

AMERICA'S GOLDEN-TONGUED ORATOR

On the Spiritual Needs of Our Time

On Sunday, May 14, in the presence of a very large gathering of prelates, clergy, and laity, Archbishop Glendon, of St. Louis, was invested with the pallium by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. At the close of the ceremony Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, the golden-tongued orator of the West, preached the occasional sermon, which was described by the local 'Republic' as the most eloquent and scholarly discourse ever delivered in the St. Louis Cathedral. The Archbishop took for his text—'And he (Eliseus) took up the mantle of Elias, that fell from him, and the sons of the prophets said: "The spirit of Elias hath rested upon Eliseus."?' The symbolism visible in the Palestinian scene of long ago (said his Grace) reappears in the ceremonial of this morning. Then it was Elias casting his mantle upon Eliseus, shedding upon him rays of his own glory and authority; now, it is the Pontiff of Rome investing with his mantle the Bishop of St. Louis, communicating thereby a part of the supreme pastoral office of which he himself is primarily the custodian and the dispenser.

The Bishop of Rome is the Bishop of Bishops; he feeds the whole flock—not the lambs only but the sheep also. He confirms even his own brethren, his fellow-apostles, appointed with him by the Holy Ghost to rule the Church of God. The accepted image of this supreme magistracy is the pallium, or mantle, floating on solemn occasions from the shoulders of the Pontiff. The pallium is his by innate right, as is the authority which the pallium betokens.

A Bishop-Metropolitan, or Archbishop, takes precedence over other Bishops in his Province and exercises within limitations authority over them and over their dioceses. This does not happen from any divine right inherent in the episcopate. By divine right the episcopate is equal in all Bishops, save only the episcopate of Peter, which is the centre of unity for the whole Church and the headship of universal government. What special privileges or rights appertain to the office of a Metropolitan are appointments of the sovereign shepherd, concessions from the fulness of his own authority voluntarily made by him for the better administration, as understood by him, of the general interests of the Church. The pallium, borne from the hands of the sovereign shepherd to the shoulders of the Bishop-Metropolitan, figures those concessions. It is an adumbration of Rome's own pallium—an adumbration of Rome's own power and mission; without it the prelate of St. Louis is the Bishop; with it he is the Archbishop.

Before the pallium was taken from the hands of the Pontiff of Rome it had reposed beneath the dome of the Basilica of St. Peter upon the tombs of SS. Peter and Paul. The pallium is a grant of authority—a grant from the Pontiff of Rome. But whence the right of the Pontiff of Rome to make the grant? The tombs from which he lifts the pallium are his argument.

The tombs are those of Peter and of Paul; they speak forth the authority which was in Peter and in Paul—the authority of Christ, the incarnate God, they speak forth the apostolate of Christ to the nations, which in Rome, and in Rome alone, survives unto this day in unbroken succession; they speak forth the supreme guidance over the whole flock, given by Christ to Peter, whose seat of power when he passed from earth was the City of Rome, whose successor in office and authority is the Bishop of Rome.

Origin of the Pallium.

The original grant was from Christ to Peter: to-day it is from the successor of Peter to the Bishop of St. Louis. And here another question: To what purpose the grant, whether that of 2000 years ago, or that of the present day? The pallium of itself gives reply. This is the story of the blending of the threads in its texture. Pure-white lambs were blessed in the Basilica and on the natal day of the Virgin Agnes; taken afterwards into the care of the holy nuns, they were in due time shorn of their wool; and from this wool the pallium was woven. Simple, if you will, the symbolism; but deep and beautiful the meaning. 'Feed my lambs, feed my sheep'—this, the purpose for which power is given to the kingdom of Christ—that those receiving it guard the flock of Christ, guard in purest unselfishness, unspotted in themselves by evil, bent upon holding the flock equally unspotted.

The giving of the pallium is of ancient date in the history of the Church. Antiquity mingles with sacred symbolism to lend solemnity to the ceremonial

witnessed this morning in St. Louis. So far back as the sixth century Pope Pelagius sent the pallium to the Archbishop of Arles in Gaul, 'that constituted as Vicar of our See, and in lieu of ourselves, you may hold the place of the First Priest in those parts of Gaul.' Gregory the Great granted the pallium to Syagrius of Autun, in Gaul, to John, Bishop of Corinth in Greece, to the Bishop of Laureancus in Pannonia, he, too, invested with the pallium St. Augustine of Canterbury in England.

Over the very cradle of the Anglo-Saxon Church hung the glory of the pallium, and with the pallium the glory of union with Peter and his successors. These the words sent with the pallium by Gregory to Augustine. 'And in regard that the new Church of the English is, through the goodness of the Lord and your labours, brought to the grace of God, we grant you the use of the pallium, so that you ordain in several places twelve Bishops who shall be subject to your jurisdiction, so that the Bishop of London shall for the future be consecrated by his own synod, and receive the honors of the pallium from the holy and apostolic See which I now serve. We give you no authority over the Bishops of Gaul; but all the Bishops of Britain we commit to your charge.' Surely the fountain-head of spiritual jurisdiction in the Church of Augustine was none other than the Pontiff of Rome.

Under Saxon rule every successor of Augustine, despite distance and hardship of travel, either sent to Rome for the pallium, or went thither to receive it. Among those going to Rome were the great saints of those centuries, Odo, Dunstan, and Elphege. When the Norman seized the sceptre of England there was no change in the Church of England. From the days of William to those of Mary seven and thirty Archbishops of Canterbury, successors of St. Augustine, received the pallium of Rome in token of their union with and of their submission to the Pontiff of Rome. The great Saint Anselm walked with bare feet to meet the Legate Walter, bringing to him the pallium. Unshodden, too, Thomas a Beckett went forth to salute the bearer of his pallium—so well did scholars and saints understand the meaning of the consecrated wool; so deeply did they feel in their souls that Peter spoke through the pallium, and that Christ spoke through Peter. Cranmer himself placed upon his shoulders in Westminster the pallium received from Rome and swore 'to be faithful and obedient' to the Bishop of Rome—a perjuror, it is true, in his heart, but unable as yet to break away from the traditions of ages, and unwilling as yet to defy the olden faith of the people of England. Again, Cardinal Pole wore the pallium; he, the faithful servant of Rome; but Pole dying, dark days came to England and the pallium no longer shed its effulgence over English-speaking peoples—the people of martyred Ireland excepted—until it lifted its symbolic glory over Carroll in Baltimore and over Wiseman in Westminster. The pallium is the

Banner of the Spiritual Empire

of Rome. As it enters the Cathedral of St. Louis, Catholics hail it in the fulness of your faith. Rome rises before you in its storied majesty, in its sky-born authority.

Rome, thou art the Eternal City. Eternal thy pagan poets and seers fondly believed thee to be; their dreams were not vain, though vain were the shadowy forms which beguiled them into such dreams. In their Rome they had seen the embodiment of highest human might, of highest human grandeur. Should not their Rome, they believed, mock time and the ravages of time? But nothing that is human lasts, and of olden Rome naught now remains save shattered columns and tenantless sepulchres. And yet not vain were the dreams that it was indestructible. Another—a greater Rome—was to arise on Tiber's banks—a Rome of which the Rome of pagan bards and seers was the precursor and prophet—the Rome of Peter. 'Thou art Peter,' it had been said in Galilee, 'and on this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell will not prevail against it.' One day this Peter walked along the Appian Way into the Rome of the Caesars.

He brought with him the new Rome, the Church built upon himself by the Eternal Christ, endowed by its Founder with its Founder's eternity. The Rome of the Caesars passed away; the Rome of Peter remains. Nineteen centuries went by—centuries of revolutions and changes, centuries of kingdoms and empires now towering in strength and power to the very skies, now strewing the earth with their ruins and their dusts, of men and institutions coming to-day and going at the dawn of the morrow—each of those centuries heralding its birth-morn with the message, 'Behold, I make all things new'—but, meanwhile, Rome stood, the Rome of Peter,