

# **THE MESSIAD A CHRISTIAN ILLIAD**

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The Messiad a Christian Illiad by W. M. Jordan

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**W. M. JORDAN**

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A CHRISTIAN ILLIAD

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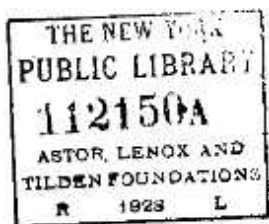
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BY REV. PROF. W. M. JORDAN

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## HISTORY OF THE MESSIAD.

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At the age of fourteen, having perused most of the great Epics in English and English translations of Greek and Latin authors, I resolved some day to produce an Epic to honor and celebrate the Christian religion and its Divine Author. At a later age, I read Homer and Virgil in their originals while in Howard College, Alabama. These great Epics in elucidation and support of Paganism more firmly and thoroughly confirmed me in my resolution. Through forty years of active public life in the schoolroom and pulpit, that Epic has grown with me. Like Horace, I could not sleep for writing verses. When, ten years ago, I had produced and twenty times revised my cherished work, I stowed it away, doubtful of the propriety of its present publication. My friends and pupils have drawn it out from its hiding place, and it is now before the world. The absorbing desire of my heart is for it to do the good of leading many to understand, love and follow the great Master and the only true Hero the world has ever produced. Of course, its merits must be tested by the public to which I now commit it, with the prayer that God may cause it to bring forth much fruit for His glory.

W. M. JORDAN.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, MARCH, 1904.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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The world has produced but three true epic poets. These are Homer, Virgil and Milton. They form the Epic trinity. Homer may properly be called the *father*, Virgil the *son*, and Milton the *spirit*. The author of the *Messiad* has endeavored to combine in his work the spirit, imagery, and style of all these great masters into one poem. Thus we have an epitome of pagan and semi-pagan mythology wrought into the clear and exact system of Christian theology. The whole withal is made so simple, easy and charming as to enlist the interest and delight the fancy of both the theological and the ordinary Christian reader. Christ is the hero of all. The attributes of the God-man are brought out in all their wonderful beauty and grandeur, and the forces and agencies used by Him in the salvation of men are placed before the mind of the thoughtful reader so as at once to charm, instruct, and melt the mind and heart. Who reads Homer? *Outis* (nobody) except a few college men and scholars. Who reads Virgil? *Nemo* except the same class. Who reads Milton? Nobody scarcely, except a few pedagogues who punish their giddy pupils by forcing them

to untangle his intricate Greek and Latin style till their heads almost burst with confusion and their hearts well night break with disgust. These poems with all their transcendent and splendid beauty are bought as curiosities and laid on center tables as ornaments, or stowed away in pedantic libraries as splendid relics of genius.

The Messiad is for the masses. Read and ponder if you can. Neglect if you will. Scorn if you dare. He who thoughtfully pursues its pages may find (what is to him) faults at which to cavil; and hitherto undiscovered sins of his own over which to mourn and pray. We commend it to every poor heart over which sorrow broods, and every mind on which the dark shadow of sin has fallen.

Go little Book throughout the weary earth,  
None but the toiling saints can know thy worth;  
Thy father's bosom pressed a cruel thorn,  
When these glad notes of holy song were born.  
Visit the laborer in pursuit of bread,  
And the poor sufferer on his weary bed;  
Go to the prisoner in his lonely cell,  
And at his ear thy melting story tell.  
Go with the sailor tossed upon the wave,  
Tell him he may a home in heaven have.  
Visit the widow in her cheerless home,  
Tell her that one who pities her has come.  
Haste to the beggars as they starving wait,

Tell them of Lazarus at the rich man's gate.  
Seek out the orphans shivering with cold,  
And let thy story in their ears be told.  
Cheer up the mourners with dejected head,  
Tell them what Jesus unto mourners said.  
Go to the monarch on his pompous throne,  
Bid him to seek in heaven a starry crown.  
Visit the rich, who filthy lucre prize,  
Tell them to seek for treasure in the skies.  
Go thou to all who long for sweeter joy,  
Let them with thee some passing time employ.  
Oh, little angel, fly abroad in haste,  
Give starving ones thy luscious truths to taste,  
Which to thy author's heart so sweet have been,  
His bosom longs to give to other men.

THE AUTHOR.