, and the place where his honour was to dwell; the which was ready prepared for his Highness by the presence of the Lord Secretary, and the work of Captain Credence. So he entered in.

Sixthly. Then the people and commonalty of the town of Mansoul came to him into the castle to mourn, and to weep, and to lament for their wickedness, by which they had forced him out of the town. So when they were come, bowed themselves to the ground seven times; they also wept, they wept aloud, and asked forgiveness of the Prince, and prayed that he would again, as of old, confirm his love to Mansoul.

To the which the great Prince replied, ‘Weep not, but go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions to them for whom nought is prepared; for the joy of your Lord is your strength. I am returned 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 town officer, a chain of gold and a signet. He also sent to their wives earrings and jewels, and bracelets, and other things. He also bestowed upon the true-born children of Mansoul many precious things.

When Emmanuel, the Prince, had done all these things for the famous town of Mansoul, then he said unto them, first, ‘Wash your garments, then put on your ornaments, and then come to me into the castle of Mansoul.’ So they went to the fountain that was set 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

into the castle, and thus they stood before him.

And now there was music and dancing throughout the whole town of Mansoul, and that because their Prince had again granted to them his presence and the light of his countenance; the bells also did ring, and the sun shone comfortably upon them for a great while together.

The town of Mansoul did also now more thoroughly seek the destruction and ruin of all remaining Diabolonians that abode in the walls, and the dens that they had in the town of Mansoul; for there was of them that had, to this day, escaped with life and limb from the hand of their suppressors in the famous town of Mansoul.

But my Lord Willbewill was a greater terror to them now than ever he had been before; forasmuch as his heart was yet more fully bent to seek, contrive, and pursue them to the death; he pursued them night and day, and did put them now to sore distress, as will afterwards appear.

After things were thus far put into order in the famous town of Mansoul, care was taken, and order given by the blessed Prince Emmanuel, that the townsmen should, without further delay, appoint some to go forth into the plain to bury the dead that were there,—the dead that fell by the sword of Emmanuel, and by the shield of the Captain Credence,—lest the fumes and ill savours that would arise from them might infect the air, and so annoy the famous town of Mansoul. This also was a reason of this order, namely, that, as much as in Mansoul lay, they might cut off the name, and being, and remembrance of those enemies from the thought of the famous town of Mansoul and its inhabitants.

So order was given out by the Lord Mayor, that wise and trusty friend of the town of Mansoul, that persons should be employed about this necessary business; and Mr. Godly-Fear, and one Mr. Upright, were to be overseers about this matter: so persons were put under them to work in the fields, and to bury the slain that lay dead in the plains. And these were their places of employment: some were to make the graves,

some to bury the dead, and some were to go to and fro in the plains, and also round about the borders of Mansoul, to see if a skull, or a bone, or a piece of a bone of a doubter, was yet to be found above ground anywhere near the corporation; and if any were found, it was ordered, that the searchers that searched should set up a mark thereby, and a sign, that those that were appointed to bury them might find it, and bury it out of sight, that the name and remembrance of a Diabolonian doubter might be blotted out from under heaven; and that the children, and they that were to be born in Mansoul, might not know, if possible, what a skull, what a bone, or a piece of a bone of a doubter was. So the buriers, and those that were appointed for that purpose, did as they were commanded: they buried the doubters, and all the skulls and bones, and pieces of bones of doubters, wherever they found them; and so they cleansed the plains. Now also Mr. God's-Peace took up his commission, and acted again as in former days.

Thus they buried in the plains about Mansoul the election doubters, the vocation doubters, the grace doubters, the perseverance doubters, the resurrection doubters, the salvation doubters, and the glory doubters; whose captains were Captain Rage, Captain Cruel, Captain Damnation, Captain Insatiable, Captain Brimstone, Captain Torment, Captain No-Ease, Captain Sepulchre, and Captain Past-Hope; and old Incredulity was, under Diabolus, their general. There were also the seven heads of their army; and they were the Lord Beelzebub, the Lord Lucifer, the Lord Legion, the Lord Apollyon, the Lord Python, the Lord Cerberus, and the Lord Belial. But the princes and the captains, with old Incredulity, their general, did all of them make their escape: so their men fell down slain by the power of the Prince's forces, and by the hands of the men of the town of Mansoul. They also were buried as is afore related, to the exceeding great joy of the now famous town of Mansoul. They that buried them buried also 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, banners, with the standard of Diabolus, and

what else soever they could find that did but smell of a Diabolonian doubter.

Now when the tyrant had arrived at Hell-Gate Hill, with his old friend Incredulity, they immediately descended the den, and having there with their fellows for a while condoled their misfortune and great loss that they sustained against the town of Mansoul, they fell at length into a passion, and revenged they would be for the loss that they sustained before the town of Mansoul. Wherefore they presently call a council to contrive yet further what was to be done against the famous town of Mansoul; for their yawning paunches could not wait to see the result of their Lord Lucifer's and their Lord Apollyon's counsel that they had given before; for their raging gorge thought every day, even as long as a short for ever, until they were filled with the body and soul, with the flesh and bones, and with all the delicates of Mansoul. They therefore resolve to make another attempt upon the town of Mansoul, and that by an army mixed and made up partly of doubters, and partly of blood-men. A more particular account now take of both.

The doubters are such as have their name from their nature, as well as from the land and kingdom where they are born: their nature is to put a question upon every one of the truths of Emmanuel; and their country is called the land of Doubting, and that land lieth off, and farthest remote to the north, between the land of Darkness and that called the 'valley of the shadow of death.' For though the land of Darkness, and that called 'the valley of the shadow of death,' be sometimes called as if they were one and the self-same place, yet indeed they are two, lying but a little way asunder, and the land of Doubting points in, and lieth between them. This is the land of Doubting; and these that came with Diabolus to ruin the town of Mansoul are the natives of that country.

The blood-men are a people that have their name derived from the malignity of their nature, and from the fury that is in them to execute it upon the town of Mansoul: their land lieth under the dog-star, and by that they are governed as to their

intellectuals. The name of their country is the province of Loath-good: the remote parts of it are far distant from the land of Doubting, yet they do both butt and bound upon the hill called Hell-Gate Hill. These people are always in league with the doubters, for they jointly do make question of the faith and fidelity of the men of the town of Mansoul, and so are both alike qualified for the service of their prince.

Now of these two countries did Diabolus, by the beating of his drum, raise another army against the town of Mansoul, of five-and-twenty 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 that were heads of the last Diabolonian army, and these are their names: Captain Beelzebub, Captain Lucifer, Captain Apollyon, Captain Legion, and Captain Cerberus; and the captains that they had before were some of them made lieutenants, and some ensigns of the army.

But Diabolus did not count that, in this expedition of his, these doubters would prove his principal men, for their manhood had been tried before; also the Mansoulians had put them to the worst: only he did bring them to multiply a number, and to help, if need was, at a pinch. But his trust he put in his blood-men, for that they were all rugged villains, and he knew that they had done feats heretofore.

As for the blood-men, they also were 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 bands, namely, the zealous and the angry blood-men: his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was the murdering club.

2. Captain Nimrod was captain over two bands, namely, the tyrannical and encroaching blood-men: his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon

was the great bloodhound.

3. Captain Ishmael was captain over two bands, namely, the mocking and scorning blood-men: his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was one mocking at Abraham’s Isaac.

4. Captain Esau was captain over two bands, namely, the blood-men that grudged that another should have the blessing; also over the blood-men that are for executing their private revenge upon others: his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was one privately lurking to murder Jacob.

5. Captain Saul was captain over two bands, namely, the groundlessly jealous and the devilishly furious blood-men: his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was three bloody darts cast at harmless David.

6. Captain Absalom was captain over two bands, namely, over the blood-men that will kill a father or a friend for the glory of this world; also over those blood-men that will hold one fair in hand with words, till they shall have pierced him with their swords: his standard-bearer did bear the red colours, and his scutcheon was the son pursuing the father’s blood.

7. Captain Judas was over two bands, namely, the blood-men that will sell a man’s life for money, and those also that will betray their friend with a kiss: his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was thirty pieces of silver and the halter.

8. Captain Pope was captain over one band, for all these spirits are joined in one under him: his standard-bearer bare the red colours, and his scutcheon was the stake, the flame, and the good man in it.

Now, the reason why Diabolus did so soon rally another force, after he had been beaten out of the field, was, for that he put mighty confidence in this army of blood-men; for he put a great deal of more trust in them than he did before in his army of doubters; though they had also often done great service for him in the

strengthening of him in his kingdom. But these blood-men, he had proved them often, and their sword did seldom return empty. Besides, he knew that these, like mastiffs, would fasten upon any; upon father, mother, brother, sister, prince, or governor, yea upon the Prince of princes. And that which encouraged him the more was, for that they once did force Emmanuel out of the kingdom of Universe; ‘And why,’ thought he, ‘may they not also drive him from the town of Mansoul?’

So this army of five-and-twenty thousand strong was, by their general, the great Lord Incredulity, led up against the town of Mansoul. Now Mr. Prywell, the scoutmaster-general, did himself go out to spy, and he did bring Mansoul tidings of their coming. Wherefore they shut up their gates, and put themselves in a posture of defence against these new Diabolonians that came up against the town.

So Diabolus brought up his army, and beleaguered the town of Mansoul; the doubters were placed about Feel-gate, and the blood-men set down before Eye-gate and Ear-gate.

Now when this army had thus encamped themselves, Incredulity did, in the name of Diabolus, his own name, and in the name of the blood-men and the rest that 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 it out 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 that Mansoul should be surrendered, as that Mansoul should be destroyed, and cut off out of the land of the living. True, they send to them to surrender; but should they so do, that would not stench or quench the thirsts of these men. They must have blood, the blood of Mansoul, else they die; and it is from hence that they have their name. Wherefore these blood-men he reserved while now that they might, when all his engines proved ineffectual, as his last and sure card be played against the town of Mansoul.

Now, when the townsmen had received this red-hot summons, it begat in them at

present some changing and interchanging thoughts; but they jointly agreed, in less than half an hour, to carry the summons to the Prince, the which they did when they had writ at the bottom of it, ‘Lord, save Mansoul from bloody men!’

So he took it, and looked upon it, and considered it, and took notice also of that short petition that the men of Mansoul had written at the bottom of it, and called to him the noble Captain Credence, and bid him go and take Captain Patience with him, and go and take care of that side of Mansoul that was beleaguered by the blood-men. So they went and did as they were commanded: the Captain Credence went and took Captain Patience, and they both secured that side of Mansoul that was besieged by the blood-men.

Then he commanded that Captain Good-hope and Captain Charity, and my Lord Willbewill, should take charge of the other side of the town. ‘And I,’ said the Prince, ‘will set my standard upon the battlements of your castle, and do you three watch against the doubters.’ This done, he again commanded that the brave captain, the Captain Experience, should draw up his men in the market-place, and that there he should exercise them day by day before the people of the town of Mansoul. Now this siege was long, and many a fierce attempt did the enemy, especially those called the blood-men, make upon the town of Mansoul; and many a shrewd brush did some of the townsmen meet with from them, especially Captain Self-Denial, who, I should have told you before, was commanded to take the care of Ear-gate and Eye-gate now against the blood-men. This Captain Self-Denial was a young man, but stout, and a townsman in Mansoul, as Captain Experience also was. And Emmanuel, at his second return to Mansoul, made him a captain over a thousand of the Mansoulians, for the good of the corporation. This captain, therefore, being an hardy man, and a man of great courage, and willing to venture himself for the good of the town of Mansoul, would now and then sally out upon the blood-men, and give them many notable alarms, and entered several brisk skirmishes with them, and also did some execution upon them; but you must think that this could not easily be done,

but he must meet with brushes himself, for he carried several of their marks in his face; yea, and some in some other parts of his body.

So, after some time spent for the trial of the faith, and hope, and love of the town of Mansoul, the Prince Emmanuel upon a day calls his captains and men of war together, and divides them into two companies; this done, he commands them at a time appointed, and that in the morning very early, to sally out upon the enemy, saying: ‘Let half of you fall upon the doubters, and half of you fall upon the blood-men. Those of you that go out against the doubters, kill and slay, and cause to perish so many of them as by any means you can lay hands on; but for you that go out against the blood-men, slay them not, but take them alive.’

So, at the time appointed, betimes in the morning, the captains went out as they were commanded, against the enemies. Captain Good-Hope, Captain Charity, and those that were joined with them, as Captain Innocent and Captain Experience, went out against the doubters; and Captain Credence, and Captain Patience, with Captain Self-Denial, and the rest that were to join with them, went out against the blood-men.

Now, those that went out against the doubters drew up into a body before the plain, and marched on to bid them battle. But the doubters, remembering their last success, made a retreat, not daring to stand the shock, but fled from the Prince’s men; wherefore they pursued them, and in their pursuit slew many, but they could not catch them all. Now those that escaped went some of them home; and the rest by fives, nines, and seventeens, like wanderers, went straggling up and down the country, where they upon the barbarous people showed and exercised many of their Diabolonian actions: nor did these people rise up in arms against them, but suffered themselves to be enslaved by them. They would also after this show themselves in companies before the town of Mansoul, but never to abide in it; for if Captain Credence, Captain Good-Hope, or Captain Experience did but show themselves,

they fled.

Those that went out against the blood-men did as they were commanded: they forbore to slay any, but sought to compass them about. But the blood-men, when they saw that no Emmanuel was in the field, concluded also that no Emmanuel was in Mansoul; wherefore they, looking upon what the captains did to be, as they called it, a fruit of the extravagancy of their wild and foolish fancies, rather despised them than feared them. But the captains, minding their business, at last did compass them round; they also that had routed the doubters came in amain to their aid: so, in fine, after some little struggling, (for the blood-men also would have run for it, only now it was too late; for though they are mischievous and cruel, where they can overcome, yet all blood-men are chicken-hearted men, when they once come to see themselves matched and equalled,)—so the captains took them, and brought them to the Prince.

Now when they were taken, had before the Prince, and examined, he found them to be of three several counties, though they all came out of one land.

1. One sort of them came out of Blind-man-shire, and they were such as did ignorantly what they did.

2. Another sort of them came out of Blind-zeal-shire, and they did superstitiously what they did.

3. The third sort of them came out of the town of Malice, in the county of Envy, and they did what they did out of spite and implacableness.

For the first of these, namely, they that came out of Blind-man-shire, when they saw where they were, and against whom they had fought, they trembled and cried, as they stood before him; and as many of these as asked him mercy, he touched their lips with his golden sceptre.

They that came out of Blind-zeal-shire, they did not as their fellows did; for they pleaded that they had a right to do what they did, because Mansoul was a town whose laws and customs were diverse from all that dwelt thereabouts. Very few of

these could be brought to see their evil; but those that did, and asked mercy, they also obtained favour.

Now, they that came out of the town of Malice, that is in the county of Envy, they neither wept, nor disputed, nor repented, but stood gnawing their tongues before him for anguish and madness, because they could not have their will upon Mansoul. Now these last, with all those of the other two sorts that did not unfeignedly ask pardon for their faults,—those he made to enter into sufficient bond to answer for what they had done against Mansoul, and against her King, at the great and general assizes to be holden for our Lord the King, where he himself should appoint for the country and kingdom of Universe. So they became bound each man for himself, to come in, when called upon, to answer before our Lord the King for what they had done as before.

And thus much concerning this second army that was sent by Diabolus to overthrow Mansoul.

But there were three of those that came from the land of Doubting, who, after they had wandered and ranged the country a while, and perceived that they had escaped, were so hardy as to thrust themselves, knowing that yet there were in the town Diabolonians,—I say, they were so hardy as to thrust themselves into Mansoul among them. (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, whose name was Evil-Questioning, a very great enemy he was to Mansoul, and a great doer among the Diabolonians there. Well, to this Evil-Questioning's house, as was said, did these Diabolonians come (you may be sure that they had directions how to find the way thither), so he made them welcome, pitied their misfortune, and succoured them with the best that he had in his house. Now, after a little acquaintance (and it was not long before they had that), this old Evil-Questioning asked the doubters if they were all of a town (he knew that

they were all of one kingdom), and they answered: ‘No, nor not of one shire neither; for I,’ said one, ‘am an election doubter:’ ‘I,’ said another, ‘am a vocation doubter:’ then said the third, ‘I am a salvation doubter:’ and the fourth said he was a grace doubter. ‘Well,’ quoth the old gentleman, ‘be of what shire you will, I am persuaded that you are down, boys: you have the very length of my foot, are one with my heart, and shall be welcome to me.’ So they thanked him, and were glad that they had found themselves an harbour in Mansoul.

Then said Evil-Questioning to them: ‘How many of your company might there be that came with you to the siege of Mansoul?’ and they answered: ‘There were but ten thousand doubters in all, for the rest of the army consisted of fifteen thousand blood-men. These blood-men,’ quoth they, ‘border upon our country; but, poor men! as we hear, they were every one taken by Emmanuel’s forces.’ ‘Ten thousand!’ quoth the old gentleman; ‘I will promise you, that is a round company. But how came it to pass, since you were so mighty a number, that you fainted, and durst not fight your foes?’ ‘Our general,’ said they, ‘was the first man that did run for it.’ ‘Pray,’ quoth their landlord, ‘who was that, your cowardly general?’ ‘He was once the Lord Mayor of Mansoul,’ said they: ‘but pray call him not a cowardly general; for whether any from the east to the west has done more service for our prince Diabolus, than has my Lord Incredulity, will be a hard question for you to answer. But had they catched him, they would for certain have hanged him; and we promise you, hanging is but a bad business.’ Then said the old gentleman, ‘I would that all the ten thousand doubters were now well armed in Mansoul, and myself at the head of them; I would see what I could do.’ ‘Ay,’ said they, ‘that would be well if we could see that; but wishes, alas! what are they?’ and these words were spoken aloud. ‘Well,’ said old Evil-Questioning, ‘take heed that you talk not too loud; you must be quat and close, and must take care of yourselves while you are here, or, I will assure you, you will be snapped.’ ‘Why?’ quoth the doubters. ‘Why!’ quoth the old gentleman; ‘why! because both the Prince and Lord Secretary, and their captains and

soldiers, are all at present in town; yea, the town is as full of them as ever it can hold. And besides, there is one whose name is Willbewill, a most cruel enemy of ours, and him the Prince has made keeper of the gates, and has commanded him that, with all the diligence he can, he should look for, search out, and destroy all, and all manner of Diabolonians. And if he lighteth upon you, down you go, though your heads were made of gold.'

And now, to see how it happened, one of the 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 talk that had been betwixt him and the doubters that he entertained under his roof.

The soldier was a man that my lord had much confidence in, and that he loved dearly; and that both because he was a man of courage, and also a man that was unwearied in seeking after Diabolonians to apprehend them.

Now this man, as I told you, heard all the talk that was between old Evil-Questioning and these Diabolonians; wherefore what does he but goes to his lord, and tells him what he had heard. 'And sayest thou so, my trusty?' quoth my lord. 'Ay,' quoth Diligence, 'that I do; and if your lordship will be pleased to go with me, you shall find it as I have said.' 'And are they there?' quoth my lord. 'I know Evil-Questioning well, for he and I were great in the time of our apostasy: but I know not now where he dwells.' 'But I do,' said his man, 'and if your lordship will go, I will lead you the way to his den.' 'Go!' quoth my lord, 'that I will. Come, my Diligence, let us go find them out.'

So my lord and his man went together the direct way to his house. Now his man went before to show him his way, and they went till they came even under old Mr. Evil-Questioning's wall. Then said Diligence, 'Hark! my lord, do you know the old gentleman's tongue when you hear it?' 'Yes,' said my lord, 'I know it well, but I have not seen him many a day. This I know, he is cunning; I wish he doth not give

us the slip.' 'Let me alone for that,' said his servant Diligence. 'But how shall we find the door?' quoth my lord. 'Let me alone for that, too,' said his man. So he had my Lord Willbewill about, and showed him the way to the door. Then my lord, without more ado, broke open the door, rushed into the house, and caught them all five together, even as Diligence his man had told him. So my lord apprehended them, and led them away, and committed them to the hand of Mr. Trueman, the gaoler, and commanded, and he did put them in ward. This done, my Lord Mayor was acquainted in the morning with what my Lord Willbewill had done over night, and his lordship rejoiced much at the news, not only because there were doubters apprehended, but because that old Evil-Questioning was taken; for he had been a very great trouble to Mansoul, and much affliction to my Lord Mayor himself. He had also been sought for often, but no hand could ever be laid upon him till now.

Well, the next thing was to make preparation to try these five that by my lord had been apprehended, and that were in the hands of Mr. Trueman, the gaoler. So the day was set, and the court called and come together, and the prisoners brought to the bar. My Lord Willbewill had power to have slain them when at first he took them, and that without any more ado; but he thought it at this time more for the honour of the Prince, the comfort of Mansoul, and the discouragement of the enemy, to bring them forth to public judgment.

But, I say, Mr. Trueman brought them in chains to the bar; to the town-hall, for that was the place of judgment. So, to be short, the jury was panelled, the witnesses sworn, and the prisoners tried for their lives: the jury was the same that tried Mr. No-Truth, Pitiless, Haughty, and the rest of their companions.

And, first, old Questioning himself was set to the bar for he was the receiver, the entertainer, and comforter of these doubters, that by nation were outlandish men: then he was bid to hearken to his charge, and was told that he had liberty to object, if he had ought to say for himself. So his indictment was read: the manner and form

here follows.

‘Mr. Questioning, Thou art here indicted by the name of Evil-Questioning, an intruder upon the town of Mansoul, for that thou art a Diabolonian by nature, and also a hater of the Prince Emmanuel, and one that hast studied the ruin of the town of Mansoul. Thou art also here indicted for countenancing the King’s enemies, after wholesome laws made to the contrary: for, 1. Thou hast questioned the truth of her doctrine and state: 2. In wishing that ten thousand doubters were in her: 3. In receiving, in entertaining, and encouraging of her enemies, that came from their army unto thee. What sayest thou to this indictment? art thou guilty or not guilty?’

‘My lord,’ quoth he, ‘I know not the meaning of this indictment, forasmuch as I am not the man concerned in it; the man that standeth by this charge accused before this bench is called by the name of Evil-Questioning, which name I deny to be mine, mine being Honest-Inquiry. The one indeed sounds like the other; but, I trow, 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 that, too, amongst the worst of men, may make an honest inquiry after things, without running the danger of death.’

Then spake my Lord Willbewill, for he was one of the witnesses: ‘My lord, and you the honourable bench and magistrates of the town of Mansoul, you all have heard with your ears that the prisoner at the bar has denied his name, and so thinks to shift 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, above these thirty years, for he and I (a shame it is for me to speak it) were great acquaintance, when Diabolus, that tyrant, had the government of Mansoul; and I testify that he is a Diabolonian by nature, an enemy to our Prince, and a hater of the blessed town of Mansoul. He has, in times of rebellion, been at and lain in my house, my lord, not so little as twenty nights together, and we did use to talk then, for the substance of talk, as he and his doubters have talked of late: true, I have not seen him many a day. I

suppose that the coming of Emmanuel to Mansoul has made him change his lodgings, as this indictment has driven him to change his name; but this is the man, my lord.'

Then said the court unto him, 'Hast thou any more to say?'

'Yes,' quoth the old gentleman, 'that I have; for all that as yet has been said against me, is but by the mouth of one witness; and it is not lawful for the famous town of Mansoul, at the mouth of one witness, to put any man to death.'

Then stood forth Mr. Diligence, and said, 'My lord, as I was upon my watch such a night at the head of Bad Street, in this town, I chanced to hear a muttering within this gentleman's house. Then, thought I, what is to do here? So I went up close, but very softly, to the side of the house to listen, thinking, as indeed it fell out, that there I might light upon some Diabolonian conventicle. So, as I said, I drew nearer and nearer; and when I was got up close to the wall, it was but a while before I perceived that there were outlandish men in the house; but I did well understand their speech, for I have been a traveller myself. Now, hearing such language in such a tottering cottage as this old gentleman dwelt in, I clapped mine ear to a hole in the window, and there heard them talk as followeth. This old Mr. Questioning asked these doubters what they were, whence they came, and what was their business in these parts; and they told him to all these questions, yet he did entertain them. He also asked what numbers there were of them; and they told him ten thousand men. He then asked them, why they made no more manly assault upon Mansoul; and they told him: so he called their general coward, for marching off when he should have fought for his prince. Further, this old Evil-Questioning wished, and I heard him wish, would all the ten thousand doubters were now in Mansoul, and himself at the head of them. He bid them also to take heed and lie quat; for if they were taken they must die, although they had heads of gold.' Then said the court: 'Mr. Evil-Questioning, here is now another witness against you, and his testimony is full:

1. He swears that you did receive these men into your house, and that you did nourish them there, though you knew that they were Diabolonians, and the King's enemies. 2. He swears that you did wish ten thousand of them in Mansoul. 3. He swears that you did give them advice to be quat and close, lest they were taken by the King's servants. All which manifesteth that thou art a Diabolonian; but hadst thou been a friend to the King, thou wouldst have apprehended them.'

Then said Evil-Questioning: 'To the first of these I answer, The men that came into mine house were strangers, and I took them in; and is it now become a crime in Mansoul for a man to entertain strangers? That I did also nourish 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 told it to the witnesses, nor to themselves. I might wish them to be taken, and so my wish might mean well to Mansoul, for aught that any yet knows. I did also bid them take heed that they fell not into the captains' hands; but that might be because I am unwilling that any man should be slain, and not because I would have the King's enemies as such 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 for what else thou hast said, thou dost by words but labour to evade and defer the execution of judgment. But could there be no more proved against thee but that thou art a Diabolonian, thou must for that die the death by the law; but to be a receiver, a nourisher, a countenancer, and a harbourer of others of them, yea, of outlandish Diabolonians, yea, of them that came from far on purpose to cut off and destroy our Mansoul—this must not be borne.'

Then said Evil-Questioning: 'I see how the game will go: 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 that was arraigned was the election doubter. So his indictment was read; and because he was an outlandish man, the substance of it was told him by an interpreter; namely, 'That

he was there charged with being an enemy of Emmanuel the Prince, a hater of the town of Mansoul, and an opposer of her most wholesome doctrine.'

Then the judge asked him if he would plead? but he said only this—That he confessed that he was an election doubter, and that that was the religion that he had ever been brought up in. And said, moreover, 'If I must die for my religion, I trow, I shall die a martyr, and so I care the less.'

Judge. Then it was replied: 'To question election, is to overthrow a great doctrine of the gospel, namely, the omnisciency, and power, and will of God; to take away the liberty of God with his creature, to stumble the faith of the town of Mansoul, and to make salvation to depend upon works, and not upon grace. It also belied the word, and disquieted the minds of the men of Mansoul; therefore by the best of laws he must die.'

Then was the vocation doubter called, and set to the bar; and his indictment for substance was the same with the other, only he was particularly charged with denying the calling of Mansoul.

The judge asked him also what he had to say for himself?

So he replied: 'That he never believed that there was any such thing as a distinct and powerful call of God to Mansoul; otherwise than by the general voice of the word, nor by that neither, otherwise than as it exhorted them to forbear evil, and to do that which is good, and in so doing a promise of happiness is annexed.'

Then said the judge: 'Thou art a Diabolonian, and hast denied a great part of one of the most experimental truths of the Prince of the town of Mansoul; for he has called, and she has heard a most distinct and powerful call of her Emmanuel, by which she has been quickened, awakened, and possessed with heavenly grace to desire to have communion with her Prince, to serve him, and to do his will, and to look for her happiness merely of his good pleasure. And for thine abhorrence of this good doctrine, thou must die the death.'

Then the grace doubter was called, and his indictment was read and he replied thereto: ‘That though he was of the land of doubting, his father was the offspring of a Pharisee, and lived in good fashion among his neighbours, and that he taught him to believe, and believe it I do, and will, that Mansoul shall never be saved freely by grace.’

Then said the judge: ‘Why, the law of the Prince is plain: 1. Negatively, “not of works:” 2. Positively, “by grace you are saved.” And thy religion settleth in and upon the works of the flesh; for the works of the law are the works of the flesh. Besides, in saying as thou hast done, thou hast robbed God of His glory, and given it to a sinful man; thou hast robbed Christ of the necessity of His undertaking, and the sufficiency thereof, and hast given both these to the works of the flesh. Thou hast despised the work of the Holy Ghost, and hast magnified the will of the flesh, and of the legal mind. Thou art a Diabolonian, the son of a Diabolonian; and for thy Diabolonian principles thou must die.’

The court then, having proceeded thus far with them, sent out the jury, who forthwith brought them in guilty of death. Then stood up the Recorder, and addressed himself to 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 town of Mansoul, crimes for which you must be put to death, and die ye accordingly.’ So they were sentenced to the death of the cross. The place assigned them for execution, was that where Diabolus drew up his last army against Mansoul; save only that old Evil-Questioning was hanged at the top of Bad Street, just over against his own door.

When the town of Mansoul had thus far rid themselves of their enemies, and of the troublers of their peace, in the next place a strict commandment was given out, that yet my Lord Willbewill should, with Diligence his man, search for, and do his best to apprehend what town Diabolonians were yet left 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 commanded, that he should apprehend Mr. Evil-Questioning's children, that he left behind him, and that they should demolish his house. The children that he left behind him were these: Mr. Doubt, and he was his eldest son; the next to him was Legal-Life, Unbelief, Wrong-Thoughts-of-Christ, Clip-Promise, Carnal-Sense, Live-by-Feeling, Self-Love. All these he had by one wife, and her name was No-Hope; she was the kinswoman 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 marriageable, he gave her to this old Evil-Questioning to wife.

Now the Lord Willbewill did put into execution his commission, with great Diligence, his man. He took Fooling in the streets, and hanged him up in Want-wit-Alley, over against his own house. This Fooling was he that would have had the town of Mansoul deliver up Captain Credence into the hands of Diabolus, provided that then he would have withdrawn his force out of the town. 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 great account in the days of apostasy, but now of repute with the best of the town. This man, therefore, they were willing to prefer. Now Mr. Let-Good-Slip had a great deal of wealth heretofore in Mansoul, and, at Emmanuel's coming, it was sequestered to the use of the Prince: this, therefore, was now given to Mr. Meditation, to improve for the common good, and after him to his son, Mr. Think-Well; this Think-Well he had by Mrs. Piety his wife, and she was the daughter of Mr. Recorder.

After this, my lord apprehended Clip-Promise: now because he was a notorious villain, for by his doings much of the King's coin was abused, therefore he was made a public example. He was arraigned and judged to be first set 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 that are honest traders in Mansoul, are sensible of the great abuse that one clipper of promises in little time may do to the town of Mansoul. And truly my judgment is, that all those of his name and life should be served even as he.

He also apprehended Carnal-Sense, and put him in hold; but how it came about, I cannot tell, but he brake prison, and made his escape: yea, and the bold villain will not yet quit the town, but lurks in the Diabolonian dens a days, and haunts like a ghost honest men's houses a nights. Wherefore, there was a proclamation set up in the market-place in Mansoul, signifying that whosoever could discover Carnal-Sense, and apprehend him and slay him, should be admitted daily to the Prince's table, and should be made keeper of the treasure of Mansoul. Many, therefore, did bend themselves to do this thing, but take him and slay him they could not, though often he was discovered.

But my lord took Mr. Wrong-Thoughts-of-Christ, and put him in prison, and he died there; though it was long first, for he died of a lingering consumption.

Self-Love was also taken and committed to custody; but there were many that were allied to him in Mansoul, so his judgment was deferred. But at last Mr. Self-Denial stood up, and said: 'If such villains as these may be winked at in Mansoul, I will lay down my commission.' He also took him from the crowd, and had him among his soldiers, and there he was brained. But some in Mansoul muttered at it, though none durst speak plainly, because Emmanuel was in town. 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. My Lord Willbewill also obtained great commendations of Emmanuel, for what he had done for the town of Mansoul.

Then my Lord Self-Denial took courage, and set to the pursuing of the Diabolonians, with my Lord Willbewill; and they took Live-by-Feeling, and they took Legal-Life, and put them in hold till they died. But Mr. Unbelief was a nimble

Jack: him they could never lay hold of, though they attempted to do it often. He therefore, and some few more of the subtlest of the Diabolonian tribe, did yet remain in Mansoul, to the time that Mansoul left off to dwell any longer in the kingdom of Universe. But they kept them to their dens and holes: if one of them did appear, or happen to be seen in any of the streets of the town of Mansoul, the whole town would be up in arms after them; yea, the very children in Mansoul would cry out after them as after a thief, and would wish that they might stone them to death with stones. And now did Mansoul arrive to some good degree of peace and quiet; her Prince also did abide within her borders; her captains, also, and her soldiers did their duties; and Mansoul minded her trade that she had with the country that was afar off; also she was busy in her manufacture.

When the town of Mansoul had thus far rid themselves of so many of their enemies, and the troublers of their peace, the Prince sent to them, and appointed a day wherein he would, at the market-place, meet the whole people, and there give them in charge concerning 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 appointed was come, and the townsmen met together; Emmanuel also came down in his chariot, and all his captains in their state attending him, on the right hand and on the left. Then was an oyes made for silence, and, after some mutual carriages of love, the Prince began, and thus proceeded:—

‘You, my Mansoul, and the beloved of mine heart, many and great are the privileges that I have bestowed upon you; I have singled you out from others, and have chosen you to myself, not for your worthiness, but for mine 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 have set my heart upon you to do you good. I have also, that all things, that might hinder thy way to the pleasures of paradise might be taken out of the way, laid down for thee for thy soul a plenary satisfaction, and have bought thee to myself; a price not of corruptible things, as of

silver and gold, but a price of blood, mine own blood, which I have freely spilled upon the ground to make thee mine. So I have reconciled thee, O my Mansoul, to my Father, and entrusted thee in the mansion houses that are with my Father in the royal city, where things are, O my Mansoul, that eye hath not seen, nor hath entered into the heart of man to conceive.

‘Besides, O my Mansoul, thou seest what I have done, and how I have taken thee out of the hands of thine enemies: unto whom thou hadst deeply revolted from my Father, and by whom thou wast content to be possessed, and also to be destroyed. I came to thee first by my law, then by my gospel, to awaken thee, and show thee my glory. And thou knowest what thou wast, what thou saidst, what thou didst, and how many times thou rebelledst against my Father and me; yet I left thee not as thou seest this day, but came to thee, have borne thy manners, have waited upon thee, and, after all, accepted of thee, even of my mere grace and favour; and would not suffer thee to be lost, as thou most willingly wouldst have been. I also compassed thee about, and afflicted thee on every side, that I might make thee weary of thy ways, and bring down thy heart with molestation to a willingness to close with thy good and happiness. And when I had gotten a complete conquest over thee, I turned it to thy advantage.

‘Thou seest, also, what a company of my Father’s host I have lodged within thy borders: captains and rulers, soldiers and men of war, engines and excellent devices to subdue and bring down thy foes; thou knowest my meaning, O Mansoul. And they are my servants, and thine, too, Mansoul. Yea, my design of possessing of thee with them, and the natural tendency of each of them is to defend, purge, strengthen, and sweeten thee for myself, O Mansoul, and to make thee meet for my Father’s presence, blessing, and glory; for thou, my Mansoul, art created to be prepared unto these.

‘Thou seest, moreover, my Mansoul, how I have passed by thy backslidings, and

have healed thee. Indeed I was angry with thee, but I have turned mine anger away from thee, because I loved thee still, and mine anger and mine indignation is ceased in the destruction of thine enemies, O Mansoul. Nor did thy goodness fetch me again unto thee, after that I for thy transgressions have hid my face, and withdrawn my presence from thee. The way of backsliding was thine, but the way and means of thy recovery was mine. I invented the means of thy return; it was I that made an hedge and a wall, when thou wast beginning to turn to things in which I delighted not. It was I that made thy sweet bitter, thy day night, thy smooth way thorny, and that also confounded all that sought thy destruction. It was I that set Mr. Godly-Fear to work in Mansoul. It was I that stirred up thy conscience and understanding, thy will and thy affections, after thy great and woful decay. It was I that put life into thee, O Mansoul, to seek me, that thou mightest find me, and in thy finding find thine own health, happiness, and salvation. It was I that fetched the second time the Diabolonians out of Mansoul; and it was I that overcame them, and that destroyed them before thy face.

‘And now, my Mansoul, I am returned to thee in peace, and thy transgressions against me are as if they had not been. Nor shall it be with thee as in former days, but I will do better for thee than at thy beginning.

For yet a little while, O my Mansoul, even after a few more times are gone over thy head, I will (but be not thou troubled at what I say) take down this famous town of Mansoul, stick and stone, to the ground. And I will carry the stones thereof, and the timber thereof, and the walls thereof, and the dust thereof, and the inhabitants thereof, into mine own country, even into a kingdom of my Father; and will there set it up in such strength and glory, as it never did see in the kingdom where now it is placed. I will even there set it up for my Father’s habitation; for for that purpose it was at first erected in the kingdom of Universe; and there will I make it a spectacle of wonder, a monument of mercy, and the admirer of its own mercy. There shall the natives of Mansoul see all that, of which they have seen nothing here: there shall

they be equal to those unto whom they have been inferior here. And there shalt thou, O my Mansoul, have such communion with me, with my Father, and with your Lord Secretary, as it is not possible here to be enjoyed, nor ever could be, shouldest thou live in Universe the space of a thousand years.

‘And there, O my Mansoul, thou shalt be afraid of murderers no more; of Diabolonians, and their threats, no more. There, there shall be no more plots, nor contrivances, nor designs against thee, O my Mansoul. There thou shalt no more hear the evil-tidings, or the noise of the Diabolonian drum. There thou shalt not see the Diabolonian standard-bearers, nor yet behold Diabolus’s standard. No Diabolonian mount shall be cast up against thee there; nor shall there the Diabolonian standard be set up to make thee afraid. There thou shalt not need captains, engines, soldiers, and men of war. There thou shalt meet with no sorrow, nor grief, nor shall it be possible that any Diabolonian should again, for ever, be able to creep into thy skirts, burrow in thy walls, or be seen again within thy borders all the days of eternity. Life shall there last longer than here you are able to desire it should; and yet it shall always be sweet and new, nor shall any impediment attend it for ever.

‘There, O Mansoul, thou shalt meet with many of those that have been like thee, and that have been partakers of thy sorrows; even such as I have chosen, and redeemed, and set apart, as thou, for my Father’s court and city-royal. All they will be glad in thee, and thou, when thou seest them, shalt be glad in thine heart.

‘There are things, O Mansoul, even things of my Father’s providing, and mine, that never were seen since the beginning of the world; and they are laid up with my Father, and sealed up among his treasures for thee, till thou shalt come thither to enjoy them. I told you before, that I would remove my Mansoul, and set it up elsewhere; and where I will set it, there are those that love thee, and those that rejoice in thee now; but how much more, when they shall see thee exalted to honour!

My Father will then send them for you to fetch you; and their bosoms are chariots to put you in. And you, O my Mansoul, shall ride upon the wings of the wind. They will come to convey, conduct, and bring you to that, when your eyes see more, that will be your desired haven.

‘And thus, O my Mansoul, I have showed unto thee what shall be done to thee hereafter, if thou canst hear, if thou canst understand; and now I will tell thee what at present must be thy duty and practice, until I come and fetch thee to myself, according as is related in the Scriptures of truth.

‘First, I charge thee that thou dost hereafter keep more white and clean the liveries which I gave thee before my last withdrawing from thee. Do it, I say, for this will be thy wisdom. They are in themselves fine linen, but thou must keep them white and clean. This will be your wisdom, your honour, and will be greatly for my glory. When your garments are white, the world will count you mine. Also, when your garments are white, then I am delighted in your ways; for then your goings to and fro will be like a flash of lightning, that those that are present must take notice of; also their eyes will be made to dazzle thereat. Deck thyself, therefore, according to my bidding, and make thyself by my law straight steps for thy feet; so shall thy King greatly desire thy beauty, for he is thy Lord, and worship thou him.

‘Now, that thou mayest keep them as I bid thee, I have, as I before did tell thee, provided for thee an open fountain to wash thy garments in. Look, therefore, that thou wash often in my fountain, and go not in defiled garments; for as it is to my dishonour and my disgrace, so it will be to thy discomfort, when you shall walk in filthy garments. Let not, therefore, my garments, your garments, the garments that I gave thee, be defiled or spotted by the flesh. Keep thy garments always white, and let thy head lack no ointment.

‘My Mansoul, I have ofttimes delivered thee from the designs, plots, attempts, and conspiracies of Diabolus; and for all this I ask thee nothing, but that thou render not

to me evil for my good; but that thou bear in mind my love, and the continuation of my kindness to my beloved Mansoul, so as to provoke thee to walk in thy measure according to the benefit bestowed on thee. Of old, the sacrifices were bound with cords to the horns of the altar. Consider what is said to thee, O my blessed Mansoul.

‘O my Mansoul, I have lived, I have died, I live, and will die no more for thee. I live, that thou mayest not die. Because I live, thou shalt live also. I reconciled thee to my Father by the blood of my cross; and being reconciled, thou shalt live through me. I will pray for thee; I will fight for thee; I will yet do thee good.

‘Nothing can hurt thee but sin; nothing can grieve me but sin; nothing can make thee base before thy foes but sin: take heed of sin, my Mansoul.

‘And dost thou know why I at first, and do still, suffer Diabolonians to dwell in thy walls, O Mansoul? It is to keep thee wakening, to try thy love, to make thee watchful, and to cause thee yet to prize my noble captains, their soldiers, and my mercy.

‘It is also, that yet thou mayest be made to remember what a deplorable condition thou once wast in. I mean when, not some, but all did dwell, not in thy walls, but in thy castle, and in thy stronghold, O Mansoul.

‘O my Mansoul, should I slay all them within, many there be without, that would bring thee into bondage; for were all these within cut off, those without would find thee sleeping; and then, as in a moment, they would swallow up my Mansoul. I therefore left them in thee, not to do thee hurt (the which they yet will, if thou hearken to them, and serve them,) but to do thee good, the which they must, if thou watch and fight against them. Know, therefore, that whatever they shall tempt thee to, my design is, that they should drive thee, not further off, but nearer to my father, to learn thee war, to make petitioning desirable to thee, and to make thee little in thine own eyes. Hearken diligently to this, my Mansoul.

‘Show me, then, thy love, my Mansoul, and let not those that are within thy walls,

take thy affections off from him that hath redeemed thy soul. Yea, let the sight of a Diabolonian heighten thy love to me. I came once, and twice, and thrice, to save thee from the poison of those arrows that would have wrought thy death: stand for me, thy Friend, my Mansoul, against the Diabolonians, and I will stand for thee before my Father, and all his court. Love me against temptation, and I will love thee notwithstanding thine infirmities.

'O my Mansoul, remember what my captains, my soldiers, and mine engines have done for thee. They have fought for thee, they have suffered by thee, they have borne much at thy hands to do thee good, O Mansoul. Hadst thou not had them to help thee, Diabolus had certainly made a hand of thee. Nourish them, therefore, my Mansoul. When thou dost well, they will be well; when thou dost ill, they will be ill, and sick, and weak. Make not my captains sick, O Mansoul; for if they be sick, thou canst not be well; if they be weak, thou canst not be strong; if they be faint, thou canst not be stout and valiant for thy King, O Mansoul. Nor must thou think always to live by sense: thou must live upon my word. Thou must believe, O my Mansoul, when I am from thee, that yet I love thee, and bear thee upon mine heart for ever.

'Remember, therefore, O my Mansoul, that thou art beloved of me: as I have, therefore, taught thee to watch, to fight, to pray, and to make war against my foes; so now I command thee to believe that my love is constant to thee. O my Mansoul, how have I set my heart, my love upon thee! Watch. Behold, I lay none other burden upon thee, than what thou hast already. Hold fast, till I come.'

FOOTNOTES

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*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE HOLY WAR, MADE

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