

# Paradise Canto 31

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Canto XXXI

Argument

The Poet expatiates further on the glorious vision described in the last Canto. On looking round for Beatrice, he finds that she has left him, and that an old man is at his side. This proves to be St. Bernard, who shows him that Beatrice has returned to her throne, and then points out to him the blessedness of the Virgin Mother.

In fashion, as a snow white rose, lay then  
Before my view the saintly multitude,[1]  
Which in His own blood Christ espoused. Meanwhile,  
That other host,[2] that soar aloft to gaze  
And celebrate His glory, whom they love,  
Hover'd around; and, like a troop of bees,  
Amid the vernal sweets alighting now,  
Now, clustering, where their fragrant labour glows,  
Flew downward to the mighty flower, or rose  
From the redundant petals, streaming back  
Unto the steadfast dwelling of their joy,  
Faces had they of flame, and wings of gold:

[1: Human souls, advanced to this state of glory through the mediation of Christ.]

[2: "That other host." The Angels.]

The rest was whiter than the driven snow;  
And, as they flitted down into the flower,  
From range to range, fanning their plummy loins,  
Whisper'd the peace and ardour, which they won  
From that soft winnowing. Shadow none, the vast  
Interposition of such numerous flight  
Cast, from above, upon the flower, or view  
Obstructed aught. For, through the universe,  
Wherever merited, celestial light  
Glides freely, and no obstacle prevents.

All there, who reign in safety and in bliss,  
Ages long past or new, on one sole mark  
Their love and vision fix'd. O trinal beam  
Of individual star, that charm'st them thus!  
Vouchsafe one glance to gild our storm below.[3]

[3: To guide us through the dangers of this tempestuous life.]

If the grim brood,[4] from Arctic shores that roam'd,  
(Where Helice[5] for ever, as she wheels,  
Sparkles a mother's fondness on her son),  
Stood in mute wonder' mid the works of Rome,  
When to their view the Lateran arose  
In greatness more than earthly; I, who then  
From human to divine had past, from time  
Unto eternity, and out of Florence  
To justice and to truth, how might I chuse  
But marvel too? 'Twixt gladness and amaze,  
In sooth no will had I to utter aught,  
Or hear. And, as a pilgrim, when he rests  
Within the temple of his vow, looks round  
In breathless awe, and hopes some time to tell  
Of all its goodly state; e'en so mine eyes  
Coursed up and down along the living light,  
Now low, and now aloft, and now around,  
Visiting every step. Looks I beheld,  
Where charity in soft persuasion sat;  
Smiles from within, and radiance from above;  
And, in each gesture, grace and honour high.

[4: "If the grim brood." The northern hordes who invaded Rome.]

[5: "Helice." Callisto, and her son Arcas, changed into the constellation of the Greater Bear and Arctophylax, or Bootes.]

So roved my ken, and in its general form  
All Paradise survey'd: when round I turn'd  
With purpose of my lady to inquire  
Once more of things, that held my thought suspense.  
But answer found from other than I ween'd;  
For, Beatrice, when I thought to see,  
I saw instead a senior, at my side,  
Robed, as the rest, in glory. Joy benign  
Glow'd in his eye, and o'er his cheek diffused,  
With gestures such as spake a father's love.  
And, "Whither is she vanish'd?" straight I ask'd.

"By Beatrice summon'd," he replied,  
"I come to aid thy wish. Looking aloft  
To the third circle from the highest, there  
Behold her on the throne, wherein her merit  
Hath placed her." Answering not, mine eyes I raised,  
And saw her, where aloof she sat, her brow  
A wreath reflecting of eternal beams.  
Not from the centre of the sea so far

Unto the region of the highest thunder,  
As was my ken from hers; and yet the form  
Came through that medium down, unmix'd and pure.

"O Lady! thou in whom my hopes have rest;  
Who, for my safety, hast not scorn'd, in Hell  
To leave the traces of thy footsteps mark'd;  
For all mine eyes have seen, I to thy power  
And goodness, virtue owe and grace. Of slave  
Thou hast to freedom brought me: and no means,  
For my deliverance apt, hast left untried.  
Thy liberal bounty still toward me keep:  
That, when my spirit, which thou madest whole,  
Is loosen'd from this body, it may find  
Favour with thee." So I my suit prefer'd:  
And she, so distant, as appear'd, look'd down,  
And smiled; then toward the eternal fountain turn'd.

And thus the senior, holy and revered:  
"That thou at length mayst happily conclude  
Thy voyage, (to which end I was despatch'd,  
By supplication moved and holy love),  
Let thy upsoaring vision range, at large,  
This garden through: for so, by ray divine  
Kindled, thy ken a higher flight shall mount;  
And from Heaven's Queen, whom fervent I adore,  
All gracious aid befriend us; for that I  
Am her own faithful Bernard." [6] Like a wight,  
Who haply from Croatia wends to see  
Our Veronica, [7] and, the while 'tis shown,  
Hangs over it with never-sated gaze,  
And, all that he hath heard revolving, saith  
Unto himself in thought: "And didst Thou look  
E'en thus, O Jesus, my true Lord and God?  
And was this semblance Thine?" So gazed I then  
Adoring; for the charity of him, [8]  
Who musing, in this world that peace enjoy'd,  
Stood livelily before me. "Child of grace!"  
Thus he began: "Thou shalt not knowledge gain  
Of this glad being, if thine eyes are held  
Still in this depth below. But search around  
The circles, to the furthest, till thou spy  
Seated in state, the Queen [9] that of this realm  
Is sovran." Straight mine eyes I raised; and bright,  
As, at the birth of morn, the eastern clime  
Above the horizon, where the sun declines;  
So to mine eyes, that upward, as from vale  
To mountain sped, at the extreme bound, a part

Excell'd in lustre all the front opposed.  
And as the glow burns ruddiest o'er the wave,  
That waits the ascending team, which Phaeton  
Ill knew to guide, and on each part the light  
Diminish'd fades, intensest in the midst;  
So burn'd the peaceful oriflame, and slack'd  
On every side the living flame decay'd.

[6: "Bernard." St. Bernard, the venerable Abbot of Clairvaux, and the great promoter of the Second Crusade, who died A. D. 1153, in his sixty - third year. He has been termed the last of the fathers of the Church. That the part he acts in the present poem should be assigned to him, appears somewhat remarkable, when we consider that he severely censured the new festival established in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and "opposed the doctrine itself with the greatest vigor, as it supposed her being honored with a privilege which belonged to Christ alone."]

[7: A copy in miniature of the picture of Christ, which is supposed to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome.]

[8: "Him." St. Bernard.]

[9: "The queen." The Virgin Mary.]

And in that midst their sportive pennons waved  
Thousands of Angels; in resplendence each  
Distinct, and quaint adornment. At their glee  
And carol, smiled the Lovely One of Heaven,  
That joy was in the eyes of all the blest.

Had I a tongue in eloquence as rich,  
As is the colouring in fancy's loom,  
'Twere all too poor to utter the least part  
Of that enchantment. When he saw mine eyes  
Intent on her, that charm'd him; Bernard gazed  
With so exceeding fondness, as infused  
Ardour into my breast, unfelt before.